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TOWANDA:

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Letter from Red Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

RED SULPHUR SPRINGS, AUGUST 1848.

E. O. GOODRICH.—Dear Sir—In complying with your request to write you a letter from this place, I do not know that I can say anything that will be of interest.

I entered the "Ancient Dominion" for the second time some two weeks since, leaving Washington City by Steamer at 2 o'clock A. M. Monday morning, taking what is called the great Southern line of travel, which I followed until within 24 miles of Richmond, where I took the Louisa Road 51 miles to Gordonsville, from thence I came here 200 miles by stage, passing Charlottesville, Staunton, Cloverdale, Warm & Hot Springs, White and Salt Sulphur Springs, &c.

To begin back, the morning I left Washington I did not go on deck of the boat until some time after day light, when I found we had already passed Mt. Vernon, once the residence of George Washington, and on looking around I was surprised to find the Potomac at that point such a broad smooth river, and with either shore spread out in great beauty, and with so few evidences of improvement upon its borders. We landed from the Steam boat at the mouth of Aquia Creek where the rail road commences; here was no village, only a station, and we passed through a thinly settled region 14 miles to Fredericksburg, which is a village counted as a large one in Virginia. We passed through and directly on towards Richmond, stopping at three more stations before we reached the junction of the Louisa rail road, 57 miles from the mouth of Aquia Creek. In all this distance not one symptom of a village along the line of the road; at the junction there is a single Hotel. The passengers on board the train of cars on this great Southern line numbered I should judge from 30 to 40—

and yet this I was told was the only train of cars for the day. From the junction we took the Louisa train of cars for Gordonsville some 51 miles distant with between 15 and 20 passengers all told. Passing through the village of Louisa—if it might be called such—containing possibly 80 inhabitants, though I should doubt it, without counting property or the suburbs—thence to Gordonsville, a village perhaps somewhat larger, counting enough of the surrounding country to make it so. Now from Aquia Creek to the junction 57 miles, I do not know whether there are any common or turnpike roads or not, as I saw none, but from the junction to Gordonsville, we passed along side of a main road I should think at least half the distance; but between there and Gordonsville I saw a carriage waiting at the side of the road for its mistress who was aboard of the cars—also one ox-cart with a saw log thereon—also one horse team at a wood station—besides them none.

From Gordonsville to Charlottesville most of the distance is thought a good farming country, and there are some extensive and beautiful plantations, and a very fine stream furnishing an abundance of excellent water power; along this road too are the residences of several gentlemen extensively known such as W. C. Rives, T. J. Randolph, & others—also the former residence of Thomas Jefferson, which, however, is very imperfectly seen from the stage road. We reached Charlottesville too late at night to see much of it; there is a University here at sufficient distance to constitute a separate village in a peopled country, but it is all Charlottesville—which contains University, property and all, some 1500 inhabitants. The next village on our route is Staunton, 40 miles distant, where is a Deaf and Dumb Institute, a fine looking building from the road, and also an Insane Hospital. Staunton is quite a village. The next village on our route is Cloverdale, 32 miles distant, which consists of a Hotel. The next place is the Warm Springs, which is the county seat of Bath county and has a little squad of houses, besides a large Hotel for the accommodation of visitors to the springs; five miles further on are the Hot Springs, where are suitable buildings for the accommodation of visitors. The next village is Callaghans, which is precisely of the same extent as Cloverdale. Next is the White Sulphur Springs, a most charming landscape, with rows of buildings to accommodate some 5 or 600 visitors, and is laid out with great taste with lawns, trees, walks and drives. When the visitors are gone solitude resumes her empire; the whole village is one property. From the White Sulphur we passed through Union, a small village, the county seat of Monroe county, and so on to the Salt Sulphur Springs, which usually enjoys some 70 average visitors for 6 or 8 weeks each season. From thence we passed through a little village called Centreville which has sprung into existence within the last two years, and is the only instance of similar kind that has fallen under my observation in this State; still it is not very large, population perhaps 50 or 60. From Centreville to the Red Sulphur Springs is some 9 miles; the Red Sulphur is by far the most beautiful spot, except perhaps the White Sulphur which is on a larger scale, I have seen. It enjoys a rather larger average number of visitors than the Salt Sulphur, and would enjoy more but for the difficulty and labor of getting here from a distance, and the want of population which stares a northern man in the face at every step.

I have thus given you a somewhat tedious outline of my journey hither as far as regards this State. I will now add such general observations respecting Virginia, as may suggest themselves. The land is owned here generally in bodies of from 800 to 2000 acres—though in some instances much larger. I was told, for instance, that the proprietor of Cloverdale had some 2,500 acres under fence, and 1000 or more acres unimproved, the consequence is that such proprietors can scarcely be called neighbors, such proprietors have no land to sell—no, they want to buy more. They have no work to give to a poor white man, their property can do

their work—they have nothing in common with a poor white man—no sympathy; why should they have? the man has no business to be poor—their sympathies are all centered and kept alive for their human chattles, who, but for their benevolence might never hope for the honor of a removal to California under the head of property. He is born a master, brought up in the back yard with the negro, as his pronunciation will always show; yet even there a master, and however cultivated for polite life, will always show the effects of early unrestrained caprice or passion. If you doubt it, introduce the question of free soil and see whether you have not applied the caustic to the wound and waked up the "chivalry" so much boasted of. These large estates covering almost the entire territory, tend to shut out white population, and with the exception of proprietors, the professions and trades, such as does exist, is sunk in poverty and ignorance. There does not seem to be a middle class; the one is wealthy and educated, the other poor and ignorant; and with such disadvantages as he has to contend against, it is next to impossible for the poor to rise out of his poverty. Population is so sparse that school houses are exceedingly infrequent; then how is he to be educated; churches are infrequent, his moral training is not looked after; while the rich man is enabled to send his children to Seminaries and Colleges for education. The mechanic arts do not seem to flourish here, probably because there are too few customers, perhaps because the intelligent mechanic prefers living where there is less difference between he that makes and he that uses.

It will readily be seen that such large estates as are generally held here, can only be worked by Slaves. That is the key to elucidate the whole mystery, why Virginia, with her large area—with her boasted soil and climate—with her central position in the Union—with as fine a water power as anywhere can be found—with extensive and valuable mineral resources, especially of coal and iron, and with an extensive supply of salines wells for making salt, and last, but not least, with a number and variety of health-giving mineral springs in the highest degree, attractive for their qualities and natural location which yearly attract large numbers from other States. Why Virginia, I say, so circumstanced, and with so many advantages, has sunk from the first State in the Union to be the 4th. If Slavery did not exist these estates would be divided up and sold or rented, inviting competition and population, and with population would come all that she now lacks; mechanics, school houses and teachers, churches and ministers, and public improvements of all kinds.

It appears to me that Virginia is at this time more indebted to her central position in the Union for any improvements of a public nature, than for anything within herself. Near the capital of the Union the large mails and travel from the northern cities for the entire south, find their most direct route through her; hence one object for the rail road through Richmond. The thought struck me while on board the cars that except for that object the amount of travel would not as yet have called the road into being; hence their high rates of charge for travel; hence in part their demands upon the Post Office Department for more than the law allows for carrying the mails, in which the Company is sustained by Virginia.

It is the fear of letting himself down to the common level of mankind, and losing his vast superiority to wealth and station, that induces the large proprietor of slave property so quick when the subject of slavery is suggested, and except that slavery will eventually starve even him out, it would be a long step downward for him; but so much as he steps down so much the mass will rise. He keeps his hold upon the people by arousing their fears by the cry of "Wolf"—picturing the dreadful state of things which would exist, were the negroes all let go free—the scenes of doubt, the old scores to be cancelled, &c., which no doubt would be true. But inasmuch as slavery has never been abolished, but always gradually—without any commotion or unhappiness—it would be so here, undoubtedly, and what is more, in my opinion, the negroes would disappear from Virginia as nearly as they have done from Pennsylvania. But against the continuance of negro slavery in Virginia I have nothing to say; she may hold her negroes as long, and treat them as well or as ill as she pleases, and thank her stars for the blessed institution. But when I am asked that she may extend this blessing to new regions, in which I have an equal right with her, then I beg leave to enquire, what is the nature of the "peculiar institution," and what its advantage and effects? And when I see them so plainly written on the face of her country, and in the condition of her people, I beg leave to decline the arrangement: I would rather this "common property of the whole Union" should be undisturbed, except by the Panthers cry and the howl of the Wolf.

Yours truly,
O. D. B.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN MUSIC.—You will start at a strange notion of mine: if it appears even a mad one, do not wonder. Had I children, my utmost endeavor should be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, not even a thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a recourse which will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fame without the danger of criticism—is susceptible of enthusiasm, without being pious-riding; and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified even in Heaven.—Walpole.

AN ANIMAL UPRIGHT.—A negro boy was driving a mule in Jamaica when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't go, ha?" said the boy. "Feel grand, do you? I s'pose you forget your fader was a Jackass?"

Incidents of a Day's Excursion.

One day last summer took my place in a Grave-stone steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters. Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle-aged gentleman, stout, rather sallow, taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was pausing or lolling out his tongue, or roamed among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, frightened children by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his great tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad; by the vigor with which he stood on his legs while rolling upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terror occasioned by the antics of his burly friend.

The other person whom I especially noticed, was a very pretty and well-dressed lady. Young lady she would no doubt have been called, but she had with her a little girl about seven years old, who called her "mamma." She was evidently possessed of nerves. Indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name was legion. Endless were the petty annoyances to which they subjected her; infinite the dilemmas in which they involved her. But her keenest sufferings in this small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion, the Newfoundland dog; and her incessant and perilous exclamations of terror, indignation, and spite, against the good natured brute, kept up the sly malicious smile upon the lips of his apparently unnoticed master. The little girl, on the contrary, had to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster; and for a time amused herself with throwing bits of biscuits for him to catch, which felt, notwithstanding the incorrectness of her aim, he managed to accomplish by making a boisterous plunge to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, and he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her till he almost pushed her down, the little creature fairly screamed with delight. Her mother screamed too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad he'll have killed my child! And how dirty he is too! Look at your pelisse, Adeline; see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that animal?"

This transition from hydrophobia to a bored dress was too much for Lion's master, and he boiled into a long loud laugh.

"I wish, sir," said the lady, snappishly, "that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy every body who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them."

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoy a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable in his own rough fashion to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the foaming water as it rushed from the paddle-wheels, and danced in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow passenger had kindly lent as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand mosquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend.—The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and of which have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic; ay, and if we place in the balance the historical, political and commercial importance of the transactions which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our "time honoured" river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the west.

Such thoughts as these however, did not trouble Adeline's pretty little head which began, I could see, to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large sea-weed that was dashed from the paddle wheel caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress; farther, farther, still her little neck was stretched; she lost her balance, and toppled over into the foaming flood. In a moment all was confusion on board. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer; cries of "a child overboard!" "who can swim?" and a thousand other cries and questionings; but above all, were the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now; and she alone, in the fond instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even could reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavoring to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly, Lion followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to right and left like nine pins. They sprang into a boat that hung at the stern, every body giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face and uttered a short low bark.

"Wait," said the latter in reply; "where was she seen last?"

"There, sir," replied the sailor promptly, "there beside that piece of plank!"

"How often has she risen?"

"Twice!"

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog in a low tone, "look out!"

And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes, and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive; every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation; those who were near enough

watching the third rising of the poor child, and those who could not see water, keeping their eyes fixed upon Lion. In another instant a cry was raised, as a golden-tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. "The noble dog had seen her first!" and ere the warning cry had reached his ears he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was swimming towards the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended upon his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips. "He has her!" he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface after a long dive, holding the little Adeline in such a manner that her face was out of water. "He has her, and she is saved!" Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burden when he should approach them. Slowly he came on, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was looking over the side and encouraging him with his well known voice.

"Here you are!" cried one of the sailors, seized in the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an active looking gentleman, whom every body seemed instinctively to recognize as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

"Now, come up, there's a brave fellow!" said the sailor, retreating to make way for Lion to climb up the steps. But the poor creature whined pitifully, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive.

"Help him—help him!" he is exhausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd, to go to the rescue of his brave favorite. By the time, however, that he had reached the top of the ladder the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. With their assistance he crawled feebly up; then languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hands of the surgeon and all the women, who had squeezed themselves into the cabin, under the firm conviction that they were exceedingly useful, or the noble dog from the kind but rough attentions of the steamer's men, under the superintendence of his master.

Both the invalids were convalescent, and Lion was sitting up, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs; and throwing herself upon her knees before him and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheek upon his rough head and wept.

"He's a dirty animal, madam," said the gentleman, who could not forget her former slighting remarks. "He'll make your pelisse in such a state! Besides, he may be mad!"

She cast up her eyes with an expression of meek reproach. They were very fine eyes and I think he felt it, for his features softened immediately.

"Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!" she began.

"Why, what would you do with him? I will tell you. You'd pet and pamper the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady. No, no, you'd better give little Adeline to me. Lion and I could take much better care of her than you can."

"Perhaps so, sir," she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over since the accident—"but still I could not spare her. She is my only child, and I am a widow."

"I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself.

"Whew! a widow! Has not the immortal *Weller* assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe to be in the same boat with her."

He walked away. But who may wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, with the pretty widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home! and when he had put them into a cab they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise on his part to come "early." What would all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

"I think she's got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself. "What a charming creature she is without them."

ARCING FROM SCRIPTURE.—There is no practice more reprehensible than arguing from Scripture when those passages are obscure in their meaning or doubtful in their application. It is even worse, as is frequently the case, the passage is wilfully perverted by quoting only a part of it. We once saw a quiet friend resolve a captious disputant for thus misrepresenting the Scripture. It was in a public discussion, where the speaker had endeavored to prove his position by quoting portions of different passages and so adroitly had he worked them into his argument that the hearers began to yield assent to the opinions. At this point our Quaker arose—"The friend on the other side of the house," said he, "has labored to prop up his cause by mangled extracts from the New Testament. Let me make an argument in his own way, and I will address it to him! There is one passage where it says, 'And Judas went out and hung himself.' There is another, 'Go thou and do likewise.' There is a third, 'What thou doest do quickly.' And yet will the friend say he ought to commit suicide! There was a burst of laughter, and the Quaker gained the cause by acclamation.—*Nav's Gazette.*

TYROLEX, the Corinthian, was a noble pattern of fraternal love. Being in battle with the Argives, and seeing his brother fall by the wounds he had received, he instantly leaped over his dead body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder; and although severely wounded in the generous enterprise, he would not on any account retreat to a place of safety, till he had seen the corpse carried off the field by his friends.

Arts, Manufactures and Machinery.

Copying by Moulding.—Brick Machines.—Embossing China.—Sawing Glass Bottles.—Kneif and Umbrella Handles.—Tortoise Shell and Tobacco Pipes. Embossing on Calico and Leather.—Swaging and Engraving by pressure.

The method of producing multitudes of individuals having an exact resemblance in external shape, is adopted very widely in the Arts. The substances employed are either naturally or by artificial preparation, in a soft or plastic state; they are then compressed by mechanical force, sometimes assisted by heat, into a mould of the required form.

To make bricks and tiles an oblong box of wood fitted upon a bottom fixed to the brick maker's bench is the mould from which every brick is formed. A portion of the plastic mixture of which the bricks consist is made ready for the workman by some skilful hands, and being thrown by him with some force into the mould, it fills all the angles. The upper surface is then smoothed off by a sick dipped in water drawn across the upper side of the pattern box. Brick machines operated by horse power are very common in this country. A number of patents have been secured for this purpose, and most of them good and valuable. In respect to this kind of machines, America stands at the head of the list in invention.

Tiles of various kinds and forms are made of finer materials, but by the same system of moulding.

Many of the forms given to those beautiful specimens of earthen ware which form the equipage of breakfast and dinner tables, are not capable of being executed in the lathe of the potter. The embossed ornaments on the edges of the plates, their polygonal shapes, the fluted surface of many of the vases, would all be difficult and costly of execution by the hand; but they become easy and uniform in all their parts, when made by pressing the soft material out of which they are formed, into a hard mould.

The care and skill bestowed on the preparation of that mould is repaid by the multitude it produces. In many of the works of the China manufactory one part only of the article is moulded: the upper surface of the plate, for example, whilst the under side is figured by the lathe. In some instances the handle, or only a few ornaments, are moulded, and the body of the work is turned.

In making square glass bottles it is frequently desirable to have imprinted on them the name of the maker of the medicine or other liquid they are destined to contain. A mould of iron, or of copper, is provided of the required size, on the inside of which are engraved the names intended. This mould, which is used in a hot state, opens into two parts, to allow the insertion of the round, unfinished bottle, which is placed in it in a very soft state before it is removed from the end of the iron tube with which it was blown. The mould is now closed, and by blowing strongly into the bottle the glass is forced against its sides.

The property which horn possesses of becoming soft by the action of water and of heat, fits it for many useful purposes. It is pressed into moulds, and becomes embossed with figures in relief, adapted to the nature and use of the object to which it is to be applied. If carved, it may be straightened, or if straight, it may be bent into forms which ornament or utility may require; and by the use of the mould these forms may be multiplied in endless variety.

The most common sort of knives, the crooked handles for umbrellas, and a multitude of other articles to which horn is applied, attest the cheapness which the Art of Copying, gives to the things formed of this material.

The same principle is applied, to things formed out of the shell of the turtle, or the land tortoise. From the greatly superior price of the raw material, this principle of Copying is, however, more rarely employed upon it; and the few carvings which are demanded are usually performed by hand.

The simple art of pipe making is almost entirely one of Copying. The moulds are formed of iron, and open in the middle; the line of junction of the two parts of the mould may generally be observed running lengthwise from one end of the pipe to the other. The hole passing to the bowl is formed by drawing a long wire through the clay whilst it is enclosed in the mould. Some of the moulds, have figures, or names, sunk in the inside. This gives a corresponding figure in relief upon the finished pipe.

Calicoes of one colour but embossed all over with various raised patterns, although not much worn in this Country, are in great demand in several foreign markets. This appearance is produced by passing them through a pair of rollers, on one of which is figured in intaglio the pattern to be transferred to the calico. The substance of the cloth is pressed very forcibly into the cavities thus formed, and preserves its figured appearance after considerable use.

To emboss upon leather the article is forced into the cavities, and that part which is not opposite to any cavity is powerfully condensed between the rollers.

Swaging is an art of Copying practised by the smith. In order to fashion his iron and steel into the form demanded by his customers, he has small blocks of steel into which are sunk cavities of various shapes; these are called swages, and are generally in pairs. If he wants a round bolt, terminating in a cylindrical head of larger diameter having one or more projecting rims, he uses a corresponding swaging tool; and having heated the end of his iron rod, and thickened it by a process which is technically called upsetting, he places his head upon one of the parts; and whilst an assistant holds the other part, he strikes it several times with his hammer, occasionally turning the head one quarter round. The iron which was in a softened state is thus forced by the blows to assume the form of the mould into which it is impressed. Engraving copper plates by pressure is one of

the most beautiful instances of the art of Copying carried to an almost unlimited extent; and the delicacy with which it can be executed, and the precision with which the lines (marks) of the graving tool can be transferred from steel to copper or even from hard steel to soft steel, is most unexpected. We are indebted to Mr. Perkins for most of the contrivances which have brought this Art to once most to perfection. An engraving is first made upon soft steel, which is hardened by a peculiar process without in the least injuring its delicacy. A cylinder of soft steel, pressed with great force against the hardened steel engraving is now made to roll slowly backward and forward over it. The soft steel cylinder receives the design, but it is of little relief. This is in its turn hardened without injury; and if it be slowly rolled to and fro with strong pressure on successive plates of copper, it will imprint on a thousand of them a perfect fac-simile of the original steel engraving from which it resulted. Thus is the number of copies producible from the same design multiplied a thousand fold.

But even this is very far short of the limits to which this process may be extended. The hardened steel roller may be employed to make a few of its first impressions upon plates of soft steel, and these being hardened may in their turn become the parents of other rollers, each generating copper plates like the original. The possible extent to which fac-similes of an original engraving may be thus multiplied, almost confounds the imagination, and appears to be, for all practical purposes, unlimited. There are two principles which peculiarly fit this Art for detecting the forgery of Banknotes, to prevent which Mr. Perkins found it a matter of great difficulty. The first is the perfect identity of every impression with every other, so that any variation in the minutest line would at once cause detection. The other principle is, that the plates from which all the impressions are deduced may be used by the united labours of artists most eminent in their several departments, all working at the same time; and that, as only one original of each design is necessary, the expense, however great, will be trifling, compared with the immense multitude of copies produced from it.

Many of the gold and silver mouldings used by jewellers consists of thin slips of metal, which have received their form by passing between steel rollers, thus taking a succession of Copies of the devices engraved upon them.

Sheets of paper coloured with gold or silver leaf, and embossed with various patterns, are used for covering books, and for many ornamental purposes. The figures upon these are produced by the same process, that of passing the sheets of paper between engraved rollers.

Indolence—Indolence is the hot-bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the cancer-worm of felicity. In a little time, to the man who has no employment, life will have no novelty, and when novelty is laid in the grave the funeral of comfort will enter the churchyard. From that moment, it is in the shade, and not the man who creeps along the pathway of mortality. On the contrary what solid satisfaction does the man of diligence possess? What health in his contentment; what strength in his limbs? What what a zest does he relish these freshments of the day? With what pleasure does he seek the bed of repose at night. It is not the accidental hardness of the pillow that can make him unhappy, and rob him of sleep. He earns his maintenance, and he enjoys it. He hath faithfully labored in the day and the slumbers of night are a sweet retribution to him. To the diligent man, every day is a little life, and every night is a little heaven. The toil has been honest, and the reward is sure.

EFFECTS OF READING.—For every one, in their favorite line of reading there is a world of internal revolution; feelings which generally remain undisclosed, are and unknown to the writer who has roused them. Sometimes they developed themselves in actions, whose mystery is inexplicable to the looker-on. Imagination has, no doubt, the greatest share in our passions; by imagination every object is embellished and rendered pure, all fiction is allowed, by this influence to reign paramount, and our minds are involuntarily guided by this invisible agency. From this cause it has happened that literary persons sometimes confine their feelings entirely to their works. Their emotions are but the reflection of their writings; their strongest sentiments are but reminiscences; and when they think they are giving way to passion, they are merely adding a page to literature. With regard to romances, this is eminently true; we cannot therefore, but feel a certain emotion in looking over those of a bygone time even though the interest they excite evaporated, and the language of passion, once though so vivid sounds cold in our ears.—*Suenger Sketches in Switzerland.*

TO PRESENT FLIES TEASING HORSES.—Take three handful of Walnut leaves, put them in three quarts of cold water, let it stand all night, and the next morning pour the whole into a kettle, and boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold, fit for use. Before the horse goes out of the stable, smear over those parts which are most irritable, with this liquor. The flies will not trouble him much for that day.

A young English traveller contracted in Valencia a love affair with a petty gipsy girl. The mother wished he should marry her at once; but the Englishman declared he was not rich enough to keep a wife. "What?" said the gipsy laughing, "not rich enough in the land of guineas? Walk so renowned a thief as my daughter you will in a year, be a millionaire."

An editor, away out in the west, wishing to give a faint idea of a cotemporary's meanness, says that his soul is so small that it might dance a hornpipe in a mosquito's watch job.

TRUTH ON TOMSTOWN.—The best epigram we ever saw was that of a clown. It simply said—"Here I am!"