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LITTLE BARBY.

THE STORY OF JOCK ALLEN, TOLD IN HIS OWN WAY.

BY MISS M. A. BURNHAM.

Well, I suppose you know already that I'm a miner. Might tell that by my hands and face—grim never comes hully off, ye see. I used to be a hard case. Tain't often such chaps as us has right good training. I can't remember anytime whatsoever, when I was a youngster, that I've ever heard of any prayer, or God—or the Bible.

Well, one day when I'd got to purty good years, I says, says I, I'm not going to have any of the women hereabouts for a wife—so I dresses up, and away I starts for Tipton, ten miles off. Now our fellows used to say I were bandann, and consider of my age, I ain't bad looking now, by no manner o' means, though mining ain't good for beauty; so when I had on a decent coat and a collar, I thought I might pass with 'em on a most any one. My mother had a cousin in Tipton, d'ye see, who was what she called pious—that is, she went to meetin' three times a Sunday, and thought powerful of her minister. That was where I went; I marched right into the house like one of the family, and there I come acquainted with Barbara.

She was a pretty lass, and I soon saw she was purty too; so I used to pretend to read the Bible, and I'd go down on my knees at prayers, so that, after a while, I was purty well thought of in that quarter.

Well, you see, I passed off for a farmer, and told a long story so well about it, you know, that I really made myself believe that I was all right; but it kind o' went agin my heart when she put her hand in mine so gentle like, and said she'd be my wife. Heaven forgive me—the girl loved me more than father and mother. I want' worth one of her thoughts. She was a delicate, purty little thing, with flaxen blue eyes, and a slow kind o' smile that went some way directly to the heart. And you see, I loved her that much I didn't dare for the life of me tell to her how I'd deceived her, till she was almost home.

Then I said to her, says I, Barbara, I didn't tell you the truth about my business.

With that she looked up so, the smile trying to come, but it couldn't, that it choked me.

Says I, Barbara, I ain't a farmer, I'm a miner, and it's coarse, ugly work, and you ain't fit to be my wife, I know; but I—I loved you, Barbara, and saying that I couldn't stand the look in her eyes, but turned away.

O, Jock! Jock! how could ye? May-be I wouldn't care what the work was; but oh, I do mind the deceiving, and she began to cry.

Well, instead of saying I was sorry, or I'd try to make up by my good behavior,—feeling mad with myself, and mad with her tears, I just sat sullen till she come to. Then she laid her little hand on my arm, and she says, 'Jock, have ye deceived me about being a Christian, too? Have I trusted ye all this while only to be disappointed in that?'

I just shook her hand off, and says I, it's none of your business what I am. If ye've a mind to believe me pious, why do so; but hark ye, I'm none of your canting sort.

With that she fetched a great sob, and the passion kept glowing up, glowing up. First I could feel it heating me all through here in the breast, and then it come to my throat, and worked out of my mouth; and I began my first married day with words that I've wished since had choked me.

I was always famous for my bad temper; there wasn't a miner that didn't fear me, and I didn't care showing off on them; but it never came to my mind that I'd talk that way to poor little Barbara. After I'd got through she was dreadful still, and her face looked so white and sorrowful, that I could have killed myself for having said an unkind word, but I couldn't confess.

Well, we got home, in the dusty bare place near the mines, and I took Barbara into my mother's cottage, the poor thing! Pre-vious to that I'd writ my mother to take her new child kindly, and so she tried to, but I could see she disliked her from the minute she set eyes on her. Mother was never pleased with anybody that wasn't strong. She was a great worker herself, and she'd often flung out about her cousin, (whom she hadn't seen for over twenty years) because she married a city man, and set herself down to sewing.

Mother told Barbara all about my temper, too, and I think that what you call remorse, I believe, made me uglier than ever at times.—She tried to be happy, poor Barbara, tried her very best; but I could see that she hadn't confidence in me any more, and it was kind o' wearing her out like.

Two or three times I came home in a tearing passion; and one night I believe I was out o' my mind with temper. I don't like to think of it; I wasn't satisfied with common oaths, but took whatever I had heard or knew of God, and turned it over every possible way, so that I could use every good and sacred word as vilely as possible. The poor girl fainted away, and then she was dead, and then—there was a little baby in my arms, a little girl, and I was crying over it.

It seemed to me that the minute I felt the touch of them little fingers, a great change came over me, and I was another man. It seemed to me, and long after, I tried to curb my passion, tried to think of little 'Barby', as I called her, tried to behave better to my delicate little wife.

Well, perhaps I'll never see the angels—I don't know. Sometimes, when I've felt wretched and lonely-like, I'd go down there where you see that brown hillcock, and look up, trying to find a way among the stars, trying to think how I should feel if an angel walked down it—down to me, poor miserable man! and I just think of little 'Barby'. She's always an angel to me; it was so curious to think that I, great rude miner, with stained hands and blackened face, should be the father, should ever have the handling of anything so white and handsome. Oh, if you could have seen the eyes, so large, so blue, that always seemed a talking to me, and gave me a clean feeling just to know that they were looking at me. And then the curls, I used to wonder how Barbara dared to brush and turn them, I wouldn't a dared hardly to touch one. It seemed as if it would melt away from my fingers. Even my old mother loved that child, and if I ever come home out o' sorts, she'd just say, 'Barby wants to see you, and that would calm me like.'

O dear, one day my ugly was too much for me. Bill Warner and I got into a quarrel about a blast, and we both had backers; it wouldn't do for us to fight it out there, so we agreed to settle it that night, and after work took a drink on it. I think they put something into that drink, for I kept boiling up all the way home, and I felt that I should vent my spite on somebody before the time for the quarrel came. Sure enough, I'd no sooner set my foot on the threshold, than all the devils in me given great bound, and at I went. I caught Bill Warner up and down, and swore I'd have his heart's blood on his knife talking with wicked oaths, I got so great spite, and began to chatter it. My little 'Barby' was asleep, more's the pity, and mother was gone away.

O, Jock! cried Barbara, you're going to

stay at home? you won't take the life of a fellow being!

Says I, 'either his life or mine, before to-morrow at day break.'

Jock! she cried, and sprang towards me, and God knows I did not do it—the knife went in her side.

No, she knew I didn't do it, she said her foot stumbled, and she fell on it.

Well, it wasn't that that killed her. I went nowhere that night, though, but after the doctor. He said it wasn't much, and bound it up, and things went on—I was going to say as usual, but they didn't. Before I left in the morning I saw Barbara trying to wake the baby. She was weak, and lying down, and couldn't seem to manage it, so I went to lift it.

I never speak of that, sir, but I cry like a child. I never killed her, sir; I didn't kill her. That dear little angel was dead! It never'd open them beautiful eyes again; it never'd curl up that pretty mouth again. Oh! I thought I should have gone stark mad, standing there holding it, frozen-like, my eyes glued on to it, and Barbara crying out every fast, 'what is the matter? what is the matter?'

Oh! dear! I laid it in her arms; what else could I do? I laid the little dead thing right in her arms, and she didn't speak a word, only looked first at the baby, then at me, shivering as if she held cold ice against her heart.

'Maybe tian's gone, Barbara,' I kept saying, but she never spoke, only her eyes grew wilder, and her cheeks whiter, and my mother whispered, 'go for the doctor, Jock, she's dying, too.'

I don't think I felt anything all the way. I was stunned. I couldn't speak to him, but he saw there was something worse than usual on hand for him, and he jumped on his horse; but I got there first—yes, fast as he went, I was there before him. I have heard of flying to the uttermost ends of the earth; I believe if I'd kept on I should have got there.

Barbara, poor white thing, still held the baby—still shook like she had an ague, only there were great black hollows under her eyes.

'Why! how's this?' asked the doctor. 'Ah! I see; shock last night; the baby nursed, didn't it? Yes; disordered the stomach; had a fit; died.'

All this time I sat in a corner cursing myself, tearing my hair, and pinching my body, till I most pulled the flesh open. There was the strangest sound in my ears, as if somebody was howling on each side of me. I was all of a seethe, just as I've seen the earth look when it was going to break, the cracks running in every direction, and the ground pricking and quivering. Oh! I didn't know which way to turn. I'd felt thankful to see some one standing before me with a loaded gun. I would, for I wanted to curse God and die!

Says the doctor: 'You'd better come here, now, young man, and I got to the bedside, I don't know how. She was looking straight at me, and the old, slow smile was coming into her face.

'Let me take her, Barbara,' I said, for I felt somehow as if it was awful for her to be hugging the dead baby.

She only shook her head, gave me, Oh! such a sweet look! turned her eyes up once as if she saw something, then cuddling the baby up closer and closer, oh! dear! she died. Yes, sir, and I hope you'll excuse me for showing off this way. I ain't a crying man; I never shed a tear, as I know of before. But oh! when I see them both, baby and poor Barbara, that I had killed, yes, both of them, language isn't strong enough to tell you my feelings. Oh, no, I didn't believe they ever had belonged to me; and though they was within hand's touch of me, I could seem to see a great river rolling between us.

But I vowed a vow, sir, that God help me to keep! I vowed over them, and I believe they knew it somewhere, that I'd try to be pious as she was; and I'd never, so long as I held the memory of that baby's little face—no never get mad again; and so far, I haven't broke it. Sometimes it seems as if all the devils in hell got to me to tempt my ugly old man; but there's one little white face, with blue eyes, and such light, soft, silky curls, just there, in front of me, a little above my head—I seem to see it, sir—that has more power than all them devils. And when I'm sore pressed, and the temper threatens to get the upper hand o' me, I take my Bible in my hand, and I kneel down and pray. I don't know what kind o' praying it is. I expect there wouldn't anybody understand it but God—and I wouldn't think He did if I didn't have a light feeling after it that does not come natural only to folks as is pious. Well, sir, I'm getting better of my old ague. Them little fingers, leading the rough old miner up to the mouth o' this great star, and I hope soon to jump out among the stars and have done with the dark pit o' life. And then I'll see my baby—my baby, sir, if she's an angel. I'll see my wife; and she'll give me that good old smile, I know she will; and they two won't be the only ones that'll say 'well done!' when I enter into their joys that no ears has heard tell of and no ears has seen.

FAITH IN THE NORTH STAR.—When I was a child, my father, one night, gave shelter and rest to a fugitive from slavery. For his greater security, he preferred to stay in the barn, concealed among the hay. The poor fellow was an object of absorbing interest to us children. I shall never forget his fantastic dress, and the mixture of the grotesque and pitiable in his manner. The falling of a leaf startled him, and he trembled to accept the least kind office, lest it was meant to betray; for he fancied, as we well might, poor creature, that every man's hand was against him.

He had come a long way, and his feet were sore, and his coarse, ragged clothing was torn by the briars among which he had concealed himself during the day, for his fear had not permitted him to travel except at night. He had a sweetheart somewhere, who had escaped a year before him; where she was he did not know, but his faith in their ultimate meeting knew no shadow of doubt. 'She got her face right toward the North Star,' said he, 'and that's the way I'll guide till I find her!'

On stormy nights he had, for the most part, laid by, he said, because he could not see the star, and it was useless to go toward without some guide. 'If a body only has the North star,' said he, 'he is safe, but he ain't without case he won't get light in himself for to go by.'

Many a time, when I have seen men and women zig-zagging through the woods, without

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any guiding light, I have thought of that poor fugitive and his North star, and wished there were more of his childlike faith and reliance in the world.

Many and many a year has passed since he went forth alone into the storm and the darkness; and how and where his journey ended I never knew; but I do know that such faith and trust as his cannot be always buried, and that, confiding alone in God, he will be gathered up into a light as broad and bright, that no shadow can find access to him, and no fear come to mock him.

We are taught to trust to ourselves, and it is very noble and very beautiful so to trust, but higher and lower and broader than our self-reliance must be our faith in him, through whom only that reliance can be secured. In the long run, no man can help himself who does not say 'God help me.' And no one lives a life worth having, who does not say in his soul, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' No matter what gifts of riches, or genius, or of beauty a man possesses, if he have no faith in light outside of himself, he is poor indeed. Walking in a vain shadow and disquieted in vain.

[Alice Carey.]

Rewards.
BY MARY A. DICKINSON.

I protest against it!

In my own name and that of the rising generation, I protest against it.

What? Why just this, that in sentimental stories, sketches, and poems, those who do about right always come out with flying colors in the end, or in other words get their pay in substantial blessings for the good they do in this world. I haven't found it so, neither do I suppose I ever shall although I have had large expectations. They have proved, however, only expectations, or else I've seen the world crosswise. I have seen the very best men carrying about a pressure of suffering that seemed too great for human shoulders to bear. I have witnessed gentle, pure minded, self-sacrificing women bowed to the earth under the most spirit rending grief—utterly broken hearted. I have often likewise seen the early, selfish, rich scamp, who ground down his neighbor, and ad houses to houses, and land to land while his children flourished like olive plants around his table. I have seen the profligate whose tongue was the outlet to filthy sewers—the velvet-fingered, careful, polished epicurean rioter on every virtue, and contemptor of every social morality, grow sleek and vigorous and rich and (of course) respected by even those who know him best (outwardly). I have known an honest child to return a bank note of value that he found and receive a penny for it. I have known people who have given a home to the destitute have not where to lay their heads. I have myself been 'snapped up' more than once for conferring on somebody a favor.

To be sure I have had a reward in my heart in the consciousness of well doing. There was a comfortable feeling in that region that sent forth a vibration of light and warmth and cheer, when I have heard the widow's 'God bless you!' But because I have made my miracle less I do not look to see the vacancy miraculously supplied, or if I did I might look in vain. Neither because I am in a strait do I believe that some good providence will whisk me right out of it. I used to, but somehow I have come to see that if my misadventures end in trouble I must work my way alone, and not expect Elijah's raven nor the widow's cruise of oil.

I used to be very credulous. It came of reading about precocious children who died young, because (as I was led to believe) they were too good to live. Some way they always had just what they wanted, and were rewarded plumb-fashion for everything they did. And then those stories of stumbling on secret springs just at the nick of time, when that horrid old curmudgeon of a landlord was waiting to turn out the poor widow and her humble furniture for a debt of rent. How beautifully—never dreaming of such a thing—her hand happened to hit that concealed spring! and how, what! came forth the little box, with—mark it!—just the sum that was needed to pay off that miserable account.

I believe sometimes—once in a great, great, many years, wonderful coincidences do happen; I've seen them myself—but it's only once in a great while. One-half of these providential interpositions that we read of are pure fabrications—I am sure of it.

Don't teach the children to believe that every good deed has its material reward. It is no so. Our good is too often evil spoken of. Ingratitude meets us at every turn. Rare hearts of gold are they who remember little favors and have stored them up for reference. Truly does the scriptures say 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God.' But it does not fix the limit of our mercies; it may be that the good will not meet us till after the judgment.

Large folks and little ones, hear ye! Learn to do good, because it is good to do good. In other words, do it for the good's sake and not for your own. Think not of the reward—but Oh! this is sweet, simply to do mercy, to walk humbly—to think no evil of my neighbor.

Work—pray—hope—have faith, and look to God for wages.

IT'S THE FASHION.—What more satisfactory reply can be made for anything—outre in habit or costume than the usual one: 'It's the fashion!' What would anything be, however, becoming in itself, if out of the fashion? What can be anything but becoming, when use has recoiled us to the novelty, if it be the fashion? No matter how extraordinary the thing worn or done, it becomes proper, when we all countenance each other in wearing or doing it. No matter how natural or correct it may be, if it be unadopted generally, it becomes obnoxious. In Japan, it is the height of elegance at court to gild the teeth. The Indians paint the teeth red. In Gazaria, they dye the teeth black. What would be thought, amongst us, of a lady who should do any of these artificial things? Her relatives would probably apply for a writ of *habeas corpus*. In Arabia, the ladies stain their fingers and toes red, their fingers and blue lips. In Broadway, would be considered anything but propositional. And yet, cherry lips and white fingers would be equally absurd among the *filles of Asaby*. And, moreover, were the Arabian style of beauty to become fashionable here, who would disdain to call it both pretty and genteel? How long would it be before no life

would be seen that was not cerulean? No finger tip gazed at that was not gory as crimson? And what would be the general excuse? Simply, 'It's the fashion.' What is more odd-looking at the present moment, than a woman without a hoop? What would have been more grotesque, five or six years ago, than a woman with one? In each case, it was 'the fashion' which prevailed at the time that would have the comparison, and never judgment. No true it is that we are merely creatures of custom.

JO DAVIES BEFORE THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.—Harpers' Magazine for August contains an interesting paper on the life of this great frontiersman and lawyer, from which we extract the following account of his first appearance before a Federal Court at Washington:—

It may not be generally known that Davies was the first western lawyer who ever appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States. He had somehow become interested in a large tract of land lying in the Green River country; the title of which had long been in litigation; and it was agreed that he was to receive one-half of the tract, provided he could succeed in establishing the claim.

The fame of his genius and eccentricities had by this time become national; but this was to be his first personal appearance beyond the bounds of his own State, and he seemed to have determined that it should be marked both by the most splendid exhibition of his intellectual powers, and by the most glaring display of his eccentricity.

His entrance into the Federal capital, as described by an eye-witness of the spectacle, must have been worth beholding. On foot, dressed in an old pair of corduroys, ripped at the ankle, for convenience of rolling up; with a threadbare drab overcoat hanging to his heels, and furnished with innumerable capes of various sizes; with shoes dilapidated, muddy, and destitute of strings or buckles (a constant habit with him), and a hat to match. Fancy this stalwart figure, six feet high, stalking solemnly through the street, looking neither to the right nor the left; leading by the bridle a little, black, rough-haired filly, her tail matted into the likeness of a club with cockle burrs. Over the saddle was hung a small wallet, containing, as afterward appeared, papers and a provision of gingerbread and cheese. Such was the trim in which Joseph Hamilton Davies presented himself for the first time to the eyes of the denizens of Washington. Few who beheld this strange figure passing by, could have imagined that the brain under that 'shocking hat' was laboring with thoughts the eloquence and power of which, uttered in a few hours, astonished the most learned tribunal of the land.

Putting up his mare at an obscure tavern, the stranger relieved himself of his great coat, when he appeared in a short gray lining gown about as into one pocket of which he transferred from his wallet a quantity of bread and cheese, while the other received a bundle of papers, tied with a blue yarn string. Thus equipped he issued forth into the street again, the observed of all negroes and idle boys. Arriving at the Supreme Court building, he took a seat, and lounged into the bar and took a seat, not ceasing even in that august presence to regale himself from the store in his roundabout pocket.

Unknown to all—taking, as it seemed, no particular notice of anything (yet in reality, as soon appeared, watching every thing with the eye of a lynx)—he passed, as he had done in the street, for some awkward countryman on his first visit to the city.

The case in which he was employed was soon called, and Mr. Taylor of Virginia, the leading lawyer on the other side, arose to speak. He seemed to be advancing swimmingly in his statement of facts preparatory to beginning his argument, when all at once the stranger ceased eating, listened earnestly for a moment, then tapped him on the back, and very quietly corrected him on some point of his statement. Taylor stopped, turned round, and looked at him an instant without replying, and recommenced his remarks, taking no further notice of the interruption; Davies resumed his eating amidst the smiles of the bar and audience. In a few minutes he again tapped the speaker and made another correction.—This was repeated a third time, when Taylor becoming irritated at the interruption, begged the Court to protect him from the impertinence of that person. Judge Marshall, always exceedingly lenient, and supposing now that he saw before him some Kentucky backwoodsman come to see the progress of his case, and if things did not exactly suit him, to take out of the hands of his attorneys—as lawyers know that backwoodsman will sometimes do—replied that the gentleman was, he supposed, one of the parties to the action; as such he had a right to be heard, and that his corrections seemed very just, though irregularly made. But he advised the stranger to leave his case in the hands of his counsel, one of whom was present in court. Davies' colleague had by this time got a hint as to who his strange ally really was, and to humor the joke, kept silence.

Taylor finished his argument, one of great power and ingenuity, and sat down, not, as may be supposed, in the best of humors. Then to the amazement of all, the stranger arose, and throwing aside all oddity of manner, began a speech so clear, so forcible in its compact logic, and so masterly in its exposure of his adversary's weak points, that the gentleman, though well accustomed to the conflicts of the forum, seemed completely paralyzed, and sat like one overwhelmed by some sudden and unavertable calamity. It said the sweet stood in large drops on his face as he listened to that crushing reply. The man whom he had regarded only as an ignorant or crazy rustic, had all at once towered up before him into the proportions of a giant; and it is no wonder if he was confounded by so startling a transformation.

We must confess that this incident at first produced an unpleasant impression on our mind, as bearing too much the appearance of affectation and buffoonery. Yet nothing could be further from the character of the man, who was distinguished for his score of all clap-trap arts of notoriety seekers. It is therefore probable that, deeply occupied with the case in hand, he was not aware of the singularity of his appearance and conduct. We have already had occasion to notice his fits of extreme absent-mindedness; and every one knows what

strange blunders such persons are liable to commit when deeply pre-occupied with one subject. It may be, too, that the tale has been exaggerated, though the main features are undoubtedly true. But however this may be, it is certain Davies gained his case (and he gained also, at a little later period, the sister of the Chief Justice, who on this meeting, had taken him for an ignorant or crazy backwoodsman).—[Country Gentleman.]

Sentimentalism.
BY MISS M. A. BURNHAM.

What is sentimentalism? Did you ever see the shudder of a withered and antiquated prude when somebody happened inadvertently to say 'Legs?' That was sentimentalism.

Did you ever see a steady old dandy, fallen upon the evil times of dingy linen and on the evil tongues of darning handresses denouncing vulgarity and declaiming on refinement? That was sentimentalism.

Were you ever told of fine ladies who enlarged the compass of their ermines, and hurried the making of their dresses, but who while they slipped their lemonade, lamented the miseries of seamstresses? That was sentimentalism.

Have you ever known women who wept over the penitential sorrows of the fictitious Mrs. Haller on the stage, but who had only 'foul scorn' (we thank you, great Queen Bee, for that magnificent phrase), for those of the actual Mrs. Haller in society? That weeping was sentimentalism.

Have you listened to men: eloquent for liberty, but whose own temper was the temper of tyranny? That eloquence was sentimentalism.

Have you heard the rich boarder, who never put a dollar in the poor-box, say, 'God help the poor?' That was sentimentalism.

Have you heard the rich gourmand, sitting by his bright coal fire of a winter's evening, while he moistened his clay with Burgundy and whittled a pine-apple, murmur to himself, 'Alas, for the houseless and cold! alas, for the hungry and the thirsty!' but whose interest went no further, and was, like the interjection, a mere gasp of wind? That was sentimentalism.

Have you heard the blooming and healthy maiden complain of her broken hopes and her despairing heart? That was sentimentalism.

Has an athletic youth, with the appetite of a lion and the digestion of a rhinoceros, sent you his virgin volume of poems, informing you in a confidential epistle that his verses have been written with tears and blood? That was sentimentalism.

When the sick sinner drives about sanctity—that is sentimentalism. When the worn-out libertine eulogizes virtue—that is sentimentalism. When the dying spendthrift preaches on the worth of economy—that is sentimentalism. When the discarded courtier mourns over the pomp, the luxury, the waste, the deceitfulness of kings—that is sentimentalism. When kings themselves, uncrowned and disenthroned, banished or imprisoned, moralize on the vanity of glory and the uncertainty of power—that is sentimentalism. When the companion of your youth, or the associate of your thoughts, or the sharer of your plans, with whom you have sworn eternal fealty at the altar of sacred friendship, refuses you the loan of half a dollar, that oath of his, surely, was nothing but sentimentalism!

SMALL MANS.—The power of money is on the whole overestimated. The greatest things which have been done for the world, have not been accomplished by rich men or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class; and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors and artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers in worldly circumstances. And it will always be so. Riches are often an impediment to a stimulus to action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows staid with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for he finds time hangs heavily on his hands, he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide flows.

'His only labor is to kill the time, And labor dies it is, and weary wee.'

[Samuel Smiles.]

WATCHES.—In buying a watch, choose a lever, if you can afford it, and let it be as good as you really can afford. Buy it of a man who has a character to lose, and to whom you can look for redress in case of failure. Be suspicious of cheapness, and do not put too much faith in guarantees for a year or two years; because a flimsy made watch may go for a year or two tolerably well, and yet, before you have worn it five, may have cost you twice its value in repairs, and prove a torment and deluder instead of an honest friend and guide. In making your selection, do not be led by ornament—by fancy backs or dials, or 'jeweling' in ten holes. Ten holes may be jewelled for a guinea, and the watch be none the better for it. With a respectable maker the absence of needless ornament is often a concomitant of superior work.

Having bought your watch, remember that it is worth taking care of. Wind it, nearly as possible, at the same time every day, preferring the morning to the evening. Avoid sudden jerks in winding, and do not turn the watch while you are turning the key, but hold it firm and steady. Keep the key in good condition, free from rust and cracks; it is not a bad plan to plug the orifice with a particle of dust or rust in the key may get into the watch, and put you to the expense of an extra cleaning.—Keep the key in your bed-room, not in your pocket.

When a watch is hung up, it should be supported and at rest; when laid horizontally, it should rest on a soft substance for support, or the motion of the balance may generate a pendulous motion of the wheels, causing a variation in time.

When a watch varies from atmospheric influence, or from some change in the mode of wearing it, the hands may be occasionally touched, if the watch gains or loses continually, then the regulator should be altered; but it should be delicately handled, and moved

but a little at a time. In setting the hands, it is best to set them forward. In watches set or regulated at the back, the glass should not be opened at all. The watch-pocket should at all times be kept free from dust and accumulations of every kind.

Two years is quite long enough to keep a watch without cleaning. If you cannot consign it for that purpose to the hands of the maker intrust it only to some respectable and responsible person. The very best watches are often ruined by the hands of blundering and incapable workmen, while even a bad watch may be made, by the treatment of a clever artist, to perform tolerably well.

Lastly, take I beseech you, your watch—That little machine, if you have taken the above advice regarding it, will be found constantly doing its duty. Do you the same work on with your life's work as that does, 'unobtrusive and unobtrusive.' Let it teach you regularity and punctuality; so shall you not be ashamed to look it in the face, and be enabled, when your hours are all numbered, to give a good account of the time intrusted to your keeping.—[Country Gentleman.]

WHO MANNERED THE ENGINE?—The cry of fire waked us up one night. An engine rattled down our street, and stopped to get water from a hydrant opposite us. Who do you think the engine seemed to be manned by? Succerers. And the whole neighborhood was shocked by the dreadful oaths which they showered on the still midnight air. Did the brakes work easier by swearing? Did the hose draw faster by curses? Is the arm strengthened by oaths? How is this?

Now, is not swearing one of the most useless kinds of wickedness? The thief expects to gain something by stealing. The forger, by his knavery. The drunkard, from his cups. They sin under the excuse of either profit or pleasure. They get something, poor as the pay is. But the swearer has no excuse. He gets no pay at all. His horse trots no faster under his oath. His plough turns up no deeper furrow by his cursing it. On ship or on shore, no work was ever better done because done by a gang of swearers.

Besides the uselessness and folly of swearing, not even the poorest man gains anything from it; nothing is left but the naked sin and the guilt of it. The swearer, alas, that, and nothing else.

'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' says Jehovah; 'for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.'

'Swear not at all,' declares the Lord Jesus Christ; 'but let your communication be, Yea, yes, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.'

Oh, the poor swearer! He blasphemes our Creator, his Father, his Redeemer, his Savior. He prays—yes, the swearer prays—but he prays not for mercy, not for blessings; he prays for curses; curses on his workmen, on his work, on his engine, on his oxen, on his horse, on his land, on his family, on his own soul. Think of the swearer with his prayer answered!

PHENOMENA OF GLASS.—That glass resists the action of most acids, science has proved; its weight is not diminished by use or age. It is more capable than other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over, and properly cooled down in the furnace, presenting a polish which almost rivals the diamonds, in brilliancy.

If it be made into a phial, with the bottom much thicker than the sides, and suddenly cooled in the open air, instead of being tempered in the usual manner, the result on its susceptibility to fracture is the most extraordinary. It will bear a heavy blow, or severe pressure, from any blunt instrument, unimpaired; but if any hard and angular substance, even so small as a grain of flint, or sharp sand, be dropped into the phial, the bottom will crack all round and fall off. A small fragment of diamond has been seen to pass through the thick bottom with apparently as little resistance as if it dropped through the web of a spider. Instances have occurred in which one of these phials has been struck by a mallet, with a force sufficient to drive a nail into some descriptions of wood, without causing fracture; while a small fragment of flint dropped gently into the phial has cracked the glass to pieces.

A piece of white hot metal being dropped gently into cold water, and taking the form of a rounded lump elongated to a tail, is termed a *cracker*. The round part will bear a heavy blow without fracture; but if the least particle of the tail be broken off, the whole flies into innumerable fragments, as fine as powder.

If this glass drop be placed in a wine bottle filled with water, and a small portion of the tail broken off, by the aid of a long pair of nippers, the concussion by the explosion (for it is almost similar to an explosion) is so violent as to break the bottle and scatter the water in every direction. All these curious results are owing to a peculiar inequality of the glass, which arises from the sudden cooling to which it is subjected.

