

A N E C D O T E S.

RICHES FOR CHILDREN.

The present Post Master General of the United States was once a very poor boy, so poor that he could ill afford a pair of shoes, without which "the master would not allow him to come to school." Our boyhood was passed in the village in which were spent his earlier professional years. We remember once being in his company after he had been elevated to the supreme bench in his native State, and hearing him make, in substance, the following statements :

I remember, said he the first time I visited Burlington as a Judge of the Supreme Court—I had left it many years before a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and those two boys were very rich. During the long years of hard toil that passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had long ago forgotten me.

Approaching the Court House for the first time, in company with several gentlemen of the Bench and Bar, I noticed in the Court House yard, a large pile of old furniture about to be sold at vendue. The scenes of early boyhood, with which I was surrounded, prompted me to ask whose it was. I was told it belonged to Mr. A., (we use fictitious initials.) "Mr. A. ? I remember a family of that name, very wealthy—there was a son too—can it be he ?" I was told it was even so. He was the son of one of the families already alluded to. He had inherited more than I had ever

earned, and spent it all, and now his own family was reduced to real want, and his very furniture was that day to be sold for debt. I went into the court room saddened, yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was soon absorbed in the business before me. One of the first cases called, was that of B. vs. C.—a case that had come up on appeal, but which, if we remember rightly, originated in a low drunken quarrel. Mr. B. ? thought I, that is a familiar name. Can it be ? In short, I found that this was indeed the son in the other wealthy family referred to ! I was overwhelmed, alike with astonishment and thanksgiving—astonishment at the change in our relative standings, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil.

A QUIET REBUKE.

The late Rev. B. Jacobs, of Cambridgeport, could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly, though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the epithets "odd," "singular," &c., applied. He asked, and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said, very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady ; she is a *very* odd young lady ; I consider her extremely singular." He then added, very impressively, "She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend." The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.