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See Fourth page for extracts from the speech of Mr. Isaac of Alabama, in defence of Slavery, and in support of Southern doctrine.

GOOD NIGHT.

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

Good night, fair girl! Nay! go not yet—
We still would gaze a little while
Upon those laughing eyes of jet,
And on that gentle, speaking smile.
A moment stay—repulse that light,
And say not yet, dear girl! good night.

The time may come—ah! will time set
His signal on so smoothly a brow!
Your heart would gladden to have met
The dear ones that are round you now.
These passing moments soon will seem
The fleeting of a fairy dream.

Yes! now you smile in happiness;
And may it never know decline:
But glad heart ne'er glad the less—
The hearts have broken, blithe as thine;
And girlhood's path with flowers is strewn
That fade away in womanhood.

Alas! it is not loveliness,
Can shield from sorrow and from care;
The sweetest features oft express
How much of sadness has been there.
Love be that cheek by tears unstained,
That brow by frowns unuplifted.

How strange a web life often weaves,
With mingled threads of dark and gay;
Less changelessly beneath the leaves
The sunbeams and the shadows play.
Each joy has its own sorrow near,
And every smile a sister tear.

Well—these may be but dreams at best;
How sleep bring brighter ones to thee?
There cannot be more bright and best
Than what we would the truth may be.
Let be the slumbers calm and light,
Till morning break—good night—good night.

(From the "Lullaby.")

TAKING A PARTNER.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

A girl's tongue is a cornucopia of mischief.

Why Rose what is the matter? and what has happened? exclaimed Mrs. Sargent, as her daughter entered into the parlor, (from whence she had been called) a half hour before to say a number of things which she had thrown herself fainting upon a sofa.

"I have come home with a bad head-ache," replied the beautiful girl, with difficulty preventing herself from being audible, "I feel giddy and dizzy."

"Say, but I am sure something has happened," said the fond mother, removing her hands from her forehead, and drawing her daughter to her bosom, "you are not subject to such sudden attacks, and besides are too brave to be merely bodily pain. What has disturbed you?"

Rose made no reply, but hid her burning cheeks with her hands which were already wet with streaming tears, and sobbed away in silence. Her mother, whatever its cause, was too deep for words, and all the endearing caresses of strong maternal affection were vain to soothe the anguish of her heart.

At once as she could recover sufficient strength, she turned her fearful face to her mother's, and men restlessly retreated to her own room, where she would leave her to the sanctity of her mother, while she briefly explain the cause of it.

Mrs. Sargent was a widow, and Rose was her only child. They were not rich, but Mrs. Sargent had been left in moderate circumstances, and no expense had been spared in their daughter's education. That she was proud of that daughter, and that mother did not attempt to conceal, and never did pride a better reason.

Although intellectually accomplished, Rose was not from the least taint of pedantry, and her manner had a charm which won the hearts of young men. Without being gay or boisterous, she was a good old Saxon epithet our lexicographers have pronounced obsolete, without at all supplying the place and no other word expressive of her character so well.

It was not until, for with she was too ill, that she was not well, will leave the heart too chill. But that continues a sweet time, which with some years all around it, from the wish to please.

She had none of those sickly sentimental airs so commonly affected by languishing belles. Her mother was honest, her affections sincere, and she had had a heartful toge.

The casket was worthy such a gem. She was rather under the medium size, but delicately formed and as graceful as a young fawn. Her dark hair hung in natural ringlets upon a neck of snow, but of pure healthy fleshy white—

Her eyes were deep blue—as if of heaven's own coloring; her nose aquiline, with a thin curving line, that might have been thought to indicate a hawk, but for the modest sweetness of the beautifully rounded cheeks, whose outlines melted away into the full cheek with a graceful bend no painter's pencil could have perfectly copied. But her mouth—the crowning beauty of her face. Mem-

bering searching for a tribute to express it, suggests the following lines, which must have been written just such lips as those of my heroine—

Her lips were red and one was thin—
Combined with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.

As to all this, a demerol which seemed total unconsciousness of self, and you have Rose Sargent in her nineteenth year. She would have been a belle, but for the comparatively retired life she had led, and the distinction which she had always felt to join large mixed assemblies. She loved the cheerful social circle than the dazzling ballroom, and the loving gaze of tried friends, than the rude stare of admiring gallants.

She rose was not
—born to blush unseen,
—combined with that was next her chin,
—some bee had stung it newly.

Edward Burton had found it thus in full bloom

and had fallen in love at first sight. It was impossible, after being an hour in her company, to mistake her for any common-place flower; and as Ned Burton (as we always called him), and as a young merchant engaged in a growing business, his only doubt was as to his success in winning her.

But he need not have entertained a doubt. Although he was not what is commonly called handsome, he had a pleasing countenance, a manly form and a finely cultivated mind; and his love for the fair flower was straight forward and sincere. What more could be required to succeed in winning an unoccupied heart.

Nearer and closer did this intimacy become and the bonds were multiplying about them. Each saw in each new and delicate traits of character constantly developing as heart opened to heart, the mother saw and approved, even that mighty bugbear, public opinion, was content, and for once the "course of true love," seemed to belie the proverb.

A short hour before we introduce her to the reader—happy in a multitude of pleasant memories, happy in the present, and thrice happy in the sweet promise of the future which hope had colored with a fairy hand—she had gone forth in all her glowing beauty, (and she was beautiful, dear reader; our pen, to say the least, has done her no more than justice,) like a vision of loveliness to gladden the faces of a few dear friends, to whom her presence was ever like a gleam of sunshine.

What has brought her back so sad—nay more than sad—so thoroughly wretched as we saw her just now, when she leaned so wearily against her mother's sympathizing heart? Alas! her bright dreams for the future—those angel hopes that made her countenance so radiant—had all been crushed and swept away. The joys which the present had multiplied around her, were suddenly tasteless. And even the past, which she once thought nothing but blot out or change now brought its haunting memories, only to embitter the cruel thoughts of the present. How quickly may a single cloud darken the brightest day!

And all this anguish had been caused by a few short words she had heard while calling on the Parkers. Mr. Parker was a conveyancer, and a gentleman of his acquaintance had called upon him that morning to draw up a marriage settlement for his daughter. In the course of the conversation, the gentleman said,

"By the way our young friend Ned Burton is about taking a partner."

"What, a business partner?" asked Mr. Parker. His friend who understood the difference between a "business partner" and a "partner in business," replied,

"No, a special partner."

"Money?" asked the conveyancer in his contentious way.

"Yes, a cool twenty thousand."

"I wish him joy, I am sure," said Parker who knew the young man slightly, "the money will be quite a help to him."

"Yes, and the connexion will help him still more than the money."

"It is a good family then?"

"Yes, old Joshua Baker, you know there is none better in the city."

The gentleman soon after took his leave, and Mr. Parker, on joining his family related the circumstances to them. Our sweet Rose coming in an hour later, found the daughter, Miss Matilda Parker, alone, who without knowing the full weight of interest it would have to her visitor immediately began upon the news.

"You know Edward Burton, do you not?" The last clause was emphasized half maliciously.

"Well he is going to marry a daughter of Joshua Baker?"

"Indeed," said Rose, while her face wore an expression of incredulity—"and how did you hear it?"

"Papa told me this morning."

"I think there must be some mistake about it," said Rose more slowly while her lip quivered and a strange moisture dimmed the azure of her eye.

"There can't be any mistake," replied Matilda who was very positive in her way, and had confounded the intelligence of the morning with that upon which her father's friend had called. "Father drew up the marriage settlement this morning and the bride is going to have twenty thousand dollars dowry."

This was too positive and direct for question, and poor Rose drooped like a flower upon a broken stem. How she got out of the fitful she could not tell. There was a dimness in her eye, and a faintness in her heart, yet as long as other eyes were upon her she had tried to hide her emotion. But now that she was safely locked in her own room, she could weep unrestrained, and question her own heart, as to the integrity of the image she had cherished there. She had never for one moment doubted the honor and sincerity of her who had won her guileless heart. Could there be, she asked herself, so much baseness under so fair an exterior? True he had never declared his love, but had he not shown it a thousand tender ways too tender to be mistaken? Had she offended him? Was this a sudden whim or had he long premeditated it? These questions only the more perplexed her, and turn which way she would there seemed no ray of light or hope. Now that her sky was overcast, she had no longer faith in the bright beautiful of earth.

She remembered now that Edward had told her at their last parting that he should not be able to see her again for two or three days, as he had some business of importance to attend to, but little did she think that it concerned herself so nearly.

Her mother went up to her room just before dawn, and found her lying upon the bed, her eyes swollen with weeping and a look of anguish upon every feature; but not even to that tender mother could she confess the cause of her sorrow. She shrunk from acknowledging that she had given her heart unasked to another. What if she had all

along mistaken the nature of his affections, and misinterpreted the offices of friendship, for the language of love? She had mingled but little with the world, and (thus she reasoned with her own heart) how could she tell that he had shown more regard for her society than that of a dozen others? Her intimate friends had seemed to feel assured of their mutual attachment but might not those friends have supposed that mutual vows had passed between them? At any rate she resolved that the secret should die with her: she would never confess that the treasures of her affection had been bestowed upon one who could treat the gift so lightly. She would tear his image from the temple, where she had so sacred enshrined it, though her heart were broken in the struggle which it cost her!

Her mother finding that any allusion to the cause of her grief only added to its poignancy, forbore to distress her by pressing her inquiries until she should grow more tranquil, and thus she mourned in secret. Never had time who had hitherto given her some precious memory for every hour he had stolen from her seemed to drive the heavy moments along so wearily. It was her first day of severe suffering, and it seemed as if the night would never come and she longed to hide herself in its deepening shadows; and yet when it came she shuddered at its gloom—for it settled on her heart like a heavy pall!

It was about eight o'clock when the bell rang at the street door, and Edward Burton was shown into the parlor. Her mother was in the dining room busy with her sewing and the servant not knowing that anything unpleasant had occurred, went directly to Rose and announced him.

Here was a sad trial for the sweet. At one time she had resolved never to see him again, and yet what excuse could she make for avoiding him, that would not betray her secret. Now upon the impulse of the moment she resolved to see him, at least once more, and try if it would not strengthen her heart. She washed her streaming eyes, that continually overflowed like a never failing fountain, and hastily arranging her dress descended to the parlor, she entered with trembling steps, and her countenance wore an unusual flush yet strange to say he did not perceive it, and he trembled even more than herself. His voice trembled in greeting her—after which there was silence for a few minutes during which he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the carpet. At length he began,

"Miss—Miss Sargent—I have just concluded an important engagement, and I—have called—called—"

he stammered on thus far when, taking advantage of a considerable pause in the sentence she interrupted him.

"I will save you the trouble, Mr. Burton," said she, making the utmost exertion to assume an indifferent tone, "of making any further explanations. I have already heard of your engagement, and hope—"

She could go no farther, for overcome by her feelings she burst into tears and then hastily left the room.

Poor Burton was taken by surprise. He had evidently expected a different conclusion to his interview and he sat for a moment motionless as if stunned by a sudden blow.

Rose was hastening to her chamber when her mother in leaving the dining room encountered her on the stairs. The poor girl tried to hide her emotion by covering her burning cheek with her hands, but the pearls dropped would not be checked, and as her mother drew her gently to her breast the convulsive heaving of her chest, showed that hers was no common sorrow.

"My darling Rose," said the mother tenderly, as she turned back and almost bore the trembling girl to a seat, "I must insist on your telling me what it is that distresses you so deeply."

"O, mother, I can't help it," replied the sufferer, "for Edward is going to marry another and I am so wretched!"

"Who told you of this?"

"Matilda Parker told me of it this morning and he has just confessed it to me."

"Stay, my child," said Mrs. Sargent soothingly, "I think there is some mistake here, I will see Mr. Burton myself."

Mrs. Sargent descended to the parly with a hasty step, and a glow of unwonted meaning like a fever spot upon her cheek, but she found Mr. Burton as excited as herself. Before she could frame a question he commenced,

"For pity's sake, Mrs. Sargent, tell me what is the matter with Rose?"

"Can you wonder at her excitement, Mr. Burton, when after your frequent visits here you come in this cruel manner to taunt her with the announcement of your own engagement?"

"Why, that is the very thing that surprises me," he replied eagerly, "I have been hesitating to avow my attachment to your daughter until my business was established upon such a permanent footing as to leave no doubt, of my ability to support her comfortably, in a situation suited to her taste. I have just concluded an engagement with Mr. Joshua Baker, who, as special partner, is to advance me a capital of twenty thousand dollars which will place my success almost beyond contingency. The moment my arrangements were completed, I came here to plead my cause with your daughter when she had left me most unaccountably."

"Stop a moment," said Mrs. Sargent; "I think this matter can be explained—Rose heard this morning that your engagement was with the daughter, instead of the latter, and of course thought you had been insincere with her."

"I never knew he had a daughter," replied Burton, vehemently; "I have been worshipping Rose since I first saw her. I entreat you, my dear madam, be continued, more gently, 'let me at least see her and tell her how cruelly she has mistaken me.'"

"I think you will not find Rose implacable," said Mrs. Sargent pleasantly, "with a cleared brow she left the parlor on her mission."

A few minutes after a fair form stole tremblingly into the room, in which the lover was waiting, and was soon leaning upon his breast.

Mr. Burton has now two partners, one a special partner, "according to the act of Assembly, &c." and the other a sharer of his heart according to the divine right of love.

THE RESPECTABILITY OF LABOR.—There is a vast amount of foolish discussion, and false sentiment, in regard to this subject. Every pursuit of industry that is honest, and promotive of human well-being, is respectable, honored and dignified. The chimney sweeper is only vulgar when he sinks below and demeans his toil. Let him pursue his work earnestly and steadily, and he is entitled to as much respect as the telescope maker. The profession of labor has no essential merit in itself, beyond being more or less productive; the merit belongs entirely to the manner of its pursuit. Labor with the slave, is neither a pleasure nor a virtue, no matter what his occupation, for it is forced from him: before pleasure or virtue can be attached, labor must be sought or chosen. Then it has value and dignity in proportion to its honesty and the character of its products.

Some pride themselves upon living above, and independent of labor, scorning all its pursuits as low and ignoble. Such are drones who eat what they do not earn, and it is sufficient punishment for them that they can see nothing in their desire or destiny, but an utter antipode to the generally revealed character of God and man. Others pride themselves upon the exclusiveness or aristocracy of a profession, as though honor or dignity came to labor from isolation instead of usefulness. These would call labor honorable in proportion as they could handle it without soiling their gloves. It is hard to say which of the two is the most vulgar—

he who decries and scorns all labor that is soiling—

all common every day toil—or he who values labor only as begrimed with dirt, and turns up his nose at the man who works with hands or face cleaner than his own. Both are immensely vulgar, and both will have to learn much before they truly understand matters.

CHICKEN SALAD.—The fowls for this purpose should be young and fine. You may either boil or roast them. They must be quite cold. Having removed all the skin and fat, and disjointed the fowls, cut the meat from the bones into very small pieces, not exceeding an inch. Wash and split two large fine heads of celery, and cut the white part into pieces as also about an inch long; and having mixed the chicken and celery together, put them into a deep china dish, cover it and set it away.

It is best not to prepare the dressing till just before the salad is to be eaten, that it may be as fresh as possible. Have ready the yolks of eight hard-boiled eggs. Put them into a flat dish, and mash them to a paste with the back of a wooden spoon. Add to the egg a small tea-spoonful of fine salt, the same quantity of cayenne pepper, half a gill of made mustard, a gill or a wine glass and a half of vinegar, and rather more than two wine glasses of sweet oil. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly; stirring them a long time till they are quite smooth.

The dressing should not be put on till a few minutes before the salad is sent in; as by laying in it the chicken and celery will become tough and hard. After you pour it on, mix the whole well together with a silver fork.

Chicken salad should be accompanied with plates of bread and butter, and a plate of crackers. It is a supper dish, and is brought in with terrapin, oysters, &c.

Cold turkey is excellent prepared as above. An inferior salad may be made with cold fillet of veal, instead of chickens.

Cold boiled lobster in very fine cut up and dressed in this manner, only substituting for celery, lettuce cut up and mixed with the lobster.

A FAIR HIT.—We commend the following story to such of our contemporaries as can enjoy a laugh at their own expense. It is told by the editor of the *Dayton Transcript*, and is certainly a fair hit at the cloth:

We have travelled some 1500 miles within the last few days by land and by water. The tavern-keepers, steamer captains, &c., &c., have uniformly galked our hat and indignantly refused to permit us to pay our way. In short, upon the racing canal, upon the extensive lake, in the packets, hotels, and floating palaces of Lake Erie, we have had a great "free blow," and have uniformly been regarded among the "dead heads."

This you will regard as very pleasant, and certainly a very agreeable and advantageous way of travelling. But there is one "free blow" we received, which came near knocking us into the middle of next week. The incident is so comical that we will relate it, if the joke is at our own expense.

While on board one of the splendid steamers which ply between Buffalo and Chicago, the fuz on our chin grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to a barber's shop on board to have it taken off. The fellow did it in a first rate style. After he had combed and oiled our head, brushed our clothes, and slicked us up fine, we felt gratified, pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity.

"I understand," said he, "that you are an editor."

"Well! what of it?" said we.

"We need charge editors'uffin," said he.

"But my friend," said we, "there are a good many editors travelling now a days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business."

"Oh, never mind," said he, "we make it all up off the gentlemen."

We incontinently sloped.

FAVORS.—*En quads* stuck in to fill out the columns of humanity; yet notwithstanding the small space they occupy, like old Time herself, in their careless tick, tick, ticking, they record the fortune and misfortune, the hap and mishap, the gayety and folly, the wisdom and non-sense of man.

THE FRENCH PEDLAR IN SARDINIA:

A ROMANTIC STORY.

Once, in Sardinia, at a village high up in the mountains, a pedlar, whom we afterwards met in Genoa, arrived about Christmas during very severe weather. A father, whose daughter was about to be married, kindly invited him to make some stay at his house. The pedlar accepted the invitation, and remained eight or ten days, kept a prisoner, as it were, by the hospitality of his host, and a perpetual succession of snow-storms. He was present at the wedding, and at the merry making given by the family in the evening, where he noticed among the guests a young man of rather handsome appearance, who attracted much attention by the gloomy serenity of his manner. Towards most persons he preserved a sullen silence; but he relaxed with the pedlar, laughed and talked a great deal, inquired what route he meant to take, and how long it was likely to be before he would be among them again.

In due time the pedlar quitted the farm-house, and proceeded on his way. The country just there was very thinly inhabited, the woods frequent, and of considerable extent, and here and there were caverns of various dimensions. In one of these the pedlar one snowy night found himself compelled to take refuge. He had had the precaution to take some food with him; and, the cold being piercing, he collected a quantity of wood, kindled a fire, and sat down to enjoy his supper beside it. He had not taken many mouthfuls before he observed a man enter the cavern covered with snow, which he shook from him as he advanced. There was an immediate recognition; it was no other than the farmer's wedding guest! He accosted the pedlar with a strange, constrained civility—saying he was come to sup, and spend the night with him.

"You are welcome," said the Frenchman, with all common self-command as he could assume.

"Perhaps, however," replied the Sardinian, "I shall not continue to be so when I have explained my errand?"

"I listen, proceed. But allow me first to offer you a little supper. Here, pray take a slice of German sausage and a little of this wine, which I have luckily brought along with me. Taste it; it is very good."

"No," answered the Sardinian; "I will neither eat nor drink with you until I find whether it will be necessary to kill you or not!"

"Kill me?"

"Yes, you; unless you accede to the request I am about to make. Listen! I am in love with a girl whose father will not give her to me unless I can prove myself to be in possession of one hundred dollars. Now I wish you to lend me that sum, which I will faithfully repay to you: not at any stated time, observe, for I may be unfortunate; but I swear to you; here, on this dagger, that I will repay it sooner or later." And he held up the glittering weapon in the light of the flames, ready to press it to his lips should the pedlar accede to his request.

The Frenchman naturally felt exceedingly uncomfortable; for from the savage aspect of his guest, he did not doubt he had reason to dread the worst.

The Sardinian continued: "Should you be so foolish as to refuse me, I shall kill you, take all your property, and make use of it. But because I am an honest man, I wish you in that case to tell me who is your nearest kin in France, since it will be my most earnest endeavor to repay him the money as soon as Providence shall have put it in my power."

Here he paused, to observe what effect his words had produced on the pedlar, who for some time was too much terrified to reply.

"Well," resumed the guest, "you are undecided! It is just what I expected; it is very natural. However I will stay all night with you, that you may have reflection; because I would rather not kill you if I could help it. Still, I have made up my mind to be married next week, and I would kill fifty pedlars rather than postpone the ceremony."

"Under these circumstances," replied the Frenchman, "I must lend you the money, since I have no choice."

"You resolve wisely; you have no choice. One observation more, however. I must make, and then we will sit down comfortably to supper. It is this: when you next come to our village, you will take some seed and my wife, and you will take up your residence with us in preference to any other persons. You will say nothing, however, of the present transaction, neither to her or any one else, unless you will not seem afraid of me, as indeed you need not be; but will be merry, and reckon confidently on being repaid the sum with which you now accommodate me."

All this the pedlar promised.

"Now," exclaimed the young man, "give me your hand; we are friends: let us sit down to supper. Afterwards you can reckon me out the money; we will keep up a good fire, and chat by it all night; and in the morning we will separate, each to pursue his own way."

In the morning, as they were about to bid each other adieu, the Sardinian took out his dagger, and cutting off one of the buttons from his coat, handed it to the Frenchman, saying, "Take that and keep it till I restore to you your money. Observe, it is of silver, and has been handed down in my family for many generations. I would not part with it for all you possess; and when I intend to repay you the hundred dollars, this is the course I shall pursue: I will say I have lost my button, and will offer a hundred dollars to any one who shall find and bring it to me. You will prevent yourself; you will produce the button; and I, as in honor bound, will give the sum agreed on. Do we part friends?"

The pedlar, who, notwithstanding his loss, could not but be amused by the strange character and ideas of the Sardinian, gave him his hand, and they parted friends.

Next year he passed the same way again, and sure enough found his friend married to a very pretty woman, who had already brought him a son. He seemed very happy; but coming up to the Frenchman he said, "Now I have lost a button; I may be able to find it enough to buy one to replace it; I may be more lucky next year."

The pedlar understood; and, after having been made very welcome at his house, went his way.

A second and a third year he returned, and every time found a young son or daughter added to the family. At length, pleased with his reception, with the constant hospitality shown him, with the pleasant wife and cheerful, increasing family, he took the Sardinian aside, and presented him with his button—"Allow me to restore you this article of yours, which I have found."

"No, no," replied his host; "Keep it another year; by that time I shall be able to redeem it, and at the same time to spend a very merry evening with you. Come this way next winter and you shall see it."

The month rolled round, the pedlar, regular as the season, came again, and the Sardinian invited him to supper. All the children had been sent to bed, and he and his wife only remained with their guest.

"Agatha," said he to her, "do you know that it is your friend here that you are indebted for a husband?"

His wife looked surprised.

"I beg your pardon, dear Agatha," said he, "that is not what I ought to have said. I mean I am indebted to him for a wife, as it was he who supplied me with a hundred dollars, without which your father would have refused you to me."

"Oh, how heartily I thank you!" exclaimed the wife; "for he is a good husband and a good father."

"But I robbed him," said the husband. He then related the whole circumstance, remarking at the conclusion, "I trust my secret to you, Agatha, because my honor is as dear to you as my life. Here, friend," he exclaimed, placing a little bag on the table, "here are your hundred dollars; so now restore me my button, which you have doubtlessly kept carefully."

"Yes, here it is!" exclaimed the Frenchman, taking it from his purse; "and now we are even, except that I owe you much, very much, for the constant hospitality you have shown me."

"Nay," replied the husband, "it is you that I am indebted for my wife and children; you have been in some sort a father to us all; and therefore, so long as I have a house over my head, pray consider it yours."

Pedlars are sometimes generous. Taking up the bag of dollars, and turning to the wife, the Frenchman said, "Allow me, madam, to present this to your youngest child as a birth-day present. I am in a condition to afford it. I have much money in my country, and intend next year to marry, and retire to Provence, my native land."

The present was accepted; but the farmer, not to be outdone in generosity, forced on him next morning a handsome horse of considerable greater value.

FREEDOM AGAINST FORCE.—The security of married women's rights in their own property; the protection of their dowry in that of their husbands; the exemption of the homestead and of a liberal amount of household furniture from execution for debt; all of which are rapidly coming, whatever else result, will have the effect of putting business on a new basis—Cash and Character. Mean men will find some way of playing the sneak and force their way as they do now; but most likely the force of opinion will be as effectual in the collection of debts as that of law. Gambling debts and marriage fees, in this country, and physician's fees in England are paid punctually, because they are debts of honor. Collecting money by rigorous legal measures has been called "grinding the face of the poor;" publishing the insolvency and unpopularity of debtors under the new system will be putting them out of countenance. The thing is going to be tried, and it is worth the experiment, for it is raising a higher standard of responsibility in business relations, and will doubtless, do as much good as society is capable of getting out of it. If there is any good in human nature it is to be expected that persons' honor will keep pace with personal liberty. All these things are calculated to give dignity to the man, which is surely the best way of regaining all questions of property.

LITHOGRAPHY—THE ART OF PRINTING FROM STONES.—The process of Lithography is based upon the fact that Printing Ink, being largely composed of oil, will not adhere to any surface which is wet with water. Every one knows how utterly impossible it is to mix oil and water. To Lithograph, then, all that is necessary is to draw on the surface of a dry slab of stone, with a greasy crayon, whatever is desired to be printed. A weak solution of nitric acid is then rubbed over the stone, which fastens the drawing so that it cannot be rubbed off.—After this a solution of gum arabic is passed over the surface, and then the stone is ready for printing.—By means of a sponge, water is now rubbed on the stone, and while yet wet the ink roller is applied. The ink of course adheres to the lines of the drawing, because they are oily, but to the wet stone it does not stick. The paper is now laid on, and with the stone passed through the press, the result being a beautiful and exact copy of whatever is drawn.

The stone employed for lithography is of a peculiar kind of lime and clay nature, resembling in appearance a smooth yellow limestone, yet possessing the quality of absorbing water. It is found chiefly in Bavaria, though there are quarries of it in England. The Bavarian stone, however, are those most universally employed, and their importation is a considerable object in commerce. They are worth in New York from 5 to 10 cents per pound.

—N. Y. Sun.

It is but fourteen years since railroads were first used as public thoroughfares.