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TOWANDA:

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Reminiscences of Patrick Henry.

The following is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Seminary:—

From my earliest childhood I had been accustomed to hear of the eloquence of Patrick Henry. On this subject there existed but one opinion in the country. The power of his eloquence was felt equally by the learned and unlearned. No man who ever heard him speak, on any important occasion, could fail to admit his uncommon power over the minds of his hearers. The occasions of which he made his greatest efforts have been recorded by Mr. Wirt, in his Life of Henry. What I propose in this brief article is to mention only what I observed myself more than half a century ago.

Being then a young man just entering on a profession in which good speaking was very important, it was natural for me to observe the oratory of celebrated men. I was anxious to ascertain the true secret of their power, or what it was which enabled them to sway the minds of the hearers, almost at their will.

In executing a mission from the Synod of Virginia, in the year seventeen hundred ninety four, I had to pass through the county of Prince Edward, where Mr. Henry resided. Understanding that he was to appear before the Circuit Court which met in that county, in defence of three men charged with murder, I determined to seize the opportunity of observing for myself the eloquence of this extraordinary orator.

It was with some difficulty I obtained a seat in front of the bar, where I could have a full view of the speaker, as well as hear him distinctly. Before I had time to submit to a severe penance in gratifying my curiosity—for the whole day was occupied with the examination of witnesses, in which Mr. Henry was aided by two other lawyers.

In person, Mr. Henry was lean rather than fleshy. He was rather above than below the common height, but had a stoop in the shoulders which prevented him from appearing as tall as he really was. In his moments of animation, he had the habit of straightening his frame, and adding to his apparent stature. He wore a brown wig which exhibited an indication of any great care in the dressing—his hair on his shoulders he wore a brown camlet cloak. Under his clothing was black, somewhat like the worst for wear. The expression of his countenance was that of solemnity and deep earnestness. His mind appeared to be always absorbed in what, for the time, occupied his attention. His forehead was high and spacious; and the skin of his face more than usually wrinkled for a man of fifty—

His eyes were small and deeply set in his head, but of a bright blue color, and twinkled much in their sockets. In short, Mr. Henry's appearance had nothing very remarkable, as he sat at rest. You might readily have taken him for a planter, who cared very little about his personal appearance. In his manners he was uniformly respectful and courteous. Candles were brought into the court house, when the examination of the witness closed, and the judges put it to the opinion of the bar, whether they would go on with the argument that day or adjourn until the next day. Paul Carrington, Jr. the attorney for the State, a man of large size and uncommon dignity of person and manner, as well as an accomplished lawyer, professed his willingness to proceed immediately, whilst the testimony was fresh in the minds of all. Now for the first time I heard Mr. Henry make anything of a speech, and though it was short, it satisfied me on one thing which had particularly desired to have decided: namely, whether like a player he merited the appearance of feeling. His manner of addressing the court was profoundly respectful. He would be willing to proceed with the trial, but he said, "My heart is so oppressed with the weight of responsibility which rests upon me, having the lives of three fellow citizens depending, probably, on the exertion which I may be able to make in their behalf, (here he turned to the prisoners behind him) that I do not feel able to proceed to-night. I hope the court will indulge me, and postpone the trial till morning." The impression made by these few words was such as I assure myself no one can ever conceive, by seeing them in print. In the countenance, action, and intonation of the speaker, there was expressed such an intensity of feeling, that all my doubts were dispelled; never again did I question whether Henry felt, or only acted a feeling. Indeed, I experienced an instantaneous sympathy with him in the emotions he expressed; and I have no doubt the same sympathy was felt by every ear.

As a matter of course, the proceedings were deferred till next morning. I was early at my post; the judges were soon on the bench, and the prisoner at the bar. Mr. Carrington, afterwards Judge Carrington, opened with a clear and dignified speech, and presented the evidence to the jury. Every thing seemed perfectly plain. Two brothers and a brother-in-law met two other persons in pursuit of a slave, supposed to be harbored by the brothers. After some altercation and mutual abuse, one of the brothers, whose name was John Eard, raised a loaded gun which he was carrying and presented it to the breast of one of the other pair, and shot him dead in open day. There was no doubt about the fact. Indeed it was not denied. There had been no other provocation than on ordinary words. It is presumed that the opinion of every juror was made up from merely hearing the testimony; as Tom Harvey, the principal witness, who was assumed as constant on the occasion, appeared to be a respectable man. For the clearer understanding of what follows, it must be observed that the said constable, in order to distinguish him from another of the name, was commonly called "Butterwood Harvey," as he lived on Butterwood Creek.

As he descended on the evidence, he would often turn to Tom Harvey—a large, bold looking man—and with the most sarcastic look would call him

by some name of contempt; "this Butterwood Tom Harvey," "this should be constable," &c. By such expressions, his contempt for the man was communicated to the hearers. I own I felt it gnawing on me, in spite of my better judgment; so that before my mind that Butterwood Harvey was undeserving of the smallest credit. This impression, however, I found I could counteract, the moment I had time for reflection. The only part of the speech in which he manifested his power of touching the feelings strongly, was where he dwelt on the imputation of the company into Ford's house, in circumstances so perfidious to the solitary wife. This appeal to the sensibility of husbands—and he knew that all the jury stood in this relation was overwhelming. If the verdict could have been rendered immediately after the burst of the pathetic, every man, at least every husband in the house, would have been for rejecting Harvey's testimony; if not hanging him forthwith. It was fortunate that the illusion of such eloquence is transient, and is soon dissipated by the exercise of sober reason. I confess, however, that nothing which I then heard so convinced me of the advocate's power, as the speech of five minutes, which he made when he requested that the trial might be postponed till the next day.

In addition to this it happened that I heard the last speech which Mr. Henry ever made. It was delivered at Charlotte, from the porch of the court house, to an assembly in the open air. In the American edition of the New Edinburgh Encyclopedia an account of this speech and its effect is given so charged with exaggeration as to be grossly incorrect.

There is more truth in the statements contained in Mr. Wirt's memoir. "In point of fact, the performance had little impression beyond the transient pleasure afforded to the friends of the administration, and the pain inflicted on the anti-federalists, his former political friends." Mr. Henry came to the place with difficulty, and was plainly destitute of his wonted vigor and commanding power. The speech was nevertheless a noble effort, such as could have proceeded from none but a patriotic heart. In the course of his remarks Mr. Henry (as is correctly stated by Mr. Wirt) after speaking of Washington at the head of a numerous and well appointed army, exclaimed: "And where is the American who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country, to point a weapon at the breast of the man who has so often led them to battle and to victory?" An interrogator then cried, "Could?" "No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty, and in a voice most solemn and penetrating. "No; you do not do it in such a penetrating aim; the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!"

Mr. Henry was followed by a speaker afterwards noted in our national history; I mean John Randolph, of Roanoke; but the aged orator did not remain to witness the debut of his young opponent. Randolph began by saying that he had admitted that man more than any on whom the sun had shone, but that now he was constrained to differ from *to cat*. But Randolph was suffering with the hoarseness of a cold and could scarcely utter an audible sentence. All that is alleged in the Encyclopedia, about Henry's returning to the platform and replying with extraordinary effect is pure fabrication. The fact is as above stated. Henry returned to his house, as if unwilling to listen, and requested a friend to report to him any thing which might require an answer. But he made no reply, nor did he again present himself to the people. I was amidst the crowd, standing near to Creed Taylor, then an eminent lawyer, and afterwards a judge, who made remarks to those around him, during the speech, declaring among other things that the old man was in his dotage. It is much to be regretted that a statement so untrue should be perpetuated in a work of such value and celebrity.

Patrick Henry had several sisters, with one of whom, the wife of Col. Maderich, of New Glasgow, I was acquainted. Mrs. Maderich was not only a woman of unfeigned piety, but was in my judgment as eloquent as her brother; nor have I ever met with a lady who equalled her in power of conversation.

At an early period of my ministry, it became my duty to preach the funeral sermon of Mr. James Hunt, the father of the late Rev. James Hunt, of Montgomery county, Maryland. The death occurred at the house of a son who lived on Stanton river; Mr. Henry's residence, Red Hill, was a few miles distant on the same river. Having been long a friend of the deceased, Mr. Henry attended the funeral and remained to dine with the company; on which occasion I was introduced to him by Capt. William Craighead, who had been an elder in President Davies' Church. These gentlemen had been friends in Hanover, but had not met for many years. The two old gentlemen met with great cordiality, and seemed to have high enjoyment in talking of old times.

On the retrospect of so many years I may be permitted to express my views of the extraordinary effects of Henry's eloquence. The remark is all too obvious, in application not only to him but to all great orators, that we cannot ascribe these effects merely to their cogent reasonings however great, their conceptions and reasons, when put on paper, often fall dead.

They are often inferior to the arrangements of men whose utterance have little impression. It has indeed been often said, both of Whitfield and Henry, that their discourses, when reduced to writing, show poorly by the side of their oral utterance. Let me illustrate this, by the testimony of one whom I remember as the friend of my youth. General Hoxey was a revolutionary officer, who was second in command under Wayne, in the expedition against the Indians; a man of observation and cool judgment. He was in attendance on the debates of a convention in which there were so many displays of able and eloquent oratory. He assured me, that after the hearing of Patrick Henry's most celebrated speech in that body, he felt himself as fully persuaded that the Constitution, as adopted would

be our ruin, as if of his own existence. Yet subsequent reflection restored his former judgment, and his well considered opinion resumed its place.

The power of Henry's eloquence was due, first, to the greatness of his emotion and passion, accompanied with a necessity which enabled him to assume at once any emotion or passion which was suited to his ends. Not indispensible, secondly, was a matchless perfection of the organs of expression, including the entire apparatus of voice, intonation, pause, gesture, attitude and indelible play of countenance. In no instance did he ever indulge in an expression that was not instantly recognized as nature itself, yet some of his penetrating and subduing tones were absolutely peculiar, and as inimitable as they were indescribable. These were felt by every hearer in all their force. His mightiest feelings were sometimes indicated, and communicated by a long pause, aided by an eloquent aspect, and some significant use of his finger. The sympathy between mind and mind is inexplicable. Where the channels of communication are open, the faculty revealing inward passions great and the expression of it sudden and visible, the effects are extraordinary. Let these shocks of influence be repeated again and again, and all other opinions and ideas are for the moment absorbed or excluded; the whole mind is brought into unison with that of the speaker; and the spell bound listener till the cause ceases, is under an entire fascination. Then perhaps, the charm ceases, upon reflection, and the inflated hearer resumes his ordinary state.

Patrick Henry of course owed much to his singular insight into the feelings of the common mind. In great cases he scanned his jury, and formed his appeals to their predilections and character. It is what other advocates do in a lesser degree.

When he knew that there were conscientious or religious men amongst the jury, he would most solemnly address himself to their sense of right, and would address living in scriptural allusions. If this handle was not offered, he would lay bare the sensibility of patriotism. Thus it was, when he succeeded in rescuing the man who had deliberately shot down a neighbor; who moreover lay under the odious suspicion of being a Tory, and who was proved to have released supplies to a brigade of the American army.

A learned and intelligent gentleman stated to me that he once heard Mr. Henry's defence of a man arraigned for a capital crime. So clear and abundant was the evidence, that my informant was unable to conceive any grounds of defence, especially after the law had been able placed before the jury by the attorney for the Commonwealth. For a long time after Henry began, he never once alluded to the merits of the case or the arguments of the prosecution, but went off into a most captivizing and discursive oration on general topics, expressing opinions in perfect accordance with those of his hearers; until having fully succeeded in obliterating every impression of his opponent's speech, he abruptly approached the subject, and as he proceeded he offered about four strokes which seemed to fall upon the minds of the jury. In this case, it should be added, the cause of truth prevailed over the art of the consummate orator.

DEATH OF A MENNY.—An honest looking man, anxious to explore the wonders of the British Museum, obtained a special holiday a short time since. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of lady friends, he presented himself at the door for admittance.

"No admission to day, sir," said the keeper.

"No admission to day? but I must come in—I've a holiday on purpose!"

"No matter, this is a close day, and the Museum is shut."

"What I said John 'ain't this public property?"

"Yes, certainly it is."

"Well then I will go in."

A curator, who overheard the dialogue, guessing the customer's rabble, stepped forward, saying politely:

"I am very sorry, sir, but there's a funeral here to-day. One of the members died two days ago, and we're going to bury it!"

"Oh, ah! very well; in that case we certainly won't intrude," said John, retiring with all possible decorum.

GERRIT'S INTERLUDE.—The Troy Post relates a "good one" of Jacob Barker, the Quaker, who hearing of the loss of one of his vessels which he had ordered to get insured, wrote to a broker with whom he had spoken on the subject as follows:—"Dear Friend, If it has not filled up the policy which I spoke on Saturday, the need not, as I have heard from the vessel."

The broker, in fact had not filled up the policy, but presenting from the broker the vessel's name, he filled it up forthwith, and when the vessel was insured on Saturday. Then also he discovered the cunning ambiguity of Jacob's notes, he had heard from the vessel!

SOME PEOPLE ARGUE that the way for a man to show his respectability is to spend his money freely, and in this respect keep up with his extravagant neighbor. A little observation will convince any one that a great many folks evidently prefer to buy their way to high standing and great influence.

A CLEVELAND JEW.—A foreign paper states that lately a deputation on Sir Moses Montefiore, to ask his assistance in their efforts to build a church—"You know my religious opinions," replied the excellent Jew, "I cannot give you money to build a church—there are five hundred guineas for you to do what you like with."

LEGISLATIVE BORING.

HOW THE BAD BILL WAS PASSED.

BY JOHN OF YORK.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania is celebrated, world-wide, for the ability and consummate trickery of the "borens." (In New York parlance the word "lobby" is used by who in fact the capital during its sittings. Bills of the most exceptional character are passed, the outsiders know not how, and the people are content to cry traitor at the impetuous representatives, and there's an end on't. Sometimes, it is true, when a man votes openly with the opposite party on a political question, he is laid on the shelf for a year or two, but state rights and local questions soon turn him up on the top of the party forth again, as good as new. If we may believe what the partisan papers say of each other, the entire grocery is no better than it should be, and almost bad for any honest country; but many grains of wisdom must be used in evaluating these strong ideas.

During nine winter's sojourn in that beautiful city, in the capacity of legislative reporter, (and various other *et cetera*, including the occupation of printer, librarian, law student, &c.) I have witnessed scenes that would fill a lively book; underground affairs that never saw the light, or met the eyes of good, credulous Mr. Public. On one occasion a most ludicrous affair grew out of an attempt, by a minority, to pass a bill through the House of Representatives by what is commonly called a "snipe judgment." This bill was pending when the House adjourned for dinner, and was the first in order for the afternoon. The clock on the capital was just half an hour too fast and the clocks in the principal hotels, somehow or other, happened to be just half an hour too slow. The mischief radicals (as a bank bill) was over on the spot, and always made it a point to be up to the "hill" half an hour before the time of business; but the disparity of an hour between the clock on the capital and those in the hotels nearly tipped their lat into the fire this time.

It was remarkable to notice how the clannishness of the democratic gentlemen, in white neckcloths, were exceedingly attentive to the country democracy, and at all the hotels the snipe was much forgotten than usual. One by one the whigs left away, until some of the other democrats began to smell the rat, and a snipe was made for the capital. The exasperated democrats who first reached the hall before the House in session and a vote called—Some of them moved to adjourn, and raised the clock to gain time, while other called down to the hotel to hurry up their colleagues. The governor's room was visited and the departments, where many of the unexpected democrats had been called to consult upon grave matters. Even the count was explored, and thereupon was dragged half a dozen of the innocents, almost *en masse*, while one lot of gold, from the interior, came lolling into the hall with his breeches about his feet, sweating vociferously at "de law ticks." The bill did not pass that day, however, though it did afterwards, and the way it was done is what I started out to tell.

The House had been all the morning engaged upon private bills, which interested nobody but those having them in charge, and the afternoon was to be devoted to the same purpose. It was a lovely spring day out of doors, and as many were anxious to get away from the dull business and smothered atmosphere of the House. About two o'clock several of the younger members might have been seen galloping out of town with ladies, who had gotten up a riding party. (Under instructions) and other beads worn travelling country-wid in misty-cushioned vehicles. A reporter, whose name need not be mentioned, drove up to one of the principal hotels, took in hand, just as some dozen of the "unintended" were picking their teeth on the ample piazza.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the democratic members.

"Up to Mason's."

"Who's going along?"

"Some of the clays up at Princeton. Jump in; there's lots of rooms to spare."

In lapped the democrats, glad of so fine a chance to put in the afternoon and get a fine ride along the Susquehanna into the bargain. The carriage was full in a few moments, and away whirled the jolly company about as fast as four of Gen. Clark's animals could pull them. Once out of town, the horses were taken in, and no way was made of the "snipe judgment." The party had started, but after a few minutes, when the carriage was a good way from town, the reporter, who was a man of some spirit, and a little of the "unintended" was a little more than the horseman overtook him at the four-mile stand.

"Hold on, hold on!" shouted the courier; but the reporter, who was a man of some spirit, and a little more than the horseman overtook him at the four-mile stand.

"What's the matter?" demanded the man in the carriage.

"The wheels were suspended the rules and—"

"—the Bank Bill?" replied the almost breathless courier.

"Good God!" ejaculated the astonished reporter, who was also a democrat, "we must return instantly—I'll run the horse if I kill them all!"

"At that time a sudden gust from the north blew the leather dunnage down the heels of the horse, and a jerk upon the wheel horses, emptied the carriage short off!"

The story is told. The enraged driver and his load of democrats cursed the whigs, the horses and everything else conceivable, and the members trudged back on foot, to find the bill passed, and signed by the Governor.

Previous arrangements having been made for repairing the injury to the carriage, the reporter, a

soon as his friends were out of sight, drove up to Martin's, where he found company, back in some pedestrian acquaintances, who walked up "merely for exercise," and drove home in the evening.

Some one or two of the riding party had suspected the reporter, but when his lampooning language, as a Philadelphia paper, all suspicion vanished.

The East India Company.

The East India Company, which may be said to rule the commercial destinies of England, is thus spoken of by the Christian Enquirer:—

The stockholders of the company have never multiplied beyond two thousand; and the capital stock, on which dividends have been paid, at the largest has been put at £700,000. It has been subject, in England, to the wisest management which must always attend a company whose stockholders and directors are constantly changing, and whose agents and field of operations are distant by half the circumference of the globe from the centre where they originate; and besides this, it has had to encounter the hostility of the whole commercial class of England formerly shut up by its monopoly from the Indian trade, while in India it has contended for existence on a hundred bloody battlefields, with Dutch and French, and the native monarchies of the East. But notwithstanding all obstacles, it has expelled the Dutch; it has annihilated the power of the French in India; it has subdued one native kingdom after another; its territories have grown into States and these States into vast and consolidated Empires; it has maintained a standing army larger than that of any European power except Russia, maintaining in different times, from 150,000 to 250,000 men; it has conducted sieges not less dreadful than those which drrenched the cities of Spain in 1608, in the peninsula war; it has stormed imperial cities and fortresses almost beyond number. So successful has been its wars, that for a hundred years scarcely a day has passed in which the wild beasts of the jungles, or the alarmed inhabitants of the hills, have not fled before the thunder of the British cannon. Its bayonets have broken the great power of the wild Mahratta cavalry, of the well-disciplined squadrons of Mysore, and of the fanatic courage of the Sikhs; it has subdued great and warlike kingdoms, and not only subdued them, but has disposed their sovereigns, appropriated their revenues, subverted institutions as old as India herself, reconstructed its laws and jurisprudence, and over vast regions changed the very texture by which the soil is held; its history is full of vast schemes—to-day of conquest, to-morrow of social regeneration and improvement—of skilled diplomacy, of heroic achievement, of desperate valor, making good all deficiencies of numbers and resources, and of names world renowned in statesmanship and war, and literature, and religion.

This company in England, has been composed of merchants and others, who have lived quietly as good subjects and citizens, unknown and unheard of; yet they have appointed, and at their pleasure, installed Gorgonius General, who have exercised in India a despotic authority over the fortunes of more than our hundred million of people, which the monarch of England dares not exercise in his island domain. Before its charter expired in 1833, it had subdued nearly the whole peninsula, from Cape Comorin to the impassable snows of the Himalaya mountains. And since then, the career of conquest has not paused. The canyon of England have burst upon the mysterious gates of China; she is trying new experiments in civilization among the savages of Borneo; she has added the Punjab to her empire, and a thousand miles west of the Indies, reversing the course of Alexander's conquests, penetrating among the wild and warlike tribes of Afghanistan, where she met the fiercest resistance; her own eager battalions have reached the confines of Russia, and the edges of her advancing arms have snatched the settlements who at night kept watch at the outpost of Russian power.

THE HAD NOT THERE.—The following squib was "perpetrated" in one of the public schools in Philadelphia county; I am not aware of its ever having appeared in print, and it is too good to be lost.

It seems that a few hours' exemption from mischief had greatly enlarged the bump of "treachery" in the upper stories of the young "ideas," and they took and smeared the balustrades from top to bottom with mud, and when the master came in he very naturally laid his hand on it when he mounted the stairs. He was soon aware of his sad mishap, but said nothing about it until the scholars had all been called in and had taken their seat, when he requested them of the fact, and said he would give any number of dollars who would inform him who had done it.

At this moment a jumped-up little red-headed whelp with a white shirt, said, "This, you say you'll give any number of dollars who'll tell who had a hand in it?"

"Now, the youth not with me, will you?"

"Well, this is now your front whip?"

"You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell pretty soon."

"This, you say—Oh, I don't like to."

"Go on, or I shall skin you alive!"

"Well, this, you had a hand in it?"

The master gave in and forked over.—Yankee Blade.

KILL OR CURE.—A doctor was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint that he had fears of not being paid.

"I have five pounds," said the man to the doctor, "and if you kill or cure, you shall have them." The woman died in the doctor's hands, and after a reasonable time he called for his five pounds.

The man asked the doctor "if he had killed his wife?"

"No."

"Did you cure?"

"No."

"Then," said the poor man, "you have no legal demand."

Evaporation.

INTERESTING FACTS CONNECTED THEREWITH.

The reciprocal process of evaporation and condensation are the means whereby the whole surface of that part of the globe which contains land is supplied with the fresh moisture and water necessary to sustain the organization and to maintain the functions of the animal and vegetable world. Thence sap and juice are supplied to vegetables, and fluids to animals, rivers and lakes are fed, and carried back to the ocean their waters, after supplying the uses of the living world. The extensive surface of the ocean undergoes a never ceasing process of evaporation, and discharges into the atmosphere a quantity of pure water proportionate to its extent of surface and temperature of the air above it, and to the state of that air with respect to saturation. This vapor is carried with currents of air through every part of the atmosphere which surrounds the globe. When by various meteorological causes the temperature of the air is reduced, it will frequently happen that it will come below that limit at which the suspended vapor is in a state of saturation. A deposition or condensation will therefore take place, and rain or aqueous clouds will be formed. If the condensed vapor collect in spherical drops, it will be precipitated and fall on the surface of the earth in the form of rain; but from some unknown cause it frequently happens that, instead of collecting in drops, the condensed vapor is formed into hollow bubbles, enclosing within them a fluid lighter, bulk for bulk, than the atmosphere. These bubbles are also found to have a repulsive influence on each other, like that of bodies similarly electrified. They float therefore, in the atmosphere, their mutual repulsion preventing their coalescing so as to form drops. In this state, having by the laws of optics a certain degree of opacity, they become distinctly visible and form clouds. The vapor suspended in the air during a hot summer's day is so elevated in its temperature as to be below the point of saturation, and therefore, though the actual quantity suspended be very considerable, yet while the air is capable of sustaining more, no condensation can take place; but in the evening, after the sun had departed the source of heat being withdrawn, the temperature of the air undergoes a great depression, and the quantity of vapor suspended in the atmosphere, now at a low temperature, first attains and subsequently passes the point of saturation. A deposition of moisture then takes place, by the condensation of the redundant vapor of the atmosphere, and the small particles of moisture which fall on the surface, coalescing by their mutual cohesion, form clear, pellucid drops on the surface of the ground, and are known by the name of dew. The clouds in which the condensed vesicles of vapor are collected are affected by an attraction which draws them toward the mountains and highest points of the surface of the earth. Collected there, they undergo a change, by which they form into drops, and are deposited in the form of rain; and hence, by their natural gravitation, they find their way through the pores and interstices of the earth, and in channels along its surface, forming in the one case, wells and springs in various parts of the earth, where they find a natural exit, or where an artificial cut is given to them, and, in the other cases, obeying the form of the surface of the country through which they are carried, they wind in narrow channels, first deepening and widening as they proceed, and are led by tributary streams until they form into great rivers, or spread into lakes, and at length discharge their waters into the sea. The process of evaporation is not confined to the sea but takes place from the surface of the soil, and from all vegetable and animal productions. The showers which fall in summer, first, scattered in a thin sheet of moisture over the surface of the country, speedily return to the form of vapor, and carry with them, in the latent form, a quantity of heat, which they take from every object in contact with them—thus moderating the temperature of the earth, and refreshing the animal and vegetable creation. A remarkable example of evaporation on a large scale is supplied by that great inland sea, the Mediterranean. That natural reservoir of water receives an extraordinary number of large rivers, among which may be mentioned the Nile, the Danube, the Dniester, the Rhone, the Ebro, the Douro, and many others. It has no communication with the ocean, except by the straits of Gibraltar, and there, instead of an outward current, there is a rapid and never ceasing inward flow of water—We are, therefore, compelled to conclude that evaporation from the surface of this sea carries off the enormous quantity of water constantly supplied from these sources. This may in a degree be accounted for by the fact that the Mediterranean is surrounded by vast tracts of land on every side except the west. The wind, whether it blow from the south, the north, or from the east, has passed over a considerable extent of land, and is generally in a state, with respect to vapor, considerably below saturation. These dry currents of wind, coming in contact with the surface of the Mediterranean, draw off water with avidity, and passing off, are succeeded by fresh portions of air, which repeat the same process.

SWEET GRASS.—A man travelling at the west, declared that the wind came to him so laden with fragrance that he thought he was near a garden of roses. He discovered that it was only a bevy of girls going through the woods.

WICKUP.—To persist in kissing a pretty young woman when she resolutely declares she wishes you not to. It looks as though you doubted her word.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, the Mormon prophet at Salt Lake, has twenty-six wives, including several that his predecessor Jose Smith. He is determined to deserve the honors of martyrdom.

GO ABOARD, upon the paths of nature, and when all its voices whisper, and its silent throats are breathing the deep beauty of the world, kneel at its simple altar, and the God who hath his living witness shall be there.