

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 60.

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

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1847.

Free Trade.

Oh! time! thou laborer in the human field,
To whose rule we see the all mortal things must yield;
Cutting off beauty in the proudest hour,
Depressing strength of all his vaunted power—
Among thy many doings, thou, of late,
Hast done at least 'some service to the state.'
Mowing Protection down, while Free Trade stands,
The harbinger of good to distant lands;
And radiant memory paints, in colors warm,
The last great deed in politics—Reform,
Commercial liberty!—a magic word—
A plant first watered, 'e'en on British ground.'
And they who set it there already see
The sheltering branches of a healthy tree
Equal protection give to all who seek
Their bounteous shade—the powerful or weak.
To you—great leaguer and leaguer!—unto you
Will grateful commerce pay a tribute due;
While many foreign lands your worth proclaim,
And your example make their highest aim.
See Russia, thawing in its icy clime,
Adapt the leading spirit of the time,
Losing the shackles that her trade restrained,
And making millions thrive where ruin reigned.
Even an autocrat can understand
This is the cherished welfare of his land—
The brightest boon for tillers of the soil,
A sample market for their ceaseless toil.
And now Columbia, o'er the trackless seas,
I unfurl her spangled banner to the breeze;
Rejects the trammels of her former laws,
Gains good effect by giving better cause.
Her boundless fields yield forth the yellow grain,
The useful cotton spreads o'er many a plain,
The former gives the British woe—food,
The latter keeps his occupation cool.
And now the product of his loom is worn
Upon the soil that furnished him with corn.
Free Trade, more strong than diplomatic art,
Unites two nations, though so wide apart:
Gives greater lustre than a hundred wars,
While smiling Cyren conquers frowning Mars.
Falls, too, that sunny southern clime,
To Free Trade's merry peal now adieu chime;
Making harmonious as her own sweet tongue,
The jarring chords of commerce, long unstrung.
Let France awakening at the eleventh hour,
Begin to own commercial freedom's power,
In her say capital behold a few,
Unruling old notions, now adopt the new;
They meet to honor him who long has been
First in the field, a nobler leader seen.
A peaceful commerce—let a Couden come;
Now ringing trumpets nor loud-sounding drums
Proclaim his welcome to the little band
Who see with pride the stranger in their land;
They hail no "hero of a hundred fights,"
But greet the champion of a thousand rights.
Oh! Liberty—the captive will may sigh
With thee to live without thee, wish to die.
No fetters Commerce, striving to be free,
Will put and die, or gain its liberty.

[From Noah's Sunday Times.]
On Washington and Gen. Lee at Dinner; or,
A Revolutionary Joke.
The character of the great man who is re-
membered as the father of his country, and
whose memory is cherished by the entire
world, is too well known to need description
here. One of his chief characteristics was a
certain dignity which enabled him to preserve
his authority without any exhibition of supe-
rior authority. He was firm to a degree, and
as strict a disciplinarian as Frederick the
Great, without brutality or unfeeling severity.
We have played his name in juxtaposition
with that of Gen. Lee. This officer was a
seceder from the British army, and, when
brought prisoner to this city by Harcourt, treated
by the commander-in-chief of the British
forces as a deserter, until the measures adopted
by our people towards Englishmen in their
country compelled his liberation on parole,
and finally his exchange. Lee had seen much
service, having held the rank of colonel in
Portugal, and served the king of Poland as an
aide-camp—thus showing the detestation of
hugueny and his love of sacred liberty.
Influenced by much association with the world,
and enabled to profit by this instruction to the
extent that through the medium of a sterling
education, it is somewhat singular
that he possessed whimsical notions, and ec-
centricities of expression and conduct, which
sufficed to make enemies and create dislike
among those whose personal association he
was fated to encounter. No one knew better
than he the chivalric requisites of a gentleman;
to one understood the strict necessities of a
rigorous adherence to the orders of his superi-
ors, in all their shades, better than Lee; and
yet, on more than one occasion, he forgot the
properties of his station, and indulged not only
those who were his inferiors, but the great and
good man WASHINGTON! The battle of Free-
hold Court House, on the passage of the British
army from Philadelphia to this city, was
fatal to Lee's reputation for a short period, he
having had an altercation with Washington on
the field, and afterwards sending him a letter,
touching in insulting terms, and expressing his
belief that Washington had inflicted an injury
upon him. To say that Lee should not have
been punished for his outrage, is to utter an
opinion for which there can be no good founda-
tion; and yet, at the time, there were those
who did not scruple to rail at the subsequent
action adopted by Washington. He summoned
Lee before a court-martial, and charged him
with disobedience of orders and a contempt
of his commander-in-chief! The sentence of
the court was that Lee be suspended from du-
ty for the term of one year. This result was
made known at White Plains, where Wash-
ington and his forces were encamped to watch

the movements of the enemy on this island and
in its parts adjacent.

Lee was residing in a small, neat, and well
appointed house situated below the American
camp, and on a spot which Gen. Washington,
in journeying to and fro to keep a look-out up-
on various movements, and the pursuit of his
arduous duties was often obliged to pass. Lee
had a favorite dog here, (among half a dozen,) and
an aid-de-camp whose devotion merited
much praise. One day the aid-de-camp handed
him a document in which he read that Con-
gress had approved the sentence of the court-
martial in his case. He had confidently relied
upon support from that body in the shape of
modification or a reversal of that decision; and
when he learned that he was quietly permitted
to rusticate inactively a year, he started up in
a passion to his favorite specimen of the can-
ine race, and embraced it!

"Sir, I beg pardon," stammered the aston-
ished aide, "but surely your mind is not over-
thrown or embittered by this news!"
"Disappointed and outraged, sir!" exclaimed
Lee. "Oh, that I were this dog, that I
might not call man my brother!"

From that moment the centred officer be-
came more capricious and disagreeable in his
wild freaks than ever. Two days after, he was
aroused from his moody apathy by the arrival,
at his house, of Washington, Generals
Dickinson, Wayne, Maxwell, and Cadwallader,
and Col. Morgan, with other officers of
distinction.

"Welcome!" said Lee, as the suite filled
his apartment, and the pores of the party were
taken off—"Welcome to my humble habitation."

"Oh course," said Washington, affably,
"you can give us a dinner!"
"Ay, a dinner!" cried Wayne—"a quiet,
domestic dinner, such as we, who know what
it is to be without one frequently, can thor-
oughly appreciate."

Here Lee was all that constitutes the gen-
tleman. Not crimped in his private resources,
possessing economy, prudence and domestic
tact, and understanding the precise manner of
procuring the comforts of life to the best
possible advantage, he soon caused a substan-
tial and elegant repast to be spread before his
brother patriots.

"There," said he, when all was announced
to be in readiness, "we have fought and bled
together—let us now eat and drink in harmo-
ny—and may the only fluid shed between us
be a bumper of good Madeira."

There was a jovial reunion in that little
country house on that day in 1788. Stern of-
ficers, who had coolly ordered thousands of
their fellow beings to slaughter or be slaugh-
tered—who had madly rode over the prostrate
forms of the dead and dying—who, in the
fierce excitement of battle, had felt, without
emotion, the hot blood of friends and foes splash
in their very faces—relaxed from their accu-
stomed gravity of thought, and yielded them-
selves to the genial influences of good cheer
and conviviality. Even Lee, who was seldom
seen to smile, beheld the disappearance of his
sibyls and drinkables with a mirthful face,
and cracked jokes and bottles with equal facility.

Many were the toasts offered and accepted—
all personally complimentary or patriotic in
their tone, of course. Lee had expatiated in glow-
ing terms, upon the warm-hearted frankness
and generous bravery of Baron Reidesel,
when Washington spoke with earnestness:

"There are men among our enemies," said he,
"whom I admire for their many good
qualities. The chivalry and high estimate of
honor practiced by some of the king's officers
is, however, more than counterbalanced by the
cruelty, tyrannical bias, and disregard of the
recognized principles of warfare evinced by
others."

"In which category," inquired Lee, "does
your excellency place the baron?"
"In neither," replied Washington. "He
fights well, and he never follows up a victori-
ous movement by unnecessary brutality; but
he is a mercenary, fighting against a people
who are struggling to be free without offering
the slightest obstacle to him or his."

"And for that ought to be condemned," re-
marked Cadwallader.

"My opinion to a fraction," said Dickin-
son, "and all expressed coincident sentiments."

"You forgot," observed Lee, with some as-
perity, "that he bears a title—that all his
ideas of the proprieties of government are cen-
tered in royalty and attendant forms and privi-
leges, of which he professes to despise and op-
pose."

"The commanding form of Washington—and
who that ever saw it, or an acknowledged coun-
terpart, can conceive one more majestic—wel-
comed with pride as he delivered a sentiment
worthy of all ages, as follows:

"No man should draw his sword against the
life of another, unless some great motive—
not founded in mere personal prejudices, or
grounded in unquenchable ambition—impels him
in the battle, and reconciles his conscience to
acts which can never be recalled; and for
which no repentance can atone—Mere pay-
ment rank—mere duty to man and not noble
principle—is not sufficient excuse for shedding
the blood of the oppressed, sir. Had I thought
my own ambition to gratify in these cam-
paigns of death, no power on earth could make
me wear the soldiers uniform."

This speech was received with the silent ap-
plause begot by intense admiration, and it was
some time ere that silence was broken. Lee
sat a few minutes in moody abstraction, from
which he was aroused by the hand of Wash-
ington, gently placed upon his shoulder.

"Well, well," said Lee, his countenance
brightening, "there is no one like you; I
have never in my travels encountered a single
being who possessed the like consideration of
the policy of life. I praised Reidesel because
his conduct to me, when I was caged and clip-
ped in the city, touched my heart and gave
birth to a deep feeling of gratitude. I never
forgot a kindness."

"Come then," said Washington, "we will
drink the health of Baron Reidesel, in consid-
eration of the favors he has shown in New
York to our entertainer."

The toast was drunk, but without any show
of enthusiasm. The conviviality of the assem-
bly had vanished; for Lee's discomfort and
uneasiness were so manifest, that his guests
could not avoid noticing it. It was with the
most scrupulous ceremony, and with genui-
nely-frigid politeness, that Washington and his
suite were seen to mount their horses, and
were waved away from the door, from whence
they galloped to perform the duties which cal-
led them forth.

Lee watches them until they were beyond
the range of his vision, when he suddenly
turned to the aid-de-camp, and thus addressed
him, in a harsh and petulant tone:

"You must look me another place, for I
shall have Washington and all his puppies con-
tinually calling on me, and, if they do, they
will eat me up."

He then retired to rest, smothering, as well
as possible, the effects of wounded pride,
resentment of declarations which, in his pro-
per frame of mind, he would have sanctioned,
and the pains of outraged avarice.

Early the next day, the sun shining bright-
ly, and the atmosphere as clear as that of Ita-
ly, Washington and his suite rode in the same
direction. On the night before, a couple of scout-
ing parties—one from our camp and one from
the city—had met and engaged, and in the en-
counter both parties suffered much, although
the Americans contrived to make an officer of
the enemy prisoner. He had been forced to
give information concerning the strength of the
English army, the disposition of their lines,
and other communications of minor impor-
tance, and had been confined in a little stone
building on the Bronx river, whither Wash-
ington was going to question him. When in
sight of Lee's house, Washington turned to
his staff, and said laughingly:

"Poor Lee was mortified yesterday, quite
as much by the havoc we made in his stock
of provisions as by my failure to endorse the
manliness of his friend in all its length and
breadth. We all know his peculiarities—
shall we have a little amusement at his expense
to-day?"

Of course all consented.

"I would not willingly pain him, for he has
many good qualities—not the least are his
coolness and intrepidity in action," continued
Washington.

"But we may, without positively commit-
ting a wrong, call upon him?" remarked Max-
well.

"Certainly gentlemen, certainly," said
Washington, urging his horse forward, "and
we will do so. It will afford us a pleasant
relief."

But Lee had noticed their approach as they
converged, and immediately rushed to his writ-
ing desk, called his servant, and gave him
hasty orders, after tracing a line of characters
upon a slip of paper, and giving it.

"We shall see!" we shall see," exclaimed
Lee, nervously pacing the apartment, and
watching the approach of the good natured of-
ficers and their great commander, "whether I
am to be besieged and invaded, and driven out
of my own retreat!"

The servant here returned.

"You have done what I ordered you?"
cried he, interrogatively.

"I have."

"Then you may retire," Lee chuckled as
if he had accomplished a wonderful feat.

In the meantime Washington and his com-
panions rode up to the door and applied for
admission.

"By my spurs," exclaimed Cadwallader,
"I believe we are denied the rights of hospi-
tality."

"We are!" said Maxwell, laughing immoderately,
and pointing to the door. "Read,
your excellency, read."

Washington looked, and beheld an inscription
chalked awkwardly across the panels, and
reading in this style:

"NO VISITORS DRESSED HERE TO DAY."

During the revolution we do not believe, if
descriptions of the scene may be credited, that
American officers ever indulged in a heavier
burst of merriment. With many few d'espairs
the troops rode off, their laughter pealing in
Lee's ears for ten minutes.

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed he, "the cor-
morants are gone!"

At this moment firing was heard in the di-
rection of New York. That afternoon, Lee
burning with impatience to learn the signifi-
cance of the bellicose sounds, watched with
anxiety for the return of the brave patriots
whom he had so foolishly insulted. As they
neared his house, he could not conquer the
impulse to rush forth, uncovered, and ask
the information for which he was so much dis-
tressed.

"A dinner! a dinner!" cried several of the
officers.

"General Lee," said Washington, gravely,
while he sat a reproving glance at his suite,
"the question you ask shall be answered." The
Count d'Estaing, with a fleet of twelve
sail of the line and six frigates, from our glori-
ous ally, France has anchored off New York.
Admiral Howe has only six ships of the line,
and we expect to beat him where he is. If we
cannot reduce the city, we have a splendid op-
portunity for Rhode Island. This aid is thrice
welcome."

"General," exclaimed Lee, delighted by
what he heard, "you are welcome to a dinner
if you will enter."

But Washington declined on the plea of busi-
ness. Many weeks elapsed ere Lee had the
pleasure of dining at the same table with the
greatest man of the age.

LEGISLATIVE DIGNITY.—Several members of
the Massachusetts House of Representatives
were seated at the table in Boston, when one
of them said:—"Will the gentleman from An-
dover please pass the butter this way?" Pre-
sident another spoke, "Will the gentleman from
Worcester please pass the salt this way?" Then
a city wag at the table, taking the hint,
turned around to the black waiter and said dis-
tinctly, "Will the gentleman from Africa please
pass the bread this way?"

Franklin—The Home of his Boyhood.

The racy description which follows of the
house which was the home of Benjamin Frank-
lin's boyhood will be read with universal in-
terest, not only in this country but throughout
the civilized world. It is copied from the
Boston correspondence of the National Anti-
Slavery Standard.

There are a few places yet left in Boston,
of universal interest. I passed one of the chief
yesterday, in Hanover street, which I sup-
pose suggested the train of thought (if such
discursive ramblings deserve the name) in the
later. Do you see that house at the corner of
Hanover and Union streets, with a gable pro-
truding from its corner, diagonally into the
street? It has no architectural pretensions to
arrest a passer-by. It is a plain brick house,
of three stories, with small windows, close to-
gether, and exceeding small panes of glass in
them, the walls of a dingy yellow. Yet it is a
house swarming with associations interesting
to well nurtured minds throughout the civilized
world. Read the name upon the ball and you
will get an inkling of my meaning—"JESUS
FRANKLIN, 1698."

Yes, that is the very roof
under which Benjamin Franklin grew up. He
was not born there, but his father removed
thither when he was but six months old, so
that all his recollections of home must have
been connected with those walls. The side
of the house of Union street remains as it was
in the days of Franklin's boyhood; but that on
Hanover street, has been shamefully treated.

Nearly the whole front has been cut off to
make room for two monstrously disproportioned
show windows. And this house, so full,
as I have just said, of associations, is fuller yet
of bonnets! Yes, by the head of the Prophet,
of bonnets! It is a Bonnet Warehouse, and
from the innumerable windows, aforesaid, bon-
nets of all hues and shapes gleam upon the
glances, or else stare you openly out of
countenance, while mountain piles of band
boxes tower to the ceiling of the upper story,
elegant, like Faith, of things unseen. Heaven
forbid that I should say anything in derogation
of bonnets, any more than of the fair heads
that wear them, but I would that they had an-
other repository.

It was my good fortune to go over the house
before it had undergone this metamorphosis.—
It was occupied, in part at least, some eight
or ten years ago by a colored man, of the name of
Stewart, a dealer in old clothes, who thought
of buying the premises, and wanted my advice
about it. I gladly availed myself of the op-
portunity to view them. The interior of the
house was then, I should judge, in the same
condition that it was when the worthy old soap
boiler and that sturdy rebel, (in youth as in
age,) his world-famous son lived there. There
were the very rooms in which the child Frank-
lin played, the very stairs, up and down which
he romped, the very window seats on which
he stood to look out into the street. The shop
on the street was unquestionably the place
where he used to cut wicks for the candles, and
fill the moulds, and wait upon the customers.
I pleased myself with imagining which room
it was in which his father sat, patriarch like,
at his table, surrounded by his thirteen children,
all of whom grew up to years of maturity and
were married. And you may be sure I did
not fail to take a peep into the cellar, where
poor Richard, in his infantile economy of time
proposed to his father that he should say grace
over the whole barrel of beef they were putting
down, in the lump, instead of over each piece
in detail as it was brought on the table! A
proposition which incited the good brother of
the Old South Church to fear that his
youngest hope was given over to a reprobate
mind, and was but little better than one of the
wicked.

And I would have given a trifle to know
which of the chambers it was that was Frank-
lin's own, where he educated himself, as it
were, by stealth. Where he used to read
"Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes,"
and Barton's Historical Collections—"small
Chapman's books and cheap; forty volumes
in all,"—and Plutarch's Lives;—not to men-
tion "a book of De Foe's, called An Essay on
Projects," and "Dr. Mather's, called An Es-
say to do Good," and where, too, his lamp (or
more probably his candle's end) was "so often
at midnight hour," as he sat up the greater part
of the night devouring the books which his
friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to
lend him over his shoulder, out of the shop, to be
returned the next morning. How the rogue must
have enjoyed them! Seldom have literary
pleasures been relished with such a gusto as by
that hungry boy.

When I say "rogue," I use the term meta-
physically and not literally. I mean "no
scandal about Queen Elizabeth," nor do I allude
to any of the gossip of sixty years since. But
I shall never forget the shock given to my early
prejudices, and the bouleversement of all my
preconceived ideas at hearing, when I was a
boy, a very celebrated gentleman, distinguished
in the field and in the cabinet, whose pub-
lic life was mostly of the fast century, say in a
careless manner, as if it were, the truest truis-
m in the world he was uttering, "Why, madam,
you know Franklin was an oldascal!" He
added some specifications, which I do not now
remember, but the amount was that he had
been a scoundrel.

Franklin was no saint in his private life, and he
never pretended to be one; but I believe it is
now pretty well understood that he was "in-
different honest," as Hamlet says, in his pub-
lic life, and that Prince Posterity has dismissed
the charge preferred by some of his contemporaries,
against his political honesty.

It will not be many years before this monu-
ment of the most celebrated man that Boston
not to say America, ever produced, will be de-
molished, and the place that knows it shall
know it no more, unless something be done to
save it. It will be a burning shame and a last-
ing disgrace to Boston, with all its wealth and
its pretensions to liberality, and its affectation
of reverence for its great men, to suffer the
most historical of its houses to be destroyed
when the rise in real estate in that neigh-
hood shall seal its doom. It is a shame that
has been left so long to take the chances of bu-

siness. It should have been bought years ago,
and placed in the hands of the Historical So-
ciety, or some other permanent body in trust,
to be preserved forever, in its original condi-
tion. It is not too late to restore it to some-
thing like its first estate, and to save it from
utter destruction. If it be not done, it will be
a source of shame and sorrow when it is too
late.

The house in which Franklin was born has
been destroyed within this century—to the in-
finite discredit of the rich men of the "Literary
Emporium of the New World"—as the great
Kean christened it, when it was in the height
of its d-d-lirium in the "Kean Fever." That
house stood in Milk street, a little below the
Old South Church, on the other side of the
way, and the spot is marked by a "Furnace
Warehouse," five stories high, which forms a
fitting pendant to the bonnet warehouse, in
Hanover street. The printing office of James
Franklin, where Franklin served his appren-
ticeship, where he used to put in his anonym-
ous communications under the door, where he
used to study when the rest were gone to
dinner, and where he used sometimes to get a
flogging from his brother—perhaps I was too
saucy and provoking," (as he candidly, and
with great probability, says of himself,) James'
printing office was in Queen (now Court street)
nearly opposite the Court house, on the corner
of Franklin Avenue, which, if I am not mis-
taken, derives its name from the very circum-
stances.

YOUNG LADS.—There are many young lads
about our streets who have given up their
schools, but who are in no particular business.
Some of them, to be sure, are sons of wealthy
parents, who can afford to keep them in idleness,
but it may prove the ruin of the boys.

There are others, however, whose parents find
it difficult to make both ends meet, who seem
to do nothing from Monday morning till Satur-
day night. Why is it? They are too proud
to learn a trade, or go into a shop and work;
so they are waiting for opportunities to pre-
sent themselves, where they can get a good
salary, and do nothing but a little writing.

Such opportunities are rare, and these boys
may wait till they are one and twenty, and yet
do nothing. Idleness is the ruin of boys from
the age of fourteen to twenty-one. While un-
employed you will find them at the corners of
our streets, in low grog-shops, or where soda-
cakes and pies are sold, living on the generosi-
ty of their more wealthy companions. We
know several such. We see them daily get-
ting what they can from others, while their
poor fathers, or widowed mothers are obliged
to support them.

Our advice to such young lads is, go to work
at something. Do not be afraid of a trade.—
Some of our best and most talented men once
sat on a shoemaker's bench, worked at some-
thing, and you had better dig claws with cash
the halves, empty vaults with Eggrington, or
sell candy with Hance, than thus to waste your
precious time, and contract habits that will be
a source of trouble to you as long as you live.

WALKING.—Walking is good—not merely
stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbor
to neighbor, but stretching out into the country,
to the freshest fields, and highest ridges, and
quiet lanes. However sullen the imagination
may have been among its griefs at home, here
it cheers up and smiles. However listless the
limbs may have been, sustaining a too heavy
heart, here they are braced, and the lagging
gait becomes buoyant again. However pre-
served the memory may have been in presen-
ting all that was agonizing, and insisting upon
what cannot be retrieved, here it is at last
disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep
of the memory is the day in Paradise to the
unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool
wind on the face of the commonest highway
is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such
times to be believed.

THE SAILOR AND DOCTOR.—A sailor having
purchased some medicine of a celebrated doc-
tor, demanded the price.

"Why," said the doctor, "I cannot think
of charging you less than seven and sixpence."

"Well, I tell you what," replied the sailor,
"take off the odd, and I will pay you the
even."

"Well," replied the doctor, "we won't quar-
rel about trifles."

The sailor laid down the sixpence and walk-
ed off; the doctor reminded him of his mistake.

"No mistake at all, sir; six is even, seven
is odd, all the world over; so I wish you a
good day."

"Get you gone," said the doctor, "I've made
fourpence out of you yet."

GOOD.—Dr. Franklin was dining with a tory
preacher just before the revolution, who gave
as a toast, "the King." The doctor, and
others of his way of thinking, drank it. By
and by his turn came, and he gave, "the De-
vil." This created some confusion, but the
clergyman's lady understanding the drift, said,
"Pray, gentlemen, drink the toast, Dr. Frank-
lin has drank to our friend, let us drink to his."

WHAT EDUCATION DOES.—At an anniversary,
I once heard a brother minister, illustrating
the value of education, said he, "Education," said
he, "is to the mind, what the grindstone is to
scythes. It neither improves the temper of the
steel, nor adds to its amount; but some how or
other, it makes it cut."

SIX PLAGUES.—Sobriety says that the six
plagues of a small town are, a lawyer with
great knowledge, great sophistry, and no sense
of justice; an eminent physician, with little
skill or manners; a preacher, without any
conscience—a quarrelsome soldier; a politi-
cian without principles; and a man of letters
who sternly dogmatizes.

TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF A ROSE.—Place
a fresh gathered rose in water as far as the
stem will allow, then powder it over with fine
rapeseed stuff, being careful not to load it too
much—in about three hours, on shaking of
the stuff, it will become a green rose.

GRAVES are but the prints of the footsteps of
the angel of eternal life.

The Great Pacific Railroad.

In 1803, Mr. Jefferson, then President, sent
Captains Lewis and Clarke, with a party of
soldiers, to explore the country from the Mis-
sissippi river, along the Missouri, to the Pacific
Ocean. Even then, Mr. Jefferson, with
that foresight which enabled him to look far
over the heads of his contemporaries, to the im-
mense importance of Louisiana to the Union,
perceived, across this continent, by the Mis-
souri and down the Columbia, the shortest
avenue to the trade of India and China, that
source of wealth which had successively raised
empires, and for which the Caucasian race had
been contending for more than three, perhaps
for ten thousand years. Railroads were then
unknown. And had they never been invented,
the avenue foreseen by Mr. Jefferson, and for
whose exploration he sent the expedition com-
manded by Lewis and Clarke, would have
been destined hereafter to this trade. But if
the navigation of these rivers is to be imperiled
by railroads, and a more direct and perma-
nently open route is thus to be obtained, the
superiority of Mr. Jefferson over his oppos-
ing contemporaries in statesmanlike foresight, is
not the less conspicuous; and the explorations
of Lewis and Clarke have been the basis of all
subsequent examinations of the country between
the Mississippi and the Pacific.

The route proposed by Mr. Whitney for his
railroad, proceeds from Lake Michigan, across
the Mississippi above the mouth of the Wiscon-
sin, thence across the Missouri above the
mouth of the Great Platte, the Council
Bluffs and the Great Bend, a little below
lat. 43, and thence to the Great South Pass,
about lat. 42, 30, and thence along the valley
of Lewis River, which is the Southern main
branch of the Columbia, to the head of ship
navigation upon the latter, or to the Bay of San
Francisco, as may hereafter be decided. Tak-
ing the Great South Pass as a point of depart-
ure Eastward and Westward, our first object
is to ascertain the respective distances and ele-
vations. According to Col. Fremont, quoted
in the report of Senator Breese, the elevation
of the highest point in this Pass, above the
Gulf of Mexico, is 7,490 feet. Col. Fremont,
who explored the valley of the Great Platte,
from its mouth to this Pass, in 1842, describes
it as an open prairie, with an ascent almost
imperceptible to the traveller. He was
accompanied by a Mr. Carson, who had fre-
quently crossed the Pass, and was thoroughly
acquainted with the route. Yet with all his
experience, he was obliged to watch very close-
ly, to ascertain when he had reached the cul-
minating point of the Pass through the Rocky
Mountains. The distance of the Great Pass
to the mouth of the Kansas, is 962 miles, and
from the mouth of the Platte, 882, the latter
being about 300 miles higher on the Missouri
than the former; and as the mouth of the Kan-
sas is seven hundred feet above the Gulf of
Mexico, and that of the Platte a trifle more,
the average ascent from either point to the Pass,
is only about 7 feet to the mile. And as the dis-
tance from Lake Michigan to the Pass is 1,400
miles, and that between the Lake and the
mouth of the Kansas or Platte a level country,
the average ascent from the Lake to the Pass,
does not exceed 43 feet to the mile. Accord-
ing to Col. Fremont, the mouth of the Kansas
is 700 feet above the Gulf; the crossing of the
Republican Fork, 516 miles farther, is 2,300
feet, giving an ascent of 43 feet to the mile;
the ascent of the next 128 miles is 1,000 feet,
or about 8 to the mile; that of the next 107
miles, to St. Vrain's Fort, is 1,000 feet, or 9
to the mile; that of the next 80 is 1,300 feet,
or 16 to the mile; that of the next 18 miles
is 800 feet, or about 42 to the mile; that of the
next 87 miles is 200 feet, or 2 to the mile.

The distance from the Great Pass to the
mouth of the Columbia, by the common travel-
ling route, is 1,400 miles, and to the head of its
ship navigation about 1,280; and as the eleva-
tion of the Pass is 7,490 feet, the descent from
this point to ship navigation gives an average
of about 6 feet to the mile. From the Pass to
a distance of 311 miles, the descent is 1,490
feet, or less than 5 to the mile. For 324 miles
more, the route is level. For 540 miles more,
the surface is irregular, and the next 178 miles
end at an elevation of 2,000 feet, the descent
from 6,000 to 3,000 feet, over a distance of 718
miles, giving an average of less than 3 feet
to the mile. From this point to the foot of the
Blue Mountains, 282 miles, the elevations and
depressions give an average of