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[From the Knickerbocker for February.]
The Antiquity of Freedom.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was ever trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
To answer and be ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the fitting birds
And laughing squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedar thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, untrampled, immeasurable old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

Oh, Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap;
With which the Roman master crowned his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow
Is brown in beauty though it be scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightning smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Vindictive Power has dungeons deep,
And his stout armors, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shattered, and the prison walls
Fall around; terribly thou springest forth,
To smite the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

The birth-right was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou satst with him,
To teach the quiet child and watch the stars,
And teach the reek to utter simple words.
Thou wast his side amid the tangled wood
To war upon the panther and the wolf,
To show the way; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
To break the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thou dost, although of reverend look,
Shrink with many years, and far obeyed,
Later born than thou; and as he meets
Thy grave defiance of thine elder eye,
Thy deeper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou wast stronger with the lapse of years,
Fate shall fade into a feebleness;
Fetter, yet subtle; he shall weave his snares,
And spy on them on the careless steps; and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His rascals to fall upon thee. He shall send
His workmen, forms of fair and gallant men,
To watch thy gaze and utter graceful words,
To draw thy ear; while his sly limbs, by stealth,
Ere thou perceivest, light thread on thread,
Thy chains to fetters; or bind thou thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Thou shalt not unbrace thy corset, or lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! closely lids
Thy amber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
Thou must watch and combat till the day
Shall see earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
From from tumult and from treachery
One old and friendly solitude invite
The wind. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Saw thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

Miscellaneous.

The Tyrant's last hour.

BY MRS. JOSLIN.

At length Nero is beginning to reap the bitter fruits of sin. His palace is a lonesome place; his flatterers have turned against him; and he now wishes to do him homage. With a mind unaccustomed to serious thoughts, he now sees that the management of his affairs requires the utmost wisdom. Seneca once exhorted him from an embarrassing and dangerous position, but Seneca was long since murdered. Yet he was resolved to make a desperate effort to contrive the means of saving himself. Subtle and astute as the Roman Seneca had been, Nero has, at length been told that he is against him. A grand thought entered his mind—he will gather the whole senate and all the men of rank in Rome, and there will bestow of the amphitheatre loose upon them. The populace still love him, and he shall then be safe. Having called his counsellors together, he has informed them of this terrible device. While they are discussing this plan, loud shouts are heard from the people. They are rejoicing at the arrival of a ship, freighted, as many supposed, with gold. Nero is aware of their mistake, yet he believes himself the darling of the people. Towards midnight exclamations are heard. Nero, at whose arrival they rejoiced, has been told to be filled with fine sand brought from Greece to be spread upon the arena for the gladiators to fight upon. Nero hears the popular cry, and leaves his throne in a hurry, and walks through the vacant rooms which were once crowded and joyous. As the dim lamp throws its shadow against the wall, he hears the groans of his murdered family members. The mild and uncomplaining Octavia again beseeches him to spare her. Poppo, who during his life uttered no reproaches, now warns him that his end is near. "Remember, now, and unjust to all others, was the first to him alone, the son who planned in cold blood, her murder. She rises and points to the dagger entering her heart, while saying: "If thou hast come to murder me, thou art not from my son, for he is not a parent." Her ghost has haunted Nero in his

happiest hours, now it warns him that death is at hand. It is almost morning and the Emperor walks in the gray dawn, for his palace is too horrible an abode. It is a solemn hour, the very air seems peopled with the spirits of the dead. His superb barges, decked with the spoils of Rome, look at this dim hour like a vast forest. Cascades are falling into marble basins, spurious as lakes, but the water seems itself awestruck, and drops with fear into the reservoir below. The trees too breathe a warning as the breeze moves them, and say: "Nero fly, while yet thou mayest."

He returns, and at the door meets a sentinel who would fain have kissed the earth he stepped on. He draws near the man, humbly begging him to hasten to Ostia and prepare a ship to bear him far away to Egypt. The sentinel looks on him, and as he thinks of Nero's thousands of victories, asks him: "Is it, then, so hard a thing to die?" His faithless counselors, who once ministered to his vices, to whom he confided his plan of letting loose the wild beast, have betrayed him to the Senate, who are, at this early hour, consulting how to serve themselves by the destruction of their remorseless enemy. While they consult, a man, once high in Nero's favour, visits him, and hypocritically pretends that he is still his friend. He seems to sympathize with the fallen tyrant, and bemoans his fate, but tells him all is lost—he must fly. But whether he can go. The earth, on which he treads, cries out for vengeance for the blood he has made her drink. Again in agony and fear he roams the palace, and as the ghosts of murdered friends stalk past him, he exclaims: "My wife, my mother, and my brother doom me dead." Again he begs the sentinels on duty to assist him in flight, but they drop the lip in scorn and point to the grave. "He has driven thousands of Rome's best citizens to suicide—let him gain relief from that, now his hour is come." Thus they whisper to each other, but they lay no hands upon him; for they know that life, with its horrors, is a punishment far more severe than any that man could inflict. In despair he cries: "I have no friends and cannot find an enemy." He rushes to the innermost apartment of the palace and throws himself upon the golden bed, on which, in former times, sycophants have fanned his sleep. He soon receives a visit from one he knows not, who tells him, and with truth, that all is lost. Even Nero is an object of compassion. He has shown no mercy, but man cannot withstand its influence. Guilty as he is, his punishment is so awful that the heart relents. He has no fortitude with which to bear his day of trial. Calamity has come to one who has no strength to meet it. He goes from room to room, loudly bemoaning his wretched lot. There are three of all his crew of worshippers and servants who now feel for him. Nymphidius, the base-born slave raised by the tyrant foot to share his counsels and his throne, is far too busy now to look upon his master; he is plotting his benefactor's ruin. A poor secretary, named Ephrodius, who never shared his favour, but was suffered to remain within the palace because he was too mean for Nero's notice, has come forward with an offer of his services. Phaon, a freed-man, too, feels his heart melted by the sorrows of the Roman Emperor. He never had a gift from Nero; those millions of treasures were lavished on men whose tongues were smooth, who knew the art of flattery. The freed-man has laid up his earnings, and with the money bought a country-seat. On it he has lavished all his care, to make it a comfortable house for his old age. It is a mean abode to the eyes of all but Phaon. He loves the place, and as he toiled on his poor sandy garden, has blessed the God of heaven for having so lavishly bestowed the riches of the world upon him—for he has long since listened to the chained apostle, and learned to worship another God than Jupiter. To this spot he has now invited Nero. He may there bid himself until a ship can be prepared; or he may there find leisure to consult upon some other means of safety. In simple kindness the freed-man makes his offer. He does not recall to Nero's memory that but three days before he begged the emperor to spare the aged Paul, and with a holy boldness told him that the Christian's God would fearfully avenge the death of his own faithful servant. No, these things are past—the bloody deed is done, and the powerful ones have come forth to punish it. But vengeance is His. Man has no right, all-sinful as he is, to point his finger at his erring guilty brother.

The emperor went forth in all his wretchedness; he had no plan, no purpose but to leave the place in which he had endured the misery of the damned. He had no shoes upon his feet, no covering on his head, nor thought of securing treasure for his journey. An old cloak, which had long hung in the hall through which they passed, Ephrodius seized and threw around him. A slave brought him a horse, and seated the emperor upon it, for fear had benumbed his faculties.

Thus they hastened forward, Phaon going before and Ephrodius and the slave following him. It was a distance of some miles and when they came in sight of the cottage, Nero was advised to lie down beneath a sand bank until a passage could be scooped for him under the garden walls, lest he should be overtaken by pursuers, for a man had already accosted him with the inquiry: "Where has the emperor fled?" Through a hole he crept upon his hands and knees, and worn out with uncounted exertion, he begged a drink. Some muddy water in a gourd was all that could be procured for him, who had, until then, been served from vessels of gold and silver. In a voice of woe he asked: "Is this the drink of Nero?" Phaon led him to a chamber, and he sunk exhausted upon a mean bed. A tattered coverlet was thrown over him, for he shivered with cold and fear. Soon he called his three counselors, the freed-man, the secretary, and the slave, to ask what should be done. Ephrodius told him that his day was over; that he must die by his own hand, and let his last end be worthy of the Caesars. The unhappy man, his powers of thought ruined by long

habits of trifling, incapable of appreciating the solemn realities which were pressing around—remembering the thousands of crowns which had so lately been awarded him, and the adulation which had been so freely showered upon that most valued of his accomplishments, his attainments in vocal music—replied mournfully, "What a voice the world will lose if Nero dies." The sound of trampling hoofs now interrupted their consultation. A horseman was galloping along the road. He came directly to the house, for he had traced every step which they had taken. He entered the chamber, seated himself by the side of the fallen tyrant, and listened to the words which he spoke. They told him that his cause has been avenged. He informed the emperor that a horseman was on his way bearing the decree of the Senate; that he had been condemned to die, according to ancient usage—a tyrant's death.

"What is ancient usage?" asked Nero.—"What is a tyrant's death?"—"According to ancient usage," replied the stranger, "the tyrant is fastened, with his head down, between two posts and scourged to death."

The wretched man shuddered, and called for a dagger. The stranger offered him his own. He looked at it, shuddered again, and hesitated. "Bring wood for my funeral pile," said he, "and get marble for a decent covering for my grave." Then starting up, he exclaimed, "Here—how lingerest in shame and ignominy?" "True," said the stranger; "the senate messenger is on his way!" The emperor trembled with agony, and asked one of his friends to kill himself, to show him how to die. He had for days kept in his possession a phial of the most swift poison, but he had not the power to swallow it. Loud sounds were now heard, and a company of soldiers were seen coming towards the house. "The messenger of the senate is upon thee!" said the stranger. Nero seized the dagger and gave himself a slight wound. The stranger took it from him, and plunged it into his heart. "Die by my hand, merciful!" said Pollio, in a loud voice. He had returned from banishment, determined, at all hazards, to take Nero's life, and thus avenge Servilia. The messenger from the senate found him on the floor, weltering in his blood. He seized him—Nero was not yet dead, and even looking for deliverance, believed they had come to serve him. He gazed upon the men, and exclaiming, "Is this your fidelity?" the next moment expired. A funeral pile had been reared by the slave and secretary. The faithful freed-man placed his body upon it, and, in a few hours, it was burned to ashes. These were placed in an urn, and born by the enfranchised slave, Acte, the object of Nero's first love, to the tomb of Domitian family.

"Thus," said the historian, "perished Nero, the last and worst of the Caesars."

The Last Bell.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May 1825. I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl that I ever loved, and I believe the only girl that ever loved me—any how, she was the only one that ever told me so. We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing place, waiting for the bell of the steamboat to warn me of the moment that was to part my love and me. It came to pass in the course of my history, that in order to accumulate a little of the world's gear that I might be better prepared to encounter the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek in the metropolitan city the wherewithal so much desired. How many swains have been compelled, like me at home and the girl they loved, in search of gold! And, good gracious how many have been disappointed! But to the piazza.

Well, we were sitting in the piazza talking of love and separation, etc. We were waiting for the unwelcome sound of the steamboat bell, and you may rely upon it, we talked fast, and abbreviated our words into such ragged sentences that nobody but ourselves could understand them. The first bell rang, and I sprang to my feet, and trembled like an aspen. "Oh, George, wait till the last bell rings," said Helen, as the big tears came over her blue eyes. "Do no such thing," answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he arose like a spectre from the cellar, where he had been packing away his cider. "George, never wait for the last bell." I was off like a deer, and I arrived at the steamboat merely in time to go on board before she was pushed off from the wharf.

My career in search of hell, in a degree been successful; but I believe had not the old farmer told me "never wait for the last bell," that I now should have been as poor as I was the morning that farewell shivered from my lips upon the heart of my lovely Helen. Any person who has lived at a hotel ever for a day, knows the danger of waiting for the last bell—I did it once, and lost my dinner. The first stroke of the dinner bell always found me at the table. For six months I was clerk, and my waiting for the last bell secured for me the affections of my employer, who offered me a partnership, which I accepted, and in ever instance when the bell rung, I was ready.

I was almost forgetting to tell you that Helen Harris is my wife, and she will never regret the morning I took her father at his word, and ran over the field to get to the boat in time. When I arrived at Baltimore, I called upon some gentlemen to whom I had introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation; one was offered which had been refused by four young men who were waiting for the last bell, and which I accepted—it was the making of me. Haste for the first bell, accept the first offer, and keep it till you get a better. Life is short and he who puts off until the last bell, will, as father Harris predicts, "come out at the little end of the horn."

has been waiting for the "last bell," and she is now likely to remain to the last a belle, for she is turned of thirty, and it is more than probable that the most bide single blessedness forever. I beseech all of you who may read this sketch, whenever you may feel a disposition to postpone anything which should be done now, remember the words of Farmer Harris, "Never wait for the last bell."

How to Manage Neighbors.

I once had a neighbor, who, though a clever man, came to me one day and said, "Esq. White, I want you to come and get your geese away." "Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?" "They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it." "What can I do?" said I. "You must yoke them." "That I have no time to do now," said I. "I do not see but that they must run." "If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the clever shoemaker in anger, "What do you say, Esquire White?" "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages."

"Well," said he, you will find that a hard thing, I guess." "So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from geese was that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead and thrown into the bushes.

"Now," said I, "all keep still and let me punish him." In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them there, but let them remain all long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had trod down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

"Have you seen any thing of my hogs?" said he. "Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field?" "Yes, sir," said I; "hogs love corn you know—they were made to eat it." "How much mischief have they done?" "O, not much," said I. "Well off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn."

"O, no," said I, "it can't be." "Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of damage." "No," replied I, "you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you."

The shoemaker blushed and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing." After some talk we parted; but in a day or two I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something laboring on my mind."

"Well, what is it?" "Those geese—I killed three or four of your geese, and shall never rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry." And tears came into his eyes. "Oh, well," said I, "never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field, after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said the narrator, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer in kindness where you can conquer in no other way."

THE MOON NOT INHABITED.—Human curiosity has often raised the question, Is the moon inhabited? Do intelligent beings, such as we, dwell there, and look out from their lunar homes on surrounding worlds and admire the Creator's works? But hitherto no voice has responded to the question, and till lately no telescopic-eye has been far-reaching enough to penetrate the moonlit regions, and discover the habitations of beings either sinful or holy. But it would seem that Lord Rosse's monster telescope has the power to descry its condition and solitudes. Dr. Scoresby, in a late astronomical lecture says:

With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of the height of one hundred feet was distinctly to be seen; and, no doubt, that under very favorable circumstances it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt whatever that if such a building was he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architecture remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours.—There was no water visible—not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate. Hence would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher—why had this desolation been? It might be further inquired—Was it a lost world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Analogy might suggest the question—Had it met the fate which Scripture told us was reserved for our world? It was obvious that all this was mysterious conjecture.

A Yankee in a Coal Screen.

BY JOE MILLER, JR.

In order to load the coal boats on the Lehigh canal, a short but steep inclined plane of about 150 feet in length, is made at the chute which runs from a station house on the side of the mountain, to a large circular revolving screen. To the loaded car is attached a rope which draws up an empty car, and, arrived at the screen the lower end of the car is suddenly unbolted, and the coal is shot with great velocity into a hopper; this conveys it directly into the screen, which has three large chambers, through which coal of as many sizes is riddled out, and shot by choppers, into just as many boats, waiting for descriptions of the article.

A few months since, a Yankee of the genuine breed, quite inquisitive, but more verdant than a Yankee should be, gained the station house, and gazed with wonder at the contrivances.—He peculiarly admired the swiftness with which the loaded car descended and emptied its load and the velocity with which it returned to give place to another.

Shortly his attention was attracted by seeing a laborer mount one of the full cars about to make the descent.

"Going to slide?" inquired he. "Yes, going to chute; won't you go?" "Wal, I guess I'll stop a bit, and see you do it."

The car swiftly descended, and, ere it reached the hopper, the passenger jumped off safely.

"Do you do that often?" inquired he of one of the laborers in the station house. "Oh, yes, continually," was the waggish answer, "you know most all the boatmen are single men, and as they often have orders for 'family coal,' we always send down a married man with every car of that kind to let 'em know."

"Wal now, do tell," uttered the eastern man. The more the Yankee looked at the apparatus, the more did he become convinced that it would be a great thing to go down the steep in that way—something that he could tell "to 'em."

Plucking up courage, he approached the superintendent. "That beats sleds down hill, don't it?" "I s'pose it does."

"You could n't let a feller down hill, could you?" "Why, do you think you can jump off in time?"

"Oh, yes, I'm reckoned considerable of a jumper—jump does me good; I once jumped off a hay mow thirty feet high, and it made me so supple that I'm give in to be the best dancer in the bull township."

"Well, get on, and take care of yourself." Suddenly the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the declivity so great, that he was forced to stoop down and grasp the sides of his vehicle for support. The place where the laborer had leapt off was reached, but the Yankee was not in the position to jump; he had to hold on, and, running down a descent three times as steep as that which he had come, a sudden click shot the bolt, and, with a violent force, out went the contents. Yankee included, into the hopper.

"Murder! get me out! stop the constern!" shouted our hero, as he felt himself sliding down the hopper to the cylinder. "Murder! stop the constern—I'll be killed!" But the motive power of "the constern" was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who saw were too distant and too much convulsed with laughter to yield assistance. Into the screen he slid, landing on the top, and as he felt himself revolving with the coal, he grasped the wires in desperation, to prevent him, if from being rolled to the bottom—around the wheel he went, and our friend's sensibility were touched up by a plentiful shower of fine coal dust riddled through from all the chambers. He managed to get one eye open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was only about fifteen feet in length, and he forced his way forward to the opening with desperation. But it was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had yet to be borne, and the next time he reached the bottom he was shot out of the scupper into the boat beneath.

To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed, our hero said not a word, but, getting out an old handkerchief, rubbed the dust out of his eyes and surveying his torn apparel and bruised, battered, scratched and cut limbs, he "raised his vein," to know as what quality of anthracite he had been delivered—when, smothering his remnant of a hat over his eyes, he stamped off, muttering "Broken and screened, by thunder!"

FARMER'S—JEFFERSON'S OPINION.—"Those who labor in the earth, are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breasts he has made his peculiar depositories, for substantial and genuine virtue." It is the focus which keeps alive that sacred fire which might otherwise escape from the surface of the earth.

Machinery.

In spinning cotton, Haines informs us that one man can produce as much yarn as two hundred and fifty could have done under the old systems. This machine spun yarn, says Ure, possesses a more uniform twist, and is in every respect superior to hand spun yarn. As in spinning so in weaving. One water wheel or engine will set one thousand looms to work.—One of these looms will make as much cloth as four looms worked by hand. One female superintends looms merely to supply full hobbins, and mends thread that happens to break in the process of weaving.

Nails, says Dr. Ure, are manufactured with little or no aid from the human hand. The making of nails is no longer a handicraft operation, but belongs to a dictionary of Arts.

Not long ago bread stuffs were ground in a hand mill. Two men might be able with great labor to grind a bushel of corn in a day. Now one water mill turns out one thousand bushels in twenty-four hours.

In book-binding, Ure informs us that a machine has been recently invented by an Englishman named Hancock, which entirely dispenses with the operation of stitching, sewing, sawing and hammering the back, or the use of paste or glue.

Calico printing was formerly a long and tedious handicraft operation. It is now performed by cylindrical machine revolving with the rapidity of light.

In manufacturing steam-boilers, much of the labor is now performed by machinery. Thus we see the iron monster has the facility of reproducing itself.

The employment which our lakes and rivers promised to afford to a numerous population will be almost wholly suspended by the steam engines afloat.

In the craft of boot and shoe-making, machinery is beginning to show itself, and we may not estimate the progress it will make in this department, even in our day. Certainly skill in this handicraft will afford a very insecure dependence for our children.

Machinery, says Dr. Ure, is ready to accomplish everything in the manufacture of hats; but he adds that it is kept down for the present by what he calls a lawless combination of journeymen. This is in Britain, and the Doctor predicts that this combination will soon be broken down by the genius of machinery.

In rope making, the machinery has taken almost entire possession. The recent improvements enable four or five hands to do the work of ten times that number of regular hands. Such is the distress and desperation that this change has created among the working men, that several machine houses have recently been destroyed in the neighborhood of London, by incendiary fires. They were, however, immediately rebuilt, and are now in full operation.

Even the bakers are not safe—a powerful leading machine is coming into use in England.

Two-thirds of our carpenter work is performed by machinery. To this also it is coming with our ship builders. The letter press printer belongs almost to a past order of things; machinery is even trying its hand at typesetting. In curing leather they use a machine which makes one into two. Heavy cloth garments of an elegant style are now made in England by the cutting process, thereby dispensing with the thimble and shears. Steam coaches now navigate the streets of London, to the great dismay of the cabmen; our very scavengers are jostled out of the way by the same power; and while the Yankee Paddy moves the hills with all the ease of a Titan, the same power is hard at work in another quarter, saving out the precise machinery of Yankee clocks.

Indeed, we find that science has already entered the field of agriculture. Already are steam-ploughs in profitable employment in the British islands where manual labor can be had for almost nothing. Already is a machine at work, on our southern plantations, that can, in cultivating sugar, perform the work of forty negroes. Already do we observe that several patents have been taken out at Washington for machines to be used in the cutting down and gathering in of field crops.

Preserve that Thought.

It may have come into your mind, while reading, meditating, or conversing. Or while riding along the road, or threading your way through a crowded street. No matter. It is a good thought, write it down. It flashes and sparkles in your mind as the forerunner of a host of others. Seize it; fasten it upon paper at once; it may fly away as an angel toward Heaven, and carry the whole train along with it. One good thought secured, may be as a fountain of sweet water in a desert; refreshing every thought that comes to its margin, and sending streams of pure and healthful influence, through every ramification of thought and feeling.

That thought may never come again. Its recollections, that thrill while they enlighten you, may perish from your memory.—Presently you may wish to recall it in vain.—It will have passed away, and left no clue by which to trace it behind. Good thoughts are like flowers—beautiful, but perishing. Yet the fragrance of flowers may be preserved.—So may good thoughts, that come like angels upon a dying Christian's vision, be chained and cherished in the mind. But they are only secure on paper. Make a portfolio of your hat, keep an ever-pointed pencil about you, and keep it pointed by use; and seize the thought as it comes and preserve it. One thought saved a day will make three hundred and sixty-five a year. Thus you may grow rich in good thoughts, as men grow rich in gold—by saving. Write down that thought.

Advice.—Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.