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TOWANDA.

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Selected Poetry.

A SONG OF LIFE.

A traveler, through a dusty road, Strewed acorns on the sea; And one took root, and sprouted up, And grew into a tree. Love brought its shade at evening time, To breathe its early vows, And age was pleased, in heats of noon, To bask beneath its boughs. The birds loved its dangling twigs, The drowsy sweet music bore; It stood a glory in its place, A blessing everywhere! A little spring had lost its way Amid the grass and fern; A passing stranger scooped a well, Where weary men might turn; He called it in, and hung with care A ladle at the brink. He thought not of the deed he did, But judged that too might drink, He passed again—and lo! the well, By summers never drained, Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, And saved a life beside! A dreamer dropped a random thought: 'Twas old, and yet was new— A simple fancy of the brain, But strong in being true; It shone upon a genial mind, And lo! its light became A lamp of life, a beacon ray, A missionary flame. The thought was small—its issue great; A watch-fire on the hill; It sheds its radiance far and wide, And cheers the valley still! A nameless man, amid a crowd, Thus thought of a world of love, Unstirred from the heart: A whisper, on the tumult thrown— A transient breath— It raised a brother from the dust, It saved a soul from death, O'er a foot of world of love! Ye were but little at the first, But mighty at the last!

Sketches from History.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

The year 1770, says Lossing's History, dawned upon America, with gloomy prospects for the future. Too deeply was the principle of resistance to unjust taxation implanted in the hearts of the people to be easily eradicated; and too surely did the past acts of the British ministry foreshadow an obstinate adherence of the home government to its broad proposition of positive and unequalled, right to tax her Colonies, *not* *vobis*, to give the people a single ray of hope that that proposition would be abandoned. Hence reconciliation seemed hardly possible—a resort to arms seemed inevitable. True, they had been told that the duty upon several articles would be taken off; yet they clearly foresaw the evident intent of continuing it on one or more, in order to maintain by practice the assumed right to tax the colonies; and because of this, they determined to resist. "Everywhere the spirit of opposition was almost a living principle; nor were patriotic sentiments and action confined to the sterner sex. The warm, impulsive nature of woman was aroused, and directed towards the execution of patriotic benevolence; and even the children seemed to draw the same impress of character from the mother's breast, and boldly brand the British lion— Early in February the females of Boston publicly league in a pledge of total abstinence from tea, as a practical execution of the non-importation agreements of their fathers, husbands and brothers. On the second of March, a soldier passing by the rope-walk of Mr. John Grey, got into a quarrel with the workmen, and was severely beaten. He repaired to the barracks, and returning with several of his comrades, they in turn beat the rope-makers, and pursued them through the streets. The excited porting of the inhabitants were soon assembled, and the next day being Saturday, and so near the Sabbath, they deferred vengeance until Monday, the fifth. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening of the fifth, about seven hundred of them armed with clubs and other missiles, proceeded towards King (now State) street, shouting, "Let us drive out these rascals! they have no business here—drive them out!" Fresh parties with clubs reinforced them, and an attack was made in Dock Square, upon some soldiers. In the meanwhile, the fearful cry of "Fire! fire!" echoed through the town, and the alarm-bells vehemently rang out their peals of dismay and terror, as if a great conflagration was raging. The whole town presented a scene of tumult and confusion. About nine o'clock the mob, constantly augmenting, began to tear up the stalls of the market place in Dock Square, and prepared for an attack upon the soldiers. Two or three leading citizens used every persuasion to induce them to disperse, and in measure gained the respectful attention of the populace; when a tall man dressed in a scarlet cloak and with a white wig suddenly appeared among them and commenced a most violent harangue against the government officers and the soldiers and concluded by a loud shout,—"To the main guard! to the main guard!" A hundred voices echoed the shout with fearful vehemence. The mob, by a preconcerted movement, then separated into three divisions, taking each a different road towards the quarters of the main guard. As one of the divisions was passing the custom-house, a boy came up, and pointing to the sentinel upon duty, cried out, "That's the accoutred who knocked me down!" Instantly about twenty voices cried out, "Let us knock him down—down with the bloody backs! Kill him! kill him!" The sentinel loaded his gun, when they began to pelt him

with snow-balls, pieces of ice, and every other missile they could find; and with oaths and insulting epithets, dared him to fire. Emboldened by his forbearance to fire, they closed upon him and attempted to drag him into the street. He ran up the steps of the custom-house and begged for admission; but the people within were afraid to open the doors; lest the mob might rush in. He then shouted to the main guard for assistance, which was immediately rendered. Captain Preston, the officer of the day, detailed a corporal and six privates, and sent them to the relief and rescue of the sentinel, and the protection of the custom-house. As they approached they found the mob greatly increased and constantly augmenting in number, and they were pelted by them worse than the sentinel had been. One of the chief leaders of the mob was a mulatto of herculean size and strength, named Captain Attucks, who was surrounded by a party of sailors, vociferously shouting, "Let us strike at the root!—Let us fall upon the nest! The main guard! the main guard!" The five soldiers sent to the rescue of the sentinel were assailed with every species of foul epithet—they were challenged to fire, and were taunted with the assertion that they dared not fire without the order of the civil magistrate. Meanwhile the soldiers loaded their guns and affixed their bayonets thereto; but the increasing mob, not at all intimidated, pressed so closely upon them, that the foremost were against the points of the bayonets. The soldiers well knowing the strictness and severity of military discipline and refrained from discharging their muskets, without orders, merely used their weapons to keep off the mob. Thoroughly emboldened by the apparent fear of the soldiers, Attucks and the soldiers that were with him gave three loud cheers, pressed close upon the troops, and with clubs beat their bayonets and muskets, and cried out to the rest, "Come on; don't be afraid of 'em; they dare not fire; knock 'em over; kill 'em!" Presently Attucks aimed a blow at Captain Preston, who accompanied the corporal and his guard, and who was using every endeavor to appease the fury of the populace. The blow fell upon the Captain's arm, and knocked down the bayonet of one of his men, the bayonet of which was seized by the mulatto. At this moment there was a confused cry proceeding from some persons behind Captain Preston, "Why don't you fire? why don't you fire?" Montgomery the private, whose bayonet was seized by Attucks, and who in the struggle was thrown down, soon rose to his feet in possession of his gun, and immediately fired. Attucks fell dead. A few seconds after another soldier fired, and then, at short intervals to allow time for reloading, other five men fired one by one from left to right. Three persons were killed, five dangerously wounded, and a few more slightly.—Those who were slightly wounded, were persons passing by, or quiet spectators of the scene. The populace instantly retreated, leaving the three killed on the ground, but soon returned to carry off the bodies. "On the people's assembling again," says Captain Preston, in his written defence, "to take away the dead bodies, the soldiers supposing them coming to attack them, were making ready to fire again, which I prevented by striking up my firelocks with my hand. Immediately after, a townsman came and told me that four or five thousand people were assembled in the next street, and had sworn to take my life, and every man's with me; on which I judged it unsafe to remain there longer, and therefore sent the party and sentry to the main guard, where the street is narrow and short; then telling them off into street fringes, divided and planted them at each end of the street to secure their rear, expecting an attack, as there was a constant cry of the inhabitants, 'To arms! to arms! turn out with your guns!' and the town drums beating to arms. I ordered my drums to beat to arms, and being soon after joined by the several companies of the twenty-ninth regiment, I formed them as a guard into street fringes. The fourteenth regiment also got under arms but remained at their barracks. I immediately sent a sergeant with a party to Colonel Dalrymple, the commanding officer, to acquaint him with every particular. Several officers, going to join the regiment were knocked down by the mob, one very much wounded, and his sword taken from him. The Lieutenant Governor & Colonel Dalrymple soon after met at the head of the twenty-ninth regiment, and agreed that the regiment should retire to their barracks, and the people to their houses; but I kept the picket to strengthen the guard. It was with great difficulty that the Lieutenant Governor prevailed on the people to be quiet and retire; at last they all went off except about a hundred." This tragic scene occurred at midnight—the ground was covered with snow; the air was clear and frosty; and the moon in its first quarter, gave but a fair phosphorescent illumination, by which the features of the people were made partly visible to each other. It was indeed a dreadful night for Boston—say, for the whole country. Foreign soldiers sent to intimidate and oppress a people struggling to be free—a people still loyal, and asking freedom not at the price of political independence, but the mere concession to them of the prerogatives guaranteed by the Great Charter of England—had spilled the blood of soil-born citizens, whose offense was a resistance to tyranny. This was the first convulsive throes of that earthquake power combined moral and physical energy that finally severed the chain of slavery; and dismembered the most powerful empire of the earth. The fifth of March, 1770, was the first dawning of the day of the new political era; and significantly may we parody the words of Cassius, "Remember March, the *salutis* of March remember!" Captain Preston was arrested and committed to prison about three o'clock that morning, and in the course of the forenoon the eight soldiers were also arrested and committed for trial. Early in the morning the "Sons of Liberty" began to collect in vast bodies. The Lieutenant Governor summoned

a Council, and the magistrates and chief citizens met in full assembly and chose a committee of fifteen, who were appointed to wait upon the Lieutenant Governor and Colonel Dalrymple, to express to them the sentiments of the town; that it was impossible for the soldiers and inhabitants to live in safety together, and offer their fervent prayer for the immediate removal of the former. Mr. Royal Tyler, one of the committee, assured the Governor that he must not think the demands for the removal of the troops were urged merely by a set of vagabonds and rioters; that people of the best character, men of estate, men of religion had made up their minds, and had formed their plans, for removing the troops out of town by force, if they would not go voluntarily. "The people," said he, "will come into us from all the neighboring towns; we shall have ten thousand men at our backs; and your troops will probably be destroyed by the people, be called rebellion or what it may." The Governor would not agree to accede to the demands of the people, and his answer was so unsatisfactory, that in the afternoon seven of the first committee (viz John Hancock, Samuel Adams, William Molineux, William Phillips, Joseph Warren, Joshua Henshaw and Samuel Pemberton) were again deputed with the following message: "It is the unanimous opinion of this meeting that the reply made to a vote of the inhabitants presented at this meeting, is by no means satisfactory; and that nothing else will satisfy them than a total and immediate removal of the troops." Samuel Adams acted as chairman of this delegation, and discharged its duties with an ability commensurate to the occasion. Colonel Dalrymple was by the side of Hutchinson, who, at the head of the council, received them. He at first denied that he had the power to grant their request. Adams, plainly, in few words, proved to him, that he had the power by the charter. Hutchinson then consulted with Dalrymple in a whisper, the result of which was a repetition of the offer already made, to remove one of the regiments (the fourteenth) which had no part in the massacre. At that moment, Adams showed the most admirable presence of mind. Seemingly not to represent but to personify, the universal feeling, he stretched forth his arms, as if it were upheld by the strength of thousands, and with unhesitating promptness and dignified firmness replied, "If the Lieutenant Governor, or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two, and nothing short of a total evacuation of the town, by all the regular troops, will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the province." The officers civil and military, were in reality abashed before this plain committee of a democratic assembly. They knew the danger that impended; the very air was filled with the breathings of oppressed indignation. They shrank, fortunately shrank, from all the arrogance, which they had hitherto maintained. Their reliance on a standing army faltered, before the undaunted, irresistible resolution of free, unarmed citizens. Hutchinson again consulted his council, and they gave him their unequivocal advice that the troops should be sent out of town. It was agreed that the Lieutenant Governor, his Council, and the commanding officer, should jointly bear the responsibility of the act; and the latter then pledged his word of honor that the demand of the town should be complied with as soon as practicable; and on the Monday following the troops were all removed to Castle William. The funeral obsequies of the persons who were shot on the night of the fifth were observed on the eighth, and brought together a larger concourse of people than had ever before convened on one occasion, in America. Attucks, the mulatto, who had no relatives, and Caldwell, who also was friendless and a stranger, were borne from Faneuil Hall; Maverick, who was only about seventeen years old, from the house of his mother, in Union street, and Gray from the house of his brother, in Royal Exchange lane. The three hearse met in King street, in front of the custom-house, where the massacre occurred, and from thence the procession marched in a column, with the plumes six deep, through the main street to the Middle burial ground, and there the four bodies were deposited in one grave. During the procession all the bells of Boston and adjacent towns tolled a solemn knell—a knell whose reverberations were echoed from heart to heart to the remotest settlement, and awakened in each a strong pulsation of determined resistance to British wrong. After some delay, Captain Preston and eight soldiers were put upon their trial before Judge Lynde, for murder. John Adams, one of the leading patriots, was applied to, to undertake their defence, as the counsellor and advocate in the court. This was indeed a trying situation for Mr. Adams under all the circumstances. He had taken an active part in all proceedings aiming at the removal of the troops of the town; he had dined with the militia as a private, muscuing guard, and paroling the streets for the security of the lives and property of the inhabitants; and he was emphatically a man of the people—a people whose feeling had been offended by the very men now asking his counsel and defence. From his patriotism, and conscience of his integrity of purpose; he exhibited a manly independence, and at the hazard of losing the favor and esteem of the people, he stepped forward as the advocate of the prisoners, having for his colleague Josiah Quincy, another leading patriot, whose eloquence had frequently called forth the loudest applause within Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of American Liberty." After a fair and impartial trial, before a Boston Jury, Captain Preston was adjudged "Not Guilty," and their verdict also was that six of the soldiers were not guilty; and that two—Montgomery, who killed Attucks, and Kilroy, who was proved to have shot another man—were not guilty of murder, but of manslaughter only. It was admitted on all hands that only seven guns were fired, and there being eight soldiers, there must consequently be one innocent, and the jury chose rather to let the guilty go free, than to condemn a

man. The incident, however, engaged in it, and the sentiment of the jury, under all the circumstances, exhibit to the world an instance of nobleness of feeling and righteousness of purpose unparalleled in history; and form one of those luminous points of the American Revolution which ever appear like enlightening stars. "It is a singular coincidence that on the fifth of March, the very day on which the tumult and massacre in Boston took place, Lord North moved for leave to bring in a bill repealing the act imposing duties upon books, papers, and painted colors, but still retaining the duty upon tea, for the purpose, as was alleged by the mover, of saving the national honor." This movement, by the part of the minister was impelled by a petition, presented by English merchants representing that, in consequence of the duties and taxes, the discontent of the Americans, and their combinations to prevent the importation of British goods their trade had gone to ruin. Lord North, fearing the discontents of America might beget a similar feeling the commercial classes of England; felt it expedient to introduce his bill, and half resolutions. When they were presented they met with little favor by either party. Mr. Grenville, the parent of the Stamp Act, argued, as he had done before, that he, at least, had acted systematically; that imposing the stamp duties, he had reason to think that they would be paid; that the succeeding ministry, in repealing the act, had re-affirmed the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies; that Mr. Charles Townshend, under the next ministry, had laid his duties upon wine and anti-commercial principles; and that these duties had turned out far more odious to the Colonies than the Stamp Act; that now a partial repeal would do no good; that ministers must give up the whole, the duty upon the tea, as well as upon the rest, or stand by the whole. A partial repeal, he said, would do no good, nor would the Americans now rest satisfied with anything short of the renunciation by Parliament of the right to tax them in any way either externally or internally. He declined giving any vote. Governor Pownall proposed, as an amendment that the repeal should be extended to all articles, as the only way of quieting the Colonies. Colonel Barré, General Conway, and others, supported the amendment. Lord Barrington and others opposed alike the original motion and the amendment, declaring their conviction that even a total repeal would fail in satisfying the Americans, and that they would never again be obedient to English laws, until reduced to submission by English arms. Pownall's amendment was rejected by a vote of two hundred and four against one hundred and forty-two; and leave was given to bring in Lord North's bill. A subsequent motion to repeal the duty on tea was lost! Lord North's repealing bill, after encountering much opposition in both Houses, and especially in the Lords, was finally carried, and received the royal sanction on the twelfth of April. "This boy was an apprentice to a barber named Piemont, at whose shop some of the British officers were in the habit of shaving. One of them had come there some months previous to dress by the quarter, whose bill Piemont had promised to settle, but the boy who shaved him had behaved well. The quarter had expired, but the money could not be got, although frequently asked for. The application was made on that evening, and as the boy alleged, the officer knocked him down in reply to the demand. The entry he pointed out as the man that abused him." "Crispian Attucks, Samuel Gray, and James Caldwell, were killed on the spot; Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr received mortal wounds, of which the former died the next morning, and Carr on Wednesday of the next week." Hutchinson. (This appropriate name was given to the American patriots (who afterwards assumed it) by Gen. Conway, on the floor of the British House of Commons. "Snow's History of Boston." "Castle William was on Castle Island, nearly three miles east from Boston, and at the entrance of the harbor. It was visited by President Adams, the elder, on the 7th of December, 1799, who then changed its name to Fort Independence." "When Mrs. Partridge on Politics.—"I don't blame people for complaining about the extravagance and dissipation of government," said Mrs. Partridge, as she was reading an seditious appeal to the people in a political newspaper—she always took an interest in politics after Paul was selected, one year as a candidate for Inspector. "I don't blame 'em a mite. Here they are going to convalesce the State. Grand old man! as if the earth wasn't good enough for 'em to walk on! I wonder why they didn't have the clock or the milliner, and say like 'em." "And I heard, said yesterday," said she, "that some of 'em were going to scour the country to get voters." "As 'well," continued she, "that would be better, than throwing dust in people's eyes, that Paul need to sell about. Convassing the State, indeed!" She fell into an abstraction upon the reforms of politicians, and took several pieces of soap in rapid succession, to wash her deliberations. "Fashionable society has generally two faults—first, in being hollow-headed, and secondly, hollow-hearted." "One our southern heads put no marriage notices under the head of *posse* items: Very good. A lazy woman is the most worthless and troublesome piece of household furniture a man can have." "A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his earthly condition."

"A Bachelor on the Olio.—"Among the members of the House of Commons, we see, is E. H. Baldock, Esq., of London, (now M. P. from Shrewsbury.) Mr. Baldock was in this country two years ago, and in every nook and corner of it, studying our notions, movements and doings; and contrasting them with his own. The editor of the New York Express, speaking of Mr. B., says: "He was a travelling companion of our some years ago in Europe, in his highways and bye ways; and when he returned to New York to embark for home, he often expressed in conversation with the ideas he had formed. One of his remarks here, we remember somewhat after this sort:—"You call this a free and equal country? Well, I admire your impudence, equaling as you do, three or four millions of each other. There is nothing like impudence of a republic: Let me tell you a little of my experience here, about a man's freedom, rights and equality. I was coming up the Ohio on one of your fine steam-boats—I admit you are a great people, especially in the steamboat-line. I had my state-room; with two doors in it, you know, one looking into the cabin, and the other to the river.—I had there spread out my hair brushes, soft and hard, my whicker brushes, my tooth brushes, my nail brushes, &c., &c. Perhaps I had a dozen brushes, perhaps more—a gentleman must have as many as that to be comfortable, you know. Well, every free and easy gentleman reached in, and taking one of my hair brushes, began to smooth down his locks. I said to him; kindly enough, I thought, "sit! I beg pardon, but that is my hair brush!" "Your hair brush," he retorted with a sneer. "Yes," said I, "mine," smartly. "Your's?" he repeated, as if I were lying. "Yes mine!" I replied. "Well, now," said he, "stranger, no honest man ever had so many brushes as then—and what belongs to the boat—I shall use as much as I please!"—saying this with an air that told me that a fight was ahead, if I continued to claim what was my own. Pretty free country this, where a man can't have as many brushes as he pleases." "If ever you marry," said an uncle, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the work of her house; taste enough to dress herself; sense enough to wash herself before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say." "The Lady whose lover fainted away when he popped the question, and was revived by the smell of opopoeleo, was revived of it." "Yes," she replied, with a quiet smile; "I believe I must confirm the story, and I have a fancy, she added thoughtfully, "that timidly in a lover is in general a sign of innocence; and I cannot help thinking that when a man is fluent at love-making, either his heart is not in it, or he has had too much experience in the art!" "Suzanne.—"Can any of our readers peruse the following touching appeal and remain a dry eye? If they can, they must be strong-hearted." "Oh! Sally dear, the evening's clear. Think flies the skimming swaller. The sky is blue; the fields are green. All fields green and yellow. Come let us stray our jollison way. And view the charms of state. The barrow dogs, the squealing hogs, And every trusted taw." "Patrick Kern.—"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady to whom he thought to be married, "do you think I make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady, "nature has saved me the trouble." "An Oppressing Child.—"Pa, Mr. P., has been here—he is a real nice man—he kissed me for once—and mother too!" "Not long since," writes an old friend and correspondent; "I was I was returning from Buffalo, I was amused while the cars made a momentary stop, at a demonstration made by a secret man on the way to the State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica. He was standing on the track, in front of the iron horse?" "You think you are something?" he said, looking wildly at the locomotive, and assuming a boasting attitude, "but look here I can't deny it! I've flogged the fire-balls of Babylon and broken their horns off! Say don't stand there, whistling and smoking, like a blackguard in a 'dog room' just jump to me and I'll like the conceit out of you, you're an old cooking stove on wheels!" "Tate's Honor.—"Some years ago, two aged men near Marshalltown, traded, or according to Virginia parlance, swapped horses of this condition—that on that day, week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To my home with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou going?" "Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the wheat to thy house." "A Wizard's Lot.—"When Queen Elizabeth, wife of her progress, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, visited Shrewsbury, the Mayor on congratulating her on the event, said: "When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, you, he took the wrong way by the ear!" The Queen could not help smiling at this; and her admiration was further heightened, when at her departure, he begged permission to attend her majesty to the gallows, which stood about a mile out of town. "An Ingenious Will.—"I will and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget, all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son Timothy one half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Terence McCarty in sweet-ireland."

"When the weather's oppress and dreary, And the night comes with a weary, How sweet to smoke a fragrant cigar! What a balm to the spirit, when lonely, To gaze at the smoke, as it drifts only, And bright are the dreams, the dreams only. That with each fleeting cigarette arise!" "When cares, fresh as fire, perplex the soul, And trifles, more harassing far, arise in our path, and sore vex us, How soothing a fragrant cigar! Our friends should prove false and leave us, We can pass off the thing with a joke, or Nor allow their desertion to grieve us. But let the wound, vanish in smoke. When riches seem slow in collecting, And prospects look gloomy as night, There's a nought like cigars, for directing Our fancy to visions more bright. Though life seem unpleasant and weary, And its path unsheltered by stars, Yet the smoke will feel, when he's weary, That there's a bliss in a fragrant cigar!" "Fallacies of the Gentleman. BY A LADY WHO KNOWS THEM. That women are only born to be slaves, That dinner is to be ready for them the year round, that they come into the house, That a lady's bonnet cannot be put on so quickly as a gentleman's hat, that one must be comfortable, you know. That we can dress in a minute, and that ringing the bell violently has the effect of making us dress one tick quicker. That they can do everything so much better than we can, from nursing the baby down to poking the fire. That they are "the Lords of Creation"—[pretty words indeed.] That nothing can be good for them; for I am sure if you were to put a hot joint before them every day, that still they would be dissatisfied, and would be grumbling that you never gave them cold meat. That they know our age so much better than we do ourselves. [It's so, very likely.] That they may write whom and as many as they please, but if we only invite our mamma, papa, cousins and stop with us, or just ask a dear unmarried sister or two, to stop with us for a month, that there's to be no peace for us as long as they remain in the house. That music can be learned without practicing, and that it is necessary for them to rush and slam the door violently the very moment we begin to open our voices or to ram over the last new folks. That sleeping after dinner, promotes conversation. That they know what dress and bouquets become us much better than we do. That it is necessary to make a poor woman cry, because a stupid shirt-button happens to be off. I declare some men must believe that their eyes cut out their shirt-buttons purposely, from the savage pleasure they take in abusing them for it. That we are not allowed to faint, or have the smallest fit of hysterics, without being told "not to make a fool of ourselves." That housekeeping does not require any money, and if we venture to ask for such, that it is pleasant to meet with all sorts of black looks and indignations as to "what we can do with it all," or very agreeably be told that "we will be the part of him some day." [I should like to see the day.] That the house never requires cleaning, or the tables rubbing, or the carpets beating, or the furniture tanning, or the sofas fresh covering, or, in fact, that anything has a right to wear out, or to be spotted or broken, and, in short, that everything ought to last forever! That a poor woman is never to have any pleasure, but always to stop at home, and "mind her children." [I'm tired of such nonsense.] That the wish to go to the opera is to be the certain prelude to a quarrel. That their daughters can learn music, painting, playing, dancing, and all the accomplishments, without a single master. That the expenses of one's household do not increase with one's family, but rather, that ten children can be supported for the same cost as one. That no husband is perfect, like Hercules, without his club, and that the less a wife sees of her husband, the fonder she actually grows of him. That it is a pleasure for us to sit up for them. [Our fair correspondent says she thinks the above fallacies are enough for the present, and we exceedingly agree with her.] "The Sponge.—"The rapid strides made in spring within the Bahamas, since the year 1847, appears almost incredible. Although the trade has been carried on for years a Mr. Hayman was the first, who gave it an impetus. Since then others have embarked in it, and sponge has become one of our staple products. Vast quantities of sponge may be seen covering fences, yards, and rooftops, where it is left to dry, after having been previously buried (in order to kill the zoophytes which inhabit it) and washed. It is afterwards directed off the fragments of rock which adhere to it, pressed, and packed in bales, averaging 300 lbs weight each, for the London market, where it is manufactured into cloth, laces, &c, and conveyed to many useful purposes. We are informed that it has recently become the medium for applying poisons to wounds instead of cloth. In order to give our readers an idea of the importance of the sponge trade, we have gathered the following statistics:— From the 1st January to 30th June, of the year 1849, there were exported nearly 1,000 bales of sponge, the value of at least £25 each—£25,000. On the 1st January, a very small stock of sponge was on hand, while on the 30th June, every dealer in this article had a large stock; therefore, as it is a cash article, there must have been paid the crews employed in this trade at least \$40,000. Nature is spoken of in the feminine gender, because she is so extravagant in nice carpet, dusters, dresses and perfumery."