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TOWANDA

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1846.

October.

BY THE BATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! Thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice—
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice—
When earth was lovely to my gaze;
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature and behold
My life's dim emblem's rustling round,
In lines of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead bosoms on the ground;
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tone reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments show,
They came in zephyrs from the west,
They bore the wool-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new,
Soft as the balmy downy nest,
And transient all as they are true;
They stir the leaves in that bright month,
Which hope about her forehead twines,
Till grief's hot sighs around it breathe—
Then pleasure's lip its smiles resigns.

Also for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they ding?
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The dismal pageant of the spring,
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

Miscellaneous.

BRING OUT FOUR POUND CAKE.—Among the company of a great five dollar ball given at New Orleans, last spring, in honor of some public event, was 'un from the country, who had never before seen anything of the kind upon so grand a scale, and was totally at a loss to understand the ridiculous, new fangled dances, which prevailed. Paying an enormous price for a ticket, and having been fasting some time in anticipation of the supper, his whole thoughts were directed to the enjoyment of that line in store for him. He strode up and down the saloon with his hands thrust into his pantaloons pockets, accosting every waiter he encountered with—

"Buy, look her: is supper most ready?" At last supper was announced, and in rushed our hero in advance of every body, and seating himself about the centre of the table, began to beckon every waiter whose eye he could catch, but not one, much to his indignation, approached him until after the ladies had been seated and served, when he was asked whether he would take some ham.

"Ham?" exclaimed he, with most profound astonishment: "do you 'pose, sirrah, I can eat five dollars worth of ham? Give us some of your pound cake and stick like!"

THE MECHANICS.—"They are the placid-builders of the world; not a stick is hewn, not a stone is shaped, in all the lordly dwellings of the rich, that does not owe its beauty and fitness to the mechanic's skill; the towering spires, that raise their giddy heights among the clouds, depend upon the mechanic's art and strength for their symmetry, beauty and fair proportion; there is no article of comfort and pleasure, but bears the impress of their handy work. How exalted is their calling—how sublime is their vocation! Who dares to sneer at such a fraternity of honorable men—who dare cast odium upon such a patriotic race? Their path is one of true glory, and it is their one fault if it does not lead them to the highest peak of honor and renown."

A KING IN TROUBLE.—At the first consignments of Seditious powders to the capital of Britain, they were brought to the king in full view, and the interpreter explained their use. Expecting to test their virtues, the king dissolved twelve blue powders in a goblet of water, and drank it off—but with a wry face; it was evident he did not relish it. He was then told that it should be taken as a mixture—when he actually dissolved the twelve white powders and drank them off. But the roar that followed will be remembered as long as Delhi stands. The king became possessed with idea that he had a juvenile earthquake inside.

THE BIBLE.—Many presuming creatures who hold "the rubbish of reason" against the Word of revelation, affect to believe the New Testament, because it is not exactly reconcilable to their logic. Now their objection concerns my argument. If revelation were without the reach of reason, it would cease to have any attribute of divinity. Its very mysteriousness, its elevation beyond the reach of philosophy, its elevation beyond the reach of philosophy, shows its origin. O, how magnificently it aspires to know everything, to comprehend its own powers into infinity, and its limited knowledge into omnipotence: an attribute of Deity alone.

The Gauger's Run.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

I suppose there are few who have not heard of the demoralization and crimes produced in Ireland by illicit distillation. In the present day there are comparatively few disorders from this cause, as the excise laws have been considerably modified, and the appetite for whiskey has become less uncompromising. Some years ago, however, the people in those parts of the country where distilling of spirits was carried on clandestinely, were at constant war with the officers of excise, and the most fearful encounters took place between them. In Donegal, where I resided with my family, we saw much more of this than was at all pleasant, and on one occasion were accidentally involved in one of these ever recurring quarrels.

It was a very beautiful morning in June and I was preparing to descend to the breakfast parlor when I was started on hearing a noise at the gate in front of the dwelling. Looking out to see what was the matter, I observed that one of the domestics was refusing admittance to a decently dressed man, who was urgently and anxiously trying to get into my premises. Hastening to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, I soon learned that the applicant for shelter was an unfortunate excise officer—or "gauger," as he was called by the country people. "Oh, for mercy's sake," cried the distressed man, "let me into your house, lock me up somewhere or anywhere; hide me, or I am a dead man!" I did not hesitate to bring him in, and making him sit down, I offered him refreshment, as he appeared exhausted and faint. I begged of him to recover himself, and to take courage, as there was no danger. At this moment an immense crowd of men and boys surrounded my house, and one of the men came forward to the door and demanded admittance. I opened the window inquired what he wanted. He replied, "You have got the gauger in your house, sir, and we must have him out—we want him." "What do you want him for?" "Oh, your reverence, begging your honor's pardon, that's no business of yours to meddle in; we want him, and must have him." "That may be, but I can't allow it; he is under my roof; he has come claiming my hospitality, and I must and will give him shelter and protection." "Doctor, there are two words to that bargain. You ought to have asked us before you let him in. And to be plain with you, doctor, we really respect you very much—on our honest, good neighbor, and mind your own business; and we would make the man sore and sorry that would dare to touch a hair of your head. But you must give us the gauger. To be at a word with you, doctor, we must either tear open or tear down your house or get him; for get him we will."

What was to be done? I could do nothing. I had no gun or pistol in the house. "So," says I, "boys, you must and will, it seems, do as you like. But mind I protest against what are about; but since you must have your own way, as you are Irishmen, I demand fair play from you. The man inside had ten minutes' law of you when he came to my house; let him not be worse of the shelter I have given him. Do you now go back to him yonder, at the side of the house, and I will let him out at the hall door, and let the poor fellow have the start, giving him his ten minutes' law."

I was in hope that by gaining these ten minutes, my man, who was young and healthy, would be able to reach the river Lennan, which ran deep and broad, between high and rocky banks, about a quarter of a mile off in front of the house, and by swimming across, that he would effect his escape from his pursuers. The enemy outside agreed that the proposal was a fair one; at any rate they promised to abide by it. My refugee seeing the dire necessity of the case, consented to leave his shelter. I enlarged him at the hall door; the mob true to its pledge, stood on the hill two hundred yards distant.

The gauger started off like a deer, and as a hunted deer he ran his best. He cleared the first little rivulet in excellent style, and just as he was rising the hilly ridge which divided the smaller from the broader stream, his pursuers, broke loose like a pack of hounds in full chase. The huntsmen were all Highlandmen—all, loose, active, young, with breath and snow strong enough to breathe a mountain; men who many a time and oft o'er bog and brae had run from the gauger, and now they were after him with fast foot and full cry. From the hall door the whole course of the hunt could be seen; they ran helter skelter down the lawn, rushing swift and wild; he, trudging along, trailing up the opposite hill, and straining every nerve to gain the top. At length he passed the ridge, and disappearing, rushed down to the Lennan. Here, out of breath and no time to strip or hesitate, he took the water, and boldly made the plunge into the foaming river. A bad swimmer, out of breath, encumbered with his clothes, the water rushing dark deep and rapid, amid surrounding rocks—the poor man struggled, and struggled for life; the enemy yelled behind him, whilst a watery grave seemed to encompass him about. Frightened and exhausted, he had well nigh sunk forever—another minute and he had been a drowned man—when his pursuers coming up, two or three of the boldest and best swimmers rushed into the river and saved him.

The huntsmen now gathered round their stricken and captive deer. They rolled the poor man about until they got the water he had swallowed out of his stomach; they dried his body with their long frieze coats; twenty hands were engaged in rubbing him into warmth. They did everything which humanity could suggest to bring him to life. Happily our friend had not fallen into the cruel clutches of a party who are more careful of the life of a pig than of a human creature! No; the Donegal mountaineers had a deed to do—but not a deed of death; they were about to liberate a deer—but not a work of blood.

The moment the poor gauger was restored to life, and in order to contribute to and hasten his recovery, an ample dose of the "po-

teen" he had come to prosecute was poured down his throat, they proceeded to tie a bandage over his eyes, and mounting him on a poney, off they set with their captive over to the mountains.

Removing him from place to place during the whole day, through glens and defiles—up one mountain and down another—at length, towards the close of a summer's evening, they brought him to the secluded lake of Glen Veagh. Here they embarked him in a curragh, or wicker boat; and after rowing him up and down the lake for some hours, they landed him on a little island, where was a hut, which had often served as a shelter to the fowler, as he watched his aim at the wild water birds of the lake, and still oftener as a "still house" to the distillery of poteen. Here was our captive led, and consigned to the charge of two trusty men—the bandage was still carefully kept on his eyes. He was well cared for, and fed on trout, grouse, hares, chickens, and other delicacies of the place and season; plenty of poteen, mixed with the pure water of the lake, as his portion to drink; and for six weeks he was thus cooped up, as it were, in the dark, like a fattening fowl. The period of his strange captivity being now about to expire, his keepers one morning took him under the arm and conducted him to a boat in which they rowed him up and down from island to island. They then brought him to the main-land, through glen and mountain, till towards the close of the day the bewildered but now liberated gauger finds himself alone on the high-road to Letterkenny. The poor man returned home that night to his family, who had given him over, weeks ago, as either murdered or gone to America. Yet how changed he stood before their eyes!—not as a grim ghost at the door, but as a well fed, fat and happy looking man.

Now it may be asked why all this mad pursuit to catch a gauger, merely to fatten him and let him loose again? The capture was a matter of important consequence to the mountaineers. A lawless deed it surely was, almost unpardonable, seeing that the result might have produced serious consequences to the perpetrators in the district. To repress the system of illicit distillation in Ireland, amongst other enactments, there was an act passed as contrary to the spirit of the British constitution as to the common principles of right and justice—a law punishing the innocent in substitute for the guilty! This law made the townland in which the still was found, or any part of the process of distillation detected, liable to pay a heavy fine to be levied on all its landholders. The consequence of this act (now repealed) was, that the whole north of Ireland was involved in one common confiscation. It was the fiscal triumph of the gaugers and informers over landlords and proprietors. Acting on this anti-social and iniquitous system, the gauger of the district in question had information to the amount of £7000 against several townlands. These informations were to be brought forward at the approaching assizes, and if sustained, as no doubt they would, the result would be utter ruin to the people.

With such a prospect before them, and in the circumstances mentioned, the plot was laid for the seizure and forcible abduction of the revenue officer. It having been known that, some time previous to the assizes, the gauger was to pass through the district on his way to the coast, and it being also known that he kept these informations about his person, the scheme was therefore to waylay him and keep him prisoner, in safe custody, out of the way and out of sight, until the assizes were over. And well and effectually the plan succeeded! The crown officer not being forthcoming at the assizes, the prosecutions, as a matter of course, fell to the ground, and the people generally were saved from loss if not ruin. And so ended this curious case of revenue law—a law which, with other legislative abuses, helped to make Ireland very much what it is.

Industry and Integrity.

There is nothing possible to man which industry and integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of yesterday—so poor that a dollar was a miracle in his vision, houseless, shoeless, and breadless—compelled to wander on foot from village to village, with his bundle on his back, in order to procure labor and the means of subsistence—has become the talented and honorable young man of to-day, by the power of his good right arm, and the potent influence of his pure principles, firmly held and perpetually maintained. When poverty and what the world call disgrace stared him in the face, he shuddered not, but pressed onward, and exulted most in high and honorable exertion in the midst of accumulating disasters and calamities. Let this young man be cherished, for he honors his country and dignifies his race. High blood—if this course not in his veins, he is a free-born American, and therefore, a sovereign and a prince. Wealth—what care he for that, as long as his heart is pure and his walk upright—he knows and his country knows, and his country tells, that the little finger of an honest and upright man is worth more than the whole body of an effeminate and dishonest rich man. These are the men who make the country—who bring to it whatever of iron sinew and unflinching spirit possesses or desires—who are rapidly rendering it the mightiest, most powerful, as it is already the freest land beneath the circle of the sun.

GRATITUDE.—Poor fool! grunt away—who cares? If Cole could point you as you look, grumpy and morose, we'll be bound to say you would never lose your self-respect again. We can put up with a man of quick passions, who can call another a liar one moment and begs his pardon the next, when he has cooled off; but, hang us, if we do not detest a grumpy, hog-like disposition. No one can get a decent answer from you—not even your old mother, or your pretty sweetheart. Away with such a disposition, or take a trip to Botany Bay, where you can live and make mouths at those who would put suffer by you—who have the disposition to return like favors.

The Devil's Bridge.

Wales is a country abounding in legendary traditions, and many of them are of course connected with the exploits of his Satanic majesty. One of these, explanatory of the building of the Devil's Bridge, on the road to Aberswih, is a gem in its way. We extract it from the "Wanderings and Ponderings of an Insect Hunter."

"Once upon a time an old woman had a favorite black cow that fed quietly all day and night on the Cwm Toidder mountains, and came home every morning and every evening to her mistress to be milked. Now it happened one evening that the cow came not home; so the old woman was much troubled, and she waited and waited, but no cow came. Seeing the cow would not come home of herself, the old lady went to fetch her, and walked up the mountain and down the mountain, till she came to the place where Mynach flows between two high rocks, and there she saw her cow on the other side of the river. Thereupon she up a loud lamentation and howling, for she knew the cow could not come to her, and that she could not go the river. There was no way of crossing the river, and it was a day's journey to go round about—In this strait the devil appeared to her."

"So, so," says the devil, "you've lost your cow, old lady, have you? Well, never mind, I'll build you a bridge over the river, and you shall cross it and fetch your cow, if you like."

"Thankes, sir," said the old woman, "thankes kindly, sir! I'll be much obliged if you will; and she curtsied very low, and made obeisance with great humility."

"To be sure I will," says the devil, "to be sure I will!" and he cast a look at her out of the corner of his eye. "To be sure I will; but the cow's worth something. I must make a bargain for toll. Keep that dog quiet, can't you!"

Now the devil said this about the dog, because the old woman had a little rough-haired cut dog, that bristled up his mane, and kept on growling and barking at him.

"Harkee, old girl! if I build you a bridge, I'll have the first that crosses it. Is it a bargain?"

The old woman was sorely perplexed when she heard this; if she went over for the cow, she knew very well she had sold herself to the devil; and if the cow came to her, then she lost the cow. But a lucky thought came to her, that she might save both herself and the cow; at any rate she would try.

"Bridge, or no bridge?" said the devil. "Be quick, old girl! bridge or no bridge?"

"Build the bridge, sir, if you please," said the old woman; and she made a very respectful obeisance.

"Ay, ay," said the devil, "it's very easy to say build the bridge; do you agree to the toll?"

"Yes, sure, sir!" said the old woman.

With that the devil put both his fore-fingers into his mouth, and gave such a shrill whistle, that the mountains, woods, and rocks rang again; the hawks and owls left their hiding-places, and flew about, not knowing where they went; and one struck another in its flight, and they both fell together in the abyss, and were carried away by the rushing waters; the trees tossed and waved their branches, although there was not a breath of air. But there was the bridge, sure enough, and the devil was sitting in the very middle of it, smiling away like clock-work, rocking himself to and fro, and switching his tail with great satisfaction. The old woman shook like an aspen leaf; but she took a crust of bread from her pocket, and showed it to her dog, and threw it over the bridge, and the dog ran bounding over for the bread, and passed the devil where he sat in the middle.

"Whip the dog!" said the devil, for he was cut to the quick; he had been outwitted by an old woman; he did not want the dog, so he did not try to stop him; but the moment the dog had passed him he knew that the bridge was crossed, and the spell was broken. He was very mortified and very angry, but he was a gentleman, and did not try to hurt the old woman, for he knew that his bargain only extended to the first that crossed; so he rose, and doffed his cap politely to the old woman, for the keen respect the keen; and having done so, he hung his tail being much humbled, and walked off.

Mr. Hemingway, author of 'A Panorama of North Wales,' appends in his account of this transaction the following pious and excellent remarks: "It must be said that Satan behaved very honorably in this case, and kept his word, which is more than men always do."

POVERTY A BLESSING.—The Rev. Mr. — having been on a visit to one of his Scotch parishes, who was taken ill, and being about to take his leave, held out his hand to the object of his visit, who pressed it affectionately, and at the same time thanking his pastor for his kind solicitude about his soul's welfare, and in conclusion said:

"God grant ye sir, great abundance of poverty here, and a double portion o' through a eternity."

"What!" said the astonished clergyman, "do you wish me to become poor?"

"Wi' a' me heart, sir," answered the old man seriously—"ye ken a hundred times an' mair, have ye tauld me that poverty was a blessing, an' I'm sure there's nae way I could wish to see better blessed than yourself."

A solemn pause ensued. At length the minister said, with an air of touching humility, which showed he felt the full force of the cutting reproof.

"Well James, I confess I never thought seriously on that point until this moment—poverty cannot be a blessing, it is at best a misfortune."

LAONIC EPISTLES.—Lord Brougham's son who is yet a minor, and consequently dependant upon his father for his support, has been noted somewhat of late for his attention to a young actress of the French theatre. His father recently wrote him the following laconic epistle:

"If you do not quit HER I'll stop your allowance."

"To which the son replied:

"If you do not double it, I will marry HER."

The son will enjoy a seat in Parliament when he comes of age.

[From the Cultivator.] Agriculture as an Occupation.

L. TUCKER, Esq.—I have no apologies to offer for asking a place in your valuable journal for a few thoughts upon several subjects connected with agriculture. It is enough that you have requested me to do so, and that, after a delay which may have led you to conclude I had no intention of complying with your request, I have found time to commence what I design as a series of communications, which, should they prove interesting to a portion of your numerous readers, I shall be happy to forward, as time and circumstances may allow. I do not intend to write to please my own fancy; nor merely to amuse those who read, but if possible to benefit. If I can aid the wavering in the choice of an honorable business, or encourage the laborer in his toils, or give any valuable hints to the inexperienced, I shall feel richly remunerated for my efforts. The first subject which I wish to present, is the choice of an employment.

A sentiment was prevailed, and I fear yet prevails to an alarming extent, that the practical farmer occupies a place in society a grade lower than the professional man, the merchant, or than many other laborers. Many of our youth have imbibed this sentiment, and have been encouraged in it by the loud but injudicious parents. Thus not a few who might otherwise have been useful members in society, have been thrown upon the world, mere pests to the community. I have certainly no antipathies to the learned professions, the mercantile business, or mechanical employment. These are all necessary and important; but I insist that agriculture is neither less important, or less honorable or less useful.

The difficulty is not so much in the several kinds of business, as in the fact, that an undue proportion of our fellow citizens are engaged in the former, to the neglect of the latter; and more than all, that the sentiment which I have suggested, prevent multitudes from engaging in either.

From my own observations in life of more than 45 years, and looking back and following the history of my early associates, and from a somewhat extensive acquaintance with the world, I am fully of the opinion that that sentiment is one of the most fruitful sources of idleness and crime, of any that can be named.—And yet, what multitudes of young men and guardians act, or seem to act, under its influence.

I knew a man in my early boyhood, who had a profession, but very little else, (except a numerous family) who was often heard to say that his sons should never be farmers, let what would come. These sons are now vagabonds, except one, who has already come to an untimely end. His daughters married gentlemen, and are both living in abject poverty. This is only one among the multitudes of cases which might be mentioned. Still men will pursue the same path.

I know a farmer with two sons—smart, active lads, enjoying good health, who, not long since, rented his farm, that he and his boys might live easier. I was inclined to say to that father, take care, sir, that you train not those fine young fellows to idleness, dissipation and vice.

God made man an agriculturist, and while in a state of innocence, his first business was to till the ground. And in every age of the world, some of the greatest and best of men have been farmers: Job and Abraham were farmers; Washington and Jackson were farmers—as also a multitude of worthy names and noble spirits, who, like them, have blessed the world with examples of greatness and honorable deeds. And I rejoice to know that many in our time, of highly cultivated intellect, and enlarged views, and worldly competence, are proud to be ranked among practical farmers.

Far better had it been for the world had the number been tenfold greater. Far better were it for the present generation, if, in the choice of employment, parents and their sons would view the subject as these have done; and let those sons be directed in their choice to the same wise results. Thus, much of the idleness and crime which are exerting such a fearful influence upon us would never have existed. Many of the temptations to vice would have been avoided.

I know a father, engaged in a profession, who has an only son, for whose interests he has ever felt the deepest solicitude. When that son was 16, like many lads of his age, he manifested a strong desire to engage as a clerk in an store. The father felt that agriculture was an equally honorable business—much safer, and more free from temptation; yet he did not wish absolutely to compel to a course adverse from his own choice. He therefore engaged a place for him with a merchant of his acquaintance, to be occupied in a few months, on condition that the son should still persist in his determination. He then took the son alone, and informed him that he had procured such a place; at the same time pointing out in a kind manner the advantages and disadvantages of the mercantile business and of agriculture. He told him that he was now of an age that he must choose for himself. That whichever way he should now decide, he would be aided as much as practicable—that that decision must be final, that he might reflect upon the subject one week, and then let his decision be known.

At the close of a week he decided "to be a farmer" to the joy of his father. From that day onward he has pursued steadily his course—is now pleasantly situated upon a comfortable farm, and is proud, at home and abroad, to be known as a farmer.

Would it not be wise for many a father and son to imitate this example?
R. A. A.
GALAWAY, Saratoga Co., 1846.

A COQUETTE.—When I hear of a coquette's marriage, says Richter, I am reminded of the dog's custom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, spite of the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

Hints to Farmers.

A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half-tilled land is growing poorer; well tilled land is constantly improving.

A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order the 1st of December, is already half wintered.

A farmer should never depend upon his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management, produce on his own farm; he should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools when he can make or buy them.—A high authority has said the borrower is servant to the lender.

No farmer should allow the reproach of a neglected education to lie against himself or family. If "knowledge is power," the commencement should be early and deeply laid in the minds of his children.

A farmer should never use intoxicating liquors as a drink. If, while undergoing severe fatigue and the hard labor of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wants to sell. We have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse 8s., because he wanted 8s. 6d., and after keeping it six months was glad to get 6s. for it.

PROF. PARK of Andover, in his recent able and eloquent "Essay on the Dignity and Importance of the Preacher's work," says very justly:

"Where the true preacher is at work, you will see the fruits of his labor in even roads and strong walls, and thriving arts, and a wholesome police; but where the doors of the Church are left unguarded and the windows broken out, and the pulp is given up to swallows' nests, and the pews to sleep, there you will find a listless peasantry and ragged farms, thin schools and crowded bar-rooms. The history of a church is often the history of a town; when the one flourishes the other feels its influence. More than twenty parishes in New England might be mentioned, where the settlement of a faithful pastor was the prelude to rapid improvements in agriculture and trade, the style of building and of dress, the complexion of politics, and the whole cast of character. What one preacher does for a parish, thousands do for the nation."

"To the complaint, that the ministry is expensive, we may reply in the words of Dr. Smith. The money given for preaching must be given away, if not for churches then for more goals; if not for houses of prevention, then for new houses of correction; and it is as good economy to support religious teachers as to support more watchmen and busier hanger-men, or to raise new whipping-posts and pillories."

"The preacher's great effect, however, is produced upon the religious character. The specific virtues involved in the great elements of religion, are the noblest attainments of the soul; they are essential to the harmony between the intellectual and the moral nature, and without them man can never gain his appropriate honor and strength."

"Happiness, the first thing which man desires, and the love of which is essential to him as a voluntary agent can be attained through the influence of such truth only, as is declared from the pulpit. Not his own happiness alone does the minister secure, but that of his neighbor also; not mere animal or intellectual happiness, but spiritual; not for a day or a life, but for eternity; not merely eternal, but eternally increasing."

THE EDITOR.—Write—keep writing—is the motto of an editor. If he has no ideas he must dig for them; if he has but little time to arrange them, no matter, the work must be done. Sickness may come upon him; want may stare him in the face, but he must cogitate something for the dear public. Perhaps in his darkest moments, he indites a paragraph that cheers the hearts of thousands. When almost desponding, his words may put courage into the hearts of millions.—Who would be an editor? Yet he has much to encourage him. If he can call no time his own, he is not rusting out, or in unprofitable society. A faithful contributor of the public press, is a man of great influence. No person has more power than himself. He instructs tens of thousands and leads them to virtue, to honor, to happiness.—No man will have more to answer for than the conductor of a corrupt and vacillating press.

THE LAST ANECDOTE.—A letter gives a very characteristic anecdote of General Taylor.—"The steamboats purchased for transport upon the Rio Grande being small, summer craft, have performed poorly against the strong current of that river, swollen to a torrent by the melting of the mountain snows. General Taylor was blowing up a quarter master for not having a supply of tents and munitions at a particular spot—and the latter excused himself by showing that he had pushed them off by steamboat with the least possible delay. "You see," General, concluded he, "it is the tardiness of the steamboats that is to blame."

"By—then," quoth the General, (who says the letter, when his back is up, swears like a trooper). "I'll hang every shiftless son of a gun of their officers the moment I lay eyes on them." "But, General," said the Quarter Master, "It is not the fault of the officers—their steamboats have not sufficient power to breast the current." "Then, by—sir, I'll hang the steamboats."

BUSINESS STAND.—A Frenchman, being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating at the same time, that it was considered a very good stand for business. He replied, with a shrug of the shoulders—

"Oh yes, he's very good stand for de business. Me stan' all day, for nobodie come to make me more."