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VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, November 3, 1897.

### PATRIOTIC POEM.

DEAR SON—The fashion of dedications and inscriptions seems to have mostly passed away with the causes which created it; and indeed, in this country has never much prevailed. I feel inclined in this instance to revive the custom, and hope to see many more substantial means of testifying their good wishes. Apart from general recollections of "Long Syne," I feel honored by the slight opportunity I now enjoy of giving this slight testimonial in favor of one who has given unswerving proof of purity of purpose, by endeavoring to stay the further progress of an evil which seems to be only too rampant in our midst. The present generation and future prospects of our country afford a subject which excites the dearest imagination, and it has raised my guarantee of the abridgment to the production of the following poem, which I hereby respectfully inscribe to you.

Yours truly,  
J. RAYMOND BARSTOW.

Hark of the West! that erst with banners proud  
Roused from old Bunker's height the echo loud,  
When first oppression's chain was widely rung,  
And the first free-born anthem boldly sung;  
When proudly rang, far over land and sea,  
The thrilling shout of "Give us liberty or give us death!"  
Proclaimed a nation's birth, and freedom's right,  
Far o'er the earth the electric impulse ran,  
And formed an epoch to the race of man.  
Wake to the touch—all feeble though it be—  
Of him who sings the glory of the free!  
Here, where the free heart's far proud stands—  
Here, where a home is reared for many lands—  
Here, where the bond may loose his iron chain,  
We'll raise that thrilling anthem once again.  
No tided foam may lord it o'er worth,  
Or haughty frown by accident of birth;  
The only patent of high rank we own,  
Is that, stamped by him who rules alone,  
Marks to the eye the worth of many lands—  
And points the way to freedom's home.  
Scarcely greater was the brilliant boy to man  
When saw the bow the blue-eyed span,  
Felt on his anxious cheek the warming breeze;  
Spouted the first sweet-scented thymol gales,  
And furl'd in unknown bays the silken sails;  
The long-sealed secret thus had boldly broke,  
And a new nation to second birth awoke.  
A mighty nation rests upon that shore  
Whose boundaries are oceans, and their roof  
The war note of defiance. Where the soil  
At morn and noon is still the rising orb  
Upon its bosom cast; where Freedom's flag  
Where Bunker's height his lightning beams absorb;  
In mid-day splendor lights the waving corn  
On broad Columbia's banks, and brightly sheds  
Or the smooth breast of her, the gentle born,  
The mild, the mighty Pacific, and on the heads  
Of snowy peaks, a dazzling lustre throws.  
And snows at once the vine, and glads its snows,  
And tapers in the forest, and catches the sun;  
The sun which sees the earth, sees not again  
Upon her breast her giant nation stand  
As fills the greatness of our native land;  
Where broad savannas with their verdure bright  
Spread leagues away beyond the ravished sight,  
And flower-splunged meadows, on whose sod  
Will verdure springs the fresh green sod of God;  
Where rivers on their winding courses stray,  
We count their miles by thousands; far away  
Their source, the peaks of Oregon, and find a grave  
Where the Atlantic rolls its sullen wave.  
Far in the sea the rushing stream is hurled  
That drains the area of a quartered world,  
Where of exchanges are the gleaming main  
And whirl, aloft, in fancied clouds of rain;  
From that dread vortex where they darkly swell—  
If such might be—as from a liquid hell,  
Its waters changed in aspect, who might know  
The same pure stream that on the rocky brow  
Before the awful plunge, seems smooth and green,  
That glideth to the leap with gladness keen;  
As the same elements now changed to this,  
That boom and roar, that boil, and whirl, and hiss!  
Ah! who might think, who saw thy waters shine;  
On the far lake of woods, and gently lave  
Its pebble beach, or break in ripple fine.  
That thou couldst ever shame old Ocean's wave,  
And make the rocky seaboard's wildest rave  
In shrieking tempest, at the thunder melt,  
And own the woman in his heart of fear!  
While listening to thy crash of waters dear!  
The light of science glids o'er country's name,  
Shines o'er the earth, and gives its wider fame;  
Swift as the wind, and swifter than the horse  
Hath passed a continent, O, mind of Morse!  
The great long-sought with glory crowns this hour,  
And time and space have yielded to thy power!  
We have a Fulton to the astonished world,  
And land and sea, and lake and stream, unfurled  
Their secret routes, where keel had never ploughed,  
To pay their tribute to the Heaven-sent power;  
The freed man's fury cleaves the mountain waves,  
The tempest's fury and wild Ocean braves,  
Speeds on her course; let winds be foul or free,  
And conquered lies thy power, O, mighty sea!  
The iron steed, catering o'er the plain,  
Sprays of thy wondrous genius, once again,  
With these, and served in the Heaven-sent course to show  
Our might, we rise, and the invading foe,  
A hostile fleet bears down upon the land,  
The fort-fires lighted, and the boats are manned;  
Yet, ere invading prow has touched the strand,  
Of foot of foe left mark upon the sand.  
The locust sounds from Oregon to Maine,  
From Oregon to California, and again,  
Wakes the wild eagle, and the eagle's mate,  
Calls to the rescue all the true and brave;  
The foe, amazed, are mute with baffled wrath,  
A breathing pallid stands in their path!  
The lightning flash, the Ocean wave, the wind,  
Have yielded, vassals to the power of mind.  
O, that the Power which blessed us in the past,  
Would bear our hopes and wishes to the homes  
Of unfred millions, where, in bondage cast,  
The light of heaven-born freedom never comes!  
To thee, our father-land, with anxious thought,  
We turn, because from there we had our birth;  
The long estranged, tho' fiercely we have fought,  
We cannot still forget the spot of earth  
Whereon the pilgrim fathers, sad and few,  
Pronounced their blessing on the feeble seed.  
We feel the glory which thy bards have sung,  
And boast to speak in Shakespeare's native tongue.  
We feel thy "glory," but without thy "shame,"  
O Britain! with thy boasted power of good,  
Why, in thy wild and warring course, hast thou stood  
And hid the light which made thy name so home  
O'er land and sea, o'er lake and island lone,  
Their happiness secured, where now they groan,  
And blessings heard, instead of curses' tone,  
Bled with ravished wealth, with heathen spoil,  
With plunder, rather than thy toil,  
Withdraw thy hand, nor wield the tyrant rod  
Of starting wretches, "by the grace of God."  
Bright France, rich soil of brave and fearless-hearted,  
The home of chivalry and land of La Fayette!  
Oh, thy fate the patriot's tear hath started;  
Like the wild meteor's glare when gloom was deepest,  
Above thy land the Cornucopia arose;  
Like the comet's flash he passed, and sleeping  
More darkly for the light he did disclose.

O, may the song once more along each valley  
Ring out, and touch thy heart-strings, as of yore,  
And spritz of thy vine-clad mountains rally,  
To see the sunny land of song once more.  
Poland, thy fate is sealed, and cease thy glory—  
Stricken from earth where once thy boldly stood  
Thy chivalric defenders. Sad the story,  
When Russia's despot revelled in their blood,  
O Greece! O Greece! have crumbled to the earth,  
The lyre is gone that waked thy songs to birth,  
Thy palace are mouldering, thy warrior graves  
Lie smooth beneath the power of Moslem slaves.  
Where now the eternal city of the hills,  
Where Brutus struck for liberty and Rome!  
The serf with toil the rich Campanian hills,  
And tyranny and strife find there a home,  
Sunk into slavery more base, less kind,  
Than iron chains, the bondage of the mind.  
Land of the glacial, where the goodly peak  
Looks down on storms, and sees above no cloud,  
Will not on the sons of Tell arouse, and wreak  
Long-slumbering vengeance on the oppressor proud  
Wake, Switzerland! and show the world thy frown,  
Alike against a king or priestly gown.  
Land of the ocean, far o'er the western sea,  
Land of our hopes, the power of Moslem slaves,  
We boast no storied ruins, crumbling halls,  
To tell of power past of glory gone.  
Ours are the stately truth-cemented walls,  
Speaking of the present, and still pointing on  
To wider, deeper, higher, longer fame.  
The virtue lasts, we play the noble game  
Of far progression in the work of good;  
Nor join the segments of our whole with blood.  
In peace, we seek to work the great design,  
More glorious far than structure wrought by shins  
Of bayonet and sabre; these compel!  
And forced submission comes not half so well  
As that which wrought, and while the end the same,  
Lies with a voluntary work of goodly hands.  
Not like the wasted soil of Europe old  
And sown full deep with foul and noxious seeds  
Of tyranny and strife; thy virgin mould  
Unpregnant all, lies free from wasting weeds.  
Unlike the deadly stream by murder shed,  
At which all nature shrinks, and verdure dies,  
Thy soil, enriched by blood of patriots dead,  
In thankful verdure glads the summer skies.  
Too rich a boon to sleep beneath thy breast,  
It springs in flowers to taste the healing wind,  
Or clothes the silent mound with greener veils,  
And lights the chilling glare with warmth more  
There, in each hallowed spot, let freedom come,  
And the right of the mighty work of freedom's home  
With grateful tears, and bend beside the dust  
Of those who granted us our boldest trust.  
These, by those grassy altars—scattered wide,  
On sunny slope and mountain's rugged side—  
There kneel, and swear, by every sacred grave,  
To cherish pure, what they had died to save!  
Freedom, entire, in blood of patriots dead,  
From dumbest thought to thunder of the press!  
Exulting boast, no crown or jeweled belt  
Endorse a fool; we ask for gold—no gold,  
No gilded alloy may pass as gold,  
No title, as a garment, bought and sold.  
As man is man, we honor him and raise  
Our glad kings cannot force a honest praise!  
What man is man, when buckled by the right,  
Can with an honest purpose bring to light,  
We seek no more, we ask for nothing less,  
In this, we look to God our hope to bless.  
No base entail contracts our free-born powers,  
"Forever and forever" it is ours!  
No portionless lease, or held-for-years will,  
Blood-bought or gained, in fee we hold it still  
In our own right, by our own just conviction;  
Let him beware who seeks for a reversion  
From this estate. Reversion he may have  
When the last patriot slumbers in the grave!  
What yet is ours we know not, but we feel  
That time will yet a prouder work reveal,  
When our grandsons are in the front ranks to man;  
When in our strength, submitted to the test,  
That in all we still shall lead the van,  
And stand before the world, the greatest, best;  
If not, farewell to hope beneath the sky,  
And trampled liberty may weep and die,  
But hope and sense alike forbid the thought,  
Our grandsons are in the front ranks to man;  
Onward, and on, we take our dashing flight,  
Far in the realms of Freedom's peaceful light,  
"Fill to the zenith gained, we pause, and stand,  
And beckon to the world with helping hand,  
To reach in high career our high estate."  
We herald to the earth—the free, be great—  
O God, let not our heritage be wasted;  
And stand erect, the image of our God!  
Responsible to him alone, and free,  
That love, and right, have triumphed o'er steel,  
And be the first great war now only given,  
To make all earth at last another heaven.  
O God, let not our heritage be wasted;  
Shield us from destroying strife, this happy land,  
Let not this last great hope of man be blasted;  
Hold up its altars with thy mighty hand.

Goon Society.—It should be the aim of young men  
to go into good society; by good society, we mean  
not the rich, the proud and fashionable; but the  
society of the wise, the intelligent and the good.  
Where you find men who know more than you do,  
and from whose conversation you can gather infor-  
mation, it is always safe to be found. It has broken  
down many a man by associating with the low and  
vulgar;—where the ribald song was incited,  
and the indecent story told to excite laughter, or in-  
fluence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon attrib-  
uted his success and happiness in life, to associating  
with persons more learned and virtuous than him-  
self. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you  
desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to  
associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for  
moral excellence and strict integrity, and you will  
never be found in the sinks of pollution, or on the  
benches of liquor-sellers and gamblers. Once ha-  
bituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure  
a love for good society, and no punishment would  
be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a  
day to associate with the low and vulgar.

THE BEAR AND THE TEA-KETTLE.—The bears of  
Kamatchka live chiefly on fish, which they procure  
for themselves from the river. A few years since,  
the fish became very scarce. Emboldened  
by famine and consequent hunger, the bears instead  
of retiring to their dens wandered about, and some-  
times entered villages. On a certain occasion, one  
of them found the outer gate of a house open, and  
entered in; and the gate accidentally closed after  
him. The woman of the house had just placed a  
large tea-kettle of hot water in the court. Bruin  
smelt of it, but it burnt his nose. Provoked at the  
pain, he vented all his fury upon the tea-kettle.—  
He folded his arms round it, pressed it with his  
whole strength against his breast to crush it; but  
this, of course, only burnt him the more. The horri-  
ble growling which the rage and pain forced from  
the poor beast now brought the neighbors to the  
spot, and Bruin, by a few shows was put out of his  
misery. To this day, however, when anybody in-  
jures himself by his own violence, the people of  
the village call him "the bear with the tea-kettle."

Yankee Enterprise.  
One day, a lad, apparently about nineteen, pre-  
sented himself before our ambassador at St. Peter-  
burgh. He was a pure specimen of the genus  
Yankee; with sleek top for his bony arms,  
trousers half way up to his knees, and hands play-  
ing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket.  
He introduced himself by saying, "I've just  
come out here to trade with a few Yankee notions,  
and I want to get sight of the Emperor."  
"Why do you wish to see him?"  
"Why, I've brought him a present, all the way  
from America. I respect him considerable, and I  
want to get at him, to give it to him with my own  
hands."  
Mr. Dallas smiled as he answered, "It is such  
a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads  
a present, expecting something handsome in re-  
turn, that I am afraid the Emperor will consider  
this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"  
"An acorn."  
"An acorn! what under the sun induced you to  
bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"  
"Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on  
to Washington to see about a pension; and when  
we was there, we thought we would just stop over  
to Mt. Vernon. I picked up this acorn there, and I  
thought to myself, I'd bring it to the Emperor.—  
Think says I he must have heard considerable about  
our General Washington, and I expect he must ad-  
mire our institutions. Sonow you see I've brought  
it and I want to get at him."  
"My lad it is not an easy matter for a stranger  
to approach the Emperor of Russia; and I am  
afraid he will take no notice of your present. You  
had better keep it."  
"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I  
expect I can tell him a thing or two about America.  
I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our  
railroads, and our free schools, and what a mighty  
well our people are getting on may be it will put  
him up to doing something. The long and the  
short of it, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with  
the Emperor; and I should like to see his wife and  
children. I want to see how such folks bring up  
a family."  
"Well sir, since you are so determined upon it,  
I will do what I can for you; but you must expect  
to be disappointed. Though it would be rather an  
unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on  
the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may  
possibly assist you."  
"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again,  
and let you know how I get on."  
In two or three days, he again appeared, and  
said,  
"Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk  
with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you.  
When I give him the acorn, he said he should set  
a store by it; that there was no character in an-  
cient or modern history he admired so much as he  
did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his  
palace garden with his own hands; and he did do  
it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted  
to ask me so much about our schools and railroads,  
and one thing or another, that he invited me to  
come again, and see his daughters; for he said his  
wife could speak English better than he could. So  
I went again yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing  
woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice  
girls."  
"Well, what did the Emperor say to you?"  
"Oh, she asked me a sight of questions. Don't  
you think she thought we had no servants in Amer-  
ica? I told her plenty of 'em did their own work,  
but rich folks had plenty of servants." "But then  
you don't call 'em servants," said she; "you call  
'em help." I guess ma'am, you've been reading  
Mrs. Trollop's lies. I, we had that book about  
our ship. The Emperor clapped his hands, and  
laughed as if he'd kill himself. "You're right, sir,"  
says he, "you're right. We sent for an English  
copy, and she's been reading it this very morning."  
Then I told him all I knew about our country, and  
he was mighty pleased. He wanted to know how  
long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him  
I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I guess  
I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em  
good-bye, all around, and went about my business.  
Ain't I had a glorious time! I expect you didn't  
calculate to see me run such a rig?"  
"No, indeed, I did not my lad. You may well  
consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon  
thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so  
much distinction."  
A few days after he called again, and said "I  
guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated  
so well. To-day a grand officer came to my  
room, and told me the Emperor had sent him to  
show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself,  
and he took me with him, in a mighty fine carriage,  
with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and  
the museum; and I expect I've seen about all that  
there is to be seen at St. Petersburg. What do  
you think of that Mr. Dallas?"  
It seemed so incredible that a poor ungainly  
Yankee lad should thus be loaded with attentions  
that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think  
or say.  
In a short time, the strange visitor re-appeared.  
"Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go  
home; so I went and thanked the Emperor and bid  
him good-bye. I thought I couldn't do no less,  
he'd been so civil. Says he, "is there any thing  
else you'd like to see before you go back to Amer-  
ica?" I told him I should like to get a peep at  
Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their  
setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about  
General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight of  
money to go there, and I wanted to carry my  
mother. So I bid him good-bye, and came off.  
Now, what do you guess he did next morning? I  
you he sent the same man in regimentals, to  
bring me to Moscow, in one of his own carriages,  
and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want  
to see." And we're going to start to-morrow morning,  
Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough, the next morning, the Yankee  
boy passed the Ambassador's house in a splendid  
coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shout-  
ing, "good-bye! good-bye!"  
Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor  
that all the particulars related by this adventurous  
youth were strictly true. He again heard from him  
at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers,  
and treated with as much attention as is usually  
bestowed upon foreign ambassadors.  
The last tidings of him, reported that he was trav-  
elling in Circassia, and writing a Journal, which  
he intended to publish.  
Now, who had a Yankee could have done all that?  
—LYDIA MARIA CHILDS.

QAMRA.—Every amiable propensity in the heart  
of man, every endearing tie, every sacred pledge,  
every honorable feeling, are set aside and forgotten  
when gaming takes possession of the human mind.  
This is not said at random: it is the voice of truth  
and experience, and has been exemplified in man-  
ny thousand instances—and yet the danger is never  
seen by the young beginner. Many a youth of  
fair promise enters upon the career of gaming more  
out of thoughtlessness than viciousness. Not the  
frailty which the system is inculcated, nor of  
the train of bad propensities that necessarily en-  
ter into the composition of a gambler, he steps in-  
to the fatal path without the intention of pursuing  
it far, and without fear of being lost in its labyrinth.  
But presently the leprosy seizes him, and the plague  
of it overspreads his whole heart and mind. His  
love of gaming increases alike, whether he gains  
or loses. It fixes, and as it were, fascinates his  
whole attention, so that every thing else is neglected.  
The company he keeps, the language he hears,  
the scenes of degradation he daily witnesses, poi-  
sons the source of moral feelings within him. The  
jealousy, the rage, the revenge, incident to the em-  
ployment in which he is engaged, generate a fer-  
ocity of temper. He is lost to all that is good and  
prepared for anything of evil. He that by habits of  
honesty and industry might have gained competent  
wealth: he that might have been a source of joy  
and felicity to an amiable wife, and the father of a  
progeny that would have blessed his memory; he  
who might have been an ornament to society, and  
an honor to the human family, is at last a vaga-  
bond, as destitute of property as principle—the  
grief and shame of his kindred—despised of the  
world, and a burden to himself.

THE DILATORS.—It is a most painful spectacle  
in families where the mother is the drudge, to see  
the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their  
ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy  
work, and their reading—beguiling themselves of  
the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never  
dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a neces-  
sary consequence of a neglect of duty, growing wear-  
iness of their useless lives, lay hold of every newly in-  
vented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies,  
and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame  
their God, for having placed them where they are.  
These individuals often tell you, with an air of af-  
fected compassion, (for who can believe it real!) that  
poor dear mama is working herself to death; yet  
no sooner do you propose that they should assist  
her, than they declare she is quite in her element  
—in short, that she would never be happy if she  
had only half so much to do.

THE DILATORS.—A former citizen of Colum-  
bia, Miss. Capt. Sanderson, in his letter, noticed  
in another article, says, "it is said they (the Mexi-  
cans) had twenty thousand troops in this battle,  
so says Harrison Kinney from Columbus, whom I  
found fighting with the enemy—he having deserted  
from Puebla, and is now a prisoner, and will be  
shot. This is the opinion of most of the officers.  
Report says that these deserters have all since  
been hung. This Kinney was a tailor by trade in  
this city, and it is a melancholy record to make  
of his end. He was a very decided whig, and we  
cannot see what tempted him to this great crime of  
deserting his country, except the effect produced  
by the whig papers and such speeches as those of  
Corwin. He has a child in this city, his wife be-  
ing dead. We did not suppose our city would have  
such a reproach to bear from one of her volunteers."  
—Ohio Statesman.

THE DAUGHTER.—There is nothing more desir-  
able in a daughter than intelligence joined to a gen-  
tle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished in  
the main, at school. But the character is derived  
chiefly from home. How inestimable is the confi-  
dence of that mother in producing kind feelings  
in the bosoms of her children, who never permits  
herself to speak to them with a loud voice, and in  
harsh, railing tones.

PUNCTUATION.—The following example of mal-  
punctuation strictly illustrates the necessity of put-  
ting stops in their proper places.—"Cass entered  
on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals  
on his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand,  
his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying  
nothing he said down."

KEEP AWAKE.—A sleepy desecration, who sometimes  
engaged in popular games, hearing the minister  
use the words "chuffie off this mortal coil," started  
up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "hold on—  
it is my deal!"

THE DEPTH OF JACOB'S WELL.  
The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of England—who has re-  
cently travelled through the Holy Land and pub-  
lished the results of his travels under the title of  
"The Land of the Bible Visited and Described"—  
presented the following relation of his visit to Ja-  
cob's Well:  
The Rev. Dr. Wilson found a remnant of the Sa-  
maritans still, and had some interesting conversa-  
tion with one of their priests. In the immediate  
neighborhood is Jacob's Well, where our Lord en-  
countered the woman of Samaria, and with sim-  
plest images instructed her in the sublime mys-  
teries of spiritual truth. The well is situated amid  
the ruins of a church which once surrounded it.—  
The mouth was covered with two large stones.—  
Rolling away these, the travellers, with their atten-  
dants, swung themselves down to a kind of plat-  
form, where they kindled a light, and commenced  
preparations for ascertaining the depth of Jacob's  
Well. It is now time to disclose our plan of op-  
eration to our native attendants. "Jacob," said  
we, "a friend of ours, an English traveller, and  
minister, (the Rev. Andrew Bonar of Collyer),  
dropped the five books of Moses and the other in-  
spired records into this well, about three years ago,  
and if you will descend and bring them up we  
shall give you a handsome bakahish." "Bak-  
ahish!" said the Arab, kindling at the sound; "if  
there is to be bakahish in the case, we must have  
it, for we are the lords of the land." "Well, down  
you go," said we, throwing the rope over their  
shoulders; "and you shall have the bakahish."—  
"Nay, verily," said they, "you mean to hang us,  
let Jacob do what he pleases." Jacob was ready  
at our command; and when he had tied the rope  
round his body below his shoulders, he received  
our parting instructions. We asked him to call  
out to us the moment he might arrive at the surface  
of the water, and told him that we should hold  
the rope as to prevent him from sinking, if there was  
any considerable depth of the element. We told  
him also to pull out one of the candles which he  
had stored his breast, and to ignite it when he  
might get below. As he looked into the fearful pit,  
on the brink of which he stood, terror took hold  
of him, and he betook himself to prayer in the He-  
brew tongue. We, of course, gave him no inter-  
ruption in his solemn exercise; in the circum-  
stances of the case we could not but admire the  
spirit of devotion which he evinced. On a signal  
given, we let him go. The Arab held with the  
rope, and we took care that he should descend as  
gently as possible.

When our material was nearly exhausted, he  
called out "I have reached the bottom; and it is  
at present scarcely covered with water." Forth-  
with he kindled his light; and, that he might have  
every advantage, we threw him down a quantity  
of dry sticks, with which he made a blaze, which  
distinctly showed us the whole of the well, from  
the top to the bottom.  
We saw the end of the rope at its lower part;  
and we put a knot upon it at the margin above, that  
we might have the exact measurement when Jacob  
might come up. After standing for about five  
minutes for the Bible among the stones and mud  
at the bottom, our friend joyfully cried out—"it  
is found! it is found! it is found!" We were not  
slow, it may be supposed, in giving him our con-  
gratulations. The prize he carefully put into his  
breast; and then he declared his readiness, with  
our aid, to make the ascent.

We found it no easy matter to get him pulled  
up, as we had to keep the rope from the edge of  
the well lest it should snap asunder. When he  
came into our hands he was unable to speak, and  
we laid him down on the margin of the well, that  
he might collect his breath. "Where is the bak-  
ahish?" were the first words which he uttered, on  
regaining his faculty of speech. It was immedi-  
ately forthcoming, to the extent of about a sov-  
ereign, and to his fullest satisfaction. A similar sum  
we divided among our Arab assistants. The book  
from having been so long steeped in the water and  
mud below, with the exception of the boards, was  
reduced to a mass of pulp. In our effort to recov-  
er it, we had ascertained the depth of the well,  
which is exactly seventy-five feet. Its diameter is  
about nine feet. It is entirely hewn out of solid  
rock, and is a work of great labor. It bears marks  
about it of great antiquity. "The well is deep,"  
was the description given of it by the woman of  
Samaria to our Lord. It still, as now noticed, has  
the same character, although to an extent it is per-  
haps filled with the stones which are thrown into  
it, to sound it, by travellers and pilgrims.  
The adventure which I have now noticed being  
over, we emerged from the well: and sitting down  
at its mouth, we could not but think of the scenes  
and events of other days. We were near to the  
very "parcel of ground that Jacob gave Joseph."  
Jacob's Well was here! Here Jesus, the Savior,  
sat, wearied with his journey, suffering from the in-  
firmities of that lovely human nature he had assumed,  
when he came from heaven to accomplish the  
work of our redemption, which his Father had giv-  
ing him to do. Here he spake with inimitable sim-  
plicity and majesty, as never man spake, setting  
himself forth as the Source and Giver of the coe-  
lous and satisfying Waters of Eternal Life.

CANT FRASES.—The ladies should be careful  
never to indulge in the cant phrases that are often  
in general use. We notice in exchange paper that  
one recently found herself much embarrassed in do-  
ing so. She often used the words "nothing else,"  
and the practice became a habit with her. One day  
the minister of the parish called to see her. She was  
making a bustle. "What are you making that use-  
less article for?" said he. "O to wear to church,"  
was the reply. "Really," rejoined the good man,  
"you will not wear that to church, will you?" "I  
shan't wear nothing else," said the lady. The min-  
ister was greatly astonished and the lady embarrassed.

THE FIRST DEGREE OF FOLLY is to think yourself wise;  
the next to tell others so; the third to despise all  
counsel.

THE CATHEDRAL IN MEXICO.  
A gentleman who resided for a long time in the  
city of Mexico, has favored us with the following  
authentic account of the magnificent gold and silver  
ornaments contained in the cathedral of that city of  
Mexico. The facts are obtained from the most un-  
questionable source:  
Golden Altar Service.  
6 large golden candlesticks, 60 inches high.  
6 large golden branches with a vase of small  
size.  
1 golden cross, set with very precious stones,  
with pedestal and front piece, also with very pre-  
cious stones.  
4 smaller candlesticks of gold, sixteen inches  
high.  
2 golden censers.  
2 golden censers to sprinkle holy water (navetas.)  
1 cross of golden, flagon work.  
2 golden do. Altires.  
2 golden do. Palestros.  
2 Fountains of gold.  
The weight of this altar service is not less than  
450 pounds, and its value not less than \$125,000.  
The image of the Ascension, the title of this  
church, is of solid gold, adorned with very rich  
jewels—the weight of the image is 6984 gold-  
castellans, \$18,700. Its value, including jewels, is  
no less than \$40,000.  
The image of conception is of solid silver and  
weighs 39 pounds—value \$625.  
The silver lamp which adorns the front of the  
Presbytery weighs 21264 pounds of silver, 853 of  
which is gilded with pure gold. Its appearance is  
magnificent. It has fifty-four burners, its height is  
22 feet, circumference 30 feet, and is suspended  
by an iron chain and bolt weighing 1650 lbs. The  
cost of the lamp was \$71,343 3/4, and its value of  
gold and silver alone is \$45,000.  
The principles "tabernacle," of case in which  
species are preserved, is 474 inches high, and  
weighs 44 pounds of pure gold. Its front is covered  
with 5872 diamonds, its back with 2523 emeralds,  
544 rubies, 106 amethysts, and 28 sapphires.  
Its cost was upwards of \$150,000, which it is now  
richly worth.  
The large Ciborium is of pure gold, of 9 pounds  
weight, and has 1676 diamonds set in it. It is  
worth \$10,580.  
The Chalices, of pure gold, weighs 53 pounds and  
has set in it 122 diamonds, 1400 emeralds, 50 pearls,  
and is worth about \$4000.  
The jewels of these cups were the gift of the  
Emperor Charles V.  
In addition to these cups there are 20 chalices of  
gold, mostly richly adorned with diamonds and  
precious stones—6 large golden plates with their  
incense boxes and bells of gold. The united value  
of these cups and plates is not less than \$20,000.  
The silver service of the cathedral is very beau-  
tiful, and extremely valuable. Among the pieces are  
12 chandeliers, 12 incense boxes, 12 large  
branches, 7 feet each, 71 silver cups and incense  
burners, 98 silver candlesticks and a multitude of  
branches; 3 silver staves; 1 very large silver cros-  
set, beautifully engraved, for the deposit of holy  
things; 2 lamp standards, with each four clusters  
of branches; 2 large standard candlesticks, each  
six feet high; 20 silver candlesticks, very large, in  
the aisles of the cathedral. Value of silver uten-  
sils, in silver, 30 to 40,000 dollars.  
The robes and garments of the priesthood are of  
the richest and most costly description. The more  
expensive were gifts of the Emperor Charles V.

A GOOD SORCERESS.—"Let him who sells his  
soul to the devil, and who is called to the  
standard of the Bible; and when he stores his shop  
with this body and soul destroying agent, when he  
holds out his tempting symbols to his friends and  
to all around him; when he knows its deleterious  
nature, and sees its demoralizing tendency; when  
his hands are polluted in transmitting it to the  
hand of the drunkard; when husbands and wives,  
and mothers and children, are pining in indigence  
and hopeless sorrow caused by that very article which  
it is his business to retail, let him inquire whether  
he can be a participant in, or the cause of such  
scenes, and yet be free from guilt. Let him in-  
quire whether he can conscientiously go to his  
knees, and pray for the blessing of God to rest upon  
and to prosper the works of his hands. Let him  
inquire whether he seriously believes that God will  
send forth his hoghead of whiskey, or rum, or  
brandy to be a blessing to his fellow men, or whether  
he can lie down on his pillow at night with a  
calm and tranquil mind, when he thinks on the  
miserable and wretched beings whom he has been  
helping to destroy, and some of whom have passed  
into eternity under the influence of spirits pro-  
vided for them within his door. Let him ponder  
well such passages of the word of God as these,  
and then let conscience give her verdict: "Woe  
to him that giveth his neighbor drink, and mikketh  
him drunken." "Let us man put a stumbling  
block, or an occasion to fall in his brother's way."  
"Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of  
darkness." "Let no man seek his own, but every  
man another's wealth." "Whether therefore ye  
eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the  
glory of God."

MEXICAN LADIES AT THE THEATRE.—A writer at  
Matamoros has the following in reference to the  
Mexican ladies at the theatre—"The little Miss  
Jefferson, at the Matamoros theatre, has attracted  
more of the "upper ten thousand" within its walls.  
They will laugh at the tragedy and comedy, but  
when the *Cachucha* or *Balera* is brought on, they  
are as attentive as mice at the movements of a cat,  
and express their admiration in no measured terms.  
Once the dance is over, they get out their *aguardiente*,  
a poor hands them a coal of fire, between the jaws  
of a delicate pair of tongs, and they puff away with  
as much unconcern as a gentleman would in a pipe.  
At the head of a box a *Senora* will light one of these  
little snuff cigars, and hand it to her neighbor: I  
mean, hand the one she has lighted. She will do  
the same to another, and so on until the entire box  
looks alive with fire.