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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, September 20, 1861.

### Selected Poetry.

#### NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

Soe! forth thy light and thy truth, that they may shine upon the earth; for I am an Earth that is empty and void until thou enlighten it.—Thomas A. Kempis—Imitative Christ.  
Through thy clear spaces, Lord of old,  
Formless and void the dead earth rolled;  
Deaf to thy heaven's sweet music, blind  
To thy great lights which round it shine;  
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no breath—  
A dumb despair, a wandering death!  
To that dark wailing horror came  
Thy spirit like a subtle flame—  
A breath of life electrical,  
Awakening and transforming all,  
Till heat and thrived in every part  
The pulses of a living heart.  
Then knew their bounds the land and sea,  
The smiles that bloom of mead and tree;  
From dust to flower, from moth to man;  
The quick creative impulse ran.  
And earth, with life of thee endued,  
Was in thy holy eyesight good.  
As lost and dark as dead and cold,  
And formless as that earth of old,  
A wandering wail of storm and night,  
Midst spheres of song and realms of light,  
A blot upon thy holy sky,  
Unthought, unwarmed of thee, am I!  
O thou who movest on the deep  
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep;  
Its darkness lift, its coldness warm,  
The loss redeem, the ill transform,  
That flower and fruit henceforth may be  
Its grateful offering meet for thee!

#### THE DEAD DAUGHTER.

Her little chair is vacant now,  
Her playthings put away;  
The beauty of her cheeks and brow  
Is vanished where she lay;  
The music of her young delight  
Is hushed forever more;  
The sunny face that gleamed so bright,  
Had faded from the door.  
Yet still we listen through the night  
To hear her breathing street,  
And with the moon's awakening light,  
Her kiss we turn to meet;  
And through the live-long day we sigh  
To catch her beaming smile,  
And see that form go bounding by,  
So beautiful ere while.  
In vain; in vain—a shadow lies  
Where sunbeams used to fall;  
The morning wind alone replies,  
When her dear name we call;  
The echoes of her step are fled,  
And glance and smile are gone;  
And now we know that she is dead,  
And we are left alone.  
But in each wind that fans our cheek,  
Her own sweet breath is there;  
And angel lips in whispers speak  
To comfort our despair;  
And every star that burns above  
Her own best image bears;  
And tells us that where all is love  
Our girl forever lives.

#### Correspondence from New Orleans.

NEW-ORLEANS, Aug. 21, 1861.  
**FRIEND REPORTER.**—There is always something stirring—something interesting—something exciting in New-Orleans. I have never known the time when this was not the case, and I suppose it results partly from the nature of the population, and partly from the situation of the city, at the mouth of the Great River, the outlet of the whole west, and the inlet of South America, California and Cuba. But since the great Jackson battle, the city is never so stirred to its very center as at present, since the late wholesale murder of fifty-one Americans, mostly from New-Orleans, by Concha and his minions at Havana. You have in all probability had a full account of that affair before this. And if your American blood has not boiled within you as you read of that butchery, I have entirely mistaken your character.  
A gentleman in this city who witnessed the massacre says that it was horrible beyond description. He says that these fifty-one brave young men were exposed to the burning sun for about eighteen hours, their hands tied with bull-thongs behind their backs all that time, until the blood almost started from their finger ends. They were denied in the most brutal manner a single drop of water to assuage their burning thirst, until their tongues protruded from their mouths covered with foam and thickened saliva, and a dead ear was turned to all their pleadings for a single draught of water to moisten their parched lips;—a request that has never been granted by the greatest malefactor that ever stood before the gallows. Then after death their bodies were mutilated—their ears cut off, their eyes plucked out, and mangled fragments of their bodies stuck on poles and carried in solemn procession through the streets of Havana.  
Within two squares of my residence, the widow of one of these victims to Spanish barbarity, the morning on which the news arrived, went almost frantic with the loss of her brave son, and her cries fell mournfully on the ears of all the neighbors.  
I cannot describe the wild excitement that reigned on that day and night in New-Orleans. It was almost impossible for the authorities to restrain the spirit of vengeance that was raised from pouring itself out on certain Spaniards and minions of Government-general Concha in this city. There were a hern in edginess, and his house turned inside out, and a Spanish paper named *La Union*, which had turned all its force to the aid of Concha, was thrown into the streets, types, press and all. Within three days, there were three thousand volunteers in this city ready to proceed to Cuba to avenge the blood of their murdered brethren, and in that time the Cuban fund was augmented about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, by citizens of New-Orleans, and no doubt the "Vindicators" will soon

enquire of Concha what authority he had to murder our citizens. The victims were under the command of Col. Crittenden, son of the brother of the present Attorney General of the U. S., a brave officer in the Mexican war, and a graduate at West Point.  
—Now, friend Reporter, it may be that you and your correspondent differ some in your opinions regard to this affair, and the whole Cuban struggle, but that shall not prevent me from expressing plainly my views of the subject.  
Those who have gone from the States to the aid of the Cuban patriots have been branded by a part of the press as "pirates," "robbers," and every opprobrious epithet. But I am like "Jack Easy"; I feel disposed to argue the point of piracy to see who are really the pirates. Every one who is acquainted with the History of Spanish rule in America knows that it is nothing but a history of organized law-piracy, from its first establishment, and through all of its subsequent progress.  
History in its ample volume, contains not a bloodier page than that which records the rapine and cruelty of the Spaniards in the first conquests which introduced and established Spanish despotism in the Western hemisphere. Cortez with his band of robbers commenced the scene, by causing the death of Montezuma. His successor for refusing to discover the place where the treasures were hid (what a crime!) was stretched naked for some time on a bed of burning coals! And then comes the perfidy of Pizarro at the head of his banditti in Peru, by which the peaceful Inca lost his life, and the Peruvians their peace, and finally their entire existence. Then to form a right estimate of this subject it should be remembered that Mexico and Peru, were much advanced towards civilization.

Where, then, is that respect for royalty, that tottering and haggard throne of Spain now demands for herself? It was wholly lost in the tremendous system of robbery and butchery to obtain silver and gold, and not liberty, and to effect this the blood of a simple and unoffending people flowed in torrents—they were hunted down with bloodhounds like wild beasts, or burnt alive in the thickets.  
Behold, friend Reporter the title—the *valid deeds* of Spanish possession and Spanish rule in the West—written in blood by the hand of rapacity!—The ancient population has melted away, and a native white population has taken its place. Now how stands the case? In the sterile island of Cuba a standing army from Spain is there to smother in fear every aspiration for liberty, to extort the hard earnings of oppressed industry for the coffers of a distant throne, long famous in history for its omniscient cruelty. Is it not legal robbery, thus by the terrors of an armed force to wring from the people their honest gains to minister to the luxury and extravagance of a foreign court, which still, amidst the general march of improvement in the world around it remains unchanged in its dark and cold despotism? What is piracy but robbery, and what is Spanish rule in America both in its beginning and at present, in the eye of the "higher law" of truth and justice, but land piracy?  
It is recorded in our declaration of Independence, and by American sentiment, that it is the right of people everywhere to revolutionize to gain their liberties; and if the oppressed natives of that "gem of the Antilles," really desire freedom from their grievous yoke of bondage, as there is every reason to believe they do, it is not only the privilege, but it is as much the duty of Americans to aid them in ridding themselves of Spanish fetters, as it was of those generous and liberty loving foreigners who aided us in our revolutionary struggle.

Who thinks of calling the noble Lafayette, and Steuben, and DeKalb, and Montgomery freebooters and pirates, because they came from Europe to assist us in Revolution? Yet is there not a similarity? There comes up a piercing cry from Havana! it is the death cry of butchered Americans, fallen in the cause of Freedom. No! pirates—forthwith!—But I ask in the name of all that is reasonable what right has Concha, or any other despot to treat as pirates our citizens, acting under the American principle of assisting the oppressed, who may happen to fall into his hands? Public sentiment in our happy Country, has declared that freemen have a right to succor the downtrodden as far as is in their power without injuring the faith of existing treaties, and to incur if they choose the chance of war with those who are struggling for such holy ends. Congress itself gave sympathy and aid to Greece—did it not? And this right certainly carries with it the correlative right, if captured to be treated as prisoners of war, and not to be shot down in cold blood like dogs! Why should our country aid Greece, who should they sympathize with Hungary—Nations in the old world, and then turn a deaf ear to the struggles of the victims of an iron despotism right at our doors, on our own Continent, and almost in sight of our shores? Why, why?  
It is said that our brethren who were murdered in Havana were imprudent and reckless. But I say if there is any imprudence in the matter it rests with our nation—our historians! Washington and those heroes of the Revolution who honored and praised Lafayette, Kosciuszko, and other foreigners for coming to the aid of our people are the authors of the imprudence which tempted our young men from their peaceful homes to go forth in the cause of liberty. And we must denigrate Washington, call Lafayette a pirate, and utterly renounce our cherished memories and principles, or renounce CONCHA FOR MURDERING FREEDOM'S SONS IN FREEDOM'S HOLY CAUSE AS PIRATES.

You say are not the United States at peace with Spain—is there not a law forbidding American citizens from engaging in any military expedition against a nation at peace with us? "You may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace," when our citizens are murdered without the least sign of a trial, and at the dictum of one man as pirates when they are no pirates—slughtered as robbers when they have never robbed or intended to rob any one—with scarcely the privilege of crawling a dying adieu to their mothers. Call you that peace, when our citizens are not only thus murdered, but their

bodies are mutilated and dragged about the streets. If that is peace, I ask in the name of all that is human what is war, and what a cause for war?  
This great earth is the grant of the Almighty to the whole family of man, it was not given to kings and queens and princes, or nobility, in order that they might shine and revel in the spoils and wealth wrung from the bleeding millions. *A fortio* it was not given that the inhabitants of any part should be plundered by a luxurious government thousands of miles away. This involves an acknowledgment of the right of the people of the United States to emigrate to Cuba, and it further follows from this premise, in connexion with another principle, the universal brotherhood of man, that it is the right of the Americans, in aid of the Cuban patriots to bear the standard of justice to triumph and final and complete victory over its foes, and thus carry out their cherished principle of the HIGHER DIVINE RIGHT OF MAN OVER THE PRETENDED "divine right" of Kings and Queens.

It is true in some stages of society, and under certain circumstances an absolute government may enshrine some virtue and generosity, but in our age, in modern Europe, monarchical power either absolutely or slightly modified, is in its essence a lie, or in its action a crime.  
Royally, indeed, has its splendors with which to dazzle and overwhelm the senses and enslave the imagination. But to sustain these splendors what has it? The hearts and affections of man! No! but the dungeon, the gallows, the market, the bayonet and the spirit of the tiger! It knows no arguments but violence—no persuasion but cruelty.  
But I have forgotten myself, and perhaps trouble you too much with my opinion. My only apology is, however, that I am an American—a democrat—a lover of liberty, and a believer that liberty loses nothing by extension. I want the whole earth to enjoy the liberty which we possess.  
And although, friend Reporter, we may differ on the subject of the Cuban struggle, I hope you will give this letter a place in your columns.  
I shall be more local in my next,  
Yours truly,  
J. B. D.

**PAPIER MACHE.**—This article obtains its name from the prepared paper which forms the principal material in its composition. This paper, which is used in any required size or shape, is made of the consistency of the hardest wood by steeping in oil, after which it is left to dry in an oven. When the required time has elapsed, it is removed, and left in the open air for some minutes, when a coat of refined black varnish is laid over the surface. Before this varnish becomes dry, pieces of pearl, cut in the form of leaves, roses, and other flowers, as the fancy of the artist may dictate, or the character of the article may require, are laid on the paper, in which they adhere, and which is again placed in the oven. When it has been removed the second time, another coat of varnish is applied on the surface of the pearl and paper indiscriminately. The varnish, when it has had sufficient time to dry, is scraped off the pearl, and the same process is repeated several times, until all parts of the surface are made quite even. This gives the pearl the appearance of having been inlaid. The article, which is still in an unfinished state, after a thorough polish, has to be submitted to the hands of an artist, upon whose skill its beauty in a great degree depends. Under his hands the piece of pearl, though roughly formed, is soon converted into an adult blown flower, surrounded by its leaves and buds. The branches are first traced out with a camel's hair pencil, dipped in size, upon which gold leaf is afterwards laid. Then follows the painting of the flowers and leaves, the colors of which are rendered almost indelible by the application of a second coat of refined white varnish. Persons who have seen papier mache articles have no doubt been struck with the natural appearance given to the leaves and flowers by the pearl, the brilliancy of which endures and incredible length of time.

**DARK HOURS.**—There are hours, dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest year. For not a whole month in any of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold stormy days in every year. And yet the mist and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and flitted heedlessly away. The cruellest of the ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm.

And what a parable is all this of human life—of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labors. Here too, we have the overshadowing of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration—then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then—Never give up; while one good power is yours, use it. Disappointment will be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but only be honest, and struggle on, and it will all work well.

**THE USE OF THINKING.**—Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the Metropolitan Church of Pisa, when he observed a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swinging to and fro. This was a thing so common that thousands, no doubt, had observed it before; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected on it, and perfected the method, now in use, of measuring time by means of the pendulum.

**THE PRESS VS. SPEECH.**—A rapid writer will pen about 2,500 words an hour. A rapid speaker will utter 12,000 words in the same time. Hoe's newly invented press will print 10,000,000 words in a minute, or 60,000,000 words an hour.—*Am. Messenger.*

**MY HOME.**  
BY ANNE RAYBURN.  
Taw home I sigh for is no kindred dwelling,  
Where eager eyes look wistfully for me,  
Where hand meets hand, and hearts with rapture  
Bid the long partings, the most loved one be.  
Home! smiling home! the limes are o'er it drooping,  
Yet, from its chambers children stand aloof;  
So low it lies, that thy kind hand in stooping,  
Alone may touch its green and humble roof.  
Home! peaceful home! the grass doth grow around it,  
For garden flowers—daisies blossom fair;  
Narrow its walls—an arm's breadth well may bound it,  
But sound of scorn or wrong can reach not there.

Oh! welcome home! the exile gazing blindly  
Through tears of tenderness, the loved to see,  
Health his native shore with thoughts less kindly,  
Than my poor heart looks hopefully to thee.

#### Influence of the Sabbath Upon Health.

1. That ideas of proper fitness for appearing at Divine worship, which are diffused through every Sabbath-keeping community, carry with them that attention to cleanliness, that change of apparel, and that regard for neatness of person, which is an important and wholesome change from the habits of the week.  
2. The rest the Sabbath brings for the body is another most important item. The physical machinery gets run down with the incessant and wearisome action of the week, and would soon be utterly prostrated and ruined, were it not that the Sabbath comes to the rescue. The Sabbath's refreshing rest restores the system, and saves the health.  
3. The same is true of the mind. It needs a periodical repose as much as the body, and without it would sink and carry the body with it to ruin. The exhausted intellect reposes quietly under the shadow of the blessed Sabbath, and can go with vigor and elasticity to renewed toil after its weekly rest.

4. Mental gloom and depression, by whatever means occasioned, act powerfully against the health; but the cheerful, life-giving, animating influences of an honored Sabbath tend to sweep away the clouds and darkness of the mind, and give that elasticity to the spirit which is so favorable to health.  
5. All the various vices of society make destructive war upon the health; but the honored Sabbath acts with great energy and efficiency against them, and to the extent that it represses them, and saves men from the exhaustion and disease of sinful passions.

6. The effect of Sabbath infirmities is to give purity to the heart and peace to the conscience, and therefore to confer that quietness and tranquility of the mind, and that calm confidence in God, which saves it from those anxieties and excitements which are so prejudicial to health.  
7. None can doubt that the overtasked energies of men in the irrational and intense desire after the leading things of this world have caused the frequent breaking down of body and mind, resulting in premature decay, and disease and death; but the hallowed influences of the Sabbath tend to promote just views of the proper objects of human pursuit, to calm and moderate desire, and thus save the system from those overworkings so prejudicial to it.

8. The laws of health, and man's obligation to obey them, are more clearly seen and more deeply felt when Sabbath influences enlarge the mind's views of all the great interests of this and another life.  
In respect, therefore, to that single object, the preservation of health, we may regard the holy Sabbath as operating with great efficiency and as producing the most important results.

**WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.**—To have parents exercise a partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last born, the only son or daughter, the beauty or the wit of a household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought always to be spared, as far as possible, all just cause of irritation; and never to be punished for wrong doing by taunts, cuffs and ridicule.  
To be suffered to go uncorrected to day the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason, might a watch, which should be wound back half the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained, to become possessed of an estimable character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with the same severity as if they were those of intention.  
The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, not upbraiding. The disappointment to his young project, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful.

Parents who give a child to understand that he is a burden to them, need not be surprised, should they one day be given to understand that they are burdensome to him.  
The TAILOR BIRD OF HINDOSTAN—This bird is as small as a humming bird, and exceedingly beautiful in plumage. It takes its name from its instinctive ingenuity in forming its nest. It first selects a plant with large leaves, and then gathers cotton from the shrub, spins it to a thread by means of its long bill and slender feet, and then, as with a needle, sews the leaves neatly together to conceal its nest. Several of these sewn nests are preserved in the British Museum.

**ENTERPRISE.**—There are few men so hopelessly and disadvantageously situated, that they cannot rise and succeed in any right and reasonable undertaking. But he must be a man conscious of his strength and feasibility of purpose, who can say, "I can and will succeed; and will build for myself in spite of all hindrances, a name and fortune." To such a man, the obstacles over which his energy triumphs, only give a zeal to his labors; they what and exhilarate his spirits, and increase his enjoyments.

#### LIFE IN MISSISSIPPI.

##### GETTING A RAILROAD SUBSCRIPTION.

Having seen nobody for thirty miles, night overtook me at the centre of Jones county. The road was only visible by the three "scores" on the trees, the grass growing on it rank and tall, like that in the adjacent wood. I was striking for the court house. I passed a small opening in which stood three rickety cabins, but they were unoccupied.—The road branched off into a dozen trails. Completely puzzled, I threw down the reins and left the matter to the instinct of my horse. He struck into one of the paths, and in fifteen minutes halted at a large farm house.  
"Halloo!" cried I.  
"It's halloo yourself," said the man in the gallery.  
"How far to the court house?"  
"Where are you from?" said the man.  
"From Winchester."  
"Then," said he, "the court house is behind, and you have come right by it there," pointing to the deserted cabins.  
"Why, I saw nobody there."  
"I reckon you didn't," said he. "There's a dog-dogery and a turn twice-a-year, two days a time, but they come with the court and go with the court."  
"And the clerk and sheriff," said I, "where do they live?"  
"Oh, the sheriff is clerk, and the clerk is squire, assessor, and tax collector in the bargain, and he lives away down on the Leal."  
"But the lots, my friend—who owns the lots?"  
"The same individual that owns the best part of Jones county—the only landlord who never sues for rent—Uncle Sam."  
"Well, sir, I am tired and hungry—can I stop with you to-night?"  
"Light, stranger, light, Michael Anderson never shuts his door on man or beast."  
Having carefully hoosed and fed my horse, I soon sat down to a substantial supper of fried chickens and steved venison, corn cakes, peach cobbler, milk, butter and honey, served with a welcome and abundance peculiar to the pine woods. My host was a shrewd man, well to do in the world, preferring Jones county to any place this side of Paradise, having lived there twenty years without administering a dose of medicine, and had never been crossed but once during all that time. I was curious to know what had disturbed the serenity of such a life as his.

"Why, sir," said he, "I don't make a practice of talking about it, but being as you're a stranger, and I've taken a liking to you, I will narrate the circumstance. May be you've heard how the legislature chartered the Brandon bank to build a railway through the pine woods away down to the sea shore. In these parts we go against banks—but root and stock of about our prejudices. Before the bank could be set going the law required so much of the coin to be planked up. The managers all lived about Brandon, but the metal was mighty scarce, and the folks about there didn't have it, or they wouldn't trust 'em."

"They struck what little they had around the babies' noses, to cut teeth with. Well, it got wind that I had some of the genuine, and the manager kept sending to me for it, offering to put me in the board. But I always answered that my money was sater in the old woman's stockings than in the bank. I had nothng more about it for three months, when one night a big, likely looking man rode up, and asked me for a chunk of fire."  
"Well," says he, "this is unlucky. The road will come right through your new smoke house; what's to be done?"  
"You shall see," said I; so calling my boys I ordered them to tear it down. "Stranger, there lay the logs, the pritiest timber within fifty miles, all heaved by my own hand. I have never had the heart to put them up again. Well, the big man never changed countenance. He ran on with his line, and the next day he came back on his return to Brandon. I was mighty lifted with the notion of the railroad, and a stopping place right before my door. I entered six hundred and forty acres of land My neighbors said we'd get the state-house here.—The big man smiled and nodded; he pointed out where the cars would stop, and where the Governor would like to have a summer seat—and when he went, he carried away three thousand dollars for me, all in two bit pieces and piencetues."

"Well, squire," said I, "I suppose you got the value of it?"  
"Stranger," solemnly replied the squire, "I never saw the big man afterwards; I heard no more of the road. Here's my smoke house logs. My old woman's got the empty stockings. Here's what they sent me (a certificate on the Brandon Bank stock) for the money, and if you've got a ten dollar mint drop in your purse, I'm ready for a swap."  
**SUNDAY WORK.**—Old Dominie *————*, of the Deuth Church, celebrated for his goodly *————* his homely originality, on an exceedingly hot summer Sabbath, when announcing his text, read on four verses, and said: "This is the foundation of the first head of my discourse; after reading four more, he said, 'This is the ground of the second head of my discourse; and reading another four, he continued, 'This is the foundation of the third head of my discourse. Then stepping back and pulling off his warm cloth coat, he hung it on the side of the pulpit, and conspicuous in his white linen sleeves, he began.

"Now, brethren, depend upon it we have got a job before us."  
Lady Jane Gray was once asked by one of her friends, in a tone of surprise, how she could consent to forego the pleasures of the chase, which her parents were enjoying, and prefer sitting at home reading her Bible. She replied, all amusement of that description is but a shadow of the pleasure I enjoy in reading this book.

#### Hindoo Mechanics and Artisans.

The Hindoos do their work in such a different manner from the Americans and English, that he almost appears to be a person belonging to a different order of beings. Our blacksmith stands at work, the Hindoo squats with his knees nearly on a level with his chin; it is the same with their carpenters and masons; their posture is suggestive of indolence and idleness. They appear to be defective in the muscular power of their limbs, and the blacksmith, kneeling away, squatted like a kra-kra-roo, on his haunches. They go barefooted, and if they do not use their feet to stand upon while they work, they make more use of their toes than we Anglo-Saxons. The Hindoo blacksmith when he has a piece of iron to file, places it between the jaws of a small pair of tongs, and grasping them firmly between his great toes, raises with great force. He also sometimes uses his toes to reach forth and grasp a tool, same as we do our fingers; and so accustomed are they to use their toes, that they sometimes adorn them with gold rings, they being as worthy of such honors as our fingers.

Time does not seem to be valued by the Oriental, his tools and method of working appear to be contrived for the very purpose of consuming as much time as possible. The mason works with a trowel about the size of one of our tablespoons, and a small hammer about half a pound weight. He squats before his work, and has two women attendants to bring him his bricks and mortar. These attend, the one with a brick in each hand, the other with a trowel of mortar about the size of a breakfast plate. One American mason, with one hod carrier, will lay as much brick as twelve Hindoo brick and mortar attendants.

An English engineer, sent to finish some Government works, having occasion to run up embankments in a short time, made an attempt to introduce the wheelbarrows as a substitute for the basket with which they carry earth on the head; he got a number made, and to encourage them he filled his barrow full and wheeled the first one himself. He invited the stoutest of his gang to try the next; the poor fellow stepped along a few paces, then staggered, tumbled, and fell, with his barrow. He then filled it half full, and it was wheeled along. He then left for half an hour, and when he returned he found four men at the barrow, two at the head and two at the feet, bearing it along as solemn as if it were a funeral bier. He thought the failure was owing to the barrows being too large, and he had a number made about the same size as those with which our boys amuse themselves. He thought them from their smallness, he never would catch four men carrying one again. These small barrows went well, the Hindoos trundled them along with great glee, and the work, to the joy of the engineer appeared to go on rapidly; but for all, after a short time he found that no more earth was excavated than by baskets. This puzzled him, but having gone from the gang for some time, he returned abruptly and discovered the reason, for he found the Hindoos marching up the plank with the greatest possible gravity, each carrying his wheelbarrow on his head—legs in front and wheel behind.

This engineer, in giving an account of the first steam-engine which was seen there, says that when he was first consulting the drawings with divers, and making calculations with a piece of charcoal, to put all the data together, the Brahmins and great-headed Attendants looked on with open mouths, as if he was going through with some conjuring process. After he got the engine put together, and steam up, one evening about dusk, by the light of two flaming torches he could see eyes looking curiously through the windows, and the engine house was crowded. In a moment the safety-valve suddenly opened, and what a screaming and yelling, and running there was, and every one was filled with terror. At last the high fly-wheel spun round, the walking-beam moved up and down, the pumps clanked, the steam roared, and many came back with their terror changed to wonder at seeing he huge iron shafts and arms endowed with life and motion.

After a while the engineer discovered that the native had solved the whole difficulty of the nature and principles of the engine,—the boiler contained an English spirit, and when a fire was made beneath, and he roared, he would not go to work until he called *dhakker* (mercy) through the safety valve. He would then go to work, but he had to be well supplied with water to quench his thirst—The engineer found that this belief was useful to himself, for he impressed it upon the mind of the man that if he did not supply the spirit with plenty of water, he would surely break loose, and kill everybody within his reach.

The steam-engine, the steamboat and locomotive are now in Hindoostan, and the Hindoo has learned to attribute their movements to physical causes.—The steam-engine is the iron speech of civilization; he does not dispute but he preaches with irresistible force, and never fails to convince.—*Scientific American.*

**THE NEWSPAPER.**—Read what Willis says: "As we feel the sunshine; as we breathe the balmy air; as we draw our life from household affection—affect unconsciously—so we drink in the pleasures and blessings of the newspaper; careless, yet eager, and though dependent, thankless! He may be an imaginative man who can tell the value of the newspaper, for only he can fancy what it would be to be deprived of it. Another Byron might write another "Darkness" on the stage of a world newspaper. It would be under the form of a blind swine holding in its hand the empty string hour which his dog has escaped; or the good lady in Hood's picture with her foot advanced to step on board a steamer which she evidently observes to have moved six feet from the wharf. Or, again, a stranger in the bottom of a mine, who, after blowing out his "Davy," runs to the shaft and finds that somebody has taken away the ladder."