

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 14

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

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, November 24, 1887.

Correspondence from Mexico.

Durango, Nov. 18, 1887.

EDITORS OF THE REPORTER.—A few evenings since I was engaged in writing to you, and unexpectedly "brought up" at the bottom of the fourth page, without having near finished what I had contemplated communicating. "Save me from my friends," you are probably ready to exclaim, but don't despair. This is probably the last missile, for some time at least, there being no communication with the interior, and may not be for some time. It is now more than five months since any person has returned from the Army under Gen. Scott.

The inhabitants along the coast are darker than the Indians of the North; they have straight glossy black hair. The class that compose the guerrilla parties, and do the stealing generally. They furnish the towns with vegetables, and a great variety of tropical fruit, also with charcoal, which is used for all culinary purposes. The business of the country is done with half starved looking pack mules. It is common for the females, to ride, like their lords and masters, astride of the saddle. With this class, as with all castes and classes elsewhere, there is a species of aristocracy, and it consists in dress, and ornaments. In the vegetable market, you will see women wearing gold combs worth from \$100 to \$200, with necklaces of equal value, and costly ear and finger rings. Human nature seems to be the same the world over.

The mean temperature since the 1st inst., has been about 80 degrees. The mercury never falling below 75, and that only for a few days in mid-winter, under the influence of the Northerly. And this too without the aid of the snow-crowned volcanic point Orizaba, which of old shone star-like through the darkness, lighting the mariner on his way and the pilgrim to his shrine.

I have intimated, if not said that the Aztec race was thriftless and apparently worthless. It may be well to enquire how came they so degraded, for God made man in his own image, and this race has sadly degenerated. The conquerors reduced them to the most abject state of slavery, tasking their physical powers to the utmost limits of human endurance. Thousands fell groaning under the cumulative weight of Spanish avarice and vengeance. After a vassalage of 300 years, the Mexican revolution set them free, since which time they have had one long uninterrupted holiday. Those who boast of having the pure Castilian blood coursing through their veins, are the men who have misgoverned this ill fated republic, since the days of the Viceroyalty, and if they boast of freedom, it is only in the name, the shadow without the substance. The country has been so fearfully convulsed from the centre to the circumference, that no improvements have been made, even those commenced under the Spanish government, have gone to decay. One instance must suffice. Under the Viceroyalty an aqueduct was commenced to bring water into this city from a river some 8 or 9 leagues distant. A duty of \$2.00 per sack, was levied on water to complete their work. The Mexican government continued this duty, and although five or six times enough was raised, not a dollar was expended on it, and the work is where it was left thirty or forty years ago. I had almost forgotten the improvement I have seen. Santa Anna has a Railroad on his "own hook," running from this place to his hacienda of Mlanga di Clavo, a distance of about three leagues. This is a query in my mind whether it was not thought best to invest the funds in a private Railroad to supplying the city with water. Santa Anna is the owner of enough land to impoverish any man in tax-burdened Pennsylvania.

The latest intelligence in regard to Gen. Santa Anna here, is that the Mexican Congress which was to assemble at Queretaro on the 5th inst., ordered him there with his army. He was however at Puebla on the 20th ult., at camp Belagua, three miles below the town. There are some 3000 soldiers for the interior, waiting transportation to move forward. The streets are daily full of teamsters breaking the roads for slaughter. A vessel has been due some days from Tampico with a load of mules, when they arrive, then the army will probably be put in motion.

It is the opinion of some well informed gentlemen here, that the Mexican rulers are prepared for the overtures of peace, which they rejected recently. God grant that it may be so, and that no further sacrifice of life may be necessary. It is a costly business to both governments. The United States can never be indemnified for the great loss of life incident to the war, to say nothing of the immense expense incurred, which when added up will produce an aggregate but few anticipate. To the Mexicans the picture is still worse, if hostilities must continue, her nationality is gone, inevitably gone, and she must become merged in the American Union, or throw herself into the arms of some European power. Either event is to be deplored—especially the latter, for the war would have, relatively speaking, but just commenced. If "to the victor belongs the spoils," and I confess the aphorism is less repugnant in military than civic affairs, the United States government is entitled to a very large slice, and England will probably claim the balance.

The British mail steamer arrived here the 15th, and the English courier left immediately for the Capital. He is described by a friend who saw him en route, as a singular looking specimen of John Bull. He was the courier of the Duke of Wellington, during the peninsular wars, and was sent over by the British government. In a clear morning snow can now be distinctly seen on the Perote mountains, near 8000 feet above sea level. While here, (except when a norther is blowing) the weather is then too warm to be very comfortable.

It would be a vain task for me to attempt a description of the gorgeousness, and magnificence of the Mexican churches. There are I believe 6 or 7 chapels, and one cathedral in this place. Two of the chapels were once convents, now used as Hospitals for the American soldiers when sick. One venerable and somewhat dilapidated looking chapel, I see was built in 1631. The Cathedral was erected in 1721. But my sheet is full.

Yours, S.

Work for November.

As this month is one in which, in the natural course of the season, the farmer has a right to expect severe frosts, if not snow: it should be the duty of each and all to so put forth their strength as to be able to husband every thing the product of the farm which is liable to be injured by exposure to the weather. To toil as agriculturists do through the year to make a crop, it would seem to be sinful in the extreme, after having through the kindness or Providence succeeded in our efforts, to let it by neglect become impaired in value. There is no class of society whose business requires a strict adherence to system more than that of the agriculturist; a few days delay in doing a thing will often operate as a bar to full success throughout an entire season, and hence the applicability of that aphorism, which is so cherished by systematic farmers—do everything at the right time—and we will add, do it well.

Accumulation of Manure.—As manure is the gold mine of agriculture, and as this is the season when the materials for forming it may be gathered to the best advantage, we shall commence our hints of the work to be done, by recommending that all should lay themselves out to collect and deposit in their cow yards every description of substance within their reach, which by decomposition is capable of being converted into manure, as leaves and mould from the woods, pine shavings, marsh mud, weeds of every kind, scrapings from the lanes and roads, chips from the wood cuttings, and all kindred bodies, as all these by being spread in basic-like form over the surface of the cow-yard, so as to prevent the escape of the liquid voidings, will not only become valuable manures by the process of decay, but act as absorbents and retainers of the nitrogenous or volatile portions of such substances into the food of plants. It would be better to have the compost heap under cover, as that would prevent the deterioration consequent upon exposure to the rains and snows, but as that is more than we have a right to expect in the present state of agricultural improvement, we will content ourselves with respectfully requesting that the materials we have named should be collected and deposited as we have pointed out, and that the yards thus provided, be occasionally sprinkled over with good plaster, to aid the other materials in the office of fixing and preventing the escape of the ammonia from the decaying bodies as it may be formed.

By attention to the duty we have here pointed out there is no farm which may not be made to furnish a full supply of manure for all the crops usually put in in the spring, as corn and roots generally, for of a truth it may be said that any substance which the soil is capable of being converted, by the means we have indicated, into good manure, and this will not be considered an exaggerated opinion when we state the fact, that each head of stock voids urine enough almost daily to nourish by its ammonia a bushel of grain, hence the imperative necessity which addresses itself to the mind of the economical farmer to avail himself of all practicable means to preserve it from loss by evaporation or by being washed away. We do not pretend to say that, by adopting our plan, the whole of the ammonia may be saved, but we do affirm that so much may be as will render the manure in the yard in the spring fifty per cent better than it would be if the old slovenly habit of managing the cow-yard, of permitting each succeeding rain to wash away its enriching salts, should be continued.

Corn Stalks.—As we are aware that the hay-crop throughout a very considerable extent of our country has been a short one, we are apprehensive that the provender of stock will be limited, and therefore, recommend that so soon as the corn stalks be safely gathered, that it be so, and the corn stalks be cut down and stacked secure from the weather and kept in reserve to feed the cattle with. We do not pretend to affirm that they will make as nutritive food as clover or timothy hay, but we feel prepared to advance the opinion, that it, if cut in inches and stacked, they will make a very good substitute for either, and will be found fully equal to straw in every quality calculated to sustain the animal system. They should be however gathered and protected as soon as possible, in order that their virtues may not be leached out of them by the winds and the rain.

Corn Husks and Corn Cobs.—As the economy of cattle feed comes commended to us, we will here take time by the forelock to say that all of these should be carefully preserved to be fed to the cows and oxen. The first we know are cared for with this view, but the latter too often find their way to the fire of negro-quarters. This is a practice which should be abandoned, as the corn-cob contains no inconsiderable quantity of nutritive matter, besides possessing very decided traces of phosphoric acid, a substance vastly important alike in the maintenance of integrity of action in the formation of animal bones. Corn-cobs before being fed should be crushed and steamed, and would be still more desirable as food, if a small portion of bran or meal of some kind were mixed with them. For milch cows the latter mode of feeding them is particularly desirable.

Roots of all kinds.—These should be taken up and put away with care before they receive injury from frost—if packed in the open air, not more than fifty or a hundred bushels at farthest should be put in a single heap; they should have sand put between each layer and at the top, and then covered with several, say 8 or 10 inches of earth, so formed as to carry off all rains at the surface drain

should be constructed to convey away the water as it may fall, and the preservation of the roots would be promoted by having a ventilator to carry off the air as it may be formed in the heating process to which all vegetable bodies are subject.

In calf Cows and Heifers.—As the frost has or soon will have despoiled your pastures of their verdure, and your woods no longer furnish a supply of nutriment to your cows and heifers in calf, be careful to provide additional food, as it is important they should enter into their winter quarters in good condition and vigorous health, these being essential pre-requisites to carry them well through the winter and spring, as well as to ensure them that vigor and energy of constitution necessary to enable them to meet those demands upon their strength which are made when they are about to become mothers. Such animals should invariably have good warm dry quarters to protect them from the elements at this season, as well as by night—without they are thus provided, a portion of all the feed you may give them will be expended in furnishing heat to their bodies.

Working oxen and other Stock.—These animals should be provided with quarters at night either in a stable or good warm sheds—it is important that they should be able to sleep both dry and warm, and be provided with plenty to eat, and good bedding.

The young should be kept in a separate yard from the old, and if there be any master beast among them he should be tied up to keep him from worrying the more docile animals, as well as to prevent him from appropriating to himself a larger portion of food than is rightfully his own. Indeed, it would be good policy to accustom all the young cattle to be tied up at night, as it tends to render them more tractable and easier handled when they may become necessary to milk or break them. When tied up, good beds of straw materially add to their comfort.

Sheep.—The Sheep should be provided with a good shed into which they can retire whenever they please; without being entirely closed, it should be sufficiently so to keep them from the injurious effects of rain and snow. In this racks and troughs should be provided to feed them. They should be weekly provided with fresh straw for bedding, and especial pains should be taken to keep the place clean. They should be regularly supplied with salt throughout the season, say three times a week; in a trough to be under cover there should be weekly supplies of fresh tar to be spread over with salt—to this they should be furnished with boughs of pine twice a month. Where wool is the object small quantities of bean meal should be allowed them in addition to their long root feed, as the beans contain more of the wool forming principle than any other vegetable food.

Silting of Stock.—We desire to impress this truth upon the minds of our readers—that, to preserve the health of stock, it is necessary they should receive salt at short intervals—say at least three times a week. A very excellent substitute for salt may be found in a mixture of equal quantities of salt, ashes and lime. (lime made from oyster shells preferable on account of the phosphate it contains.) The ashes should be sifted before being mixed with the other substances.

Chopping Feed.—As grain when chapt goes further than when fed whole, by at least 25 per cent, we recommend that all grain fed to horses and cattle should be thus prepared and mixed with cut straw or hay. This saving in the consumption of grain is worthy of being attended to, as it will enable the farmer to sell so much more than he otherwise could, thereby putting so much more money into his pocket. But independent of the saving, by chopping the grain you present it in a form to the stomach of the animal which is easier digested, and which, consequently, tends more to encourage the elaboration of flesh and fat.

Orchards.—Dig around each tree for some four or five feet from its body, to the depth of three inches, turn out the earth, mix with it a gallon of unslacked lime, and leave it in pie until the lime sticks; then thoroughly incorporate the earth and lime together, and return it to the place whence it was taken. If your trees have not already been so treated, give them a coat of the following mixture, first rubbing or scraping off the coarse bark, 1 gallon of soft soap, 1 lb. of sulphur and 1 pint of salt. Stir the whole together well and put it on the body of the tree with a brush, from the roots as far up as the branches.

Corn Husks.—Examine these, and if you find rat holes stop them up. Then thoroughly cleanse out your corn cribs, by sweeping and washing with strong lye; that done give them a good white washing inside and out, so that they may be thoroughly clean and dry, ready to receive your corn when gathered. Fresh slacked lime spread in a circle around the corn cribs an inch in depth it is said will keep off rats and mice. We do not vouch for its efficacy, but as an experiment is a cheap one it might be tried.

Poultry Houses.—These should be thoroughly cleansed and white-washed, walls, roosts, and nests. At this season there should be kept convenient to the hen house, both lime for fowls to pick at and ashes for them to dust in; and he who desires his fowls to lay through the winter must feed them well, alternating their feed between corn, oats and buckwheat, and give them, say once a week, small roasts of fresh meat chopped up very fine.

Fattening Hogs.—As soon as the mass and nuts of your woods cease to afford food for your hogs, pen them up—first providing their pens with materials to be converted into manure, as earth, mould, leaves and weeds. When you first pen your hogs give to each a spoonful of flour of sulphur in a measure of moistened meal or bran—repeat this every other day for a week, say three times. Then you may commence your regular feeding. It is best to cook whatever pumpkins you may have to feed, mix a little meal with each mess, which should be seasoned with salt. The hogs should be provided with a rubbing-post—having dry covered apartments to sleep in, receive daily portions of charcoal

and rotten wood, as these are necessary to keep the stomach in tone, as corn and meal are to make the hogs take on flesh and fat. A handful of well sifted hickory ashes given in mess feed occasionally will be found to be conducive to the health of the hogs.

Above all things let not the farmer forget that the hog is one of the best animals to manufacture manure, and that every cart load of mould which he may supply to his pen, that he will every seven days convert into good manure. The hog should, at least twice a week, have salt put in his trough, that being first cleaned out and dried. He should also receive fresh water twice a day.

Fall Plowing.—As all stiff clays are greatly improved by being subjected to the action of frost, if you have any fields of that description have them forthwith plowed, lapping the furrows at an angle of about 45 degrees, so as to expose to the action of the weather the greatest surface. But you must bear in mind that stiff clays should never be plowed when they may be said to be wet, but that you should select that period when they are neither wet nor dry.

Cow Sheds.—If you have not already provided your cattle with cow sheds, do so without delay—humanity to beasts, as well as interest to yourself, call for their erection.

Wagons, Carts, Gearing, Implements of Husbandry.—Have all these collected together, examine each carefully, repair those that need repairs, and have the whole put away safely under cover.

Substances for Manure.—Have fifty loads of earth hauled convenient to your dwelling, make it up into a cone-like form, hollow out the top so as to form a kind of basin. Into this basin have all your chamber lye, soap-suds, and dish water, poured from now until spring. Immediately after emptying, have half a gallon or gallon of plaster strewn thereon, and next spring these fifty loads of earth will have been converted into so many loads of the very richest manure you ever had on your place. Try the experiment, it will cost you nothing but the labor, and our life on it, you will practice it during the residue of your life. The heap to be mixed before being used.

We have thus sketched such hints as presented themselves to our mind, and enjoining it upon you to supply everything we may have omitted, we shall conclude by wishing you health and happiness.—*American Farmer.*

Bethany, and Plain of Jericho.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

We made an excursion from Jerusalem to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; going by way of Bethany and Jericho, and returning by the convent of St. Saba. There is at this day so much danger of falling among thieves in going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, that travellers join parties of them, and unite their guards into a corps of armed men. Our own party of four joined the ten with whom we had travelled in the Desert; and four strangers—European gentlemen—requested permission to ride with us. Thus we were eighteen: and the dragoon, cooks, horse-keepers, and mule-drivers, who took charge of our tents and baggage, and ten armed guards, swelled our number to that of a caravan which no robbers were likely to attack. Indeed we scarcely saw any body the whole way. The dangerous part of the road appeared deserted, and the plain of Jericho, once studded with towns, and filled with fertility, lay before us almost as lifeless as the basin of the Dead Sea.

We left Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate—my three friends, myself, and our servants and baggage, and met the rest of the travelling party at the bridge in the valley of Jehosaphat, at 9 A. M. We proceeded by the camel road to Bethany, which winds up the side of Olivet, and crosses its ridge to the east. As soon as we had passed the ridge, Bethany came in view, lying on the eastern slope of the mount Olivet, and, as we all know, "fifteen furlongs" distance from Jerusalem. It is now a village inhabited by about twenty families; a very poor place; but looking less squalid than might be expected, from its houses being built, as everywhere in that country, of stone—square, substantial, and large, compared with cottages in England. Its position on the side of the hill is very fine, seen from below.

Before descending the hill, however, we alighted from our horses to visit an old tomb which is called the tomb of Lazarus. No enlightened traveller believes this to be really the place where Lazarus was buried: but to see any ancient tomb on that spot was an opportunity not to be missed; and we gladly went down the dark rock-hewn steps to the little chamber where some corpse had been laid. I have often wished that the old painters had enjoyed such opportunities; and then we should have had representations of Lazarus coming forth from chambers in the rock, and not rising from such a grave as is dug in European church-yards. The limestone rocks of Judea are full of holes and caverns; and we know from the Scriptures how abundantly these were used by the old inhabitants as dwellings for themselves and their cattle, as shelter to the wayfarer, a refuge to the fugitive, a hiding-place for robbers, and a place of deposit for the dead. Where a cavern was found with holes or recesses in its sides, a little labor would make it an extensive place for burial. By squaring the entrance, a handsome vestibule was obtained: and then the recesses were hewn into form for the reception of bodies. Sometimes these recesses had pits, sometimes niches in their walls, so that each recess would contain several bodies: and sometimes they were small, so as to contain only one each. Sometimes the vestibule opened out into passages, which had recesses on each hand; so that a large company of the dead might lie hidden in the heart of the mountain. The whole was secured from wild beasts and other intrusions by a stone door fitted to the entrance, or a large block rolled up against it. Those who have seen these Eastern tombs can never again be puzzled, as I was in my

childhood, when reading of "the chambers of the grave," and of the dead calling to one another in the house of death, and of the stone being rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. Many a child wonders, as I did, how the way was made clear for Lazarus to come forth merely by the removal of a stone: but, once having stood looking in at the door of a sepulchre, how vivid becomes the picture of Jesus standing there, and calling to Lazarus with "a loud voice," to come forth! How one hears that voice echoing through the chambers of the tomb, and sees the dead man in his garments appearing from the steps of the vault, or the shadow of the recess.

In the tomb which we explored at Bethany, the vault went down a considerable way into the rock. One flight of deep, narrow steps led us into a small vaulted chamber; and two or three more steps, narrow and still, into the lowest tomb, which had little more than room for one body. The monks when taken as guides, show in the village what they call houses of Martha and Mary, and that of Simon the Leper: but we did not inquire for these, having no wish to mix up anything fabulous with our observations of a place so interesting as Bethany.

We looked back upon the village again and again as we descended into the valley; and it was painful to lose sight of the place where Jesus was wont to go to solace himself with the friendship of Lazarus and his sisters, and rest from the conflicts which beset him in the great city over yonder ridge. But we were now on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, and about to pass among the fastnesses of the thieves who seem to have infested this region in all times. After riding along the valley, sometimes on the hill and sometimes on the other, for three or four miles, we left behind us the scanty village spread along the bottom of the valley, and began to ascend to the hollow way which is considered the most dangerous spot of all. Here Sir Frederick Henniker was stripped and left dead by robbers in 1820. His servants fled and hid themselves on the first alarm. When they returned, he was lying naked and bleeding in the sultry road. They put him on a horse, and carried him to Jericho, where he found succor. Perhaps he was thinking of the parable of the Samaritan when the accident befell him. "I was thinking of it almost every step of the way."

Another story was presently after full in my mind;—a beautiful catholic legend which was told me by a German friend in America, when I little dreamed of ever travelling over this spot. Our road now gradually ascended the high ridge from which we were soon to overlook the plain of Jericho. The track was so stony and difficult as to make our progress very slow; and the white rocks under the mid-day sun gave out such heat and glare as made me enter more thoroughly into the story of Peter and the cherries than my readers can perhaps do. And yet the many to whom I have told the legend in conversation have all felt its beauty. It is this:

Jesus and two or three of his disciples went down, one summer day, from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter—the ardent and eager Peter—was, as usual, by the Teacher's side. On the road on Olivet lay a horse-shoe, which the Teacher desired Peter to pick up; but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth the trouble of stooping for. The Teacher stooped for it, and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries he carried (as eastern men now carry such things), in the bosom-folds of his dress. When they had to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks, and over rugged stones, and among glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Teacher dropped a ripe cherry at every few steps; and Peter eagerly stooped for them. When they were all done, Jesus turned to him, and said with a smile, "He who is above stooping to a small thing, will have to bend his back to many larger things."

From the ridge we had a splendid view of the plain of the Jordan—apparently as flat as a table to the very foot of the Moab Mountains, while the Dead Sea lay, a blue and motionless expanse, to the right (the south)—and barren mountains enclose the whole. The newer mountains were rocky, brown, and desolate, with here and there the remains of an aqueduct, or other ancient buildings marking the sites of settlements which have passed away. The distant mountains were clothed in the soft and lovely hues which can be seen only through a southern atmosphere. The plain was once as delicious a region as ever men lived in. Josephus calls it a "divine region;" and tells of its miles of gardens and palm-groves; and here grew the balsam which was worth more than its weight in silver, and was a treasure for which the kings of the East made war. Jericho is called in the Scriptures the City of Palm-trees; and Jericho was but one of a hundred towns which peopled the plain. Now, all near was barren; and equally bare was the distant tract at the foot of the mountains; but in the midst was a strip of verdure, broad, sinuous, and thickly wooded: where we know that the Jordan flowed. The palms are gone; and the Sycamores, and the honey (which the wild bees made in the hollows of their stems. The balsam which Queen Cleopatra so coveted as to send messengers from Egypt for plants to grow at Heliopolis has disappeared from the face of the earth; and, instead of these, and the fruits and sugar canes which were renowned in far countries, we find now little but tall reeds, thorny acacias, and trees barren of blossom or fruit. The verdant strip, however, looks beautiful from afar, and shows that the fertility of the plain has not yet departed. There is enough for the support and luxury of man, were man but there to wish for and enjoy them.

We descend, by a road like an irregular staircase, the steepest hill I ever rode down. The gentlemen dismounted; but the heat was so excessive that I ventured to keep my seat. When I glanced up from the bottom, and saw the last of the party beginning the descent, it looked so fearful that I was glad to turn away. We were now at the foot of the mountain, called Quarantania, supposed by

the monks to be the scene of the Temptation. A few pilgrims come from afar, every year, to spend forty days on this mountain, barely supporting life during the time by the herbs they find there. I need hardly say that there can be no good reason for fixing up this mountain as the place, and that the choice of it is probably owing to its commanding the plain of the Jordan and its cities—once no unfair specimens of the "Kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them." The caverns in the face of this mountain, once used as dwellings or tombs, are now the abodes of robbers. When some of our party showed a desire to reach the lower ones, the Arab Sheikh who was responsible for the safety of our party drew his sword across his throat, to show the danger, and barred the way.

It may be remembered, that the men of Jericho complained to Elisha the prophet that the water of their spring was not good, either to drink, or to water their land for tillage, (2 Kings: ii 19), and that though their city was pleasant, they could not enjoy it for this reason: and that Elisha purified the spring, "so that the waters were healed unto this day." Beside this spring, now called Ain Sultan, we encamped in the afternoon, and found its water truly delicious. Nothing could be prettier than this encampment, in a spot so forest like as to contrast strongly with all we had seen for many weeks past. Our tent was close upon the brink of a clear rushing brook: but the heat was so excessive that we could not endure the tent, and had our dinner table placed under a tree, whose roots were washed by the stream. Broad lights glanced upon the rippling waters, and deep green shadows lay upon its pools. Our horses were feeding in the thicket beyond; and the Arabs sat in groups near the tents. Other parties of our company were dining or lying on the brink of the stream. Every encampment of travellers in these places is beautiful; but I never but once saw one so beautiful as this. After a walk to the remains of an aqueduct, and other traces (mere traces) of former habitation in the days when Jericho was a great city, I went, with one companion, to see the spring, which was but a short way from our tent. The water bubbled up from under some bushes, and spread itself clear and shallow, among some squared stones which seemed to show that the source had once been enclosed. By this time it was dusk: the evening star hung above the nearest hill. All was silent about us, except the rustle and dip of the boughs which hung above the water. My companion and I found the temptation to bathe quite irresistible. Under the shadow of a large over-hanging tree there was a pool deep enough for the purpose, and there we bathed, rejoicing with the people of Jericho to the sweetness of the water.

The Eastern traveller feels a strong inclination to bathe in every sacred sea, river, and spring. How great the interest is, and how like that of a new baptism, those at home may not be able to imagine; and such may despise the superstition which leads hundreds of pilgrims every year to rush into the Jordan. But among all the travellers who visit the Jordan, there is one, however far removed from superstition, who is willing to turn away without having bowed his head in its sacred water. There was no moon to-night; but the stars were glorious, when I came out of our tent to take one more look before retiring to rest. Here and there the watch fires cast yellow gleams on the tree and waters: but there were reaches of the brook, still and cool, where the stars glittered like fragments of moonlight. The day stands in my journal as one of the most delicious of our travels.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—The tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength, as never to be violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by the refining of vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction, is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth—the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the grave where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is our friend. Let the world forsake us, she is still by our side. If we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger; nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.

BOOKING.—Mother wants to know if you won't please to lend her your preserver kettle—because as how she wants to preserve it? We would with pleasure, boy, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since. "Well, you needn't be so sorry about your old kettle." Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't trouble you again, only we see'd you bringing home a new one.

TOO PARTICULAR.—An Irishman once dreamt that he visited the Lord Mayor of London who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he wouldn't take a little sum 'thin.

He replied that he "wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch."

"Hot or cold?" inquired his lordship.

His guest preferred it warm, but while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber. "Och!" cried he, comprehending what a fool he was to wait for hot punch during the precarious tenure of a dream, "how I wish I'd said cold."

ATHEISM.—Nothing says, Bishop Sillingfleet enlarges the gulf of Atheism more than the wide passage which lies between the faith and living of men pretending to be Christians. If the principles be true, why are they not practiced? If they are not true, why are they practiced?

The heart of man is nobler than his head. The first-born is sensitive, but blind—his younger brother has a cold, but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling.

Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles becoming at last their most serious concern.