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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, July 26, 1848.

Communication.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

The declaration of the People of Pennsylvania in reference to the propriety of submission to the direction of the National Convention, as organized and concluded at Baltimore and Philadelphia A. D. 1848.

We the People in our reserved individual right, do hold this truth to be self-evident, that while we as a distinct party, either democratic or whig, are responsible to no sectional views or interests, we must yet defer to the opinions of the masses composing those parties.

If the Whig or Democratic parties are to retain their station and influence with the people making up the operative or working power of such party, not only must their expressed opinions and principles be justifiable, but before they can expect the people to congregate at the polls those opinions and principles, the party through their organization must take the trouble to expose and justify them.

We, therefore, the People, declare that to our government belongs the duty of advancing and elevating the moral, social, political and physical condition of man, and any organized associations, delegating trust or power to any individual which may serve to retard or hinder progress, should be abolished, shunned and contemned.

In declaring this we are forced to believe that the Baltimore Convention struck deep at the root of all progress, by the nomination of a man for President who has publicly pledged himself to sustain, (if elected) with the whole executive authority and power, the extension of slavery over Territory now free, which equals in extent the present boundaries of the independent States, and that too at a time when the whole world by common consent supported by historical facts and figures, have admitted that where slavery does exist, it exists as a blight and mildew, preventing all advancement and progress, thus requiring the people who compose the Democratic Party, to bear the reproach and obloquy of sustaining the evils of slavery, in its further extension, or the expense, time, and trouble of a separate organization.

The Philadelphia Convention has yet more surely deprived us of all hope of progress by the nomination of Gen. Taylor, who has repeatedly pledged himself to be guided by no principles or settled views of public policy, thus requiring the masses who compose the Whig Party to bear the burden and reproach of the opposition, that their organization is for or against any thing either good or evil in its tendency, thereby producing such a state of anarchy and confusion as to prevent all advancement and progress in any principle which has banded them together as a party for the last eight years, thus depriving them of all hope of the consummation of their wishes for the next four years, should Gen. Taylor be elected.

We, therefore, most solemnly pledge our time and our influence to the formation of a separate organization, by the assembling ourselves together for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the National Convention at Buffalo, and that we will honestly and faithfully adhere to, and sustain at the Fall in November next, such perfected organization, if it shall accord with this our declaration.

Pike, July 1848. E. C.

THE SLAVE MOTHER CROSSING THE OHIO.—We remember, says a writer in the True American, the story of a cruel master, who, without cause, had determined to sever a slave mother, and her only child. She had been faithful under the very worst usage, and she determined to remain so, until he told her, on the morrow, her child must be borne to New Orleans to be sold there in the slave mart. It was mid-winter. The earth was frosted with a hard crust yet at midnight she started for the Ohio, determined, if she could to live and die with her child.

She reached its banks as the pursuers rose the hill beyond—the boat was near—masses of broken ice were suggestively drifting along—what was she to do? Trusting to heaven, she put her feet on the treacherous element, and with a bending and breaking beneath her, (spectators on either side, expecting to see her and her child sink at every moment,) she boldly pushed on from creek to creek, until she landed on the Ohio shore. Five minutes sooner she must have perished—two minutes later and she would have met a watery grave, for before she had proceeded twenty steps the ice behind her, close on the Kentucky side had broken, and was scattered ere she reached the mid river. "Thank God you and your child are safe," exclaimed the hard-hearted master, as he saw her land, rejoiced that he had escaped the responsibility of their death. "Brave woman," said a Kentuckian who had witnessed her escape and met her at the landing, "you have won your freedom, and shall have it." The mother and the child were kept together, and they and love are now their lot in their humble but happy home. Was there no true heroism here, and is not the scene worthy the sweetest song of poetry, or the holiest praise of man?

NUTS: TREE.—The nutting tree flourishes in Niagara, near the Equator. It is raised from the sap in nurseries, where it remains until the fifth year, when it puts forth its blossoms and shows its sex. It is then set out permanently. The trees are planted thirty feet apart, in diamond order—a male tree in the centre. They begin to bear in the eighth year, increasing for many years, and they pay a large profit. There is no nutting season. Every part of the year shows buds, blossoms, and fruit, in every stage of growth to maturity. The ripe fruit is singularly brilliant. The shell is glossy black, and the nut it exposes when it bursts is of a bright green, making the tree one of the most beautiful of the vegetable world.

Advertising.

Somewhere in the good book, it is said that "there is a withholding that tends to poverty." We believe that this text may be applied to those persons in business, who to save a few dollars, neglect to advertise through the medium of the press. If, in former days, there were any misgivings upon this point, we think the success of the vendors of patent medicines, cheap publications, &c. &c. would remove every vestige of doubt. Day & Martin, the celebrated Blacking manufacturer, owed their success to advertising. Dr. Swain, recently deceased spent quite an income in advertising his Panacea, vermifuge, &c. but by it he gained a great fortune. There is in Boston, a large dealer in cloths and clothes, Simmons, of Oak Hall, who expends annually, thousands upon thousands for newspaper advertising, and the result is, his establishment is known from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic shores to the Rocky Mountains. Whoever goes to Boston, must obtain a suit of Simmons' best, and so to one, he won't leave the Hall, without taking two suits with him.

All persons advertise. Some by one means, and some by another. Signs are almost universal.—Everybody must have a sign before, or over his whereabouts for doing business. Some are painted in glaring capitals upon the building's walls, or upon a long wide board; some upon a shingle, even. Some adorn the front of their building with their peculiar goods, and wares and dainties. Now all this is well, and betrays good common sense and shrewdness. It's good as far as it goes. It steps too soon. In all these cases, however, the advertisement is flat and stationary as the building itself. The sign only points to the passer by, close observation, all the information it could give. It doesn't go abroad. It can't hunt up customers, and modestly, or with boldness, make them acquainted with that which is for the interest of both parties. Newspapers can do this. They do it every day, and every hour of the day. They do it not only in the front of your place of business, where stands your old sleepy sign, but they go into hotels, are the observed of all observers. They talk to travellers, on canals and steamboats—in cars and coaches. They perambulate the country. They go into private families, talk with the old folks, arouse the attention of the daughters, talk largely to the sons, and bewitch the children. They are ever active, ever talking, ever exciting, and teasing you to come and see.—Whilst the old sign is hid by the darkness of night, newspapers have no rest, no sleep. They are pointed to perpetual talk and toil. Religious and political newspapers and books are but so many notices, advertising principles, creeds and doctrines.

So great a business is newspaper advertising in our large cities, that men devote themselves exclusively to writing advertisements. There are establishments which employ a person for this business exclusively. They make money by it. It pays well. It is a proposition susceptible of the clearest demonstration, that the person, other things being equal, who brings his business most to the knowledge of the public, will be sure to succeed the best.—Dyrolman.

DEATH NOT A PAINFUL PROCESS.—We think that most persons have led to regard dying as a much more painful change than it generally is; first, because they have found by what they experience in others, that sentient beings often struggle when in distress. But we may remark, that struggles are very far from being invariable signs of distress; muscular actions and consciousness are two distinct things, often existing separately, and when we have abundant reason to believe that in a proportion of cases, those struggles of a dying man which are so distressing to behold are as entirely independent of consciousness as the struggles of a recently decapitated head. A second reason why men are led to regard dying as a very painful change, is because men often endure great pain without dying, and forgetting that like causes produce like effects only under similar circumstances, they infer that life cannot be destroyed without still greater pain. But the pains of death are much less than most persons have been led to believe, and we doubt not that many who live to the age of puberty, undergo ten fold more misery than they would, did they understand the correct views concerning the change.—In all cases of dying, the individuals suffer no pain after the sensibility of his nervous system is destroyed, which is often without much and sometimes without any previous pain. Those who are struck dead by a stroke of lightning, those who are decapitated with one blow of the axe, and those who are instantly destroyed by a crash of the brain, experience no pain at all in passing from life to a dead state.

No More Compromises.

"Compromise" and "Concession"—these are the magic words by which Freedom is to be beaten down. "The Constitution was founded upon compromise"—says the Washington Union. "Let us consult that principle now; because in a common partnership of States, the slaveholding States cannot obtain all, and the non-slaveholding States cannot obtain all. Neither sought to claim all, but 'gave the rest a chance (even if they do not avail themselves of it) of participating in what is obtained."—

The North, has been deluded long enough by language such as this. We have compromised and conceded, and conceded and compromised, until the balance of power between the States, as it existed when the Constitution was formed, has been overturned and destroyed. The concessions have all been on one side, and the compromises all against Freedom and the Free States. Even "the chance of participating in what is obtained" has been denied to, or surrendered by, the North.

When the Constitution was adopted, the preponderance of power was in favor of the Free States. The ordinance of 1787—the work of Thomas Jefferson—had forever excluded slavery from all the territory then belonging to the Union, and provision had been made for the organization out of that Territory, of not less than three nor more than five new States; so that the original relative condition of the two great divisions of the confederacy—the slaveholding and non-slaveholding—as contemplated and recognized by the Convention, was six to twelve—six slave States and twelve free States. It was on this basis, that the confederacy was established. How stands it now? Fifteen to fifteen! By the division of old States and the acquisition of new territory, twelve States have been added to the Union beyond the number provided for in the ordinance of '78, and of these nine are slave States, and three only free States.

Take another view of the subject. Since the adoption of the Constitution, six States have been added to the confederacy formed out of territory ceded or annexed to the Union. Of these six States, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Florida are slave States, leaving but a single free State—Iowa—out of the whole number. Of the slave States, one—Texas—is large enough and is entitled by the act of annexation, whenever she shall desire it, to be divided so as to form four additional States; so that in effect, nine slave States have been organized out of the common territory of the Union—purchased by the common blood and treasure—while but a solitary one dedicated to free labor and open to freemen, has been the fruit of all the concessions we have acquired!

One would think that here had been concessions enough to satisfy the most greedy and avaricious. But no! The immense territory secured by the treaty with Mexico, where slavery has been abolished, and even the territory of Oregon, where none but the foot of freemen has yet trod, these must be surrendered to the curse of human servitude, and the idleness, poverty, ignorance and degradation which follow in its train; and when the North, which has yielded to conciliation, until conciliation has come to be construed into submission, arouses itself to resist the unhallowed demand, we are told that we must meet our brethren of the South in "the spirit of concession and compromise"—that we must give them "the choice of participating in what is obtained!"—Thank Heaven! the day has come when this decision can be played upon the people. The chains which have bound the North are broken, and henceforth there will be no more compromises of rights; no more concessions to injustice and arrogance. We will take our lesson of the South. The slave States have acquired their influence and power by banding together for a common purpose—by making the one question of slavery paramount to all others. The free States will also band together for a common purpose, and by making the question of freedom paramount to all others, will destroy that influence and break that power; and by limiting the further extension of slave institutions, prepare the way for their ultimate extermination.—Bristol County Dem.

THE OWL AND THE JAYS.—Those who have resided in the country will have occasional seen an assembly of jays, and heard their incessant screaming accompanied by loud and angry rookeries. A countryman will tell you that they are mobbing an owl, and such is generally the case. A friend of mine, while riding in the country, heard this screaming from a large assemblage of jays, and at the same time perceived a man, who having picked up a stone, crept stealthily along the road for some distance. My information, thinking that this action of his had some reference to the noise of the jays, although he scarce thought it probable that they would remain to be pelted rode up and asked what he was about to do. "Oh," he said, "these jays are mobbing an owl." He was asked if he had seen him. "No," he replied, "but that is the noise they always make when so doing;" and then pointing in the direction from whence the cries proceeded. "I lay a bet the owl is in that old crab-tree. I was picking up the stone to knock him down." The curiosity of my informant was excited, and opening a gate, he rode close to the tree, from whence the jays had already flown, and there sat the owl, which allowed the use to be shaken violently about a week since. "Because," said the countryman, "when you hear jays making that noise, they are mobbing an owl!"

If you are counting a young lady, and wish to see you take her, to ascertain her temper, tear her ball dress, as if by accident. If she keeps her equilibrium, keep her a moment in popping the momentous question. She will do, and you may account yourself a happy man.

FREE SOIL.

Free Soil! Free Soil! who made it free? Ask of the sunshine why it smiles On steamer, rushing to the sea, Like the fond, laughing, guileless child! The God of love and Liberty? He made the Soil, and streamlet free.

Slave Soil! Slave Soil! who gave it bonds? Who made humanity to weep? Who gave those dark and deadly wounds? That fester in the spirit deep! O God of Love and Liberty! When shall Freedom's Soil be free?

See in the north a stalwart band Of noble hearts that stand alone; And seize, with an unflinching hand, The bow of promise as their own. They come, they come, a conquering host, And shout, free Soil, from coast to coast.

Our heroes, bending from their throves, Are pointing to their glorious graves, They ask in scorn, "shall these our bones Be mingled with the dust of Slaves?" In up, they cry, ere Satan spoil Your blood-bought land, O Slave Soil.

Free Soil! Free Soil! list to my cry: 'Tis echoed from Italia's groves; Delivered France resounds with joy, And Eric sings the songs she loves. It comes from mountain, vale and sea, Free Soil! Free Soil! O keep it free!

THE EVILS OF SLAVERY.—We oppose the introduction of slavery into Free Territory because the system is at war with all that makes a nation great and happy; because it is founded in injustice and barbarity, is a foul stain on our character as a people, and a great and crying sin against man and God. That slavery is not a moral evil, none, except a few of the most haphazard slaveholders, undertake to maintain or even venture to assert. That it is a great political evil is if not so generally admitted, equally plain, and capable of the clearest demonstration. It strikes at national wealth and intelligence—it is hostile to the growth of population, and fatal to national power. "If any one desires an illustration of the opposite influences of slavery and freedom, let him look at the two sister States of Kentucky and Ohio. Alike in soil and climate, how different are they in all the respects over which man has control! On the one hand, the air is vocal with the mingled tumult of a vast and prosperous population. Every hill-side smelters with an abundant harvest: every valley shivers with a thriving vine; and all the multitudinous sounds of business promote happy activity in every branch of social occupation—this is Ohio; and this is what Freedom has done for it. Now let us turn to Kentucky and note the opposite influences of slavery. A narrow and unfrequented path through the close and saltry canebrake conducts us to a wretched hovel. It stands in the midst of an unimproved field, whose dilapidated enclosure scarcely protects it from the howling and hungry kine. Children, half clad and squallid, and destitute of the buoyancy natural to their age, lounge in the sunshine, while their parent saunters apart to watch his languid slaves drive the ill-appointed team a-field. This is not a fancy picture. It is a true copy of one of the features which make up the aspect of the State—and of every State where the moral leprosy of slavery covers the people with its noisome scales. A stupor settles on the arts of life. Agriculture reluctantly drags the plough and harrows the field, only when scourged by necessity. The axe drops from the woodman's nerveless hand, the moment his fire is scantily supplied with fuel; and the fen, undrained, sends up its noxious exhalation, to rack with cramps and agues the frame already too much enervated by a moral epidemic to creep beyond the sphere of the material miasm. Such a political evil is slavery, and so wrote the lamented WILLIAM LEGGERT. It is because "where it once established, the land becomes desolate," as the tree inevitably perishes, which the sea-hawk chooses for her nest, "that we believe a sound political economy, as well as an enlightened humanity, demands that it should forever be excluded from free territory, and that we feel constrained to call upon the honest men of all parties to put the past behind them, and unite together, heart and hand, soul and strength, for the accomplishment of the great and glorious and holy purpose of limiting the further extension of slavery in our land."—Bristol County (Mass.) Democrat.

SORROW AND SYMPATHY.—Like a cooling draught to a weary traveller in the scorching waste, so is the sympathy of friends in trouble. We feel thankful when we meet with those who can forget their own ills, while they administer to others.

We need not expect a life of continued sunshine—it would be unnatural. We must have cloudy rains, and even desolating storms. These are as necessary, mentally and morally, to the production of a healthy existence. But evils, though necessary, are seldom so great as at first they seem to be; our interests are not so conflicting as they may sometimes appear, and often, through misapprehension, we are grieved by that which, if seen in its true light, would be the cause of mirth, or a fit subject for ridicule.

Evils anticipated are often the cause of more pain than the realization of them. In this way they are double, and we are made far more miserable than we need be. Gloomy thoughts are almost always unproductive of good, so that it is better to indulge in those that make a light heart and a bright countenance.

GETTA PERCHA.—What is it? This question is asked by thousands who have heard the name.—It is a gump similar to that of the Canachout or Indian Rubber, but susceptible of more varied uses. It is thicker and heavier. Hosiery and gaiters, boots and shoe-laces, book-bindings, coats, buttons, bags, cloaks, coats, and various other articles are made of it, and altogether, it may be considered the most valuable vegetable gum ever discovered.

SERVICES.—What man, in his right senses, has "where will he live free, would make himself a slave for superfluities? What does that man want, who has enough? Or what is better for abundance, that can never be satisfied?

Woman.

Honored be woman! Shame all those who would speak to her, or of her, in other than terms of kindness and respect. A gallant contemporary thinks that this world would be hardly worth living in, were it deprived of woman. Listen to the thapsody:—Who would remain in a garden from which the flowers have been taken, or in a grove from which the birds have departed, or beneath sky that the sweet stars had forsaken! Let cynics prattle as they may, our existence here without the presence of the other sex, would be only a dark and cheerless void. The light, the smiles and affections of woman, are the low bow of beauty and promise, which spans the life of man, from his cradle to his grave.

Another writer says, George Canning always glorified the tenderest love for the humble mother that bare him. So soon as his resources would permit, he made ample provision for her support; and for years afterwards he entered Parliament, and even when as a foreign ambassador, he wrote her a weekly epistle, breathing the kindest affection. Though he could never elevate her taste and associations above the conceptions of her youth, he might visit her and the humble cousins with whom she dwelt, at Bath, and there, when in the zenith of his fame, would walk out with his plebeian relatives, and receive the homage of his lonely visitants at that fashionable place of resort, in their company. This makes him a noble man. He delighted in literary pursuits—was brilliant essayist and wrote Latin and English verses with much grace and beauty.

How entwined around the heart of the best and greatest men, are the thousand recollections of maternal love! In looking back through the desert of years, to the first years of life, the rosy spring-time of existence, the soul beholds a mother's form shining like an angel in paradise. Around her clusters all that is beautiful and holy—she is the child's divinity; and the memory of the man recognizes and recalls all that was heavenly and pure in past life, by reverting to the dear thought of mother.

LAMARTINE in his "Voyage en Orient," touchingly adverts to his mother's teaching. "My mother," he says, "had received from her mother a handsome Bible of Boyumont from which she taught me to read when I was young. This Bible had engravings of sacred subjects, on nearly every page. When I had read half a page with tolerable correctness, my mother allowed me to see a picture; and placing the book upon her knees she explained the subject to me, as a recompense for my progress. She was most tender and affectionate by nature and the impressiveness and love, which still resounds in my heart, after that voice has, alas, been long mute!"

What born wonder is it that the child who listened to such teachings, from such a teacher, should have become the great and good man LAMARTINE? Our own WASHINGTON had likewise such a mother. Never can the soft, gentle whisper of a mother's early teaching be forgotten—never can her influence be overrated. Well answered Madame Campan, to the question, "What is needed to educate a nation?" "When she wisely replied in one word—"MOTHERS!"

SOMEWHAT IS LOOKS.—A man's look is the work of years. It is stamped on his countenance by the events of his whole life—may more, the hand of nature, and it is not to be got rid of easily. There is, as it has been remarked repeatedly, something in a person's appearance at first sight which we don't like, and which gives us an odd twinge, but which is overlooked in a multitude of other circumstances till the mask is taken off, when we see this lurking character verified in the plainest manner in the sequel. We are struck at first, and by chance, with what is peculiar and characteristic. Also, with permanent traits and general effects. These afterwards go off in a set of unmeaning common place details. This sort of *prima facie* evidence, then shows what a man is better than what he says or does—for it shows as the habit of his mind, which is the same under all circumstances and disguises.—Hazel.

THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL IDEA of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who while poor himself, had given gratuitous instructions to his poor scholars, but when he increased in worldly goods he began to think that he would not give his services for nothing; "James don't say the like of that," said the gentle hearted woman, "don't—a poor scholar never comes into the house that I don't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven with him. I never miss the bite I give them; my heart warms at the soft lovely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to let them in."

ARE YOU SATISFIED?—If so you are an anomaly. We have yet to see the first man or woman, who is satisfied with his or her condition. They all appear to possess the disposition of the poor man who dug up a box of guineas. After counting his treasure, he exclaimed, "If I had found them twenty years sooner, I might have had the interest on them besides." If we find wealth, we are sorry it is no longer happiness does not last; life is a dream, an empty show.

NOT ABOVE.—Blas, says an elegant writer, can enjoy nothing to effect alone. Some one must lean on his arm: listen to his observations; point out secret beauties and become as it were, a partner in his feelings, or his impressions are completely dull and spiritless. Pleasures are increased in proportion as they are participated: as times, increased by the process.

A GOOD THING.—Says some one, if your enemy is forced to have recourse to a "the blacken" you consider what a comfort it is to think of having supported such a character, as to render it impossible for justice to hurt you without the aid of falsehood: and trust to the genuine fairness of your character to clear you in the end.

Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls.

It was contemplated to have the foot bridge at the Falls ready for crossing on the fourth of July. This will be a great curiosity, and many will avail themselves of the adventure. The following is to be the composition of the railroad bridge:

Number of cables for bridge,	600
Number of strands in each cable,	160
Climate tension,	6,500 tons
Capacity of the bridge,	500 "
Number of strands in the ferry cable,	37
Diameter of the cable,	7 1/2 "
Height of stone tower,	68 ft. 1 in.
Height of wood tower for ferry,	50 feet.
Base of the tower,	29 sq. ft.
Size of the top,	11 "
Span of the bridge,	800 feet.
Whole weight of bridge,	650 tons.
Height from the water,	230 feet.

The Suspension Bridge is the most sublime work of art on the Continent. It makes the head dizzy to look at it, and yet it is traversed with as much security as any other bridge of the same class. We were present while the workmen were engaged in hanging the planks over the fearful chasm. It looked like a work of peril; but it was prosecuted with entire safety. Not an accident has happened since the first raft was carried across the river at the tail of a kite!

It is impossible to give the reader a clear idea of the grandeur of the work. Imagine a foot ledge 800 feet in length, hung in the air, at the height of 230 feet, over a vast body of water rushing through a narrow gorge, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If you are below it, it looks like a strip of paper suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong the frail, gossamer looking structure, sway to and fro, as if ready to start from its fastenings; and it shakes from extremity to centre under the first tread of the pedestrian. But there is no danger.—Men pass over it with perfect safety, while the head of the timid looker on swines with apprehension.

We saw the first person pass over it—Mr. Elett, the builder. His courageous wife soon followed him, and for two days, hundreds, attracted by the novelty of the thing, took the fearful journey.

It is worth a trip to the Falls to see this great work, although it is not probable that one in twenty will have the nerve to cross upon it. For, strange it may seem, there was those who had no hesitation to slide over the awful chasm, in a basket, upon a single wire cable, who could not be induced to walk over the bridge. And this aerial excursion is thrillingly exciting. A seat on a locomotive, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is nothing to it. When you find yourself suspended in the air, with the roaring, rushing, boiling Niagara two hundred and fifty feet below you, if you fear don't flutter you will have nerve enough to swing over Vesuvius!

And yet the sensation is not altogether unpleasant. The rite itself, as the old lady said about skinning cats, "is nothing when you get used to it."

Another new attraction at the Falls is the excursion from the site of the suspension bridge, to within a few rods of the Horse-Shoe Falls, in the little steamer, "Maid of the Mist." In no other mode can the visitor obtain so grand a view of the great cataract. Every one makes the trip, and all express the same sentiment, that the falls are not seen, in all their sublimity and grandeur, except from the deck of the "Maid of the Mist." The run is made with perfect safety.—Rochester Daily Democrat.

THE TOLDS OF A NEWSPAPER.—Newspaper literature is a link in the great miracles which prove the greatness of England, and every support should be given to newspapers. The editors of these papers must have a most enormous task. It is not the writing of the leading articles itself, but the obligation to write that article every week, whether dictated or not, in sickness or in health, in affliction, disease of mind, winter and summer, year after year, tied down to the task, remaining in one spot. It is like the walking of a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a fellow-feeling, for I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing. The labor is not manifest, nor is it in the labor; it is the continual attention which it requires.—Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One week is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil, a constant weight upon the mind, a continual wear on the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertion of your faculties, at the same time that compelled to do the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery.—Maryett.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—A CAPITAL STORY.—In a small town down East, there lived a butcher; Jack at all trades, and more particularly noted for his experiments in Animal magnetism. A half-witted fellow, who lived entirely upon the charity of the town, imagined one day that he was quite ill, made application to the butcher for a remedy to relieve him from the pains in his stomach. The thought flashed upon the mind of the butcher that he was a fit subject for an experiment, and accordingly he mesmerized him into a profound sleep. He then made an incision into his stomach and took out the inward organs. After which he laid them down and went into the house to get a needle and thread to sew up the incision. But on returning to his abattoir, he beheld an old sow just leaving the place, having eaten them. In this dilemma he seized a sheep, and removed its entrails to the body of the sow; then closing up the orifice he awakened the mesmerized subject, who was forthwith "discharged" cured. Moving the individual some days after, the butcher having some curiosity as to the success of the operation, asked the chap how he got along. Oh, first rate, said he, "only I have got such an internal hankering after grass!"