

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVI.—NO. 6.

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

## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, July 21, 1853.

### Selected Poetry.

#### ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going—  
Do not seek to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each,  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn the first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,  
Do not fear an armed band;  
One will fade as others greet thee,  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passion's hours depend;  
Not the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

### Educational.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

In an article published some weeks since, I spoke of the importance of selecting a pleasant locality for our school houses, and also of having the grounds around them decorated with ornamental shade trees; and in short, every thing about them as pleasant and inviting as any private dwelling house in the district.

I will pursue this subject, by calling attention to the structure of the houses themselves. I do not propose to enter into detail upon this subject, or to say how the benches, desks, &c. should be made. There are several books and pamphlets upon the subject of school architecture, in which these matters are treated at length—some of which should be consulted by any and every person who is to construct an edifice for the accommodation of the youth of the commonwealth. There has also been a committee appointed by the proper authorities to make a full report upon this subject;—this report will soon be placed before the public. So it would be out of place for me to enter into minute detail, even if I were disposed to do so.

I shall content myself, therefore, with submitting a few general remarks. To convince any one that our school-houses are miserably constructed, having no regard to the comfort or health, or physical well-being of those who are to spend their time within them, needs no argument. Children are at school just at the precise time when they need the most watchful care to be exercised over their health, when bad habits, as regards the laws of health, will produce the most disastrous results. A child at this age may, and no doubt many do, contract habits, or plant in the system the seeds of disease that will torment them as long as they live and bring them to a premature grave, just because parents think that it is of but little or no consequence what kind of seats their young children occupy while confined in the school-room, or what kind of desks they have to write upon, or what means they have of warming and ventilating the house, provided always, their own houses are furnished with the easiest cushioned chairs and sofas, and the most approved patterns of stoves and ventilating apparatus.

It is the duty of the citizens of every district to provide a good comfortable school-house for the accommodation of their children. Not a smoky, dingy building, located at the corner where three or four roads cross, upon a spot so barren that no one deems it worth cultivating, and so contracted that four-fifths of the house is in the highway, and so bleak that even the instinct of animals warns them to shun the place. Not a house with slab seats, with legs so long that three-fourths of the pupils are unable to rest their feet upon the floor while sitting upon them, and rough planks for desks, so placed and arranged that part of the scholars must sit so bent over when writing that they are in danger of producing curvature of the spine, while the other part, if they write upon those planks, will elevate one shoulder while the other is correspondingly depressed; thus producing, as in the other case, a distortion of the spinal column. Not a house so open and so much exposed to the winds that the furred animals of the frozen zone would suffer with cold at one time, or in one part of the room, and those of the fiery regions of the South, would suffer as much with extreme heat at other times and in other localities. Not a place for winnowing grain, or curing meat, or sticking out the eyes of the scholars. No, not

such a building as this should be provided for our youth in which to receive their impressions of the arts and sciences. Temples dedicated to the sciences, where the youth of the commonwealth go up to offer oblations to the muses, and slake their thirst at Pyrean springs, should be located in quiet, retired spots. The school-yard ought to be the most inviting place in the whole district—the house itself a model of architectural beauty and utility; everything around and within it, should be so inviting that children and parents shall be lured to the place by its beauty and superior accommodations.—Spacious apartments, high walls, neat and convenient desks, comfortable seats, good accommodations for warming and ventilating each room—clothes rooms well supplied with conveniences for keeping the outer garments of the scholars in a good condition, should all be provided for our peoples' colleges. Instead of such buildings, our children are obliged to sit upon seats without backs, with their lower limbs dangling, or if they have anything to support their backs, it is quite commonly the sharp edge of the plank that is used for the writing desk. The floor not unfrequently is so open, that in winter the feet of the teacher and pupils are exposed to a current of cold air, while the stove or fire place is far better calculated to smoke the inmates than to warm them. Those nearest the fire suffer with heat, while the teacher is endeavoring to raise the temperature sufficiently to keep those from freezing who sit the farthest from the fire.—Very frequently there is no place for the hats, bonnets, coats, shawls, cloaks, &c., and all are thrown together—the one coming to school first will therefore have his at the bottom of the pile, no matter how valuable or how much injury may be done. How can children who attend school learn lessons of order and system in this arrangement of their wardrobe?

It is to be wondered at, that young children who know nothing of the importance of an education, should dislike to go to school and be confined in a pleasant day, for six long hours in such a place, and sit on benches that will cause every bone in the body to ache?—Why, if parents are obliged once a week to sit upon the same benches but one hour, they will groan and complain of soreness the whole week, and very often will they make an excuse for staying from meeting that the seats are so uncomfortable. Still these same parents deem it little better than robbery, to levy a tax to make the school houses where their young children are to spend six hours—five days in the week, more comfortable. There is not a seat in the house that the poorest man in the district would not be ashamed to offer to a visitor. If parents would only spend three hours one day in each week in the school house with their children, and be obliged as they are, to sit on the same awkward, comfort-sacrificing, health-destroying seats, write upon the same rough, haggled desks, or rather apologies for writing desks, suffer with them from cold and heat, as the mercury alternately rises or falls, gaze upon the same unsightly, disfigured, smoked, patched up walls—suffer as they do from the inconvenience of obtaining water, and from the want of proper out-houses, play in the same barren, shadeless, fenceless, muddy, contracted yard, or dusty, noisy, filthy road, breathe with them the impure air that is constantly inhaled in crowded rooms, bear as they are obliged to, the head-ache and debility caused by breathing such an atmosphere;—I say if parents would do this, instead of seeing school houses situated in the highways, and built as cheaply as possible, because they are paid for by taxation, and as uncomfortable as possible, because nobody but the children and the teachers are to use them, and with as few conveniences as possible around them, because it is not absolutely required by law to have them; instead of this, we should see them located in the most delightful spot in the district, upon large lots, surrounded with trees and shrubs, and out-buildings, while the interior corresponding to the external, would invite the youth of the district to come and spend their joyful, happy, youthful days within their walls, there to learn lessons of order, neatness, as well as those of science and art. Make our school houses as comfortable and convenient as we do our best dwelling houses, (I do not say as expensive,) and we shall not so frequently be obliged to drive our young children to school.

July 9, 1853.

THE TATTLE.—There is no being on the habitable globe more degraded and more contemptible than a tattle. Vicious principles, want of honesty, servile meanness, despicable insiduousness, form its character. Has he wit? In attempting to display it he makes himself a fool. Has he friends? By hesitatingly disclosing their secrets he will make them his most bitter enemies. By telling all he knows, he will soon discover to the world that he knows but little. Does he envy an individual? His tongue fruitful with falsehood, defames his character. Does he covet the favor of any one? He attempts to gain it by slandering others. His approach is feared, his person hated, his company unsought, and his sentiments despised as emanating from a heart fruitful with guile, teeming with iniquity, loaded with envy, hatred and revenge.

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Yankee Pedlar.

Old Squire— who, some years ago, lived in the town of W—, in New Jersey, was "death on pedlars," and wouldn't allow one to come within gun shot of him if he could help it. It so happened that one Nat, Tucker, a Yankee pedlar of the most incorrigible kind, in dry goods, clocks, and other "notions," chanced that way, and having heard of the aversion of the Squire to itinerants of this class, he looked upon him as fair game, and determined to "sell" some of his wares and the old man at the same time. Accordingly the first house he drew up at on entering the town was the house of the Squire. It was at the close of a warm day in July, and the old man sat complacently smoking his pipe under the porch of his house. As Nat approached him with a clock under his arm and a dozen of silver spoons in his hand, the old man majestically waved him off, at the same time exclaiming: "Clear out! Don't you come in here—I don't want any of your tribe round me! I know you!" "Wal, I mus' low, Squire," said Nat, good naturedly, "that you've got the advantage of me, for I don't know you, and I guess your neighbors don't nuther, for they tell'd me you was a good Christian, and never turned a hungry man away from your door." The coolness and self-possession of Nat caused the Squire to pause, for he was a whole-souled, hospitable man, and he began to think he might be mistaken in Nat's true character. At length he inquired, looking the visitor steadily in the face, "Answer me one question—ain't you a pedlar?" "Pedlar be damned!—no," said Nat. "Then what are you bringin' them things in the house for?" queried the old man, pointing to the articles which Nat was carrying. "Wal, to leave 'em," replied Nat. "I don't much like the face these silver spoons in my wagon, for somebody might make love to 'm, and as for this clock, I couldn't afford to lose it, no how, for it's just one of the greatest clocks out. I want a bowl of bread and milk nation bad, and if you'll accommodate me I'll thank ye, and if you won't, I'll hev to go further, and if anybody axes my opinion of yew, in course I'll tell 'em how good you are to strangers." This settled the matter, and Nat was invited in. The Squire's wife was out, but the old man soon placed a bowl of pure milk and some white bread before Nat, who laying aside the old fashioned spoon which the old man brought him, supplied its place with one of his own, and proceeded to "go in" as though he had fasted for a month. When he had about half finished his meal, Nat remarked, as he paused to turn his spoon over and eye it admiringly—"how much better milk tastes out'n new silver spoon, than it does out'n old one?" "Yes, I spose it does," replied the Squire, who had all along been eyeing the remainder of the set, and wishing he was the possessor of them, that he might astonish the old lady (who by the way was given to strong-mindedness, that is, wearing the breeches) on her return. "I got them ere spoons very cheap," remarked Nat again, as he swallowed a large mouthful of the "lactae," "and I've no doubt my Nance'll be delighted with 'em." "I spose you wouldn't care about partin' with 'em, would you?" asked the Squire, hesitatingly. "Wal, no, I don't keer much about it," answered Nat, "but, seein' it's you, I mought, and I guess there's some more of the same sort left, I kin git before I go home. Tell you what I'll deu, Squire—if you'll give me them ere spoons of your'n and seventy-five cents to boot, jest to pay me for my trouble, they're yours." "Done!" said the Squire, and immediately he was put into possession of a dozen plated spoons, for which he exchanged a dozen solid, old fashioned silver ones and "the boot." Nat seemed to regret his bargain, and showed no disposition to take the old spoons which the Squire laid in a bunch before him, when the latter feeling he might alter his mind and demand his property back again, left the room for the purpose of stowing them snugly away.

A broad grin passed over Nat's face as the old man disappeared, and rising from his seat he approached one of those solid, old fashioned English clocks, specimens of which may yet occasionally be met with, which occupied a position in one corner of the room. Opening the door, Nat carefully cut the cords which sustained the weights, so that the slightest jar would be sure to part them, and then thrusting his knife up underneath the face of the clock, he clipped all the cogs but one from one of the wheels, closed the case again, and had but just taken his seat when the Squire entered. "Tell you what, Squire," said Nat, assuming a frightful expression of countenance, "I begin to feel bad—'fraid I'm goin' to have one o' them dratted fits which takes me down sometimes. Yes, there it comes!" he yelled, and immediately after he jumped from his chair high enough almost to touch the ceiling, and came down upon the floor with a force which shook the house to its foundation. "Bang! bang!" went the weights in the old clock, and "rick! rick! rick! click! click! snap!" went the wheels, till the Squire was fairly dumb-founded, and knew not which to attend to first, the old clock or Nat, who lay writing upon the floor. The scene did not last long, however, for Nat very speedily recovered; and then the Squire alluded to the noise which the clock had made. Nat examined it, and pronounced it worn out. He told the Squire he had better either make a rat-trap of it, or sell it to the first second-hand furniture man that came along. Then he incidentally and quite carelessly mentioned his own clock, and comparing it with the Squire's, pointed out the new improvements, especially the "alarm" arrangement, at all of which the old man was consummately tickled, and the upshot was that the clocks changed owners as the spoons had done previously, Nat receiving the old clock worth about twenty-five dollars, for a ten-shilling article. Nat now thought it about time to travel, and accordingly departed. He stowed the old clock, together with the Squire's spoons, carefully away in the bottom of his wagon, out of sight, and started, but had not gone far

when he met the Squire's wife, of whom he had managed to get a full description, both with regard to her temper and appearance, returning homeward. "Ain't your name Mrs. B.?" he inquired, as they met. "Yes," said the old lady, snappishly, "but what's that your business?" "Oh, nothing," replied Nat, "only I didn't know but what you'd like to buy a few notions—a pair of scissors, for instance.—I stopped into your house yonder, and the Squire tell'd me he had broke your's since you bin gone—but he said he wouldn't buy any new ones for you, and you shouldn't buy any for yourself." "Did he say that?" said the old lady, defiance flashing from her eye. "He did so," replied Nat, "said you shouldn't buy scissors or nothing else without his consent." "It's all very well for him to talk that way behind my back," said Mrs. B., "but he wouldn't do it if I was there. I'll show him whether I'll buy anything or not!" she continued determinedly, as she immediately proceeded to purchase numerous articles to the amount of about three dollars, all the money she had with her, after which she proceeded homeward boiling over with wrath, and Nat proceeded on his way whistling. Words would fail to give a correct description of the scene of crimination and recrimination which followed when the Squire's wife reached home, and we shall not attempt it, but shall pass on to an incident which occurred some time after. The old folks had become reconciled to each other, and went by invitation to a neighboring town. While there they found their way into a show-shop, and almost the first thing that attracted their attention, was their old clock. It looked as natural as ever, and was altered in nothing save its history—they learned for the first time, from a label upon it, that it had once been the property of Gen. Washington, and that it had been bought at auction by a gentleman, together with the documents proving its identity, and sold to the proprietor of the show for two hundred dollars! Nat Tucker was the last pedlar that ever "sold" the Squire.

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?—When I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me how to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger, and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again: "Stop, Humphrey," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I was certain I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"Humphrey," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of the day, I must now teach you to find out the time of your life."

"The Bible," says he, "describes the years of man to be three score and ten, or fourscore years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure."

When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life, and this is the case with you; when you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may thus know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to his calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you and I may die, Humphrey, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have ever looked at the face of the clock without being reminded of the words of my father.

WHAT HE DIED OF.—We overheard once the following dialogue between an Alderman and an Irish shop-lifter:

"What's gone of your husband, women?"

"What's gone of him, yer honor! Faith and he's gone dead."

"Ah, pray what did he die of?"

"Die of, yer honor? He died of a Friday."

"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?"

"Oh, what complaint, yer honor? Faith and it's himself that did not get time to complain."

"Oh, he died suddenly?"

"Rather that way, yer honor?"

"Did he fall in a fit?"

No answer.

"He fell in a fit perhaps?"

"A fit, yer honor? Why not exactly that?"

He fell out of a window, or through a cellar door—I don't know what they call it here."

"And broke his neck?"

"No, not quite that, yer worship."

"What then?"

"There was a bit of a string or chord, or something like that, and it throttled poor Mike."

THE EDITRESS OF THE LADIES' REPOSITORY says:

"Kisses, like faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as coal fire, some sweet as honey, some mild as milk, some tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more utmeg and cream than other sorts. As to proposed kisses they are not liked at all. A stolen kiss is the most agreeable. We have been kissed a few times, and as we are not very old we hope to receive many more." An Exchange very impertinently inquires—"At what hour may the lady be found in her office?"

"Sammy, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life."

"Why, father, I've often heard you say that he only way to get on in this world was to scratch-a-head."

### Effects of Wind and Water on Climates.

In a short article, a few weeks since, we described the particular influence of the "Gulf Stream" upon the climate of Western Europe, and presented the opinion entertained by some, that the waters of the Amazon River were the cause of this wonderful current. In Lieut. Murray's new volume, "The Physical Geography of the Sea," we find this question discussed with rare ability, and with profound knowledge of the subject. He compares the Gulf Stream to a water heating apparatus for buildings.—"The warm waters," he says, "which are confined in the Gulf of Mexico is such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, the North Atlantic, and Western Europe." Instead of attributing this stream to the waters of the Amazon, he says, "the furnace is the torrid zone, the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea are the Chaudirons; the Gulf Stream is the conducting pipe, and its heat is taken up by the general west winds, and dispersed throughout Britain and the west of Europe." In another place he says, "it is the influence of this stream upon climate that makes the Emerald Isle, and clothes the shore of Albion in ever-green robes; while in the same latitude on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice." In an article in the American Journal of Science, Vol. 45, Mr. Redfield says, "in June 1831, the harbor of St. John's Newfoundland, was clothed with ice; yet whoever heard of the port of Liverpool, 20 degrees further north, being closed with ice, even in the dead of winter."

It is indeed a peculiar arrangement of Him who rules the winds and the waves, that the temperate climates of different countries in Europe are dependent on a hot water sea basin, situated near the American continent, and that this hot water should pass by large tracks of countries on this side of the Atlantic, leaving bound in icy fetters, and dispense its favors to nations on the other side of the ocean. But so it is, and requires the winds as well as the waters to distribute these genial favors to western Europe. During the past winter this was displayed in a remarkable manner. For about four weeks easterly winds had prevailed in Great Britain and Ireland during which period the warmth of the Gulf Stream was prevented from being wafted to those coasts. The result was, that the most intense cold within the memory of man was experienced there; ice formed in large quantities on the sea coast, and, as a world's wonder, the navigation of the rivers Thames and Mersey was greatly obstructed, and the port of Liverpool almost ice bound for some days. In Ireland the effects of this severe cold was such, that thousands upon thousands of small birds—larks, thrushes, &c.—which do not migrate, were found dead in the fields, and on the highways. In Scotland, the effects of this severe cold were more wonderful still. Hugh Miller—that eminent geologist and keen observer—in the Edinburgh *Witness*, says, "the present intense frost—coincident at new moon with a stream tide—has killed many of the littoral shell-fish around our shores, and they now lie by thousands and tens of thousands along the beach. On the beach below Portobello, and for at least a mile on the western side of the town, they are chiefly of two species, *Solen Siliqua*, or the edible sprout-fish or razor-fish, and *Mostra Stultorum*, or the fool's cockle, both of them molluscs which burrow in the sands above the low water line of stream tides. The sprout fish, when first thrown ashore, were carried away by pail and basketful by the poorer people; and yet of their shells enough remain in the space of half a mile to load several carts; but the fishes themselves, devoured by myriads of birds, chiefly gulls, have already disappeared. It is probable that both species will be less common on our coasts than heretofore, for years to come; and their wholesale destruction by a frost a few degrees more intense than is common in our climate, strikingly shows how simply, by slight changes of climate, induced by physical causes, whole races of animals may become extinct. It exemplifies, too, how destruction may fall upon insulated species, while from some peculiarity of habit, or some hardness of constitution, their congeners escape."

Had the genial west instead of the dry east winds, constantly prevailed in England during the last winter the atmosphere of that country would have been moist and warm as usual, and no such severe frosts as that described, would have been experienced. From these new facts, we can form some new and more correct ideas of the effects of the winds and waters upon climates; and how they effect the destiny and welfare of nations, and living creatures, on the land and in the sea.—*Scientific American*.

DESTRUCTION OF ANTS.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Lodger* says:—

We give you a sure remedy—procure a large sponge, wash it well, press it very dry; by so doing it will leave the small cells open—lay it on the shelf where they are most troublesome, sprinkle some fine white sugar on the sponge, (lightly over it) two or three times a day, take a bucket of hot water to where the sponge is, carefully drop the sponge in the scalding water, and you will slay them by the thousands, and soon rid the house of those troublesome insects. When you squeeze the sponge, you will be astonished at the number that had gone in the cells.

The six degrees of crime are thus defined: He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals half a million is only a defaulter. Who steals a quarter of a million is a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread, is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

A great man commonly disappoints those who come to visit him. They are on the look out for his thundering and lightning, and he speaks about common things much like other people: nay, sometimes he may be even been laughing.

### THE CORSICAN WOMEN.

With the approach of evening, the temperature underwent a sudden change, from the driest heat to a damp cold. A tomb by the wayside attracted my observation; a man was buried there, who had shot a peasant in a love quarrel about a young girl to whom he was a suitor. Nothing interests mankind so much as the romance of the heart.—A simple love tragedy makes as deep an impression on the mass of heroic action, and is often cherished in the memory for centuries.—The Corsicans are very demons in jealousy, and avenge love as blood. My Companion related to me the following example: A young man had left the maiden, whom he was addressing, for another. One day, as he was sitting, on the public square, in his village, at a game of chess, his abandoned mistress presented herself before him with a torrent of imprecations, and drawing a pistol from her bosom blew out his brains on the spot. Another maiden once said to her lover "If you desert me for another, you will repent it." Two years elapsed, after his desertion of her, when he led a bride to the altar. As he was coming out of the church door with her, she rejected one shot him dead; the people only exclaimed, "Erriava, well done!" She was arrested, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. Young men rivalled each other in aspiring to her hand, but none desired the young widow of the murdered man.

The Corsican women, who sing the bloody songs of vengeance, are also able to combat with gun and pistol. How often have they not gallantly fought alongside of the men. It is said that the Corsicans were, in a great part indebted for their victory over the French, at Borgo to the heroism of the women. They also fought in the battle of Pontonovo, and everybody yet speaks of the Giulio Francesco, of Pastoreccia, who wielded a gun by the side of her husband during all that disastrous conflict. She was engaged hand to hand with a French officer, whom she overcame and took prisoner; but when she saw the Corsicans dispersing in flight, she gave him his liberty, saying, at the same time, "Remember that a Corsican woman vanquished you, and restored your liberty." The Corsican women are the living female figures of Tasso and Ariosto.

A KNOTTY TEXT.—There was once an itinerant preacher in West Tennessee, who possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed with the idea that he was also an extraordinary biblical scholar. Under this delusion he would very frequently, at the close of his sermon ask any of his congregation, who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to speak it and he would explain it at once, however it might have troubled less distinguished divines. On this occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text, but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without an opportunity of showing his learning, when a chap by the door announced that he had a Bible matter of "great concern." The preacher quite animatedly professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement.

"What I want to know," said the outsider, "is, whether Job's turkey was a hen or gobbler?" The expounder looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming, "I fetch him down on the first question!"

From that time forward the practice of asking for "difficult passages" was avoided.

THE FUTURE.—What is more simple and beautiful and true than this from IRE MARVAL?

"The past belongs to God; the present only is ours, and short as it is, there is more in it than we can well imagine. He who can measure it with his purpose is doing a man's work; there are few who do it, and many who do less. A man cannot go around it in a day, he cannot measure it with a bond, nor gather up its harvest in a single sheaf. It is broader than the vision and has no end."

SCENE IN THE CARS.—Nervous old Lady.—Dear me, what makes the cars stop here? Is there anything the matter?

Smart Young Man.—Yes mama; a chaw of tobacco is lying right before the locomotive. As soon as it's removed, we will be under way again.

Scene closes, the old lady giving an extra tie to her bonnet string, and an inquiring look at a small leather satchel with a cloth handle.

A lawyer once approached a pretty Quakeress, and said she looked so charming he couldn't help giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she, "thrust meast not do it."

"Oh, by Heaven, I will."

"Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thou must not make a practice of it."

Christians in Greenland very seldom, if ever, absent themselves from public worship on account of the weather. When it is so cold that their breath freezes and forms icicles on their faces, they yet go long distances—men, women and children, through snow and ice, storm, &c. to the house of prayer. Through much greater sacrifice than the Christians of more favored lands do the poor Greenlanders obey the injunction not to forsake the assembling of themselves together.

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the repentant husband exclaiming, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in "reiteration," which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

LORENZO DOW defined a death-bed repentance to be the burning out of the candle of life in the service of the devil, and blowing the snuff in the Lord's face.