

Be Gentle to thy Wife.

Be gentle, for you little know how many trials rise; Although to thee they may be small, To her of giant size.

would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise.

How I practiced, morning, noon and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the great and auspicious day itself, with its events—all as it is vivid before me as it were but yesterday.

The evening came, and there, in the dimly lit gallery, I sat waiting, with my master beside.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk: it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book, and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. And how angry uncle will be.

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice—and, as the evening service was there, I saw him. A soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with cruel, hard, grey eyes; and she sang, I knew it, I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined in the concerts in the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?" "Learn what?" "That tune." "At church." "You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?" "I did so."

"Good; very good. Know any thing of music, Sam?" "Nothing."

"L-k-to!" "I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy.—Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for, and so for some 12 months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily.

It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impetus, should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy. He shall be glad to know it," and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church,

and that he and his choir should come over to our church for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you have done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so too."

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daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers. I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

TRADES OF ANIMALS.—It has been well remarked by a clever author, that bees are geometers. The cells are so constructed, as with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and the least possible interstices. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the one-killer is an arithmetician, also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs many nautical feats. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and woodcutter. He cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He does not only build houses, but constructs aqueduct and drains to keep them dry. The ant maintains a regular standing army. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants are day-laborers. The monkey is a rope dancer.

A GREAT WRONG.—When a dissipated youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue.—Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned.—But when a poor girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, and esteemed; but this ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no rest for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her—no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities they are unknown in heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences. The injustice of society is vividly brought to the mind in the case delineated.—Once a Week.

COMPARATIVE.—In point of the numbers engaged and the rapidity of the movements, the late battle of Sadowa was one of the greatest if not the greatest—ever fought in Europe. Five hundred thousand men were brought into direct collision with each other, and fought ten hours, while the casualties were at least 25,000. This was quick work, but in the proportion of losses bears but slight comparison to many of the battles fought during our late rebellion. At Sadowa the losses were in the proportion of one to twenty—whilst in several of our battles they were as one to five, and nearly always reached as high as one to ten.

COMMON SENSES.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, at its recent session, decided in the case of Elnor Mohn, of Lehigh country that a woman can be indicted as a common scold. Judge Woodward, in delivering the opinion of the Court, said, "As to the unreasonableness of holding woman liable to punishment for a too free use of their tongues it is enough to say that the common law, which is the expressed wisdom of ages, adjudges that it is not unreasonable. And the Legislature had not changed the common law in this regard, but on the contrary, declared, so recently as 1860, that this offence shall be punished as heretofore."

DROPPED SOMETHING.—A lady was out walking in Poughkeepsie, New York, the other day, accompanied by her servant, who was drawing an infant in one of the little carriages made for the purpose, when, unnoticed by mother or servant, the child fell out upon the walk. The couple passed along, and had gone some distance from the baby, when they were accosted by a gentleman who had witnessed the entire transaction:—"Madam, you have dropped something," at the same time pointing to the infant on the walk in the distance. The sequel can be imagined.

SICKNESS OF THE PLAINS.—The Kearney Herald of the 28th, ult., says the Mormon train said to be affected with cholera, halted at Kearney on Saturday, and started on yesterday for Salt Lake. The Post Surgeon thinks it is not cholera, but pronounces it dysentery in the most malignant form. Twenty-six had died since leaving the river; those now prostrated—twenty five or thirty in number—are on the mend. The disease is abating.

THE ST. LOUIS (MO.) Democrat says that the wharfs of the city are to be extended north and south along the whole river front, and that probably at no distant day St. Louis will have a continuous wharf seven miles in extent. Various harbor improvements also are about to be made there.

TIGERS IN COCHIN CHINA.—Many of the natives obtain their livelihood by tiger catching, the skin of this animal being valuable. They use a novel mode of ensnaring these savage beasts. Two Malays generally go in company, and travel over many parts of the country. Those who follow this business regularly, have permits allowing them to build a hut for their use in any place they think fit. The hut is built on the top of four bamboos, from fifteen to twenty feet high; and, as the tiger cannot climb these, the men can remain in it and watch their snares in safety. The snare consists of large leaves, or sometimes pieces of paper about six inches square, covered on one side with a substance of the same nature as bird lime, and containing a poison, the smallest particle of which, getting into the animal's eyes, causes instantaneous and total blindness. They are laid about thickly, with the bird lime side upward, in a track of a tiger; and as sure as the animal puts his paw on one of the treacherous leaves, he becomes a victim; for finding it stuck to his foot, he shakes it, by which means other leaves adhere to it. He then probably rubs his head in the attempt to rid himself of these leafy encumbrances; but they stick to his head and face; he then, perhaps, rolls himself on the ground, when he becomes fairly covered; and, while scratching and rubbing himself to get free, some of the poisonous bird lime gets into his eyes and blinds him. He growls and roars in agony, and this is the signal for his captors to dispatch him. The Malays then skin the animal, and take away parts of his body that may be available. They leave the carcass well strewn with more leaves, as a bait for other tigers. Other animals, and birds, also, ensnare in the same manner.

AN EXCELLENT EXPERIMENT.—The London Spectator says that a firm in Manchester bound themselves by a trust deed to divide their profits over fifteen per cent. on the capital invested among their workmen. The first result was a decrease in waste, the men not seeing why they should waste their own property any more than any other master's, and waste it, perhaps, as bad debts, the greatest source of manufacturing loss. The next was an immense advance in the pace of the work done, the men putting their hearts into it as hired men will not do, and scolding each other for neglect as if each man was overseer. The last was a great increase of orders, every man being as anxious to obtain work, or, as he himself explained it, to "carry some 'un to bonus," as if he had been the sole master. The result was a first dividend of fifteen per cent. per annum, and four or five per cent. over for division among the men.

SILENT INFLUENCES.—The Rev. Albert Barnes says—It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God, there, as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm, and meadow, every garden, and that shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends.

ALL THE SAME.—Diminutive applications are appropriate for children, but are out of place for adults. "Bennie" sounds pretty for a little urchin, but when he becomes a man we give him the full cognomen of "Benjamin." So in the early stages of the Great Rebellion we called the rebels "Johnnies"—now we call them "Johnson men."—Dubuque Times.

A MODERN DUEL.—A couple of captains became desperate in a saloon, in New Orleans, a few days ago, and their friends provided them with the following-pieces for a bloody duel. They stood but a few paces apart, and both combatants fell, one covered with mud and the other with molasses, the seconds having loaded the pieces with that kind of "vittles."

THE TINTING POWER of the salts of Magenta seems incredible. One grain in a million times its weight of water gives a pure red; in ten millions a rose pink; in twenty millions a decided blush; and even in fifty millions an evident glow is seen.

The mortality returns of England for 1864 show that in that year 28 of the men who died and 70 of the women had reached one hundred years of age or upwards, one woman dying at 108 and one man at 109. Of these 98 very aged people London had 12.

FLORENCE THE Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington Street, San Francisco, California.

J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D. Resident Physician. THE DIRECTORS OF THIS CELEBRATED Medical Institute wish to thank the public for the generous manner in which they have sustained the Resident Physician with their patronage. It is now six years since the Institute was established; during that time there has been over thirty thousand consultations, and in all cases, where the disease was curable.

A perfect and permanent cure has been performed. Malicious charlatans have opened traps in close proximity to the Institute, adopting similar names, hoping to attract the unwary; but their failure to do so is perfectly apparent—for the business has not been effected in the least, but has gone on increasing its usefulness and profits in regular ratio. The Resident Physician has by his careful study and experience within the last few years been successful in discovering new electric remedies which are far superior to any before used in the healing art, and he can warrant them to cure cases for which they are used, or make no charges for services. They will be forwarded to any place in the Pacific States upon a receipt of a letter stating the disease with symptoms, the age and sex of the patient.

The Female medicines, discovered and used by the Resident Physician, are the only remedies which are safe and of effect. The large number of cases in which they have been used, is a guarantee of their success.

Great care should be taken in visiting the Institute, to remember the name. Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington Street between Montgomery and Kearny streets. J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., Resident Physician.

Below are a few of the opinions of the press of California, which are submitted to the Public: ELECTROPATHIC.—The readers of this article are particularly requested to read the advertisement of the "Electropathic Institute," 645 Washington Street, San Francisco, to be found in another column of this paper. The remarkable cures that have been effected by Dr. J. H. Josselyn, the Resident Physician of the Institute during the past six years, has gained for this establishment a reputation that has never been equalled by any medical establishment on this coast. In cases of female irregularities, the Institute has gained an enviable reputation, and the spacious parlors of the Institute are continually occupied by ladies asking relief from their troubles.

Dr. Josselyn pays particular attention to the treatment of cases of the interior of the State and upon receipt of a full description of the disease of which the applicant is so unfortunate as to be afflicted, accompanied with the real or a fictitious address, sends warrants to cure the disease, without the slightest injury to the system. He uses no mercury, and no other poisonous remedies, which are known as "Electric," and most of them are of his own discovery. Persons placing themselves under the treatment of Dr. J. H. Josselyn, are assured of receiving correct and successful treatment, but upon his discretion and secrecy.—Red Bluff Independent January 24th, 1866.

Grant Taylor, for several months past Dr. J. H. Josselyn, has been so well known as the Resident Physician of the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington Street, San Francisco, that he has been invited from his position for the purpose of accepting the position as Visiting Physician in one of the large hospitals in his native State, Massachusetts. The matter becoming known to the directors of the Institute of San Francisco, who, feeling that a great loss would occur to the community by the withdrawal of a physician of such scientific attainments as Dr. Josselyn, they called at their resolutions highly laudatory of the Doctor's abilities were passed, and a committee of gentlemen appointed to wait upon him, and request him to resign, and to give up his intention of leaving the State, and continue in his present position. The arguments of the committee facilitated by the Director of the Institute, having induced the Doctor to return his position as Resident Physician. We announce the success of the negotiations, and that the Institute will have been difficult for the numerous patients that heretofore relied on the Doctor for scientific and successful treatment to have found a physician capable of filling his place.—Democratic Standard, Jan. 31st.

READ IT.—We heartily recommend those of our readers who may be suffering from disease of long standing, or from complaints brought on by mercury, at some period of their lives, to read the advertisement of the Electropathic Institute, to be found in our advertising columns. Dr. J. H. Josselyn, the Resident Physician, has occupied that position for six years, and taking into consideration the fact that all the Directors of the Institute are all medical men of high standing in the community, it may be considered as proof of Dr. Josselyn's ability that he has been retained in the position so long. Dr. Josselyn is a regular graduate, and is considered by competent judges to be the most scientific and successful electrician in the United States; he will cure more than half the diseases that flesh is heir to, and the use of any medicine in such cases where it is necessary, but never uses anything but vegetable preparations. The doctor has been very successful in his treatment of disease incident to females, and enjoys a much larger practice in that particular line than any other physician on the Pacific coast. The Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington Street, is the most popular place in San Francisco for the reception of patients are fitted up in a style of magnificence never before attempted by any medical establishment on this coast, and the Institute is rated in San Francisco as the best in the city.—Mountain Democrat.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.—This adage will apply as well to the practice of medicine as to the purchase of merchandise. Thousands on this coast, during the last fifteen years, have had their constitutions ruined by refusing treatment at the hands of first-class physicians, because a gang of humbugs, styling themselves doctors, who are almost destitute of common sense, much more of medical knowledge, offer to treat their patients for a less sum than that of a regular practitioner. That would allow a quack to administer medicine to him, is worse than an idiot, for, in nine cases out of ten, the medicine so given, instead of curing the disease, makes the patient worse and does permanent injury to the system, and oftentimes to such an extent as to prevent the possibility of curing the original disease. The fact is that no person should place himself in charge of a physician unless he has strong proofs that the doctor is a regular graduate from some well reputed Medical College. The number of medical humbugs in San Francisco, is perfectly enormous; not more than two of the advertised physicians have a diploma. Dr. J. H. Josselyn, Resident Physician of the Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington Street, is one of these, and is prepared at all times to exhibit his diploma.—Yreka Union February 10, 1866.

CAUTION. Persons seeking the Electropathic Institute, should be careful to remember the name and number. Electropathic Institute, 645 Washington Street, North side, between Kearny and Montgomery. J. H. Josselyn, M. D., on the sign. Persons who receive the interests of the Institute with the public, asking only the same generous confidence and patronage thus far awarded to it, the record shows over thirty thousand consultations, and a very large amount of suffering relieved.

Persons wishing to consult the Resident Physician by letter, can do so with the utmost confidence, and can, if they wish, have Electric Remedies for any disease sent to all parts of the State; all Remedies sent from the Institute warranted to be effectual. All letters must be addressed plainly to J. H. JOSSELYN, M. D., Box 1345, San Francisco, Cal. All letters will be destroyed or returned, as directed by the writer. (3m)

Send for Circulars and Samples of work. SAMUEL HILL, General Agent, No. 111 Montgomery street San Francisco.

EQUALIZATION BOUNTY BILL THE undersigned, having recently received the proper arrangements for the collections of the Extra Bounty allowed to all soldiers enlisted for three years in the service of the United States, is prepared with the proper Blanks, &c., required by the Department at Washington, to have said bounties promptly paid.

Persons entitled to the benefits of said Bounty will find it their interest to attend to its collection at once. Having an Agent at Washington, and personal knowledge of the mode of making collections through the Department, I can get returns promptly.

Call with your Discharge, at the Publication Office of the Daily Oregonian, No. 5 Washington Street, Portland.

3m A. BUSHWILER, Claim Agent.