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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, October 3, 1838.

The Missing Child.

The following letter from LEWIS ZANE, Esq., contains the particulars of the discovery of the remains of the little daughter of Mrs. Williams, whose absence we gave an account of some weeks since. It will be seen that the fears of the parents have been realized, and the unfortunate child has probably wandered through the wilderness, until fatigue and hunger overpowered her, and death came to end her sufferings. None but a parent can realize the distress and anguish such an occurrence creates—the bewildering fears—the half-relinquished hopes—the fearful watchings and search, until at last, even the remotest hope is abandoned to the dreary gloom of the certainty that all chance of recovery is hopeless. We notice almost every week, in our exchanges, the particulars of some such distressing occurrence, and it is a bright spot in human nature, to observe how ready the community are to sympathize with the afflicted in such cases, and to endeavor by diligent and interesting search, to return the lost to the arms from which they have wandered.

E. O. Goodrich:—Sir—A child of Mrs. Williams disappeared from Laporte on the 29th of June last. Diligent search was made then, and at many subsequent times, but all in vain, until yesterday afternoon, some of the remains were accidentally found by Mr. Foust in coming to Laporte from his house. They were about a mile and a half north of here. Several persons from Laporte returned with him to make search for and recover the remains.

All that were found, and the clothes which were identified by the mother, were buried in the burying ground at Laporte this afternoon.

I was called upon for the purpose of holding an inquest, but on account of the entire decay of the body, it was thought better to dispense with it.

Laporte, Sullivan county, Pa. Sept. 17th, 1838.

TO PRESERVE RED CRAB APPLS.—Take red or Siberian crab apples when they are quite ripe and the seeds are black. Wash and wipe them, and put them into a kettle with sufficient water to cover them. Simmer them very slowly till you find that the skin will come off easily. Then take them out and peel and core them; extract the cores carefully with a small knife, so as not to break the apples. Then weigh them, then to every pound of crab apples allow a pound and a half of loaf-sugar and a half pint of water. Put the sugar and water into a preserving kettle, and when they are melted together, set it over the fire and let it boil. After skimming it once, put in the crab apples, adding a little cochineal powder rubbed with a knife into a very small quantity of white brandy till it is dissolved. This will greatly improve the color of the apples. Cover them and let them boil till clear and tender, skimming the syrup when necessary. Then spread them out on dishes, and when they are cold, put them into glass jars and pour the syrup over them.

The flavor will be greatly improved by boiling with them in the syrup, a due proportion of lemon-juice and the peel of the lemons pared thin so as to leave the yellow part only. If you use lemon-juice put a small quantity of water to the sugar. Allow one large lemon or two smaller ones to each pound of crab apples.

If you find after they have been kept a while, the syrup inclines to become dry or candied, give it another boil with the crab apples in it, adding a teaspoon full of water to about three or four pounds of the sweetmeat.

THE FIRST UNKINDNESS.—Do you remember what your feelings were after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it! That pride was, in, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace—which cheats you with an evil delusion, that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds upon those glad and unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip, and will not leave them till their ashes corrode your affections, blight your moral vision, and blunt your sense of right and wrong. Never forget that yours is a lofty calling! Never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be properly fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide, as well as teach him. Your reprimands will drive him from you. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness may subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

THE WEDDING RING.—The ring is the emblem of fidelity; whenever it is looked upon, the marriage vow should be remembered. The Russians have several emblems not at all grateful to the feelings of wedded pairs, which they make use of at their marriage rites. The bride, on her wedding day, is crowned with a garland of worn-out—implying not only the bitterness or trials of the marriage state, but the duty of married women to triumph over these difficulties, and thus make them what they really can be made, a crown or emblem of victory.

GENTLENESS IN WOMAN.—Of all the graces which adorn and give dignity to the female character, none, perhaps, has a happier influence than that of gentleness. Not only does the cultivation of this virtue give peace and tranquility to the mind of its possessor, but its sweetness is imparted to all who are brought within its sphere. So amiable, and so attractive, is gentleness—such a beautiful attribute of the human heart, and so prepossessing in the eyes of all sensible beholders—that the only wonder is, that it is not more generally esteemed and practiced, especially by those whom it would the most adorn.

Gen. Andrew Jackson.

It is my intention to do justice to the living and the dead; and, in writing these papers, I shall avoid all partisan bias or feeling. I mean to write of Andrew Jackson, the man, the statesman, and soldier, but not of Andrew Jackson the partisan and leader of one of the most powerful parties that ever existed in this country.

The first time I had any intercourse with this celebrated man, was in the year 1821. As I was crossing the *Explanade*, in the city of Nashville, on a very warm and sultry day in the month of June, I met him near the State House, accompanied by Doctor Bronough, his then military surgeon and friend, and two or three other individuals of eminence. He stopped me, somewhat abruptly, and said to me, "I will thank you, young man, to sign this paper. It is a remonstrance against chartering a score or more of Banks. Come, my young friend, don't hesitate; step over the way to Stephen Cantrell's store, sign it at once, and whatever is to be done must be done quickly. There's no time to be lost, if we expect to nip these banking swindling schemes in the bud."

I was half inclined to offer some opposition to the loan of my signature; but, as I was satisfied that the General was right, I did "step over the way to Stephen Cantrell's store;" and then and there signed the remonstrance. The General was very much excited, for he had not found all on whom he called to be pliant to his will; not a few had paused to discuss the merits of the banking question—a question to him at all times, and in all its phases, superlatively odious. When I had recorded my signature, he was pleased to say to me, "You have done that to-day, young friend, which will through life redound to your honor!" With this remark, he departed on his mission of remonstrance. He obtained a large number of signatures in the city of Nashville and the adjacent country; and, having prepared himself for any emergency that might occur, he proceeded to Murfreesborough, where the Legislature of Tennessee was in session, and in person presented the remonstrance to the speaker, at the bar of the House of Representatives. He took the liberty to exercise this strange privilege of Parliament, inasmuch as the Freedom of the House had been voted him by an anterior legislature. The odious bank bill was under discussion at the time the remonstrance was presented, and Gen. Jackson took the liberty to present his views on the subject. He denounced it as an abomination, a scheme to swindle and defraud; and, handing up his remonstrance, he stated its nature and contents; and added, if any man voted for the bill then pending, he would be guilty of treason to the trusts confided to him by his constituency, and if indicted, a jury of twelve men would find him guilty of willful and corrupt perjury.

I was at Murfreesborough at the time this scene transpired, but did not happen to be in the Legislature at the moment. The utmost excitement followed it, as a matter of course; but it was of that description that produced a death-like silence. Some moments elapsed before the Assembly recovered itself; when two of its members, Adam Huntman, and a man named Miller, rose and protested against the action of General Jackson, and the entire proceeding. They protested rather in behalf of the dignity of the Legislative body, whose legitimate functions, they alleged, had been invaded, rather than in defence of the bank bill. Both, however, had ultimate cause to regret the course they had adopted; for the rapidly increasing popularity of the General absorbed every thing and demoralized every thing that opposed it. Mr. Miller, I believe, never politically recovered from the shock his conduct provoked; but Mr. Huntman, by removing to a distant portion of the State, where he ultimately became an advocate of General Jackson's fortunes and political creed, ultimately restored himself, and subsequently reached the American Congress, where he sustained the General's administration, though he professed to be a Judge White man.

Whatever might have been said, or whatever was said, in reference to the bold and somewhat arbitrary course of conduct General Jackson pursued on the occasion in question, it was, beyond all possible doubt, the means of saving Tennessee from the distress, absolute misery, and approximating anarchy, that had already been inflicted on Kentucky and Ohio, by the banking mania that had befallen them, and which had already begun to develop itself, in all its blighting consequences and depravity.

In the year 1816, the former State had, by the passing of a single act, established two-and-forty "Independent Banks" as they were called, and planted them in different and remote sections. The farther out of the way they could be located, the better it suited the convenience and designs of those who managed them. Several of them were in places that were almost inaccessible. I recollect one of them remarkably well. It was called the Bank of Barbersville, and is reported to exist in the town of Barbersville, in Knox county. It had been in operation a few months only, when I became possessed of a cheque on it, drawn by Col. Richard M. Johnson, of several hundred dollars. Being anxious to obtain its liquidation, and not being able to negotiate it, with any of the banks or bankers "in the settlements," I mounted my horse, and proceeded towards the town of Barbersville. It was soon out, amid the peaks of that part of the Allegheny range of mountains that are known as the Cumberland Ridge; but, on coming within some ten miles of it, I found myself entirely off the legitimate track, for there was nothing but a bridge path, that led from the main road to the city of Barbersville; and the main road itself would scarcely have been recognized as a road, if the traveller were not assured that such was the fact, by the erection of a public land mark.

After wandering, now this way and that, the better part of the day in the wilderness of the mountains, I accidentally fell into the company of a mountaineer, who with his rifle and his game on his

shoulder, was returning to his home, which, he informed me, was in the vicinity of Barbersville. In consideration of a draught from my flask, the man consented to be my guide; and after wandering through a succession of glades, ferns that were intersected with the occasional ranges of towering cliffs, and deep and scarcely penetrable forests, we reached the city of my search. It contained a log building, occupied as a jail; a grist mill, a tavern, a blacksmith's shop, and a gallow and stocks, and a whipping post. The entire population might have amounted to thirty or forty, possibly fifty persons. It was so late when I arrived to attend to any kind of business, especially, as I had behind me a long and weary journey, and therefore made up my mind to wait till the next morning, ere I attempted to do anything. In the mean time, I availed myself of a beautiful moonlight night, and a vacant hour, to look at the Elephanta of the magnificent city of Barbersville. The first object that awakened my curiosity, was the building occupied by the "President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of Barbersville." I was indebted to the courtesy of the only servant that was in the hotel, for a personal inspection of the outside of the edifice. It was composed of round logs, dove-tailed together at the ends, and was, I should think, about fifteen feet long, by six or eight in width, and might have been six or seven feet high. And this was the banking house that had already inundated the State of Kentucky with a series of beautiful bank notes, engraved by Murray, Draper, Fairman, and Company, of every denomination, from one dollar to one thousand. To me, the edifice was an absolute novelty, though it did not seem to awaken the especial wonder of my conductor, the bowler.

The jail was indeed a curiosity, in architecture as well as utility. It was composed of logs, erected on a superstructure and base of the same material, perched at least five-and-twenty feet in the air. It was approached by a ladder, which its keeper put up and took away, as necessary, convenience, or his caprice dictated. The main door was confined by placing the shaft of a tree, some fifty feet in length, against it, butt-end foremost, while the smaller end rested on the ground. The great weight of the shaft rendered it a formidable means of security and confinement, for it took at least a dozen men to move it. That it did afford abundant means of confinement, was proved by the fact, that at the time I saw it, it contained two incarcerated victims under sentence of death for murder.

Having seen quite as much of Barbersville as I desired, I went to bed, sleep soundly, and the next morning, at 10 o'clock, I called on Col. Joseph Eve, the President, and Mr. Benjamin Tuggle, the Cashier, of the Bank of Barbersville, and asked them to liquidate the claim I presented.

Col. Joseph Eve was a good looking man, and seemed to be in possession of some of the qualities of civilization; but Mr. Benjamin Tuggle, Cashier, was a very different kind of personage. He was blind of one eye; his face bore definite marks of many a bloody affair; and the haft and hilt of the long bowie knife that protruded from his bosom, made quite an unfavorable impression on my fancy. Col. Eve looked at the cheque I presented, and remarked that although Col. Johnson's claim on the bank was a good one, he could not tell what to do with it, until he had a meeting of the honorable board of directors. To facilitate the object of my visit as rapidly as possible, he said he would call a meeting of that important body at once. Hereupon, Mr. Joseph Eve applied a hunter's horn to his mouth,

"And now a blast to lead and drive," that it reached the very peaks of the mountains, and summoned the directors to attend to the business of the bank! In all good time, the "twelve" in hand, their appearance. They were clad in hunting shirts and moccasins, and looked very much like twelve men who had no especial aversion to deeds of dreadful note. A conversation took place inside of the banking house, which did not last long, before Col. Joseph Eve made his appearance, and informed me the directors had decided that they could not pay any more Cheques for Col. Johnson.

With this announcement I was not very well pleased, and was proceeding to descend on the inconvenience I had subjected myself to, by making a journey to Barbersville, when I was very decidedly "shut up," by Mr. Benjamin Tuggle, who accompanied the mandate with an intimation that if I were not satisfied, and though proper to grumble, I might find myself strong up to the tallest and strongest sapling that could be found in Knox county. And, as I was not disposed to submit myself to any such process of elevation and eminence, I very summarily paid what little debts I had contracted in the city of Barbersville, and made the best of my way to the settlements.

This Bank of Barbersville was a fair example of the two and forty that the Legislature of Kentucky launched into existence, in a single session; and which, after having imposed on the good people, in the short space of six or nine months, some twenty millions of paper promises to pay, and laid the foundation of years of subsequent toil, hardship and ruin—gave up the ghost, and ceased Kentucky for a succeeding quarter of a century.

It was to avoid this species of banking, to prevent the people of Tennessee and maintain the good credit of the State, that General Jackson took the ultra steps that distinguished him, at Murfreesborough, in the year 1821. Had he not done what was at the time a subject of denunciation, and which has, within the last few years, been made the subject of rude criticism, reproach and castigation, Tennessee would, beyond all doubt, have run into the wild and ruinous excesses of banking that desolated Kentucky.

A SNOW FROM THE FAR WEST.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Meis, Bishop of Vancouver, in Oregon, arrived on the 22d ult. at Dubuque, Iowa. He is on his way to Europe, and left Walla, the head of navigation on the Columbia river, on the 20th of March last, crossing the Rocky Mountains on foot, the snow being in many places 20 feet deep.

Executive Patronage and Party Strife.

The following article from the *Philadelphia Ledger* contains some instructive matter. It shows that the South supports itself either by slave labor, or by salaried offices. The time has arrived when the slave interest must prepare for a change. Free labor will supplant slave labor as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise:

When the federal Constitution was presented to the people by the Convention of 1787, every State in the Union excepting Massachusetts, held slaves. Little Rhode Island held more than 1000; Connecticut, nearly 3000; New York, 25,000; New Jersey, 12,000, and Pennsylvania 4000. Yet measures had already been adopted by N. Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Pennsylvania for the speedy abolition of slavery, and steps were in preparation for it which soon followed, in New York and New Jersey. In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina the most enlightened portion of the people, all the political leaders, regarded slavery with hostile feelings and looked forward to its extinction at no remote period. And every one of these States was opposed to any extension of this institution beyond the regions which it then occupied. South Carolina and Georgia stood alone in contending for the slave trade, and the perpetuation of slavery. And even they did not look beyond its perpetuation within their own boundaries. They do not seem at early period to have thought of its extension. But after the acquisition of Louisiana, they began to see, though not every clearly, an instrument of political power in the extension of slavery. Mississippi and Alabama had already been ceded to the Union, under a provision for the security of slavery, and were regarded as prospective slave States. Louisiana was extensive enough for several States, and already contained slaves.—And thus, in Mississippi and Alabama, and the States that would rise in Louisiana, they began to see a balance to the five new free States of the Northwestern Territory, and perhaps enough to arm the slave States with a majority in Congress.

This policy was fully developed and almost plainly avowed, when Missouri applied for admission; and since that time the slave-holding interest if the South have been indefatigable in striving to extend slavery as an instrument of political power. But why should the South desire the control of the federal Government! In former days, national Banks and high Tariffs furnished the answers to these questions. And though these questions are settled for the present, and may not soon be revived, yet while slavery endures we must expect a difference of opinion upon national policy between the free and slave States. But waiving these questions as things of the past, and of the future, not of the present, we proceed to mention a new element of difference between the free and slave States, which impels the latter to seek control of the federal Government. This is the executive patronage. Once inconsiderable, it has become extensive, and now operates upon the South like that of the British Government upon the English aristocracy. The army, the navy, the judiciary, the salaried officers at Washington, are now regarded by southern politicians as an important provision for the slave-holding interest.

All this results from the peculiar constitution of slavery, especially in South Carolina, Louisiana, and some others of the slave States. The state government of South Carolina is an aristocracy. Suffrage is extensive. But eligibility being dependent on a large amount of property, the legislative and executive power, and the representation in either House of Congress, must be confined to a rich oligarchy. Agriculture, conducted by slavery, though requiring careful superintendence, does not require that of the owner. The wealthy planter is not confined to his business, like the merchant or the farmer of the free States. Depending on agents and overseers, he can find leisure for politics, and thus converts them into a trade, a source of profit, as well as of ambition. And as slavery always exhausts every community in which it predominates, and consequently as slave-holding aristocracies decay, they seek in office the income and position which their wealth once afforded.—Hence we find the members of decayed southern families, once wealthy as well as distinguished, continually besieging Presidents for office, and continually preferred, by slave-holding Presidents, to citizens of the free States. We must also consider the influence of primogeniture, necessarily fostered by slavery. The sole foundation of slavery is agriculture, and the preservation of a family depends upon keeping the landed estate undivided. This compels younger sons to seek fortunes; and as they are educated for politics, the end of their efforts must be office—a maintenance from the Treasury. Thus the executive patronage becomes an important and engaging element in southern politics; and from this proceeds the animosity of the slave-holding interest to grasp new States, to seek extension as an instrument for monopolizing the power of the federal Government.

The remedy is obvious. A transfer of executive patronage to the people, wherever such transfer is practicable, and in Congress where it is not, would deprive the slave-holding aristocracy of a powerful instrument to the extension of slavery. In the army and navy, warrants for West Point and for midshipmen are appointed among the States, and promotions are regular. But when new general officers are to be appointed, as in the late war, why are not the House of Representatives as competent to nominate as the President! And why cannot the House nominate to the Senate foreign ministers, and auditors, registers and controllers of the Treasury! And judicial officers! The subject is worthy of consideration.

A HINT TO LOVERS.—There is nothing that tends to keep the fire of love burning brightly after marriage so much as those little attentions which, before marriage, you consider it would be almost inexcusable in you to forget. Husbands, bear this in mind!

Instances of Manual Dexterity in Manufactures.

The body of a hat (beaver) is generally made of one part of "red" wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbit's fur. The mixing or working up of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman, and years of long practice are required to make a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately, and then together. The workman takes a machine something like a large violin bow; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The workman, by means of a small piece of wood, causes the end of his "bow" to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clogged masses, and lays open all the fibres; these flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equal thickness. This operation, apparently so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

The curving of metal buttons is prepared by means of stamping-press; but instead of a punch, a curved polished surface is used. The workmen employed to stamp the little bits of copper, acquire such dexterity, that they frequently stamp twelve hundred in an hour, or nearly thirty in a minute.—This dexterity is truly wonderful, when it is considered that each bit of copper is put into the die separately, to be stamped with a press moved by the hand, and finally removed from the die. The quickness with which the hands and fingers must be moved to do 1,728 in an hour, must be very great.

In type-founding, when the metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead forming the pearl has two holes in its exterior; the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of a bead by a tube, and by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the whole surface of the interior, without any superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking bottles, much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle, or other appliance, the workman waxes each cork neatly and expeditiously, simply by turning the bottle upside down, and dipping the cork into the melted wax. Practice has enabled the men to do it so neatly, that scarcely any wax is allowed to touch the bottle. Again, to turn the bottle to its proper position, without spilling any of the wax, is apparently an exceedingly simple matter; but it is only by a peculiar movement of the wrist and hand, impossible to describe and difficult to imitate, that it is properly effected. One man can seal one hundred dozen in an hour.

In pasting and affixing labels on the blacking bottles, much dexterity is displayed. As one man can paste as many labels as two can affix, groups of three are employed in this department. In pasting the dexterity is shown by the final touch of the brush, which jerks the label off the heap, and which is caught in the left hand of the workman and laid aside. This is done so rapidly, that the three-fold operation of pasting, jerking and laying aside, is repeated no less than two thousand times in an hour. The affixing of the labels is a very neat and dexterous operation; to the watchful spectators the bottle is scarcely taken up in the hand, ere it is set down labelled. In packing the bottles into cases such neatness is displayed.

The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe; the workman cuts off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye; and such is the manual dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off 20,000 or 30,000 heads, without making a single mistake as to the number of turns in each. An expert workman can fasten on from 10,000 to 15,000 of these heads in a day.

The reader will frequently have seen the papers in which pins are stuck for the convenience of sale; children can paper from 30,000 to 40,000 in a day; although each pin involves a separate and distinct operation.

The pointing of pins and needles is done solely by hand. The workman holds thirty or forty pins-length in his hand, spread out like a fan; and wonderful dexterity is shown in bringing each part to the stone, and presenting every point of its circumference to its grinding action.

In stamping the grooves in the heads of needles, the operative can finish 8,000 needles in an hour, although he has to adjust each separate wire at every blow. In punching the eye-holes of needles by hand, children, who are the operators, acquire such dexterity, as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors!

In finally "papering" needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper 3,000 in an hour!

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.—No trait of character is more valuable in a lady than the possession of a sweet temper. Home never can be made happy without it. Those who understand this secret, live so comfortably that they are the envy of their friends. People wonder their houses are in such good order—their husbands so attentive—their children such real "darlings." A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Wherever it is found, in the wife or the mother, you observe kindness and virtue predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

A Good Man's Life.

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and efficient persuasive to religion, which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. The seen but silent beauty of holiness, speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations! The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's way, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning. Christianity, itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to its precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to make his religion of the human heart, than all that has ever been preached or written on the evan-gelism of Christianity.

AN IMMENSE BED OF GOLD.—One hundred miles in extent, has been discovered in California, on America Fork and Feather rivers, tributaries of the Sacramento, near Monterey. Mr. Colton, the Alcalde of Monterey, states that the gold is found in the sands, in grains resembling squirrel shov, flattened out. Some grains weigh an ounce each. It is got by washing out the sand in any vessel, from a tea saucer to a swarming pan. A single person can gather an ounce or two a day, and some even a hundred dollars worth. Two thousand whites and as many Indians are on the ground. All the Americans, settlements are deserted, and farming nearly suspended. The women only remain in the settlements. Sailors and captains, desert the ships to go to the gold region, and laborers refuse ten dollars a day to work on the farms.

Mr. Colton says:—"One man, who resides next door to me, gathered five hundred dollars worth in six days. He has one lump which weighs an ounce. A rough such as you feel pigs in, will bring in the gold region fifty dollars. Put a piece of sheet iron, punched with holes, on it, and it will bring a hundred. My friend J. R. paid sixteen dollars for a little basket, and his companion gave twenty for a chamber pot—all to wash out the gold in."

More than twenty thousand dollars worth had been collected. Gov. Mason said his aid had gone to the district which is five days journey from Monterey. The natives have gone for gold, the sailors have run from the ships, and the soldiers from their camps, for the same purpose. The last vessel that left the coast was obliged to ship an entire new crew, and pay each fifty dollars a month. No one can be hired to dig gold short of sixteen or twenty dollars a day—he prefers working on his own hook—he may make less than that, but he has a chance of making much more. There flour is worth \$32 per barrel; 15 lbs of Boston crackers in tin boxes, \$10 a box; a cotton shirt \$10; boards \$500 per 100 feet. A carpenter can get \$100 per day. Mr. L. paid for a common cradle trough 12 feet by 3 wide, to wash gold earth in \$150. Less than adams's work to make it."

THE FOLLY OF REVENGE.—There is nothing more foolish, nor more productive of misery to yourself, than revenge. Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. They make the best face look ugly. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful person, who turns the poison of his own temper upon himself. The Christian precept in this case is, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" and this precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagoreans practised in a literal sense—"If at any time," in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before the sun set they gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so, with a mutual reconciliation, parted friends."

MIRTH AND WISDOM.—Nobody can deny that there is truth in the old saying, "It is good to be merry and wise." Not only is this simple truth, but sound philosophy. It is an excellent thing to be mirthful, when you can; to smile at what amuses you; to laugh at what is ludicrous; in short, to look at the sunny side of things, and even in the gloom and cold of winter, to recollect that there is "a good time coming," when the sunshine and warmth of the glorious summer will make all things glad. Thus, even while we enjoy ourselves, we may be "wise" in doing so. We may be exercising that hopeful, practical philosophy which makes the best of the present, and looks cheerfully forward at the future, with its rich promise.

HOW SPIDERS MAKE BRIDGES.—Some of the most distinguished naturalists of the world believe that spiders have the art of crossing streams of water on bridges of their own making. Mr. Spencer relates the following curious fact. "Having placed a large, full-grown spider, on a cane upright in the midst of a stream of water, he saw it descend the cane several times, and remount when it arrived at the surface of the water. Suddenly he lost sight of it wholly; but a few minutes afterwards, to his great astonishment, he perceived it quietly pursuing its own way on the other side of the stream. Having span two threads along the cane it had but one of them, which carried by the wind, had become attached to some object on the bank, and so served the spider as a bridge across the water."

Men are made to be eternally shaken 'out, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colour in the noise and tumult of life.

A New York paper calls the ceremony of young ladies kissing each other, a dreadful waste of the raw material.