

WORDS OF KINDNESS.

BY HENRY E. PHELPS.

Oh, how sweet are words of kindness,
Flowing from a loving heart;
What on earth can we find sweeter
Than the joy which they impart?

In our sorrow, in our sadness,
Words of kindness are a balm,
And in life's most adverse tempest
They around us breathe a calm.
Let us never speak unkindly,
Lest one word should pierce too deep;
Hearts made up of finest feelings
Never cause a heart to weep.

Never let the voice of anger
Drooping minds or hearts oppress;
Rather heal the broken hearted—
Make their deepest troubles less.

Sweet are words when fitly spoken,
Oft they feed the spirit fair;
Sweet is whisper'd consolation
To the child of sorrow's care.

Melody, the deepest, purest,
That that would the heart improve,
Must be soft like seraph's music,
In the realms of light and love.

Oh, without one word of kindness,
Sad indeed the heart must rove,
For kind words, like angels' whispers,
Fill the soul with holy love.

Joy would ever spring around us,
If our love was unconfined;
Earth would soon have less of sorrow,
If our words were only kind.

The London Times.

The London Quarterly Review for July, in an article on advertisements, contains some interesting information respecting the London Times.

They show in the editor's room, says the article, a singular diagram, which indicates by an irregular line the circulation day by day and year by year. On this sheet the gusts of political feeling, and the pressure of popular excitement are as minutely indicated as the force and direction of the wind are shown by the self-registering apparatus in Lloyd's rooms.

Thus we find that in the year 1845, it ran along at a pretty nearly dead level of 23,000 copies daily. In 1846—for one day, the 28th of January, that on which the report of Sir Robert Peel's statement respecting the corn laws appeared—it rose in a towering peak to a height of 51,000, and then fell again to its old number.

It began the year 1848 with 20,000, and rose to 43,000 on the 29th of February, the morrow of the French revolution.

In 1852 its level at starting was 36,000, and it attained the highest point it has yet touched on the 19th of November, the day of the memoir of the Great Duke, when 69,000 copies were sold.

In January, 1854, the level had risen to 40,000; and at the commencement of the present year it had stood at 58,000, a circulation which has since increased to 60,000 copies daily. Notwithstanding all the disturbing causes which make the line of its circulation present the appearance of hill and dale, sometimes rising into Alp-like elevations its ordinary level at the beginning of each year, for some time past, constantly goes on advancing, inasmuch that within ten years its circulation has more than doubled by 7,000 daily.

This vigorous growth is the true cause of that wonderful determination of advertisements to its pages, which have overflowed into a second paper, or supplement, as it was formerly called. That this success has been fairly won we have never ourselves doubted, but a fact has come to our knowledge which will pretty clearly prove that this great paper is conducted on principles which are superior to mere money considerations; or rather its operations are so large that it can afford to inflict upon itself pecuniary losses, such as would annihilate any other journal, in order to take a perfectly free course.

In the year 1845, when the railway mania was in its height, the Times' advertising sheet was overrun with projected lines, and many a guess was made, we remember, at the time as to their probable value; but high as the estimates generally were, they came far short of the truth. We give the cash and credit returns of advertisements of all kinds for nine weeks:—

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|----------|-------------|----------|-------------|
| Sept. 6, | \$14,198 50 | Oct. 11, | \$31,719 25 |
| " 13, | 18,918 00 | " 18, | 33,436 00 |
| " 20, | 19,676 87 | " 25, | 30,128 62 |
| " 27, | 23,461 75 | Nov. 1, | 16,150 87 |
| Oct. 4, | 31,593 50 | | |

During the greater part of the time that the proprietors were reaping this splendid harvest from the infatuation of the people, the heaviest guns were daily brought to bear from the leading columns upon the bubbles which rose up so thickly in the advertising sheet. The effect of their fire may be measured by the falling off of nearly fifteen thousand dollars in the returns for a single week.

As to the receipt of the Times for sales of the paper at its present rate of circulation, 60,000 a day, the price of each paper being 5d, they amount to \$21,000 a week. Taking its average receipts for advertisements at \$25,000 per week, its total yearly receipts would amount to \$1,872,000.

In Hunt's Fourth Estate, if our recollection serves us, the yearly expense of conducting the Thunderer, exclusive, of course, of such additions as an event like the present war may cause, is stated to be \$400,000.

KEEP COOL.—Those calm and rational observations to "take it coolly," and "never cry for spilled milk," are very good till they are needed. They are extremely salutary before the fever kindles or the milk is spilled; but, in the presence

of pain, or on the advent of a disaster, to all but those who are gifted with fortitude by nature, or have been disciplined in the school of affliction, they are about as effectual as whistling in the teeth of a nor'wester.

Their utter impotence in the storm of passion reminds me of the directions given by a good New England deacon to his choleric son:

"Whenever you feel your dander rising," said he, "be sure to say the Lord's Prayer, my son, or else the alphabet clean through, and, long before you get to the end on't, you'll be as cool as a cucumber or an iceberg. Promise me faithfully, my son."

"Yes, daddy, I promise."

Off trudged Jonathan to school, carrying his bread and meat, with a small bottle of molasses in his jacket pocket, and his late firm promise uppermost in his mind.

A boy who owed him an old grudge met him, and, after calling him the "young deacon," and other scurrilous nicknames, caught him off his guard, and threw him to the ground, tearing his jacket and breaking his molasses bottle.

Now, it is said by censorious Southerners that a Yankee will take a great many hard names with the patience of a martyr; his spirit is word-proof, but tear his clothes, or cheat his belly, and he will fight to the knife.

Up jumped Johnathan, his eyes wolfish, and his lips white with rage. But "there was an oath in heaven," and he did not forget it. So he proceeded to swallow his alphabetical pills—an antidote to wrath not mentioned in the "Regimen Salernitanum," nor recognised by the British College.

"A, B, C,—you've tore my jacket—D, E, F,—you've spilt my molasses—G, H, I, J, K,—you're a t'arnal rascal—L, M, N, O, P, Q,—I'll larn you better manners, you scamp, you—R, S, T, U, V,—I'll spile yer picter, you old wall eye!—W, X, Y, Z, ampersand—now I'll pound yer insides out of you, you eno'achin' willain!"

And with that Jonathan, whose passion had been mounting alphabetically through all his father's prescriptions of vowels and consonants, caught the young scapegrace, and throwing him down, was proceeding to work off each of the deacon's twenty-six anti-irascible pills in the shape of a dozen hearty fist-cuffs, which might, perhaps, have brought the poor fellow to the Omega of his days, had not the timely approach of a passenger interrupted the manipulations. So much for rules to control the passions.—[Knickerbocker.

THE OLD BELLE AND THE FAST GIRL are sketched by the Newport Times:—

A melancholy spectacle is the old belle—not the contented matron, who, having enjoyed the prestige of beauty in girlhood, subsides with grace and dignity into the domestic woman or old-school lady—but the unfortunate creature whose only pleasure consists in admiration, and whose life-long motive is variety.

The affectation of youthful costume, the childish lisp and insane ogle, the artifices of the toilet, the eagerness for notice, and an insatiable appetite for compliment, are, morally speaking, in hideous contrast to gray hairs, crows' feet, and the full-grown evidences of maternal responsibility.

To see these traditional charmers on the qui vive for beaux among younger and fairer aspirants, to watch the sickly smile, the fiftful glance of triumph or envy, the faded yet uneasy look and dubious complacency, and to associate these with one who has gone through the deepest human experience, and yet remain frivolous and vain, is far more provocative of sorrow than of mirth; it is old age without the love and honor which should attend it—a phantom of folly, an effigy of wordiness! Such a one was found weeping in the corridor of the hotel here; and when asked the cause of her tears, sobbed out, "No one admires me now." An old horse, pastured in a lonely field to die in peace, is a more dignified spectacle.

At the other extreme of perversion is the fast girl; one who tries to make capital of bold eccentricity; the deliberate hoyden, the Lady Gay Spanker on a small scale. You know her by the loud and shrill tone of her voice, by an incapacity of blushing, by a half swaggering air, an eye that never quails, a tongue that rattles without cessation and utters sarcasm, broad hints and rude comments, calls young men by their first names, ignores delicacy and disconcerts modest people; she affects invariably the antagonistic, and delights at an opportunity of attracting notice by some unusual dress, procedure, or manner.

The character is anomalous; it is Di Vernon's masculine spirit without her elevated sentiment; Lady Macbeth's self-assurance without her moral courage; Madame De Stael's unfeminine tone without her redeeming intellect. It is "brusquerie" unrelieved by wit; hoydenism unsustained by native grace. The fast girl is the horror of good mothers, and the delight of brazen dandies.

THE WIDOW AS TOOK RECEIPTS.—The widow Bichard is an old lady badly addicted to making "bulls," and is of a piece with the good woman who poured out the coffee to feast upon the grounds. It was a blunder something of this character she has just committed, for which she has come to answer at the police office.

The cause of the hubbub had occurred in one of the city post offices, where a clerk, whose duty it was to attend to prepaid letters, was suddenly accosted by a woman who rushed in, in great trepidation. This woman was the widow Bichard.

"Sir," she exclaimed, addressing the clerk in a voice tremulous with anger, "how does it happen, I should like to know, that when one has prepaid the postage on a letter, the person to whom it is sent is made to pay for it again?"

"How it happens, madam?" cried the clerk, "why it don't happen at all."

"Well, I say it does happen, and what's more, that it happened to-day—there!"

"And I tell you again, madam, that it is impossible that it should be so."

"But it is a person of my acquaintance to whom I wrote yesterday and whose letter I prepaid, who says she had to pay for it too. She was furious about it, and I don't wonder she was; for I wrote to her concerning my own affairs, and she had to pay the postage. It's down right robbery, I say!"

And thereupon the widow kicked up such a rumpus that it was found necessary to call in a policeman and take her before a magistrate. Instead of pacifying madam Bichard, this proceeding nearly threw her into the last degree of exasperation. Although the officer requested her to assume a proper line of conduct, the widow persisted in her fury, and stamped, and screamed most uproariously.

"To be told, too, that I don't know what I have done with it?" she cried.

"Done with what?" enquired the magistrate.

"The receipt," answered the widow; "the receipt which proves that I pre-paid the letter."

"So saying she fumbled in all her pockets.

"There," she exclaimed suddenly, "I've got it. Here it is!"

And she exhibited triumphantly to the magistrate—what can you imagine it was!—a postage stamp! The poor lady had taken it as a receipt for the money she paid to the clerk, and had treasured it sacredly instead of pasting it upon the letter.—[Ex.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying; as the placid joys of home? See the traveler—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." Of the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of a renewed interview and conversation after days of absence?

Behold the man of science; he drops the laborious and painful research, closes the volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversion of his children.

Take the man of trade; what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by, in the season of intercourse, he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer; he has borne the burden and the heat of the day, the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy his repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness. His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again and retires to rest; and "the rest of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of the lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort! Peace to thy house!—[William Jay.

A CHURCH CLOCK.—Among the objects most recently exposed at the Paris "Exposition," is a Church Clock, called *l'Horloge de St. Loup*, which is a prodigy of skill and ingenuity. It is the work of a young man named Bernardin, a self-made mechanic. It would take a column to enumerate all the properties of this wonderful time-piece—even more wonderful, it is affirmed, than the far-famed horloge of the Cathedral of Strasburg.

It marks the hours, minutes, seconds and thirds, the day of the month, the seasons, the equinoxes, the solstices, the phases of the moon, the signs of the zodiac, the twelve months of the year, with advice to cultivators; the rising and setting of the sun at Paris, the degrees of declination and increase for each day of the year, the lunar cycle or golden number, the solar cycle, the Roman indication, the dominical letter, the epacts, the number of days belonging to each year, the bissextile years, the common and bissextile centuries, the reproduction of 24 hours 26 minutes and 40 seconds by the Gregorian calendar in 4,400 years, the feast of St. Matthias, the correction of the month of February for the bissextile years, the divisions of the measures of capacity and weight indicated by moving statuettes, &c., &c. It strikes the hours, the half hours, the three quarters and the four quarters before the hour upon different keys, it sounds the retreat on week days at 9 o'clock, and on Sundays at 10, it strikes the Angelus three times a day, it marks the true and mean time, the hour of the day at Paris, Pekin, Lisbon, New York, &c., &c.

This remarkable clock has been purchased for the Cathedral of Besancon, and will no doubt secure for its ingenious maker a distinguished recompense.—[Ex.

"PIL DO IT WELL."—There lives in New England a gentleman who gave the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in a tin manufactory. When twenty-one years old he had lost his health, so that he was thrown out upon the world to seek any employment for which he had strength. "He said he went to find employment, with the determination that whatever he did he would do it well." The first and only thing he found that he could

do, was to black boots and scour knives in a hotel. This he did, and did it well, as the gentlemen, now living, would testify. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self-respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his business. The respect and confidence of his employers was soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

In course of time he was enabled to begin for himself a business, which he carries on extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for moral and mental cultivation. He now holds an elevated place in the community where he lives.

Young men who may chance to read the above statement of facts should mark the success. The man's whole character, of whom I have spoken, was formed and directed by the determination to do whatever he did well.

Do the thing you are doing so well that you will be respected in your plans, and you may be sure that it will be said, "Go up higher."

GAS LIGHTS.—We congratulate the community on the final completion of the Gas Works. The repairs having been finished and the gasometer tank found to be water tight, six of the retorts were charged at half-past two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and in two hours from that, exactly, James Donahue, the contractor for the entire iron work, struck a light. We visited the works at 7½ o'clock last evening, and witnessed the drawing of the charges and the recharging of the retorts and can, from ocular demonstration, and pronounce the gas to be of a superior quality. What with filling the gasometer and mains, and expelling the air from the latter, it will be impossible to furnish customers with light until tomorrow evening, at which time it may be confidently expected. It is to be hoped that hereafter we shall have fewer camphene accidents to record.—[Sac. Union, Dec. 15, 1855.

What women lack in courage, they make up in excitement and consternation. We called on Mrs. Nesbit the other day, and found her and her four daughters flying around the house as if they had 'gone mad,' and did not expect to come back again. They were dreadfully armed, too. Mrs. Nesbit had a rusty musket, while her 'darters' sported three large forks and a dissecting knife. And what do you suppose it was all about? A half-grown mouse had frightened Elizabeth Jane, while sweeping behind the front room sofa. When we left, the mouse was having the best of it. Mrs. Nesbit was standing on the centre-table, while the girls had rendered their position impregnable by covering their flanks with the fire-board and a pair of coal-scuttles. How the war ended, will be known when the next express arrives.—[Ex.

WORDS.—The man who is without a clear comprehension of the words he uses, and a tolerably full vocabulary, is in no proper sense educated or formed. He can neither think deeply nor express himself forcibly, nor converse accurately, nor appeal effectually to the reason of others, nor touch their feelings. For all this, correct and expressive language is absolutely necessary; even religion must be invested with true and powerful words to be duly appreciated; while all acknowledge its influence in enlarging, refining, and elevating the language of those who have no other teacher, so that when roused by the occasion, the ignorant can be eloquent, and having learned sacred truths through divine words, can apply those words with convincing force and propriety.—[Ex.

Iron, coated with an alloy of lead and tin, in which the quantity of lead is nearly equal to or exceeds that of tin, answers as well as lead or galvanized iron for roofing, cisterns, baths, pipes, gutters, window-frames, telegraphic wires, and various other purposes. A small quantity of zinc, mixed with the alloy with which iron is coated, hardens the coating, but diminishes its power of resisting corrosion. But the addition of a little antimony not only hardens the coating, but also makes it less oxidable and less liable to corrosive action. Iron coated with the alloy of lead, tin and antimony, may answer better than lead for vitriol chambers, and may sometimes be used instead of copper for the sheathing of ships.—[Ex.

A NEW MATERIAL FOR CLOCKS.—M. Roby, of Paris, deposited in the great Exhibition, at Paris, on the 22d August, where it was inspected by the Queen and Prince Albert, a time-piece made entirely of clay. All the works, plates, cogs, and wheels are made of aluminum; and M. Roby believes that it is much better for these purposes than the metals generally employed. It is much lighter, does not require so much power to conduct the wheels, and therefore, with a heavy balance, will obtain a better result in regularity. It is very hard and smooth when hammered, and the friction will be reduced to almost nothing.—[Ex.

A crusade has been commenced against Methodism in the lower part of New Jersey, by a Rev. John Quincey Adams, who is delivering a course of lectures, endeavoring to show its anti-American spirit and tendency, and the similarity between Romanism and the Methodist Episcopacy, in managing the temporal affairs of the Church; also, as a dangerous foe to Republicanism in its influence and avowed principles.

An exceeding tall gentleman was walking with a very short friend in the midst of a heavy shower, when the latter observed, "Bill, aint it coming down?" Bill, lifting his shoulders still higher, answered, "I don't know how it may be with you; but it is raining awfully up here!"

An ounce of quicksilver, beat up with the white of two eggs, and put on with a feather, is the cleanest and surest bed-bug poison.—[Ex.