

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 10.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA:  
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1845.

**Tax Lancaster Democrat.** In noticing the complaints made by several of our Democratic contemporaries, against Mr. Horn, collector of the Port of Philadelphia, for his avowed prescription of the country in his appointments, says: The story that Mr. Horn intends to confine all his appointments to the city, needs confirmation—so does Mr. Horn's nomination.

**Willis's Letters.**—It is a strange, though often-remarked fact, that the youthful productions of men of genius, are almost invariably their best. Years—though they may add to their knowledge and experience—seem to have no agency in developing the Heart; and the artistic and finished production of the poet, though they may be more correct, are not more to be admired, than the heart-warm effusions of an earlier period.

This is particularly true of N. P. Willis. He should have thrown away his pen years ago. His Sacred and other poems—written long since—won for him a fame, which high as it is, can hardly withstand the weak, silly and punnic productions he has of late put forth. His Sacred poems, in particular, tho' bearing the marks of a high finish, breathe the true spirit of religion, expressed in true poetry. But of late years, he has laid his offerings on the shrine of Fashion; and in catering and writing for the "Upper ten thousand," he has adopted a tone and style which make him appear contemptible, when exposed to the test of his former writings. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, in speaking of his writings, calls them "Willis's inimitable nothing," and we know no term better calculated to give an idea of his "skimming the superfluities of society." Probably, the insignificance of the subjects and incidents which come under his notice, may be accounted for the well-known fact, that whatever is lightest rises to the top, and Willis always floats up, rather than down.

Mr. Willis is now in England, engaged in writing letters to the New Mirror. The only one which we have seen worth reading—and this barely comes within the test—will be found in another column. We must confess that we are more disappointed in these letters than in anything Mr. Willis has ever written. His "Pencilings by the Way," published some years since, were sensible, well-written sketches of things seen, and impressions received, such as a person could read without contempt for the writer, or pitying his mental incapacity. It is but charity to Willis to mention, that he has been severely afflicted with brain-fever, since his arrival in England, which may be the cause of the deterioration of his late letters from his former. Seriously, if any person, unknown to fame, had asked the editors of the New Mirror to have published the letters Willis has written from London, we will venture to assert, they would have laughed at his impudence.

Can he not find anything more worthy of being communicated to his American readers, than the dress of females; accounts of coats and hats and white cravats; visits to Lady Blessington; Count D'Orsay's painting, statuary and good looks; dining with great men, and visiting the opera, with other important matters that would interest and delight young ladies? Are there not "tales to tell" of the situation of the oppressed and down-trodden poor of England—which could strike a chord of sympathy and interest in every American heart—her mighty aristocracy, and her humble operatives; no lessons of morality or philosophy to draw from the splendor of the one and the squalid and wretchedness of the other; no speculations upon the political and social condition and destiny of that country in whose midst is now at work, silently, though it be, amid starvation and tears and sighs, a mighty revolution?

A person who can go to England, and view her in her present condition, and write home the nonsense that Willis has written, has no feeling in common with the American people, and no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

But Willis's associations are aristocratic; he writes, too, for those who delight in rank, and are dazzled with the splendor of royal institutions; and his life for years, has been unflinching in thought and deed, but he has no sympathy for those suffering under oppression and tyranny. He would pay his homage to the wealth and splendor that has been the cause of all this misery, and turn his back upon the suffering, "to bend the suppliant hinges of the knee," to obtain a nod from Royalty.

Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.  
Never give up! if adversity presses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of Never give up.

### Nature's Nobleman.

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,  
Where pleasure itself cannot please—  
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still  
Affects to be quite at its ease;  
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,  
The freest is first in the band,  
And nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,  
Is a man with his heart in his hand.  
Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,  
He warmly can love and can hate,  
Nor will he bow down, with his face in the dust,  
To Fashion's intolerate state;  
For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,  
Though lowly or poor in the land,  
And nature's own nobleman friendly and frank,  
The man with his heart in his hand.  
His fashion is plain, sincere and intense,  
His impulses simple and true,  
Yet temper'd by judgment and taught by good sense,  
And condescend with me and with you;  
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,  
It is you, man! or you, man! who stand  
Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank—  
A man, with his heart in his hand!

**Masses, Editors.**—The following was written on hearing of the suicide of an acquaintance—a young man of brilliant parts, but who had been through the vicissitudes of his misfortunes and follies. You may give it an insertion in your columns, if you think proper:

To persons occupying different conditions in the world, this enigma which we call Life, is interpreted with very different and opposite meanings. The man who has always basked in the sunshine of fortune, who was born to the inheritance of affluence and friends; blessed with such a happy equanimity of temper and moderation of passions as have always preserved him from fatal indulgence in those guilty pleasures which are equally ruinous to health and destructive to peace—such a man can form but a faint conception of those sorrows of the mind, that utter desolation of the soul, which drive the unhappy to madness and self-inflicted death. To seek death, to long for it, "as for hidden treasures," to rush into his embrace as a refuge from evils too heavy to be borne, to greet the dread monster as a friend—all this to such a man incomprehensible. Is there not glory in the summer cloud, is there not joy in the sunbeam? Is not the earth overspread with a mantle of beauty and loveliness? Do not the heavens glow by day and by night with unimaginable beauty and splendor? Do not the human form and "face divine" beam with sympathy and love? Why then should a living man, with an eye to behold, and a soul to drink in, the splendor and the joys which the goodness of God has gathered around our mortal state, close his eyes against the consolations of nature, of revelation and society, and occupy his mind with gloomy thoughts of the tomb? Why should a man with the glow of life around him turn away to muse on death?

No man was ever able able to enter fully into the feelings of another so as perfectly to understand his true case. Great that many of the sorrows of men are imaginary and unfounded in any sufficient cause—they are not the less real to the sufferer. It is from the inmost recesses of his own being that each individual looks forth upon the world, and it matters not how much glory or splendor there may be around him so long as there is darkness there. Everything external appears to us in the light or in the twilight of our own spirits. Nothing is bright or beautiful considered distinct from the mental dispositions of him who beholds it; no external brightness can compensate for the extinction of that within one's own bosom. Go speak to the unfortunate man whose spirits have consumed away under the influence of long disease, in whose breast, hope having long flickered, has at length expired; and say to him—Come, let us go forth over the flowery meadows, let us listen to the melody of the groves, and refresh ourselves with the cool breezes of the mountain tops; let us climb the hills and gaze upon the red sunset, or let us wander under the starry roof of the solemn night, for the spirit of nature shall flow in upon our souls and attune our inmost being to harmony and joy." Will he not seem as one who mocks at the wretchedness of his neighbor? Those meadows, that woodland music, the red sunset and the solemn majesty of night, are associated in his mind with the early dreams of childhood, when every sight and sound cherished those illusions of hope which are now fled forever. What are the choicest viands to him who cannot eat; and what are all the beauties of nature and the sympathies of social life superadded, to him who has lost the capacity for their enjoyment?

Almost every individual has some time or other in the course of his existence met with some adverse fortune, some bitter trial of nature, when he has been constrained to say with Hamlet,

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
The loss of a dear relative and friend has for a time dispelled the illusions of hope, darkened the future, and made the ideal of joys to come seem like an impossibility. Recall that hour of deep gloom, that midnight of the soul, when all the ends and purposes of life seemed summed up in one bitter disappointment, and form some conception of his state in whose breast hope is extinguished. Remember that there may be a despair which endures not merely for one bitter moment of grief and which time softens and removes; but a despair that becomes the fixed and settled habit of the mind, which over-spreads this glorious creation with the blackness of darkness and pursues its wretched victim to the grave.

**H. B.**  
[Written for the Bradford Reporter.]  
A word to a Young Man.

Young Man, I entreat you to let that bottle alone. It contains ardent spirits, and ardent spirits are evil spirits—and with them the laws both of God and man forbid all commerce.

Do you think it going to far when I call ardent spirits, evil spirits? See what they do. But a few days ago I am told that a certain priest, in a certain place, says openly to his flock,—"I understand because these same spirits often walk there. This I conceive to be good authority."

since, one of these hot days, when every one in his senses slept in the shade, if possible, I saw, within three miles of this place, a man lying upon his back, on the open highway, looking for all the world as if smitten down by some raging disease. And what do you think was the matter? He was so near a house, which I will not name, that I cannot doubt he had been assailed by the very spirits in question. His appearance bloated, and so feverish, was just what I have often seen upon the drunkard. And there the man lay—one not acquainted with such cases would have directly roused the neighborhood to bring him relief. Two hours later, when night had closed in, I passed by the same spot, and he was gone—where I cannot tell, but I know where his road leads; and I hope he will try another before he comes to the end.

But I need not give details of these works of darkness. There is nothing so good or so precious, but these same spirits will rob you of it, and that in a method so stealthy, you will never set up a cry against your assailant. It is their daily practice to rob men of health, property, character, friends, peace of mind, reason, and finally of the soul itself. You must have remarked instances of all these. If such are not evil spirits, I know not where they can be found.

Be persuaded then, to let them alone. You have faculties, and opportunities too good to be lost in this foolish way. Look about you. Here is a world in which you may do much good, and share some yourself. You have a curiously formed body, and a spirit mysteriously endowed, every faculty of which might be employed for noble purposes. You might become a valuable member of society, an ornament to your species. You have lost some time, and something more, but there is room for hope. Only let that bottle alone, once for all; your prospects will directly brighten. And there is no other hope for you. I speak conscientiously; you had better be in the dungeons of a Bastille to day, and for life, than to be such a slave, as you must inevitably become without the amendment here proposed.

I could say much more; but a word to the wise is sufficient. If not you may hear from me again.  
Your true Friend,  
BENFOLD.

**Aug. 12, 1845.**  
P. S. I am not sure but you might as well throw away that cigar too. There are not wanting instances, to prove the possibility of some mysterious relation between spirits of tobacco smoke and those of the burning liquid sort. I speak this softly, not wishing to offend any of my respected neighbors.

### Importance of Manure.

The progress of agricultural improvement brings with it increased demand for manures of easy transport. The supply gradually falls short of the demand, and the market value rises until they reach a kind of famine price; at which, the corn they can be made to raise, barely pays the cost of applying them. This high price which at first appears to be an unmitigated evil, leads, however to good in many ways. Perhaps the simplest and most intelligible way of treating our present subject will be to follow in order, the successive effects or improvements to which this high price naturally gives rise.

In the first place it causes all known manures to be eagerly sought for and collected. The home dealer is stimulated to search for them in every quarter, and each bone-mill employs its staff of humble collectors to preambulate the towns and villages. Foreign and larger dealers spring up in the seaports. Our east coast puts the whole seaboard of Europe under requisition—whole fleets of merchantmen from the west skirt, the Irish shores, or crossing the Atlantic, bring their cargoes of bones from the United States; and even to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, suggest a new article of export, in addition to the hides and tallow of their numerous cattle. Such is, perhaps, the earliest national advantage which springs from high prices and increased demand.

It is interesting enough to mark how agriculture and commerce thus aid each other—how the wants of one country impart a new value even to the refuse substances of another, and afford a new employment to its idle population. But it is more interesting still, to observe how such a traffic commenced with a view to the benefit of our own farming interest, reacts upon the minds of the agricultural population in these distant countries—awakening in them new desires, and leading them to increased skill in the art by which they live. Bones for example, they come to think, may be useful at home, if it is worth the while of English merchants to bring them from so great a distance. How are they to be used they ask, when and where applied, to what crops, on what soils, and after what preparation? Such questions called forth, by degrees, a vast amount of practical information, the diffusion of which, in Sweden has already given rise to the complaint that bones are not to be obtained by the home farmer, because of the high price offered by the exporters to England; and in the United States of America, to the reflection, that they are worth more for home consumption than the seven or eight dollars a ton which the English agents pay for them. How striking to see the awakening intelligence of a few thousand agriculturists in our own island, thus rousing a spirit of inquiry, and actually pushing forward the art of culture in the most remote and distant parts of the world!

A second and no less important consequence of this high price of manure, is the saving to which it leads, of such as were previously wasted. It is only the more skillful farmers who use these comparatively costly substances in any quantity. The less skillful cannot afford to use them. Their land is not in proper condition, perhaps, because it is undrained, or they apply them after a wrong method, or at a wrong season; so that if, by way of experiment they are tempted to try them again, they suffer an actual money loss, and they are long deterred from employing them again. Nevertheless, the absolute value of manure of every kind rises in the estimation of the farmer, as that of portable manures increases. He comes to see that every waste of manure is an actual loss of money; and when satisfied

of this, the slowest begins to move, and the most wedded to old customs to think of deviating from the methods of their forefathers.

The instructed look with amazement, when on the borders of the Roman Campagna, they see whole hills of dung, the long accumulating refuse from the stables of the post house, or when, on the breaking up of the winter's frost, they see the yearly collections from the farm yards floated away on the ice of the Volga, almost literally realizing the times of the Auggan stables. We never dream that anything half so barbarous, could by possibility happen among ourselves; and yet a visit to a hill-farm in Northumberland, may show us the same winter accumulations emptied purposely on the side of a brook, that the water may carry them off, or in some neighboring hollow, where they are least in the way, and have been permitted to collect for entire generations. Such palpable waste is seldom seen, indeed in the lower country, where intercourse is greater, and where knowledge and public opinion spread more widely, and exercise a more immediate influence; and yet the no less serious waste of the liquid from our farm yards is still too widely prevalent, even in our better cultivated districts, and among our more improving and intelligent farmers. Within the last few weeks, we have walked over the farms of the first practical farmer on Tyne side, and of the most celebrated breeder in Yorkshire, and yet from the fold-yard of the one, the liquid was conducted by a drain into the nearest ditch; and from the cow-house of the other, into a shallow open pond, where it stood reeking and fermenting beneath a blazing sun! What merit as a farmer can that man claim; who, though he annually lays five tons of guano, bones or rape dust upon his farm, yet allows what is equal to ten or twenty tons of the same, to run to waste from his farm-yard, in the form of liquid manure!

It is such waste as this, that the high price of portable manure tends to check. It is now happily checking here and there in various parts of the island; but it will be long before the evil is remedied over the general face of the country.

But after he had done everything in the way of saving what he had hitherto inadvertently neglected, the inquiring farmer still finds that his wants are not all supplied; that if he would farm high—raise, in other words, the largest possible produce from his land—he must still incur a considerable annual expense in the purchase of foreign manures. Can I not, he next asks himself—can I not husband those manures which cost me so much? Is there no way in which I can more economically apply them, so as from the same quantity of manure, to obtain a larger return of roots or corn? This inquiry leads him to three successive mechanical improvements, as they may be called, which are severally applicable to one or other of the crops he cultivates. First, to put his manure into the ground before he sows his crop in spring or summer, rather than in the preceding autumn. This is a result of the same system of saving to which we have already adverted. By examining the waters which escape through the drains during the winter—upon his thorough drained land—he finds that they actually carry with them a portion of the manure he had previously laid upon his fields in the autumn, and that thus he had unconsciously suffered a partial loss. To put it in therefore, only when spring arrives, will ensure him a certain saving. Second, to deposit the manure in the drills when his seed is sown, putting it all thus within reach of the plant, and wasting none of it on the unproductive or unprofitable part of the soil. And third, with the drop drill to bury it only beside the seeds it is intended to nourish, and thus more perfectly to effect what laying along the whole drill had only in part accomplished. By these methods, he husbands his manures, and at the same time, calls in the aid of the ingenious mechanic to furnish cheap and efficient implements, by which the several operations may be easily performed. They may not be applicable to all his crops and there are certain circumstances under which the intelligent, practical man will wisely refrain from fully adopting any one of them; but they are valuable illustrations of rural economy, nevertheless, and of the line along which improvement will proceed in endeavoring "to raise the largest amount of produce, in the shortest time, at the smallest cost, and with the least permanent injury to the land."

But the same desire to husband his manures, leads him also to what may be called a chemical improvement in the form in which he applies them. "It," says he, "as chemists tell me, the roots of a plant drink in only that which is in a liquid form, the manures which are already in a liquid state, or in such a condition at least, that the rains will immediately dissolve them, should be more immediately useful in the nourishment of my crops. If I apply dry bones to my turnips, they must take a considerable time to become soluble, and may not yield all their substance to the growing bulb before its period of maturity arrives; and the residue of the bones left in the soil does not benefit the after crops, still the rains of winter must wash away some of their constituents, and thus occasion to me a variable loss. Would not the same quantity of bones or rape dust, or even guano, go further in the production of corn, or potatoes, or turnips, if I could apply all their constituents to my land, in a fluid form?" Theory and experiment both answer these questions in the affirmative. Recent experiments, especially upon the action of bones dissolved in sulphuric acid, have thrown new light upon this subject; and though too hasty inferences have by some been drawn from them, and the benefits to be derived from the new method have been exaggerated, and unreasonable expectations have consequently been excited, yet such good may fairly be expected from the use of the liquid form of applying manures, as will encourage, we hope, the continuance and extension of experimental inquiry.

### Willis's Letters from Europe.

**Power's statue of the Greek Slave—Great Western Railroad—Winsor Castle—Reading—Miss Mitford's residence—A rural subject for Mount, the artist—English surplines—New way of advertising—Liberal conduct of Macready's friends towards Mr. Forest, etc. etc.**

**MY DEAR MORRIS**—I took advantage of the long interval between the packet of the 4th and 16th, to consign my precious companion to the rural vicarage in the neighborhood of Oxford, which is to be her future home. I am now in London, alone. These two or three days of mental idleness have quite restored my brain to working condition, I believe, and now let me see what I have to say to you.

Power's statue of the "Greek slave" is one of the topics of London, at this moment, and, in my opinion, if it fare as well, as to preservation, as the Venus de Medicis, it will be more admired than that first marble of the world, when London shall be what Rome is now. Power should be idolized by woman for the divine type of her, by which he has now elevated men's ideal of the sex. That so wonderfully beautiful a thing can be true to nature—that this divine mould is unquestionably like some women—is a conviction that must strike every beholder, at the same time that it makes him thank God that he is born one of this "kind" and makes him adore woman more intensely than before. This Greek slave stands for sale in the Turkish bazaar. Her dress hangs over the pillar against which she leans, and she is nude with the exception of the chain hung from wrist to wrist. It is a girl of eighteen, of beauty just perfected.

A particular criticism of the figure and limbs would hardly be interesting to those who are not to see the statue, and I can only speak of the expression of the face, which is one that gives the nude figure a complete character of purity—a look of calm and lofty indignation, wholly incapable of willing submission to her captors. Power has secured, by this work, I fancy, commissions enough for new works to fully occupy his time. It was bought by an Englishman, who has been offered four times the sum for it. We are to believe one of the London critics (?) the chief merit of the statue is due to Mrs. Trollope, who discovered Power's genius when he was making wax figures in Cincinnati, and induced him to embrace the art and go to Italy!!!

My trip to the country was made by the Great Western Railroad, which is the most complete in its arrangements, and sends the fastest trains—two every day going their route at the rate of sixty miles in the hour! The scenery in this direction from London is exceedingly fine. Winsor Castle lying on the left of the track, among other objects of interest, and reading, the fine old town, honored as the residence of Miss Mitford. Nothing in America can give you any idea of the expensive elegance and completeness of the railroad stations, its hedgings-in, and its arrangements of all kinds. Every foot of the route is watched by a guard in uniform, and no human being except workmen is ever seen within the limits. At every stopping place, the cars glide into spacious buildings, with magnificent refreshment rooms, costly offices, and attendants in the lettered dress of the company's men. The system for admitting and discharging passengers is admirably complete, the delay is but an instant, yet sufficient for all purposes, and I should think ingenuity and order could no further go.

A hundred delicious pictures glided under my eye on our rapid flight, but I saw one that I wished Mount, the artist, could have seen—thirty or forty haymakers, men and women, eating their dinner upon the edge of a stream, the field half mown on which they had been working, and the other half completely scarlet with the poppies that overshadowed the grass. A thicket behind them, a shoulder of a hill rising beyond it, and various other features, made the mere rural scene singularly beautiful, but the acres of this scarlet flower, gave it somehow a peculiar and racy mildness. The farmer has no great affection for this brilliant intruder upon his land, but the owner of the splendid park, and the scenery-loving traveler look on its novel addition to Nature's carpet with very vivid admiration.

On my return I saw an instance of the English surplines so much talked of, and, I think, so seldom seen. A remarkably elegant and high-bred looking lady was separated from her party by want of room in the car before us, and on getting into ours, she found herself opposite a manifest aristocrat of sixty. Thinking she recognized an acquaintance in him, she leaned forward with a charming grace of manner, and said, "Mr. —, I believe?" "Not my name, madam!" was the reply in gruff repulsion, and the gentleman turned and looked very steadfastly out of the window.

The English have a new way of advertising that is quite worthy of Yankee invention. They have hit upon the time when men's eyes are idle—(when they are abroad in the street)—and you cannot walk now in London without knowing what amusements are going on, what new specifics are for sale, what is the latest wonder, and a variety of other matters which send you home wiser than you came out. Mammoth placards, pasted on the side of a structure as large as a one story house, are continually moving along on wheels at the same pace as you walk—the street really resembling a gorgeous pageant with the number and showiness of these legible locomotives. I observe one particularly, which moves by some mysterious power within—a large, showy car, making its way alone, without either horse or visible driver, and covered with advertisements in all the colors of the rainbow. An every day sight is a procession of a dozen men, in single file, each carrying on a high pole, exactly the same theatrical notice. You might let one pass unread, but you read them, where there are so many, to see if they are all alike!

Men step up to you at every corner and hand you, with a very polite air, a neatly folded paper, and you cannot refuse it without pushing your breast against the man's hand. If you open it, you are told where you can see a "mysterious lady," or where you can have your corns cut. In short, it is impossible to be ignorant of what there is to see and buy in London, and this applies also to the large class who could not, formerly, be reached, because they never read the advertisements in newspapers. Possibly the carriers of these signboards and the drivers of these vehicles might make a better use of their time and horse-flesh in America, but otherwise I should think this a "notion," worth transplanting.

Forest is still in London, and has two projects in view—one of playing in Paris, and another of a professional trip to St. Petersburg. In either capital he would do better than in a place precluded, as London is, by Macready and his crew. A gentleman in no way connected with the drama, told me that, on one of the nights when Forest played, he sat next a man who confessed that he was paid for hissing him, and for calling any subordinate actor before the curtain to drown any call for Forest! I wish there were no disagreeable topics; but I will try to avoid them in my next.  
Yours faithfully,  
N. P. WILLIS.

### Our Country.

There are already finished and in use in the United States, five thousand miles of railroad. Three thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight miles have been made since the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five, making, in all, almost twice the distance across the continent. The average cost is set down at twenty thousand dollars per mile, making the cost of the five thousand miles already in use, one hundred millions of dollars. If through the energy and at the expense of private companies and individual States, such an amount of money has been raised, and such an extent of railroad made, how easy it would be for the United States in their aggregate power to construct the one proposed! The Government should construct it. It should be national property. It would be, during all coming times, a proud monument of national glory, not, however, like pyramids, pillars, and obelisks, raised as mementoes of the past, but abiding witness to a great Confederate Republic, that the bonds of its union are founded in social intercourse. In the accomplishment of so great, so grand, and so useful an object, all sectional interests should be merged and local jealousies be laid aside, for it would contribute to the great good of the whole. The views which I have here and in the preceding remarks presented, are no fancy sketches. They are not castles in the air. They are facts which must, and will ere long, be realized. Since the setting up of this Republic, since the establishment of its independence, facts under the experiment of freedom of government have been developed which have astonished the monarchial governments of the old world. Facts have outsped fancy, and the dreams of the visionary have fallen behind the realities. The most fervid and glowing imagination, while we as a people were achieving our independence, never portrayed to itself the rapidity with which we have advanced. Can you believe that the fertile imagination of Dwight, when he sang

Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,  
The Queen of the world, and the child of the skies—  
could have presented to his ken its verification so speedily? Think you that the sages and statesmen who held their deliberations in your hall, could have imagined that their most sanguine hopes could be realized even by the first generation after them, and that however resplendent it might appear at that time, it would be but the dawning of the future greatness and glory of their country! Is it possible that Fulton in his experimental trip up the Hudson in his first steamboat, at the rate of four or five miles an hour, could have foreseen that in forty years from that time, the vast lakes and rivers of the continent would be traversed by steamboats propelled against the strongest currents at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and that the broad Atlantic would be crossed by the most magnificent ships, propelled by the same power, and making a voyage of three thousand miles a mere pleasure excursion for a few days? And then again, that the productions of his inventive genius should be so applied as to hurry along earth's surface, through hill and over dale, ponderous cars of burden and passage at the safe and easy rate of thirty miles an hour? Think you that Franklin would not have been stared at as a maniac, if after having playfully, though tremblingly, conducted the lightning of heaven to earth, he should have predicted that in eighteen hundred and forty-four an American citizen would seize it, and charter it to the government as bearer of its despatches? These are realities which pass daily in review before us, and if such has been the onward and upward progress of this Republic during the first half century of its political existence, what may not be anticipated of its wealth, its power, its greatness and magnificence, in two hundred years from this time? And still further, when it shall have ripened into maturity, when the age of England, of France, and other European powers shall be upon its brow, what a glorious manhood will it present!

THRIVING TO DEATH BY THE SIDE OF FRESH WATER.—The United Service Journal, of London, contains a paper on the subjects of the defence and resources of Canada, in the course of which the writer comments upon the absurdity of the British Government, during the last war, in sending out fleets for water casks to the fresh water Lake of Ontario. The Courier of New York, apropos of this, tells a story of an old English sailor of that time, and upon that Lake, uttering a most vehement and profane aspiration for a drink of water! These old sea dogs had been suffering for hours from thirst, without a suspicion that the water alongside of them was drinkable. Such is the force of habit.