

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XXII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 13.

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

## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 8, 1851.

### Selected Poetry.

From the N. Y. Tribune.  
**SPEAK BOLDLY.**  
BY WM. CLAYTON BROWN.

Speak boldly, Freeman! while to-day  
The strife is rising fierce and high,  
Gird on the armor while ye may  
In holy deeds to win an die.  
The Day is struggling with the Night,  
For Freedom hath again revealed  
A Marathon of holy right.

Speak boldly, Hero! while the foe  
Treads onward with his iron heel!  
Strike steady with a giant blow,  
And dash aloft the polished steel;  
Be true, O Hero! to thy trust!  
Man and thy God both look to thee!  
Be true, or sink away to dust—  
Be true, or hence to darkness flee.

Speak boldly, Prophet! Let the fire  
Of Heaven come down on altars cursed,  
Where Baal priests and seers conspire  
To pay their bloody homage first;  
Be true, O Prophet! Let thy tongue  
Speak fearless, for the words are thine—  
Words that by thy ringing stars were sung,  
And angels hymned in strains divine.

Speak boldly, Poet! Let thy pen  
Be served with fire that may not die;  
Speak for the rights of bleeding men  
Who look to heaven with tearful eye.  
Be true, O Poet! Let thy name  
Be honored where the weak have trod,  
And in the summit of thy fame.  
Be true to Man! Be true to God.

Speak boldly, Brothers! Wake, and come!  
The Anakim are pressing on us;  
In Freedom's strife be never dumb!  
God-fearing blades till all is won!  
Be true, O Brothers! Truth is strong!  
The foe shall sink beneath the sword—  
While love and bliss shall thrill the song  
That Truth to Man is Truth to God.

### Miscellaneous.

#### ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON.

The sunshine of prosperity had set on the ancient chateau of Francis the First, and was about to set in Paris with the dawn of another reign, and yet one feared to be too late; for, to be suspected of not protracted a fidelity might become the cause of a whole life, and give a death blow to the ambition which they had no idea of abandoning together with the Emperor. It was evident that Napoleon was about to become the public enemy. The guilty one on whom was about to be heaped every description of abuse and disgrace; in short, the great convulsion of Europe and of France; and all trembled lest they should be included in this convulsion. The marshals, with the exception of Macdonald, set the example; and when the sword was raised, how could it be expected that the rest of the court should resist following? for it is not in the bosom of a master that souls become tempered, and characters hardened and proved. All that was wanting was a pretext to desert with decency, which Napoleon would not afford them by his obstinacy and vacillation; and the impatience to abandon was changed into anger at the stubbornness of their master. The courts, halls, corridors, and even the chambers were filled with groups of his officers, dignitaries and servants, who loudly disapproved of the terms of severity and contempt on his desperate struggle to reign; while the sound penetrated the most retired part of Napoleon's apartments, and the voice of reproach, and seemed to increase in volume as each passed hour destroyed his last hope. He was obliged, from time to time, to open his door, and in a voice by turns imperious or open, order his chamberlain in waiting to silence the muttered sounds of disaffection. Even those whom he was most intimate, and to whom he showed his reverence and his thoughts, immediately there increased the general fears and disaffection. Every one tried to impress upon his neighbor the urgent reason for flight which he entertained. So that the ingratitude, instead of being individual, might appear general, and already desolation was loudly and unobscuredly spoken of. One particular the uselessness of remaining in a palace was changed into a barrack, and about to become a prison; the others, the necessity of going to Paris to protect their wives, mothers, or children, who were becoming alarmed. The latter showed letters from M. de Talleyrand or the senators, and the former readily reflected that their names belonged to the first instance, to the ancient monarchy; and on his return to the Tuilleries they could not be absent. All of them had certain allusions, interests, family concerns or duties of situations, which ought to outweigh the useless determination of sustaining a fallen soldier; and some of them being compromised as accomplices, thought necessary to seek for pardon by evincing an intention to betray, as a pledge of fresh fidelity to the power. At the doors of all the apartments, in the corridors, on the staircases and in the great preparations for departure were making without restraint; the greater part leaving without the ceremony of a farewell; while every now and then the noise of a carriage rolling through the halls of honor gave notice of another desertion. In the morning the palace was nearly empty, even the household of the Emperor having abandoned it. If by chance he summoned any of his dignitaries to the court, the officers of his staff, or of his household, he was told that they were gone. A smile and expression of cold disdain passed over his features at each fresh proof of the baseness of interested attachments, and he seemed to justify himself with that contempt which he had professed for mankind, and which, at the same time, justified his personal degradation. He had loved anything; but had violated every feeling; therefore, could he have any claim on

the hearts or good feeling of his followers? He met with no sympathy even from those old domestic servants, who, in familiarity and long habit, frequently attach to the person rather than the station. Richard had his Blondin, and Louis XVI, his Clergy; but Napoleon had not even his Mameluke. His court had corrupted all. The soldiers alone, and those of his officers least honored and distinguished, and further removed from his favor, showed themselves faithful to him to the last moment; providing that the camp had at least sustained their honor, while interest had corrupted the court.

"When he had been called for Caulaincourt, whom he could hope to deceive less than any other; for this friend of his latter days had been confidentially charged by himself to prepare these conditions which he had affected to reject so haughtily. "Now hasten to the conclusion of all," he said to him; "put this treaty, when I shall have signed it, into the hands of the allied sovereigns; let them know that I treat with them and not with the provisional government, in which I can see nothing but traitors and factionists!"

"Macdonald and Ney having entered, he took the pen and signed. His features bore traces of the disquietude of the night, and of the real or pretended agitation of his mind. His forehead, concealed in his hands was bent downwards; but he rose to thank Macdonald, who owed him least, and had done the most for him. By his bearing towards Macdonald he nobly avenged for the ungrateful rudeness or the rapid hurry of desertion of the others. "Marshal," he said, "I am no longer rich enough to recompense your last and faithful services. I have been deceived as to your sentiments towards me." "Sire," replied Macdonald, with the generosity of a great soul, "I have forgotten everything since 1809." "That is true—I know it, added the Emperor; "but since I can no longer recompense you according to the wish of my heart, I wish at least to leave you a souvenir of me, which shall remind yourself of what you were in these days of trial. Caulaincourt," he said, turning towards this confidential officer, "ask for the sabre that was given to me in Egypt, by Mouton-Bey, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor." The Oriental weapon being brought, Napoleon, handing it to the marshal, "There," said he, "is the only reward of your attachment that I have to give you. You were my friend!" "Sire," replied the brave soldier, pressing the weapon to his heart, "I shall preserve it all my life, and if I should ever have a son, it will be his most precious inheritance." "Give me your hand," murmured Napoleon, "and let us embrace!" The Emperor and his general embraced each other, and tears stood in the eyes of both as they parted.

"The signing of the treaty by Napoleon was the signal through the palace for almost universal desertion. Every one now began to think only of making his peace with the new government. All hastened to fly; every one dreaded that the Emperor would include his name amongst those whose fidelity he would invoke to accompany him in his exile. Murat alone, of all his old ministers, remained at his post, as secretary of state, with his master, now without power and without a court.

"After Macdonald and Caulaincourt had taken the treaty signed to Paris, the allied sovereigns each appointed a commissioner to accompany the Emperor through France to the port on the Mediterranean. Schouvaloff for Russia, Kotler for Austria, Campbell for England, Valdebourg Fruchesea for Prussia, formed the court of the exile, charged to superintend, to serve, and to honor the prescribed of Europe. The irritation of the south of France was such at that time, against Napoleon, that he required a safeguard amongst his own subjects. In the departments of the centre and the east, on the contrary, his presence might awaken military enthusiasm, and give a chief to insurrection and the independence of the country. From these two considerations, the escort of the commissioners, and of an imposing armed force, was necessary to the sovereigns and to Napoleon himself. His death would have been the crime of Europe; his evasion and his call to arms would have been the renewal of a war without grandeur, but without calamities.

"Caulaincourt, preceded, by a few hours, the arrival of the four commissioners at Fontainebleau, to prepare the Emperor to receive this foreign court. The palace already resembled a tomb; silence and vacancy reigned in the courts and in the halls. Here and there only, some groups of soldiers, less habituated to the spectacle of vicissitudes, and less used to human compassion, wandering around the walls and round the garçons of the palace, endeavoring to catch a glimpse, through the balustrades of the pateries and the balconies of the fugitive form of their general, to comfort him with an acclamation. The Emperor appeared and disappeared alternately; he gave no sign or encouragement, not even of attention to these groups and their cries; he seemed totally absorbed in himself; his body and his mind were equally devoid of rest.

"With measured step, and slow, followed by the guard and by his friends, he passed through the long gallery of Francis I. He stood for a moment on the landing of the grand staircase, and looked around on the troops drawn up in the court of the guard of honor, and on the innumerable multitudes from the surrounding country, which had assembled to witness this grand historical event, that they might recount it to their children. What contending feelings agitated the breasts of that vast crowd, in which there were more accusers than defenders! But the greatness of the fall in some, the sorrow for misfortune in others, a regard to decorum in all, produced an universal silence. Insult at such a moment would have been cowardly—the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" a mockery. The soldiers themselves experienced a feeling too solemn, of too religious an awe, to think of acclamation; they felt a deep sense of honor in their consciousness of fidelity even in adverse of fortune, and felt that now the sun of our glory was about to set, and with it the chief to sink for ever behind the trees of the forest, and the waters of the Mediterranean.

"They envied the lot of those of their comrades whom fate or choice had favored by allowing them to be the companions of their Exiled Emperor.—Their heads were bowed low, their looks mournful, and tears rolled down the furrowed cheeks of the warriors. Had the drums been covered with crape, it would have appeared like an army performing the obsequies of their general. Napoleon, after casting a martial and penetrating glance at his battalions and squadrons, had in his countenance an expression of tender regard unusual for him. What days of battle, of glory, and of power did not the sight of that army call to his mind? Where now were they that army call to his mind? Where now were they who had composed it, when it traversed with him the continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia? How many now remained of those millions in the remnant before his eyes? And yet those few were faithful; and he was going to leave them for ever. The army was himself. When he should no longer behold it, what would he be? He owed all to the sword, and with the sword he lost all.—He hesitated a moment before descending, and seemed as if about to re-enter the palace mechanically.

"He rallied, however, and recovering himself descended the stairs to approach his soldiers. The drums beat the salute. With a gesture he imposed silence, and, advancing in front of the battalions, he made a sign that he wished to speak. The drums ceased, the arms were still; and the almost breathless silence allowed his voice, re-echoed by the high walls of the palace, to be heard to the remotest ranks.

"Officers, subalterns, and soldiers of my old guard," he said, "I bid you farewell. For five-and-twenty years have I ever found you walking in the path of honor and of glory. In these latter times, and in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of fidelity and of bravery. "With men such as you, our cause would not have been lost; but the war was interminable; it might have been a civil war, and then it would have been worse for France. I have therefore sacrificed our interests for those of the country. I leave you . . . do you, my friends, continue to serve France; her honor was my only thought; it shall ever be the object of my most fervent prayers. "Grieve not for my lot! If I have consented to outlive myself, it is with the hope of still promoting your glory. I trust to write the deeds we have achieved together. . . . Adieu, my children; I would fain embrace you all. . . . Let me at least embrace you, general, and your colors!"

"At these words the soldiers were deeply affected; a shudder ran through the ranks, and their arms quivered. General Teit, who commanded the old guard in the absence of the marshals—a man of martial bearing but sensitive feelings—at a second signal from Napoleon advanced between the ranks of the soldiers and their Emperor. Napoleon embraced him for a long time, and the two chiefs sobbed aloud. At this spectacle one stifled sob was heard through all the ranks. Grenadiers brushed away the tear from their eyes with their left hands. "Bring me the eagles," resumed the Emperor, who desired to imprint upon his heart and on these standards the memory of Caesar. Some grenadiers advanced, bearing before him the eagles of the regiment. He grasped these trophies so dear to the soldier; he pressed them to his breast, and placing his lips to them exclaimed, in a manly but broken accent, "Dear eagle, may this last embrace vibrate for ever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers!"

"Farewell again, my old companions, farewell!" The whole army burst into tears, and the only reply was one long continued groan.

"An open carriage, in which General Bertrand awaited his master and friend, received the Emperor, who hurried in, and covered his eyes with both his hands. The carriage rolled away towards the first stage of Napoleon's exile.—*Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France.*

"The man of true honor ever forgets an insult: or if remembered, it is only with the kindness of a superior mind looking above the shaft of envy. True honor gains nothing by feeding the spirit of contention; for if once that evil is harbored, it is sustained by the sacrifice of every just and manly principle. The gentle rivulet becomes a torrent when the elements contend; but when the tempest has passed, the waters contract to their former limits, flowing with more freshness and adding new beauty to their progress. So the elevated mind, if ever disturbed by the malice of ignorance and envy, like that little stream, soon regains its wonted gentleness, and feels the happiness for the rest. True honor acknowledges itself in rags as well as in costly raiment—it needs no covering—most beautiful when undignified. It exalts itself in all conditions, for it is of its own creating. The world would be its arbiter, and false distinctions of society would restrict it to high station; but the world would have been made to worship it when clothed in the garb of lowly. Detraction has no blemish for it—it abides all worldly tears.—*Henry.*

"A correspondent of the Troy Times gets off the following:—

"As we were passing by an auction shop, a witty auctioneer was trying to sell an old hand organ.—To that end he was grinding out the music; when the crowd began to throw out the pennies, when a countryman stepped up to him and said,—"Sir, you ought to have a monkey!" "My good fellow," replied the auctioneer, "so I had, *Slep right up here!*" The countryman "vamosed."

"GETTING OFF EAST.—One of the States passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence he alleged that his dog had a nozzie.

"How is that?" quoth the justice.

"O," said the defendant, "the act says nothing where the muzzle shall be placed, and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put it on his tail."

### Courting in Court.

An interesting and rather unexpected circumstance took place at a Justice's court in Tyrone, on Friday last. The preliminary history of the case is as follows: Miss Angelina Houghaling a cunning and rather good looking young lady of some 25 years of age, whose personal attractions had gained for her considerable reputation among the warm blooded youths of this section, and whose residence in Albany, as well as other enlightened cities at the east, have afforded her excellent advantages for studying human nature—had commenced a suit against Mr. Smith Sharpe, a widower farmer, of Tyrone, whose peculiar constitutional organization and zig-zag brains had rendered him highly susceptible to the influence of woman's charms, and made him alternately a slave and a tyrant.

The plaintiff claimed for a cow, that she alleged she purchased of defendant, and for which she had paid him by a stove, sold and delivered to him some two years since, and by personal services. Plaintiff also claimed for a pair of shoes.

It seems that about two years ago, Miss H. was engaged as house-keeper by defendant, and continued to discharge all the functions of that station during a period of about 18 months or until some time last spring, when owing to his violent temper, a separation took place.—But then he discovered the strength of her influence over him. He sought a reconciliation without avail. The fair one was independent and unobtainable. Once during the past summer, they met here and she consented to talk with him. In the generosity of his soul, he bought her a pair of shoes, when she agreed to return home with him. She rode some two miles in his buggy, when, passing the house of an acquaintance she proposed to stop a moment to get her clothes. He consented. She went in. He waited—ill at last he became impatient. Soon he discovered her crossing a gully at full speed. The conviction flashed across his mind that she had "given him the slip." At once abandoning his horse and buggy he started in pursuit. He was the swiftest.—He overhauled the chase. Seizing her with force he threw her down and took off from her feet the very shoes that he had so lovingly purchased for her but a few hours previous! The poor damsel was of course left barefooted.

Even this affair was forgotten by him in a few days, and he manifested as strong a desire as ever to secure her return to his desolate abode; but his offer was rejected. Recently the suit above mentioned was instituted by her before Esquire Jackson, of Albany, and as the parties were generally known in that part of Sieuben, a large collection of persons had assembled to hear the trial.

The cause being called, the plaintiff appeared, attended by her counsel, John Banker, Esq. The defendant had no counsel, and expressed his determination to conduct his own cause. At the request of the defendant, a short delay was granted to see if the parties could settle. They retired to the further end of the court-room, and after conversing together nearly an hour, during which time the fact became apparent that he was endeavoring to persuade her to settle the suit by marrying him, they advanced towards the Justice, when the plaintiff declared they could not agree. A witness was accordingly called to the stand and about to be sworn, when Mr. Sharpe sang out—

"Hold on, Squire—let me try her again. We must settle."

Again the parties retired, and after another long conversation, returned—He the picture of despair, and she evidently as full of fun and devilry as ever. No settlement having taken place, the witness was again called to the stand, and the oath again about to be administered—but the desperate voice of the excited Sharpe was once more potent:

"For God's sake wait a little longer, Squire!—Perhaps she'll have me yet. I'll do all she wants. Angelina why won't you have me?" asked Sharpe, turning to his tormentor.

"Because," said she "I'm afraid you'll abuse me."

"No—I won't treat you bad—nor talk provoking. Come, now let's settle."

"Why, Smith, you are half crazy about religion one moment, and the next full of hell. I cant trust you again!"

"Poor Sharpe was in agony. "Oh, Ange!" said he, coaxingly, approaching her—"if you will marry me, I'll do any thing. I'll give you bonds if you want, not to ill use you, and I'll never writ you about John—nor Harvey—nor Elder—nor any one else again. Now don't say anything more and we'll settle this suit. Come, my dear?"

At last the adamant heart and stubborn spirit of the conquering girl yielded to the besieger.—The last condition of the capitulation was over-come. She consented! A shout of long suppressed but violent laughter went up from a hundred voices. The suit was ended! The court adjourned, and at the request of the now happy pair, Justice, jurors, witnesses, spectators and citizens assembled in the large room at a neighboring tavern, where, in a few moments, the plaintiff was transformed into Mrs. Sharpe. The magistrate and all present pronounced judgment for the plaintiff, but the defendant thereby saved his cow!—*Dundee Record.*

### THE WASTE OF WAR.

Give me the gold that war has cost,  
Before this peace expanding day;  
The wasted skill, the labor lost—  
The mental treasure thrown away;  
And I will buy each rood of soil  
In every yet discovered land;  
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,  
Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,  
In useful, nay, in brave attire;  
Venture besting banquet mirth  
Which kings might envy and admire.  
In every vale, on every plain,  
Where every poor man's child may gain  
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,  
By sea or airment made forlorn;  
And none shall thrust them from the door,  
Or sting with looks or words of scorn.  
I'll hush each alien hemisphere;  
Help honest men to conquer wrong;  
Art, Science, Labor, nerve and cheer;  
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every free and peopled clime,  
A vast Walpalla hall shall stand;  
A marble edifice sublime,  
For the illustrious of the land;  
A Pantheon for the truly great.  
The wise, beneficent and just;  
A place of wide and lofty state  
To honor or to hold their dust.

PHILOSOBY OF A CARPET-BAG.—Among the most common street sights is that of a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or river, bearing with him a little carpet-bag. So common it is that it fails to attract the slightest attention. A fine carpet-bag is no more noticed than an umbrella or a walking-stick in a man's hand; and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to our thinking, an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a heap of luggage. The anxiety attending such property outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a man with a little carpet-bag is one in ten thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect type of independence extant. He can snap fingers in the face of Highland porter extortionate. No trotting urchin is idle enough to solicit the carrying of so light a burden. While other passengers, by coach or railway are looking after trunks and trappings, he enters and has the best seat. He and his "little all" never part company. On arriving at their destination, they are off with the jaunty swagger of unencumbered back-slopper. In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet-bag we are struck, to a certain extent, with an idea of disproportion; but the balance is all on the easy side. There is far too little to constitute a burden, and yet there is enough to indicate wants attended to and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet-bag in his hand has his last shirt on his back. Neither is it probable that his beard can suffer from slovenly overgrowth.

SPRIT OF PRAYER.—It is distressing to hear long, desultory and cold prayers. They evince that the sacrifice is from a dead heart, and that the lips are not touched with a live coal from the altar of God. When prayers are short, specific and warm, we have evidence that a revival has begun. It has begun, where it should begin, in the hearts of Christians. Each worshipper comes to the meeting with an errand to the throne of grace; and pleads it earnestly, being full of faith and the Holy Ghost. If he prays aloud, he supplicates for the things he came for, and he entreats for it with filial, fervent and importunate desire, and then he stops. O Christian! do you feel for dying sinners? Do you feel for the cause of Christ? Then pray wreath in prayer; beseege the throne of grace; take no denial; say with Jacob, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." What an example we have in Moses, in Abraham, in Hannah, in Elijah, in all the Old Testament saints; and especially in Jesus! Let us catch this spirit of prayer, and we shall not spend our breath in vain.

The Archbishop of Dublin tells us of a horseman who having lost his way, made a complete circle, when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoof, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced, and said, "This at least shows me that I am in some track;" when the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were double, and he said, "Now surely I am in a beaten way; and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased all he was certain he must be in some well frequented thoroughfare, and approaching a populous town, but he was all the while riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the tracks of his own error.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN AMERICA.—The first locomotive ever used in the United States is still in good running order on the Little Schuylkill Railroad. It was built in Liverpool, England, by Edward Bury. At that time it was necessary to read a man from England to put the engine in order on the road. It was but twenty years ago that Edward Bury's engine was first placed upon our road. Since then, the iron track has been extended through our land; the fierce breathing of the iron horse in almost every valley; the ingenuity of our mechanics enables them to supply our own engines and furnish them to nations across the Ocean.—*We're a progressive people.*

A lady, rather ignorant upon agricultural matters, sent to the country the other day for some nice milk, which was carefully delivered to her by the hand of a friend who procured it. The lady very carefully placed it in her cellar in a nice open vessel, with the determination of having an extra nice breakfast on her rich milk. Breakfast came, and her husband looked in vain for the anticipated luxury.

"Wife," said he "where is that nice milk you were speaking of last night?"

"Oh, dear, it is too bad!" she replied sorrowfully; "the milk this morning was all covered with a thick yellow scum, and I had to throw it away."

IRON AND STEEL.—Steel is iron passed through a process which is called cementation, the object of which is to impregnate it with carbon. Carbon exists more abundantly in charcoal than in any of the insubstantial forces, and the smoke that goes up from a charcoal furnace is carbon in a fluid state. Now, if you can manage to confine that smoke, and put a piece of iron into it for several days, and heat the iron at the same time, it will become steel. Heating the iron opens its pores, so that the smoke, or carbon, can enter into it.

The furnace for this purpose is a conical building of brick, in the middle of which are two troughs of brick or stone, which hold about four tons of bar iron. At the bottom is a large grate for the fire. A layer of charcoal-dust is put upon the bottom of the troughs, then a layer of bar iron; and so on alternately, until the troughs are full. They are then covered over with clay, to keep out the air, which, if admitted, would prevent the cementation. Fire is then communicated to the wood and coal with which the furnace is filled, and continued until the conversion of the iron into steel is completed, which generally happens in about eight or ten days. (This is known by blisters on the bars, which the workmen occasionally draw out in order to determine. When the conversion is completed, the fire is then left to go out, and the bars remain in the furnace about eight days more, to cool.

The bars of steel are then taken out, and either sold as blistered steel, or drawn to a convenient size, when it is called tilted steel. German steel is made out of this blistered steel, by breaking the bars into short pieces, and welding them together, drawing them down to a proper size for use.

HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.—Alcohol was invented 650 years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hager, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called alcohol.—During the reign of William and Mary, an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, impudence and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers of intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on.

In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in public life, was among the laborers in the Hungarian mines, in the 15th century. In 1751, it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial.—The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain and sold it as a medicine in bottles, under the name of the water of life. Until the 16th century it had only been kept by apothecaries as medicine. During the reign of Henry VII. brandy was unknown in Ireland, and soon its alarming effect induced the government to pass a law prohibiting manufacture.

About 120 years ago it was used as a beverage especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness and made them fearless in the field of battle. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific. Such is a brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol into society as a beverage. The history of it is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, poverty and murder of thousands. It has marched the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of his footsteps in the bones, sinews, and life-blood of the people.

FINDING FAULT.—"See here, Mr. Editor, I don't like that article on—the first bit. It won't do. It's sentiments are wrong, they won't suit this community—they are unseasonable, impudent, and—"

"My dear sir—"

"Don't interrupt me. I am astonished that you should entertain such views. They may please the herd—but the intelligent,—"

"My dear, dear sir, let—"

"Do permit me to speak. I give you credit for good sense, sir—for liberal opinions, and for decency anyhow. But, sir—"

"Don't wish to interrupt. Mr. Snooks—but are you a subscriber for the—"

"Not—not—exactly—but I am in the habit of reading it."

"Then permit me to say, Mr. Snooks, the man who borrows of a neighbor his wheelbarrow, and finds fault with it, shows ingratitude to his neighbor, slanders the maker of the barrow, exhibits an utter ignorance or defiance of the laws of common politeness and ordinary decency, and deserves to be turned out of respectable society. Good morning, Mr. Snooks."

THE WIFE.—If you wish to be happy and have peace in the family, never reprove your husband in company—even if that prove to be ever so light. If he be irritated, speak no angry word. Indifference sometimes will produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your husband undertakes, if he is perplexed or discouraged, assist him with your smiles and happy words. If the wife is careful how she conducts, speaks and looks, a thousand happy hearts would cheer your existence, where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom, sorrow and discontent. The wife, above all others, should strive to please her husband, to make home attractive.

CURIOUS ARREST OF TEXAS.—It is said that a woman has been tried and convicted, in Virginia, of teaching a slave to read the Bible, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. According to the indictment, she, "not having the fear of God before her eyes, and moved and instigated by the devil, wickedly, maliciously and feloniously did teach a certain negro woman to read the Bible, to the great displeasure of Almighty God."

Blessed be the deed that teaches men that doing good always does, and must promote their own interest.