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## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1846.

[From the Erie Observer.]  
Is There a God?

Is there a God?  
Look to yon firmament above,  
Where worlds on worlds pour out,  
And ask the planets there that move—  
Or ask thine heart whence springs the doubt;  
Ask, and thine inmost soul will say,  
These are his works—and his alone—  
All in that fair blue Heav'n we see.  
Bear proof of Him, th' Eternal One.

Is there a God?  
Look to the mighty deep below  
Where oceans 'mid deep caverns sweep;  
Whence springs their mystic ebb and flow—  
What power commands the restless deep?  
The nature, yes, but nature too,  
Proclaims in all—proclaims aloud—  
Holds forth in every shade we view,  
The power of a ruling God.

Is there a God?  
Look to the green and fertile earth—  
Look to each herb—each plant we see;  
And ask thyself what gave them birth,  
The smallest blade—the loftiest tree.  
Thine heart will tell thee, if sincere—  
Thine eye bear witness of the proof—  
That thou canst feel and see 'n there  
The will—the power of Him above.

Is there a God?  
Oh! doubt it not—where'er we gaze,  
Where'er we roam—where'er we be:  
There, there in all and every place,  
Are myriad proofs, Lord God, of Thee;  
The eagle soaring high in air,  
The insect on the low-green sod—  
The great, the small in every sphere—  
All nature's works proclaim a God!

Is there a God?  
Man, ask that which within thee dwells,  
And wakes thy soul to hope or fear;  
That which thine every action feels,  
And whisp'rs to thine heart and ear;  
Or look around, beneath, above;  
Look where thou wilt, thou'lt never see,  
In all, in each, full proof enough,  
Of Him who reigns eternally.

[From the Courier and Erie Times.]

## The Amputated Hand—A Parisian Fact.

In the city of Paris about three months since, Dr. H. was returning home at nine o'clock and had just reached his door, he was surrounded by three masked men, who demanded his services for an operation, and insisted on his accompanying them without any ceremony. The street was dark and the doctor was without any means of defence, and resistance was useless. His eyes were then bandaged, and he was taken to a carriage, which, at a while he made his supposition, and the four were immediately driven off. After a short ride, during which a cold was exchanged between the doctor and the masked man, who spoke with each other in a foreign tongue, they arrived at a dwelling, at which they alighted, and after leading the doctor through several apartments, heavily carpeted, the bandage was removed, when he found himself in a chamber alone with one of the three strangers who had seized him and conveyed him thither. It was a man of tall stature, of an imposing appearance and aristocratically clad. His dark eyes sparkled through the half mask that covered the upper part of his face, and a nervous shuddering agitated his uncovered lips, and the thick beard, which encircled the lower part of his face.

"Doctor," said the mask, "make ready your instruments—you have an amputation to perform."  
"Where is the patient?" demanded M. H.  
"Thus saying, the doctor turned towards the alcove and advanced a step. The curtains gently moved, and a suppressed sigh was heard.  
"Make ready your instruments, sir," concluded said the mask.  
"But," repeated M. H., "I must see the patient."  
"You will only see the hand you are to cut off," exclaimed the man.  
M. H. then fixed his arms, and fixedly regarding his instructor, said:—"Violence has been used to bring me here; sir, if you have need of my professional services, without troubling myself about your secrets, I shall do my duty as a surgeon; but if you wish me to commit a crime, you shall not force me to be your accomplice."  
"Rest assured, sir, that there is no crime to all this," and taking the doctor by the arm, he led him to the alcove, from whence a hand was extended. "It is this hand you are to cut off."

The doctor took it in his own and felt the fingers tremble at his touch. It was a woman's small, admirably modeled, on one of which fingers was a magnificent ruby, encircled with diamonds. "But," exclaimed the doctor, "nothing makes an amputation necessary."  
"And if you refuse," exclaimed the stranger, in a raging tone, "I shall do the office myself, then seizing a hatchet which was at the foot of the bed, he placed the hand on a night stand and prepared to sever it.  
The doctor restrained him.  
"Do your work, then," said the man.  
"But it is an atrocity!" exclaimed poor

"What matters it to you? It must be; I demand—and mankind also demands it—if it is necessary for her to entreat you, she will."  
M. H. pale and despairing, felt his force falling from him, when a voice, half extinct, was heard from the alcove.  
"Monieur," it said, with an undefinable accent of despair and resignation, "since you are a surgeon, let it be you, I entreat you—yes, you to mercy, and no—"

"Come, doctor," said the mask, "you or I."

The resolution of the stranger was so implacable and terrifying, the prayer of the poor woman so despairing, that the doctor felt that humanity required him to obey the victim.  
He took his instruments, implored the mask with a last look, who, in answer, simply pointed to the alcove; then summoning all his energy, he carried the blade to the wrist. Twice his arm trembled—then the blood gushed forth, and a sharp cry was heard from the above; to this succeeded the silence of death. The stranger stood firm and unmoved—soon the hand and blade dropped together. The doctor was livid—he regarded the mask with haggard eyes. The latter bowed, seized the hand, took from it the ring, and presenting it to the doctor.

"Take it," said he, "his a forget-me-not no one will claim;" he then added in a loud voice—"This done!"  
Immediately the two other masks entered, bandaged anew the doctor's eyes and led him away. The same vehicle that had brought him, set him down at his door. The doctor stepped off his bandage and perceived the carriage, wheeling off at a rapid pace in the obscurity. It was five in the morning.  
For three months, Dr. H. had in vain sought some clue to the mystery of this terrible adventure. Without the ring, an undeniable proof of the reality of the affair, he would have believed himself the plaything of some hallucination. Meanwhile, hoping that this ring, the only evidence of that terrible night, might lead sooner or later to some revelation, he had constantly worn it suspended to his watch chain.

Day before yesterday, the doctor was invited to a ball given by the Countess de— Among the elite of fashion that crowded this gay reunion, was a young man of pale countenance and eye of a melancholy expression, who, from time to time, traversed the saloons, and then returned to isolate himself from the crowd.

It happened that this young man, an object of particular observation, found himself in the presence of M. H. His eyes were so nearly fixed themselves on his person, that with a trigone expression passed to the ring which glistered below his vest.  
Suddenly, he crossed the group which separated him from the doctor, came directly upon him and showed him in a brutal manner. The doctor politely complained, but the only answer he received was a rude cuff.  
"The scoundrel which followed me," he murmured to himself, "is to come off between the part of As this affair is known all over Paris, there is no indiscretion in alluding to it. When I see, and very probably the next day, it will be well to show some light on this mysterious and, perhaps, a little dramatic, in which Dr. H. has performed a dramatic part."

The sequel of the affair, which is a transparent, may be thus summed up:—Mauda and Napoleon, the former a daughter of one of the most illustrious soldiers of the Empire, the latter the grandson of a noble duchess, had formed a mutual attachment, but both families were without fortune. "If my daughter," said the General, "marries this poor devil, Napoleon, she will sell to luxury and leisure!" "If my son," said the duchess, "marry a girl and not a dowry, how shall the noble house of — be elevated?" A mutual effort was therefore made to separate the lovers and break off the affair, which proved fruitless. Their love proved too ardent. The next step was to love Napoleon to absent himself for a time, that he might gain a position. He at length decided on leaving as secretary to a distant embassy. A farewell visit to his beloved, Mauda came; Napoleon took her hand and covered it with kisses and tears. Remember, said he, that you are my betrothed, and that this hand is mine; thus saying, he placed upon her finger a little ring set with rubies. "It was my mother's," he added.  
Mauda answered by pressing the ring to her lips. Napoleon left. His departure facilitated the plans of the general and duchess; the former made an appeal to Mauda's devotion, exaggerated her poverty, engagements which he could not fulfil, and set forth in strong terms his miserable and dishonoured age, and even hinted at suicide. She alone could save him, he forgetting Napoleon and espousing the rich Countess.

Mauda in her despair, threw herself into her father's arms, promised all, and received his blessing for her devotion.  
Meanwhile the bans were published, and early in January last, the marriage was celebrated.  
At the moment of the nuptial benediction when the ring is placed upon the finger, Mauda, instead of giving the left hand, as is customary, passed suddenly to the right of the Count, and presented him her right hand.— The Count attempted to correct this, by taking the left hand, but Mauda immediately withdrew it, and presented again the right hand.— The Count fearing a scene did not insist, and passed the ring upon the right hand. A jealousy like Othello's seized upon him, for a dark suspicion had entered his mind. He besought Mauda to lay aside the ring, which she indignantly refused.

The Count's suspicion, which grew to certainty and a system of surveillance was organized. Some letter from Napoleon arrived, in which the "lover" ignorant of his hopes spoke of his love and the future marriage, he called to her that her hand was his, and anounced his approaching return.  
The letter fell into the Count's hands, and he at once understood all; so, with the sheet in hand he entered his wife's chamber. "I understand you—complex," he coldly said, "you have sworn that your hand shall belong only to him. Well and good! as soon as he arrives, I shall see that the oath is accomplished," he added, with a frightful smile.  
A month after Napoleon arrived at Paris, in a dark desponding state, for his misfortune was already known to him.

On the morrow of his arrival a little ebony box was handed him, which a domestic in livery had just brought. He opened it, and judge of his affright and despair, for this box contained a bloody hand, a woman's hand—Mauda's hand! On a paper spotted with blood were these words—"This is the way the Countess of — keeps her oath." On the morrow of the ball at which the young man and doctor met, the duel came off in the woods of Vincennes. The doctor was badly wounded under the arm pit, but not, it is hoped, mortally. Before leaving his adversary, the doctor related the events of that sad night. When I had finished she gently said: "Tell him that my heart will accompany my hand."  
The Count and Mauda left during the night of the bloody deed, without leaving any track of their whereabouts. Napoleon was obliged also to leave, to escape the consequences of the duel. Huberti is a fictitious name—the doctor is no other than the illustrious surgeon, Lisfranc.

## An Extinguished Story.

It was a sultry evening towards the close of June, 1772, that Capt. Harmon and his Eastern Rangers urged their canoes up the Kennebec River, in the pursuit of their savage enemies. Four hours they toiled diligently at the oar—the last trace of civilization was left behind, and the long shadows of the sinking forest met and blended in the middle of the broad stream, that would darkly through them. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the railing of some night bird, or the quick footstep of some wild beast—the dash of the oar suspended, and the Ranger's grasp tightened on his rifle. All knew the enterprise; and that silence, which is natural to men who feel themselves in the extreme of mortal jeopardy, settled like a cloud upon the midnight waterfalls. "Hush—softly, men!" said the watchful Harmon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a whisper, as his canoe swept along a rugged promontory—there a light ahead! "All eyes were bent towards the shore. A tall Indian first gleamed up amidst the great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the waters. For a single and breathless moment at the operation of the oar was suspended, and every eye strained with painful earnestness to catch the well-known countenance which seldom failed to indicate the proximity of the savage. All was now silent. With slow and faint movements of the oar, the canoe gradually approached a considerable distance, in the dark shadow, the par at length ventured within the broad circle of the light which first attracted their attention. Harmon was at their head, with an eye and hand as quick as those of the savage in whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the Rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the hoarse whisper of Harmon again broke the silence. "See here," he exclaimed, pointing to the tree, "it is the work of the red skins."  
"Smothered!" wrath glowed on the lips of the Rangers as the bent gray foreword in the direction pointed out by the commander. Blood was spilt on the rank grass, and a human hand—the hand of a white man—lay upon the bloody log.

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion—Had the Rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly on to the work of vengeance; but the example of their leader, who had regained his usual calmness and self-command prepared them for a less speedily but more certain triumph. Cautiously passing over the fearful obstacle in the pathway, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced steadily and cautiously to the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible behind the thick trees. In a few moments they obtained a full view of the object of their search. Stretched at their length, around a huge fire, but at a convenient distance from it, lay the form of twenty savages. It was evident from their appearance that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels, and they were now suffering under the effects of intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping his tomahawk, as if to combat some vision of his disordered brain; but unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The Rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well tried rifles, each felt sure of his aim. They waited for the signal of Harmon, who was endeavoring to bear upon the head of one of the most distant savages.  
"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, and the sight of his peace interposed full and distinct between his eyes and the wild scorp lock of the Indian.  
"Fire and rush on!"  
The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest. There was a roar—a smothered cry—a wild, convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians, and all again was silent.

The Rangers sprang forward with their clubbed rifles and hunting knives, but their work was done. The red men, had gone to their last and before the Great Spirit, and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of hot blood from their lifeless bodies.  
"Praise versus Troth"—There is no single obstacle which stands in the way of more people in the search of truth than pride. They have once declared themselves of a particular opinion, and they cannot bring themselves to think they could possibly be in the wrong; consequently they cannot persuade themselves of the necessity of re-examining the foundations of their opinion. To acknowledge and give up their error, would be a still severer trial. But the truth is, there is no greatness of mind, in candidly giving up a mistake, than would be appeared in escaping it at first, if not a very shameful one. The surest way of avoiding error is, careful examination. The best way for leaving room for a change of opinion, which should always be provided for, is, to modest in delecting one's sentiments.—A man may, without confusion, give up an opinion which he declared without arrogance

## A Story of the Mountain Lovers.

Not many years ago, we read in a book the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a high mountain, and how he did win her and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the utmost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man, burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.  
The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness an extraordinary sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shadow of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man, (the son of a small landed proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, but not to nobility,) stood respectful looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner, was a pleasure he contemplated with such transports as is known only to real lovers; for none others know respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how much dispensing with formality, ennobles and makes greater the respect.—The lady stood by the side of him pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his valor and strength. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain.—She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd which she beheld not, and now on her hands and fingers, ends which she doubled up towards her with pretty pretence, the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother stepped out of the crowd, and coming up to her notwithstanding the fear of the Lord Baron, kissed the hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery," and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.  
The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off; slow but sure, as if to encourage his mistress, they mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something, then advances at a quick rate, and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a shout. The Baron with an air of indifference bites the end of his guntlet, and then casts on them a look of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble, is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The woman begins to tremble, but the man says he will be victorious. He resumes again—he is half way between the middle and top—he rushes, he steps, he staggers, but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more his task, one-third of the remaining part of the way to conquer. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The woman burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort, the lady lifts her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very short steps and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top, he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers.—A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward.—Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See, at last he is on the top, and down he falls, with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! He has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If he has fainted, it is with joy and it is in her arms.

The Baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy—the Baron ready to burst with shame and impatience.—They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.  
"Traitor!" exclaimed the Baron, "thou has practiced this feat before on purpose to deceive me—Arise!"  
"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed as that."  
"Part them," said the Baron.  
Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. The people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them.—"God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looking up at the Baron, said—"Sir, they are dead!"

NAMES.—Emma is from the German, and signifies a Nurse; George, from the Greek; a Farmer; Martha, from Hebrew. Bitterness; the beautiful, though common name Mary, is Hebrew, and means a Drop of Salt Water, a Tear; Sophia, from Greek, Wisdom; Susan, from Hebrew, a Lily; Thomas from Hebrew, a Twin; Robert from German, famous in Council.

## A Close Observer.—A woman who is a close observer, under the influence of the law of love, knows so well what belongs to social and domestic comfort, that she never enters a room occupied by a family whose happiness she has at heart, without seeing in an instant every trifle upon which that comfort depends.

If the sun is excluded when it would be more cheerful to let it shine—if the cloth is not spread at the time for the accustomed meal—if the fire is low or the hearth unswept—if the chairs are not standing in the most inviting places, her quick eye detects in an instant what is wanting to complete the general air of comfort and order, which it is woman's business to diffuse over her whole household; while, on the other hand, if her attention has never been directed to any of these things, she enters the room without looking around her, and sits down to her own occupation, without once perceiving that the servants are behind-hand with the breakfast, that the blinds are still down on a dark winter's morning, that a window is still open, that a chair is standing with its back to the fender, that the fire is smoking for want of better arrangement, or that a corner of the hearth-rug is turned up.

CRUSHED AFFECTIONS.—How many suffer by unreturned love and affection! They are attached strongly to those who return them coldly, indifferently look and even avoid their presence. A word, that might not otherwise be noticed, often sinks deeply in the heart of one whose life is bound up in another.—Where an object is cherished, each motion is watched with solicitude, and a smile gives exquisite pleasure, while a frown sends a dagger to the heart. There is no greater sin than to crush the warm affections, gushing freely from a generous heart. It dries up the fountain of the soul—fades the smile on the cheek, and casts a shade over every bright and glorious prospect. Draw near to the heart that loves you; return the favors received, and if you cannot love in return, be careful not to bruise or break it, by a careless word—an unkind expression, or an air of indifference.

EXTRAORDINARY MONOMANIA.—A curious instance of monomania is related in the Boston Star, of a clergyman who fancied that a daughter of a professional gentleman (a married lady) is his wife, and he claimed her with all the pertinacity of conviction, until it was found necessary to take him to the Asylum at Worcester. He managed, however, to escape, and was found one day quietly reading in the reading room of a hotel and taken back to the asylum. On the way there he was asked if he really believed the lady was his wife. He said no. "That he used to think so, but that the difficulty now is, she thinks so, and wants to get him, but people will not permit her. He is an unmarried man, and seems rational upon all other subjects except this strange fancy that he is the husband of another man's wife.

CONVERSATION.—It is an error to suppose that conversation is talking. A more important thing is to listen discreetly. Mirabeau said, "that to succeed in this world, it is necessary to submit to be taught many things which you understand, by persons who know nothing about them." Fattery is the smooth path to success; and the most refined and gratifying compliment you can pay, is to listen.—Le Bruyere says, "the art of conversation consists in finding it in others, more than in showing a great deal yourself; he who goes from your own conversation pleased with himself and his own wit, is perfectly well pleased with you. Most men had rather please than admire you, and seek less to be instructed—gay, delighted—than to be approved or applauded. The most delicate pleasure is to please another."

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him, one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to train up a child in the way he should go.

A NOVEL RACE.—The engineer of the passenger train for the east, this morning, described two horses on the track between Springfield and Wilberham, and gave them the usual warning. The horses nevertheless kept the track, and quite a spirited and amusing race took place.—As the engine started its pace the horses would slack, and when the shrill whistle gave notice of renewed speed, they would redouble their activity. The chase lasted for about three miles, when the horses turned off apparently satisfied with their morning exercise.

FINDING STORE.—A chap from the bush, was patrolling the streets of Boston, a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing at the signs, when one which was labelled "General Finding Store" attracted his attention. He entered, chewing his gingerbread, and after a severe effort at swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed, "I saw it; you must be darned lucky chaps to find all these here things.—I s'pose you aint found my umbrella nor nothing, are you?"  
"We like to see men carry out their theories to a legitimate practical result. If a man says 'my country is wrong and I will not aid her,' he is bound by a parity of reasoning to go farther, he is bound to say 'the enemy is right and I will aid him.'"  
"That I won't," said she, significantly, "I won't wait, but I'll come for you."  
He returned at ten precisely.

## The Song of the Redeemed.

BY REV. JOHN FISKE.

We come! we come, that have been held  
In burning chains so long—  
We're up! and on we come, a host  
Full fifty thousand strong.  
The chains we've snapped that held us round  
The wine vat and the still;  
Snapped by a blow—nay, by a word,  
That mighty word, I will!

We come from Belial's palace,  
The tipping shops and bar;  
And, as we march, those gates of hell  
Feel their foundation jar.  
The very ground, that oft has held  
All night our throbbing head,  
Knows, that we're up—no mere to fall,  
And tremble at our tread.

From dirty den, from gutter foul,  
From watch-house and from prison,  
Where they, who gave the poisonous glass,  
Had thrown us, have we risen;  
From garret high have hurried down,  
From cellar stired and damp  
Come up; till ally, lane and street  
Echo our earthquake tramp.

And on—and on—a swelling host  
Of temperance men we come,  
Contemning and defying all  
The power and priests of rum;  
A host redeemed, who've drawn the sword,  
And sharpened up its edge,  
And hewn our way through hostile ranks  
To the teetotal pledge.

To God be thanks who pours us out  
Cold water from his hills,  
In crystal springs and babbling brooks,  
In lakes and sparkling rills,  
From these to gush out thirst we come  
With freeman's shout and song,  
A host numbering more  
Than fifty thousand strong.

TO CURE A STIFLED HORSE.—Take one gallon of urine, and put therein a small handful of junk tobacco; boil down to one quart; then add two ounces of the oil of spike, one ounce of the oil of amber, two spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine, and two spoonfuls of honey. Put it into a jug and cork it tight for use.  
PROCESS OF APPLICATION.—Rub the stiff bone hard with the mixture fifteen or twenty minutes; then dry it in thoroughly with a red hot fire shovel, then ride the horse forth and back one hundred rods. Repeat the above two or three times, and the cure will be effected.—Am. Ag.

AN EXCUSE.—An editor out west makes the following apology to his patrons for the want of editorial and reading matter in his paper:—"We have no news to spare this week, no spare space to put it in, nor no spare hands to set it up; and what is more our devil is sick, our paper give out, our ink dried up, and our wife run off; and taking every thing into consideration we do not intend to bestir ourselves a great deal until our subscribers send us in a few pounds of that bacon and a few bushels of their potatoes promised us a long time ago.  
Give a spring—start up—or you will be a drone forever. With one foot in the mire and the other half sunk—it is the supreme of folly to stand still and be swallowed up. Make an effort—start—and you will be on solid ground. Let nothing discourage you, and success will be your reward.  
Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from the tumult of a mob, from a man of ill fame, from a widow that has been three married, from a wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy.

A SHREW REPLY.—James H., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton, out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the Duke said to the poet, that he thought his blindness was a judgment of Heaven on him, because he had written against Charles I, his (the Duke's) father, when the immortal poet replied—"If your Highness thinks that misfortunes are indexes of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of your father's tragical end? I have only lost my eyes—the rest his head."

THE FIRE-SIDE.—Is there to be found a gift of Heaven more precious than that possessing a family, a home where virtue, kindness, and enjoyment are every day guests; where the heart and the eyes sun themselves in a world of love, where the thoughts are lively and enlightened, where friends not only by word but by action say to each—"Thy joy, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayers, are mine?"

WASHINGTON'S DEATH.—It is a fact not perhaps generally known, says an eastern paper, that Washington drew his last breath in the last hour in the last day of the last week in the last month of the year, and in the last year of the century. He died Saturday night, 12 o'clock, Dec. 31, 1799.

ANTI-THYRENS.—A Greek Philosopher, who lived about four hundred years before Christ, taught that virtue consists in being independent of circumstances, and that to maintain this, our wants should be reduced to the smallest number.

DEVIL'S TREMBLES.—A boy called on a doctor to visit his father, who had the delirium tremens; not rightly recollecting the name of the disease, he called it the devil's trembles—making bad Latin, but very Good English.

CHANGE.—Bonaparte's house at Longwood, St Helena, says a foreign paper, is now a barn, the room he died in is a stable, and where the imperial corpse lay in a state may be found a machine for grinding corn.

GUILT upon the conscience will make a feather bed hard; but peace of mind will make a straw bed soft and easy.