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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, June 28, 1858.

THE VOICE OF THE POOR.

Was sorrow ever like to our sorrow?
Oh! God above!
Will our night never change into a morn-
Of joy and love?
A deadly gloom is on us waking, sleeping;
Like the darkness at noontide
That fell upon the palled mother, weeping
By the Crucified.
Before us die our brothers of starvation;
Around are cries of famine and despair!
Where is hope for us, or comfort or salvation—
Where—oh! where?
If the angels ever hearken, downward bending,
They are weeping, we are sure,
At the litanies of human groans ascending
From the crushed hearts of the poor.
When the human rests in love upon the human
All grief is light;
But who bends one kind glance to illumine
Our life-long night?
The air around is ringing with their laughter—
God has only made the rich to smile;
But we—in our rags, and want, and woe—we follow
Weeping the while.
And the laughter seems but to deride us.
When, oh! when
Will fall the frozen barriers that divide us
From other men?
Will ignorance forever thus enslave us?
Will misery forever lay us low?
All are eager with their insults; but to save us?
None, none, we know.
We never knew a childhood's mirth and gladness,
Nor the proud heart of youth free and brave;
Oh, a death-like dream of wretchedness and sadness,
If life's weary journey to the grave.
Day by day we lower sink and lower,
Till the God-like soul within
Falls crushed beneath the fearful demon power
Of poverty and sin.
So toil we on, with fever burning
In heart and brain;
So toil we on, on through bitter scolding,
Want, woe, and pain.
We dare not raise our eyes to the blue Heaven,
Or the toil must cease—
We dare not breathe the fresh air God has given
One hour in peace.
We must toil though the light of life is burning,
Oh, how dim!
We must toil on our sick bed feebly turning
Our eyes to Him
Who alone can heal the pale lip faintly saying,
With scarce moved breath,
While the pale hands uplifted aid the praying,
"Lord, grant us Death!"

The Ascent of Popocatepetl.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 20th, 1848.

On the 31st of the present month a party of about twenty-five officers of different corps, accompanied by several citizens, both foreign and American, with an escort of about seventy men of dragoons, mounted riflemen and infantry, making the whole strength of the party over one hundred persons, left this city to attempt the ascent of Popocatepetl—Lieut. Stone, of the Ordnance, was the projector of the expedition, and all the preparatory arrangements were made by him. We took with us two wagons and cart, for the transportation of our provisions and baggage. The object of the expedition was solely the gratification of our curiosity, and had consequently but little reference to scientific observation. It was much desired by Lieut. Stone and Mr. Bagally, an English gentleman at present connected with one of the colleges of the city of Mexico, to take a barometer, and every effort was made to procure a suitable one, but without success. Two or three of the party carried thermometers.
The first day we marched as far as Ayotla, on the main road to Puebla; but as the only practicable ascent is by the southern side of the mountain, we quit this road on the next day, about four miles beyond Ayotla, and followed one which runs along the southern base. We halted a short time at noon at Miraflores, at which place there is an excellent and flourishing cotton factory.
The Director of the factory, Mr. Robinson, received us with the most cordial hospitality; he gave us letters to the Alcaldes of the towns through which we would pass, and in various ways rendered us friendly assistance. We left his house indebted to him for his kindness and refreshed by abundant good cheer, and passed the night at Tlamin-flores, a small town about two miles beyond Miraflores. Early the next morning a courier came in from the Alcaldes, another village about six miles further on, bearing a note from him, stating that he had heard of our approach, and assuring us that we would be received with great consideration, and that the whole town was at our disposal. We arrived at this place at an early hour, and after some consideration, it was deemed advisable to leave our wagons, and proceed on our journey with pack mules. To procure these, however, would require two or three hours, and we took advantage of the interval to visit a church situated upon a pretty hill close by, and built over a small cave in which Christ is said to have appeared to some holy man or other. There is an annual weekly festival held in the town about the time of the year that the Saviour is said to have made his appearance.
I was told that during the festival, people came from long distances to worship at this most holy place, and that multitudes of sick have miraculously cures wrought upon them. In plain English, that some devout fanatics come to pray and pay, a great many seek to imagine that the marvellous efficacy of holy beads, trinkets and ribbons have effected wonderful cures, a multitude of dissipated young ones to obtain licenses, and the whole to be gulled out of about five thousand dollars at each recurrence of the festival.
The Alcaldes told us that the priests said the hill was artificial, and had been built by the Indians to resist Cortez, and that a great and bloody battle had been fought upon it. The priests said that the

When we went up to the church, some one mentioned this opinion of the Alcaldes in the hearing of a priest; whereupon the latter politely asserted that the Alcaldes had lied. Not long after descending from the hill the mules arrived, and having completed our arrangements for commencing the ascent next day, we rode on to the village of Asumba. Soon after dark a violent storm arose, and it rained and hailed until near midnight.
The next morning the mountain was white with snow two or three thousand feet lower down than it had been the day before, and even low hills about its base and around the valley, upon which we had never before seen snow, were now clad in white. This was discouraging; but, nothing daunted, we procured as guides a man named Francisco Pais and his brother, who acted in the same capacity to a party in 1838, and determined to ascend to the Vacaria, a herdsman's hut, situated on the south side of the mountain, near the limit of vegetation, and next day to attempt the final ascent. The Vacaria is nothing more than a small rude hut, not permanently inhabited, but apparently only occasionally used by the herdsmen when they pay visits to these regions, to look for their cattle. We found the path leading to the place sufficiently good, except that frequently the acclivity was so abrupt as to compel us to dismount and lead our horses.—We arrived at the hut at an early hour in the afternoon, and flattered ourselves that round our camp fires of blazing pine knots we would pass a tolerably comfortable night. But in the evening a dark cloud gathered over the valley of Mexico, now far below us, and distant thunder announced the approach of a storm.
We watched the heavy masses of vapor pillar themselves about the base of the mountain, and rolling up its steep sides, until they broke upon us with driving sleet and snow, and sent us shivering with cold to our tents. Our guides comforted us at first with assurances that the storm would not last long; but all night the fierce wind, rumbling with dismal sounds along the ravines and whistling through the torn branches of the pines around us, continued to drive the snow upon us. Our fires were nearly extinguished, and to complete the gloominess of our situation, we were enveloped in utter darkness, save when the lightning cast its glare about us and threatened us by its close proximity. At one time we were startled by an explosion like the sharp report of a long eighteen, and next morning we found a pine, within thirty paces of the place where we had been lying, shattered by the bolt. It had been our intention to rise in the morning at about one o'clock, and commence the ascent about two; but at that hour there was no abatement in the storm. At daylight it ceased snowing, but the wind continued, and whirled the dense clouds about us, so that we could distinguish no landmarks, and our guides said that it would be pure folly to attempt moving. Our impatience would listen to no reason, and at length, yielding to our importunities and to the possibility of the weather's growing better after sunrise, they consented to lead us on. It is worth remarking, that in no previous attempt had the ascent been successfully made when the snow lay upon the mountain more than a thousand feet from its summit on this side; and now it had fallen lower even than our position and covered quite six times that height. Leaving our escort and attendants, except a few who wished to accompany us, we quitted our camp at six o'clock, and a brisk walk of an hour brought us to the limit of vegetation.
The weather had not grown more favorable, and our guides declined going any further. Seeing that the poor fellows had nothing on their feet but sandals, and that their backs were about as poorly protected, we could not insist on their accompanying us, but were satisfied with a description of the route that we ought to pursue; and, leaving all obstacles, we ascended into the clouds of snow above us.—We were constantly led on by the hope that the sun would presently find its way to us, and that we then might accomplish our object. After toiling through about two miles, and gaining an elevation of about fifteen hundred feet above the limit of vegetation, the cold became severely biting, and a fine sleet brating upon our faces annoyed us excessively. Some of our companions and attendants began to drop back and return; but others, more obstinate, pushed on. At about five hundred feet greater height this thermometer stood at 23° Fahrenheit, and the weather continued to be as bad as ever. The frozen mist formed icicles on our hair, beards and eyelashes, and the wind seemed to pierce us through and through. We had now, out of about thirty who had set out in the morning, only seven left. The wind had taken Lieut. Stone's hat from him, and sent it at railroad speed across the field of snow; and, continuing on bare-headed, he soon became completely chilled. Whilst we were stopping under the shelter of a cliff to rest ourselves, he stretched himself upon the snow, and fell asleep. Fearing that he was more nearly frozen than he was willing to admit, we insisted on his getting up, and returning immediately, and Captain Sibley, 2^d Dragoons, returned with him.—This left but five of us—four officers and a soldier.
It may appear extravagant to speak of feeling the cold so severely, but it must be remembered that the transition from tropical heat to regions of eternal snow, and cold twelve degrees below freezing point, was sudden, and that many had not made sufficient preparations to encounter it. The remaining five ascended about five hundred feet higher, and then, completely baffled by projecting cliffs and unable still to discern any landmarks, we reluctantly gave up and turned to retrace our steps. The landmark which had served others as a guide was a very prominent conical rock, shooting up from the mountain side seventy or eighty feet high, and is situated about one thousand feet below the crater; it is called the Pico del Frayle. Those who have previously made the ascent, describe, by the assistance of this rock, the only practicable route so accurately, that no one could fail in following their

we could not be very far from Frayle; some thought that we had got above it even; but we could not be positive as to our position at that time. When we had descended about half way to the pines, the sun suddenly came out; and, on looking back, we felt increased disappointment at discovering that we had been near the base of this peak, and we instantly resolved to urge a second attempt next day. The sun was now shining brightly above, but below us rolled a tumultuous sea of clouds, sometimes completely engulfing the lower world, and leaving us, like wrecked mariners upon a desolate island—sometimes disclosing fleeting views of landscapes lighted by a momentary ray. We remained catching the succession of beautiful contrasts presented to us by this strange sight, until the recollection of the long and tiresome walk to camp forced us away. On arriving at the camp, we found that some of the party had already given up all hope of success, and gone down to the village of Asumba, and by far the larger part of those remaining were for abandoning the undertaking.
A few, however, were willing to make a second attempt next day, encouraged by the prospect of better weather. Of those who declined joining the mountain party, the majority decided upon a visit to Cuernavaca, and a beautiful cave about a day's ride from that city, while three or four were for an immediate return to the city of Mexico. We continued chatting round our fire until a little after sunset, when, sufficiently tired down, we turned into our tents. Before much time had elapsed, some faint complaints began to be made about inflamed eyes. To complaints succeeded groans, and finally, towards midnight, all who had been upon the mountain were fairly screaming with torture. I was not amongst those who suffered most severely; and yet I never felt such tormenting pain in all my life before. The pulling of half a dozen teeth at one time would have been nothing to what we endured. No one slept a moment. Most were unable to sit or lie still at all, and were walking about nearly all night. I will venture to assert, that in no hospital in Mexico was there that night as much keen suffering as there was in our camp. The next morning our guides prepared a wash for us, which allayed the pain considerably, and even enabled a few of those who were the least injured to open their eyes slightly, and to see a few paces before them. Of course our condition utterly forbid anything like the renewing of our attempt, and we descended to the town of Amekila, nearly all being still so blind as to require being led every step of the way.
On our arrival at the town, we were kindly treated by the Alcaldes, who gave us a solution of acetate of lead, which soon reduced the inflammation.—The next morning our party split. More than half, with Capt. Sibley, of the dragoons, and Capt. Porter of the riflemen, went off with the mounted portion of the escort towards Cuernavaca; some six or eight others returned to Mexico; and seven officers and Mr. Bagally remained at Amekila, determined on seeing the crater at Popocatepetl. The officers who composed this last party were Capt. Bonford, 8th infantry; Capt. Fowler, 5th infantry; Lieut. Newton, rifles; Lieut. Stone, Ordnance; Lieutenants Kirkham and Buckner, 6th infantry, and myself.
We remained until the morning of the 10th, in Amekila, and being almost entirely recovered, we set out once again for the mountain.
Profiting by our experience, we went this time prepared with green veils and spectacles, warm gloves and thick socks. Since the day of our failure we had had fine sunny weather, and a great deal of the snow that had fallen then had melted away. In reascending to the Vacaria, Lieut. Newton followed a wrong path, and we saw nothing more of him until we got back again to the valley. We left the escort at the Vacaria, and proceeded, with our attendants and a few soldiers who wished to accompany us, to within a quarter of a mile of the limit of vegetation, where we pitched our tents. The night was far different from the first, being as clear and calm as could be desired. We rose at half-past one o'clock, and were on our way at half-past two. In order to save our strength as much as we could for the tug above the Pico del Frayle, we determined to ride our horses as far as possible, and then send them back to camp. The volcanic sand which lies between the limit of vegetation, and the region of eternal snow, and which, from its depth, is usually more lazing to travel over than the snow itself, was now fortunately frozen so hard that our horses carried us with great ease nearly two miles beyond the pines.
It would have been quite practicable to ride still further, but we did not care to jade our horses by forcing them up the ascent, which was now becoming very steep; and, moreover, our benumbed fingers and toes suggested that it would be more pleasant to climb than to ride. It was not yet daylight, but we could see sufficiently distinct to avoid our former errors, and to gain the ridge which would lead us to the Pico del Frayle.
Clambering up the steep slope was exceedingly toilsome, and we began also to feel the effect of the rarefaction of the air. We could not walk more than thirty steps without stopping to recover breath. The sun rose beautifully clear when we were at an elevation of nearly sixteen thousand feet, and we enjoyed at that moment another singular striking sight.
The huge shadow of the mountain was thrown across the valleys as its feet, over the range of mountains to the west of the valley of Mexico, far across the distant valley of Toluca, and finally vanished in a dimly blue point several degrees above the horizon. In the purple light which was spread over the country covered by the shadow, only the hills and valleys and prominent features of the landscape could be faintly distinguished, whilst on either side every thing was glittering in the bright morning sunshine. Far away to the west we could see the white cap of the snow mountain of Toluca, and towards the south our view extended over a vast succession of hills and valleys, gradually grow-

to vanish in a boundless sea. We had at this time no view towards the east, nor could we see any portion of the valley of Mexico, except the extreme southern part.
At this elevation the snow lay a few inches deep. We were about one mile in distance, and about seven hundred feet perpendicularly below the Pico del Frayle. At half-past eight o'clock we reached that point. From it we could see the extreme peak about a thousand feet above us. Leaving the Frayle, we followed for about two hundred yards the ridge on which it is situated; then, quitting this ridge, we descended to the small valley, or rather ravine, which separates the ridge of the Pico from the next ridge towards the east, and followed this ravine to its head. This brought us to the final ascent. The snow was now much above our knees, and this, with the extreme rarefaction of the air, caused our progress to be very slow. It was not possible to walk more than twenty steps without stopping to recover breath. We felt no difficulty or pain whatever in breathing, but not exerting ourselves.
On reaching the final slope of which I have just spoken, we directed our steps towards a black rock situated near the edge of the crater, about the middle of its south side. At about ten minutes past ten o'clock, Lieut. Stone was standing on the edge of the crater, exulting with huzzas at his complete success; and before the rest of us had arrived he had already fastened the stars and stripes to his staff, and planted them upon the very loftiest peak of the mountain—the highest point of our continent. Mr. Bagally arrived soon after, and placed close by the cross of St. George.
Now for a peep at the crater. It appears to be perfectly cylindrical in form, and nearly half a mile in diameter. The plane of its mouth inclines from the south to the north, making the northern side about sixty feet lower than the southern. Its depth is from six to eight hundred feet, and its sides are as perpendicular as the walls of a house. In its bottom on the north side are fifteen or twenty chimneys, apparently about five feet high, and a foot in diameter at their mouths. From these there is constantly emitted a dense yellowish smoke. The chimneys appear to be pure sulphur, and all that portion of the crater is covered with a crust of the same.
From a great many crevices and fissures in the sides of the crater smoke and gaseous vapor are ascending. From some they pour in continuous streams; from others they come in regular and sudden puffs, as though caused by water dripping on burning matter. The smoke which comes from the chimneys is generally so dissipated before it reaches the mouth of the crater that it is not distinctly perceived there; but I have on some occasions seen it from the valley of Puebla ascending quite densely. There is an abnormally sulfurous stench of gasses about the crater. The odor of sulphuretted hydrogen is the most distinct and unpleasant. From many different circumstances, we all agreed in rejecting, as perfectly absurd, the idea of any body's ever having descended by any means whatever to the bottom of this crater. The only foundation for such a story is Cortez's statement that he procured sulphur from a mountain that burned with fire and smoke. But as a mountain may mean any mountain, we are quite sure that Popocatepetl was not the mountain.
We had splendid views towards the east and north, but clouds had begun to accumulate around the mountain, and were hanging over the other quarters. We saw Orizaba very plainly, and had it not been for heavy clouds lying about its summit, we believe we might have seen the Gulf.—Our view of Mexico was intercepted by clouds, but we could see Puebla as if at our very feet.—The unpleasant effects of the gases did not permit us to remain long on the edge of the crater, and a few minutes after eleven o'clock we commenced our descent, and at half past two were again at our camp, having been just twelve hours in accomplishing the ascent and descent. The thermometer stood at 26 Fahrenheit on the highest peak—that is warmer by several degrees than it had been two thousand feet lower down on the day that we failed.
Others who have ascended to the crater were either less fortunate in their route than we, or else they magnified the difficulties of the ascent vastly; but we followed their descriptions exactly, and therefore, could not have gone far out of their way. They speak of having to pull themselves over crags and precipices with ropes. We met with no such obstacles. My careless servant had lost my staff, and I went up without any assistance from anything or person. They did not encounter snow until after passing Frayle; we fell upon it nearly a thousand feet below, therefore we had more to contend with. They also give nearly double what we give as the dimensions of the crater. They call it nearly a mile wide, and twelve or fifteen hundred feet deep. We place both these dimensions at about one-half, and think it grand enough, without needing exaggeration. There are no traces or signs of the crater having undergone any material change for centuries. The elevation of the crater above the valley of Mexico is about ten thousand feet. This is about equally divided by the parts above and below the limit of vegetation. Without being at all stunted in their character and appearance, the pines suddenly cease at about twelve thousand feet; very good and luxuriant grass grows also to this point. Beyond vegetation, and to about the line of eternal snow, is a belt of deep volcanic sand, and above the sand hard compact lava extends to the crater. The elevation of the crater above the level of the sea is, according to various measurements which have been made and which agree very closely, about 17,840 feet.
The precautions that we had taken this time saved us from feeling any ill consequences, and we came down unscathed and delighted.
Although you are a young man deem it no disgrace to be called or thought modest. Modesty is a jewel—a gem—a diamond of the first water. Pity

(From the Dublin United Irishman.)
SONG OF THE PIKE—BY AN IRISH REBEL.
Great faith I have in Moral Force,
Great trust in Thought and Pen;
I know the value of Discourse,
To sway the Minds of men;
By why should words our frenzy whet,
Unless we are to write?
Our Despot lords, who fear not to fight,
But reverence the Pike!
Besides, the dialogue is slow—
It hangs, and always hangs;
Where one man argues with a Blow,
The other with his Tongue.
The man who talks to me with Swords,
Guns, Bayonets, and the like,
Should not complain if, shunning Words,
I answer with the Pike.
A bard, when asked what earthly sound
All music else surpasses,
Replied, with sophistry profound,
"The tinkling of the glasses!"
But on my ear another noise
More rapturously strikes;
And may we hear it soon, my boys!
The crashing of the Pikes.
Oh! do be wise! Leave Moral force,
The strength of Thought and Pen,
And all the value of Discourse,
To lily-livered men;
But, if you covet not to die
Of Hunger in a ditch—
If Life a Prize, or Liberty—
A PIKE! A PIKE! A PIKE!
THE BOAT OF LIFE.
Let's take this world as some wild scene,
Through which in frail but buoyant boat,
With skis now rude and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oh, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time piles swift his flying oar,
And on we speed—away, away.
Should chilling winds and rain come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower—
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a summer hour;
And if that summer hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.
Thus reach we both, at last, that fall
Down which life's current all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below;
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly in each other's arms
Together linked, go down the steep.
OYE GOOD OF WAR.—It is a settled maxim in Constantinople that war and the plague never visit that city at the same time: and this is founded upon an experience of five centuries, which has never once contradicted the law. The good Mussulmans tell you that this arises from the special regard of Allah and his prophet for the faithful worshippers; and that in recompense for their profession of Islam, the Turks will never be exposed to two scourges at once. Another, if not a better reason, may be found in physical or physiological science: and it is a reason not confined to the limits of the sacred city.—"Pestilence," says a profound writer, "is one of the natural and appointed agents for preventing excess of population, and for removing that portion of community which have fallen off from the living stock of organized society, and are only encumbrances of the soil, and nuisances of creation. It is a destroying and purifying influence, generated out of evil which it is its mission to remove; and never finding an origin or a support, but in those circumstances which require its action. War, in its physical operation, is an appointment for the same purpose; and, as there is no necessity for both at the same time, they seldom appear together. The pestilence which have risen, from period to period, and moved over the face of the world, have almost invariably appeared in seasons of prosperity and peace. During times of general collision among the European powers, those visitations have been withheld. If these facts be so, may we not hope that the Mexican war will prove an antidote to the cholera, and thus save the country from the terrors of a domestic enemy, more frightful than all the hosts of the south."
A DROLL DEFINITION OF A YANKEE.—As the Yankees are creating no little excitement in the commercial, political and military world, I hope my definition of a real genuine male Yankee may not be considered an omission.—A real genuine nation, guided by de'monstrations, and supported by education. He has veneration corrected by toleration, with a love of self-approbation and emulation and when reduced to a state of aggravation can assume the most profound dissimulation for the purpose of relation affairs combined, if possible, with speculation. A real live Yankee, just caught will be found deficient in the following qualities: He is self-deceiving, self-lying, always trying, and into every thing prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety and the interpermed society. He is a dragging, sagging, bragging, striving, thriving, swagging, jostling, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, poetical, philosophical sort of a character, whose manifest destiny is spread civilization to the remotest corners of the earth, with an eye always on the look out for the main chance.
PAYING LIKE A SINNER.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern keepers to charge the ministers for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presuming stopped at a tavern one evening, and made himself comfortable during the night; in the morning entered the stage without offering to pay for his accommodations. The landlord came running up to the stage and said, "there is one in there who has not settled his bill"—the passengers all said they had except the preacher, who said he understood that he never charged ministers any thing. "What you a minister of the gospel, a man of God," cried the inn-keeper, "you came to my house last night you sat down at the table without asking a blessing. I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without paying to your Maker, (for I staid there until you awoke,) as you rose and washed without saying grace, and as you came to my house

Miscellaneous.
PAY FOR MERRIT.—The rich man who employs a mechanic does not always know how much inconvenience, loss of time and expense he exposes him to, by neglecting to pay an undivided bill, on presentation. Without going too deep into the subject, let us propose a very simple example, of constant occurrence. A mechanic undertakes a job for which his honest charge is fifty dollars. It is done to satisfaction of his employer. He expects his pay on the presentation of his bill. Why should he not receive it? He has no bank credit he pays cash for his labor. He has been employed for a week on that job, with two or three journeymen, besides furnishing the raw materials, paying shop rent and other expensive contingencies. Why should he be asked to wait six months or a year for his money? He must pay his hands on Saturday, provide for his family during the week, pay for his work, and lay up something against next day. Is it reasonable—is it just, that his ready employer should ask him to wait for his pay until his convenient time? Is it just, that a man of supposed worth should do this, and leave the honest hard working mechanic to the mercies of small creditors, the importunities of journey men and the rapacity of usurious extortioners?—certainly not.
NEWSPAPER.—A newspaper in a family is worth ten dollars a year. Even the most barren paper brings something new. Children read the contents, gain intelligence of the important affairs of the world, and acquire useful knowledge, of more importance to them in life than a present of fifty acres of land. Parents are not aware of the vast importance of a newspaper in a family of children. We have made the remark before, and repeat it that take two families of children equally smart, and going to the same school—let one of them have free use of a newspaper, and it would excite astonishment to mark the difference between them. Full one-half of education, as it respects the business of the world, and the ability to rise and make one's self respectable in it, is derived from newspapers. What parent would not wish to see his children respectable?—Would he be willing to have his neighbor's children more intelligent than his own? Yet how trifling is the sum a newspaper costs.
IT IS EVEN IN HARD TIMES ABSOLUTELY CONTEMPTIBLE in amount, and no man ever felt it except in its beneficial consequence who paid the subscription regularly once a year.
THE HYDRAULIC RAM.—The object of the hydraulic ram is to raise water above its natural level, which is done by a simple hydrostatic principle. If a bar of iron be made to stand upright, it will press with its whole weight on the point on which it rests; but if a column of water be poured down a perpendicular tube, it exerts a force not only downwards but laterally, so that it would have a tendency, if the tube was closed at the bottom, to expand the bottom of the tube into a globular form, by pressing on each side equally. If the tube be very long it must be capable of resisting a great pressure at the lower end or it will burst. If now a small pipe be made to connect with this tube at the bottom, and a stop cock be placed at or near the point of junction, the pressure of the water will be very great at the place where the stop cock is. If the cock be suddenly opened so great is the pressure that a jet of water will rise in this pipe to a considerable distance above the top of the other pipe. If the cock be opened and shut successively, a continued stream is obtained from the smaller pipe. This is the simple principle of the Water Ram.—Scientific Am.
THE SPIRIT OF REFORM.—There is a spirit abroad mighty for good or evil, a spirit of active inquiry—of keen and searching investigation, which will be mocked by no palliatives, and put aside by no excuses. It is like the fire which, guided by intelligence, and controlled by a skillful hand, warms and cherishes and purifies all things; but left to its own unguided operations, or in careless hands, proceeds with overwhelming violence, and leaves behind it but wreck and desolation. His will be a glorious destiny, who boldly availing himself of this mighty agency, determines himself to do all that is right, and to do no more, shall control all direct to its legitimate objects, this awakened spirit, which if he be mad enough to seek to stem or impede, will sweep him along with its irresistible current.
MISCELLANEOUS RECIPE.—Every body has heard of the old woman's recipe for testing indigo: Sprinkle it in fine powder, on a pan of water; and if it is good it will either sink or swim, and I don't know which! This infallible test reminds us of the following cure for feminine melancholy, from "The Mountebank's Recipe-Book." "If any lady be sick of the Sullen's, she knows not where, let her take a handful of simples. I know not what, and use them, I know not how, applying them to the place grievous, I know not which, and she shall be cured, I know not when!"
THE CHOLERA.—In several districts of the Transcaucasian region, especially at Tiflis and its vicinity, it was remarked last summer, shortly before the appearance of the epidemic, that the bees displayed a prodigious activity. The gardeners and meadows were covered with them. They were met in large swarms, carrying, as a booty, a quantity of honey and wax; but the moment the malady declared itself they kept themselves concealed in their hives, which they had hermetically closed with wax. It would be interesting to ascertain if the same phenomenon was observed in the other parts of Russia where the cholera prevailed.
Opinions like raw onions, are swallowed by the mass of mankind. Wise ones chew them first, and