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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 10, 1852.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE STAGE DRIVER'S COAT.

An old gray coat, with ample cape,  
Is hanging by the bar-room door,  
And as I look upon its shaggy  
The past comes back to me once more,  
Upon the smoky walls a crowd  
Of scenes before my vision float,  
And silently my soul is bowed  
Before that old stage driver's coat.

How many scenes of good and ill  
Are pictured on its vision clear,  
How many tones, in death or still,  
Again are ringing in my ear,  
I see the coach with its teaming load,  
Ere it starts on its dusty road,  
And I see the old stage driver's coat,  
I see the school boy as he takes  
His seat upon the cumbrous car,  
And fancies, in the noise it makes,  
The fame he dreams of from afar,  
The bride upon her wedding day,  
Leave those who fondly on her dot,  
Weeping, yet joyful, borne away,  
Behind the old stage driver's coat.

But now a gloom is hanging o'er  
The rumbling of the groaning coach,  
The bride comes to her home once more,  
Yet feels no joy at the approach,  
After a few short, happy years,  
The spoiler came—his victim smote;  
Ah! there are memories sad, and tears,  
Stirred by that old stage driver's coat.

Relic of bygone days, thou hast  
A voice that speaks to memory's ear;  
Thou tellest of a varied past,  
And we with rapt attention hear,  
In summer's stores, in winter's snow,  
In cities near and lands remote,  
Where'er the mind would backward go,  
It sees the old stage driver's coat.

No mantle worn by sceptred prince,  
Crimsoned and glittering with gold,  
Can rival, with its gorgeous tints,  
The greatness of this garment old,  
Although the artist, by his skill,  
May pencil what the poet wrote,  
One figure will be dearer still,  
It is the old stage driver's coat.

#### Speech on Friday, March 13.

The Jesuits—America and Despotism—Hungarian Liberty and the Catholic Church—Ireland.

#### REMARKS OF GOVERNOR KOSUTH.

GENTLEMEN.—During my brief sojourn in your noble city, I have heard so much about petty matters, and petty party politics, interweaving their spider webs with the cable of the great cause of the Christian world, which I humbly plead, and have so much heard about the hypocritical tactics imposed upon Austria to advocate the no cause of Russia-Austrian despotism in republics of America, and chiefly in your city here, that I had become longing for the pure air where the sun shines, as well as the melancholy drop of rain, the roaring of the thunder storm, as well as the sigh of the gentle breeze, tell to the oppressed and their tools, as well as the oppressed, that there is a God in heaven who rules the universe by moral laws; the Almighty Father of humanity, omnipotent in His wisdom, bountiful in His omnipotence, just in His judgment and eternal in His love; the Lord who gave strength to the boy David and Goliath, who often makes out of human infirmities efficient instrumentalities to push forward the condition of mankind towards that destiny which is mercifully has assigned to it—His will, against which neither the proud ambition of arrogant despots, nor the artificial craft of obsequious tools can prevail—in Him I put my trust and cheerfully on in my duties. Still I may be excused for the slight weakness, that when pent up and then in the close air of obsolete politics, my breast heaves with sorrow, and my heart becomes sad. But when I have before me the people with its open heart, its unconquered soul and its generous instinct, then I feel again that all is well, that God is with me. Gentlemen, you have been pleased to bestow that consolation to my sad heart. I thank you, gentlemen. I have seen many a storm. Adversities have never bent the resolution of my heart. Often have I stumbled upon the rocks which impious vice threw into my path, but the Almighty raised me with increased strength from every fall; and here I stand, though persecuted and persecuted, and a homeless exile, still unbent and unbent, feared by despots, and hated and persecuted by their satellites in many lands. Oh, I thank thee, my God, for this hatred, this persecution, and this fear—They show too clearly that the cause I plead is not a dead cause—that there is life in its present and success in its future, and that I am in the right way to benefit the cause, noble, and just, and great, to which I devote my life; glad if there were no success in what I am engaged, they would neither fear, nor hate, nor persecute me.

I thank them for that persecution; it imparts more hope to my breast than all the kindness of my friends could do, and I give you my word that I have the consciousness of having well merited my past hatred and the fear of tyrants and their instruments, so may God bless me, as I will do all a mortal man can do to merit that hatred and that fear still more.

Why? I am I stand on the banks of the Mississippi, cheered, welcomed, and supported, as when I stepped first upon your glorious shores? Distance, and the history of what I suffered, and what I did, had cast some halo of expectation around my name; the halo of distance and expectation, which I had a dream, and I go on wandering from city to city, a plain common man, glowing rather than attracting affection by the position which I cast by toils and sufferings around my brow; and I have my English with strange pronunciation—La! say you seldom hear; and opposi-

tion, hostility, and venomous calumny and impious malignity, have exhausted every possible means to check that sympathy of the people which rose to the position of public opinion, the more powerful the more it is opposed. And has that sympathy subsided? has it abated? is it checked? No, it rolls on swelling as I progress—here I have again an imposing evidence before my eyes, here in St. Louis, my namesake city, where so much, and that so perseverantly, was done to prevent this evidence. Yes, it rolls on, swelling as I progress in my mission, and it will roll on, swelling till it will finally submerge all endeavors to mislead the natural inclinations of freemen, to fetter the energies of the nation, to stifle its spirits, and to check the growing aspirations of the people's straight noble heart.

Well, so much I dare take for sure, that when the first roaring of cannon echoes over the waves, announcing to America that the great battle is engaged which must decide what principle shall rule the world, Liberty or Despotism—there is no power, and no presumed wisdom of stationary policy on earth capable to compel the people of this mighty Republic to remain an idle and indifferent spectator of that great struggle, where its own future also is to be decided; because, in the scale of that approaching struggle, the destinies of the Christian world are to be weighed.

So much I dare take for sure, And indeed, it cannot otherwise come, because that's an imperious necessity of your country's position, and of the circumstance of the world.

Let me briefly tell how matters stand: When the Emperor of Austria, beaten down in his sacrilegious attack by our victorious arms, prostrated himself at the feet of the Czar, mendicating his assistance, the Czar, about to commit the immense crime of violating the laws of nations, by his invasion in Hungary, issued a proclamation, in which he told the world that all the potentates must league against liberty, and they must all consider the rule of unlimited absolutism as a common cause; that he would help the young tyrant of Austria in the hour of his need, but under the condition that after Hungary had been crushed, upon the ruins of our national existence, the allied despots must go on to crush the spirit of freedom everywhere, and not only not make any concession to revolutionary movements, but not to stay still the dangerous example of every constitutional government is abolished, and liberty blotted out entirely from the earth.

That war against liberty is now going on, and it is that infernal work of oppression, against which not only Hungary, but all the oppressed nations of the European continent, are about to rise.

Well, can America remain an indifferent spectator of this struggle? Is it not a struggle in which America was almost equally interested as it was for its own domestic war for independence? Yes, gentlemen, I make this comparison by design; because it is not less important to conserve this independence than it was to acquire it. And it is mathematically sure, that if all Europe becomes Cossack, because ruled by the protectorate of the Czar, America cannot conserve its republican institutions, its union and its independence.

I am told your country is invulnerable. But I say quite the contrary. That country is the most vulnerable, which can be approached at thousands and thousands of points from the sea. Since the steam engine works, the ocean is not a barrier—it is a highway—it is a door. You are vulnerable in your mercantile navy. You are morally vulnerable by a mere prohibitive custom system, excluding you from the markets of Europe. You are vulnerable by seeing your domestic discord stirred by foreign influence and foreign gold. You are vulnerable by seeing monarchies established in your neighborhood, on the continent of America. You are vulnerable by seeing made out of the Island of Cuba, a battery against the mouth of the Mississippi and New Orleans. You are, in a word, vulnerable by a thousand ways, precisely because you have an immense territory, (the larger a body is, the more vulnerable points it has); and because your material interests make you, by their diversity, dependent upon the condition of the outward world.

But, again, I am told, "Well, if we are vulnerable, the more we are vulnerable, the more we must keep quiet, and not mix with foreign matters; we will quietly grow—we will have, in a hundred years, a population of a hundred million, and then we will be strong enough not only to defy the hostility of all the despots of the world, but also to dictate our laws to the world, and will rule on earth."

Oh, yes, if the despots of the world had no brains in their heads, and permitted you, tranquilly, to grow to such a power on earth. But there is the immense, there is the dangerous fallacy. Do you think that the unholy alliance of the despots does not know that you would grow to such an immense power, if not checked in time? and do you take the despots for such fools as to quietly permit you to grow to a giant republic of a hundred millions? It is quite clear that they would in vain have murdered nations—in vain doomed themselves and all their posterity to eternal damnation; the triumph of their ambition would be but short, and their despotism a mere midsummer night's dream, if they permitted you to become such a power on earth.

Be sure that they feel already, at present, alarmed at your very existence, and had already attacked you, long ago, had they had the power to do so. They have not attacked you, because their power was in Europe itself precarious, threatened and overthrown by their own people and by wars; but let them do accomplish their foul design—let all Europe become Cossack, and you will see how their first step will be, must be, to fall, with the concentrated power of all Europe, upon yourself, precisely because else you would become a republic of a hundred millions. Could you believe that the league of despots would endure this, when it became mortally afraid of the small example of a Hungarian republic? Think about what I have said, and then decide whether this is the true policy for you—that which advised you to let, by your inactivity, the despots grow to a power so dangerous

to you, or that which reveals itself in the sympathies of the people, which, in its natural instinct, is more circumspect and more wise than all the short-sighted calculation of antiquated politics.

Let me repeat to you in plain English, what I said yesterday to a delegation of your fellow-citizens, in French. When the struggle is engaged about principles, indifference is suicide. Nay, indifference is impossible, because indifference about the fate of that principle upon which your national existence and all your future rest—that indifference is so much as a passive submission to the opposite principle—it is almost equivalent to an alliance with the despots.

Who is not for freedom is against freedom. There is no third choice. The United States have arrived at the necessity of being a power on earth. Indifference for the cause of freedom—carelessness about how the despots dispose of the condition of the world—that is so much as not to be a power on earth. And if the United States do not accept this position of a power on earth, well, then, they have resigned their future, and to resign our own future is suicide.

The people's instinct feels the weight of this truth—it feels the importance of circumstances—it feels the danger of losing an irreparable opportunity, and hence the fact never yet met in history, that a plain, common man—a poor homeless exile, becomes an object of such swelling sympathy, rolling on like a sea, in spite of all the passionate rage of my enemies, and all the Christian tolerance of the Rev. Father Jesuit, which they, in such an evident manner, show to me.

I have said the word. So let me, therefore, look to that spectre which I meet in my way. That is the second time I am in the United States, in which I pronounced the word. It is time to advertise, by a few remarks, my reversed enemies, that I am aware of their hostility, and ready to meet it openly. I make this advertisement by design here, because it is not my custom to attack from behind or in the dark. Mine is not the famous doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means. I like to meet the enemy face to face—a fair field and fair arms—that's what I like.

And in one thing more I will never imitate my reverend opponents. I will not indulge in any personalities, never act otherwise than becoming to a gentleman. If they choose to pursue a different course, let them do so, and let them learn the fruits of such a course.

My humble person I entirely submit to the good pleasure of their passion. If they tell you, gentlemen, that I am no great man, they speak the truth. Nobody in the world can be more penetrated by that truth than I myself. I have not an inch of greatness in all my frame, that is sure. Nay, more; I have not the slightest ambition to have been, to be, or to become any thing more than a very plain, very common, but honest man. The warrant of that common quality—I have it here, in my conscience, and the tranquility of this inward judge no aspiration of vile calumny will ever succeed to trouble. Being on good terms with my conscience, I don't much care to be on bad terms with Czar and Emperor, their obedient servants, or the reverend Father Jesuit. Nay, if I were on good terms with them, I scarcely could remain on good terms with my conscience. So much for myself—now a few words to the cause.

No man in the world being more penetrated by the sentiments of Christian tolerance—more attached to the principle of religious liberty, and more adverse to intolerance and sectarianism, than myself and my people, besides half of my countrymen being Roman Catholics, and warmly attached to their religion, and I claiming moral and material aid against the Czar of Russia, who is the most bloody persecutor of Roman Catholics, so much that the present Pope, himself, before the Revolution, when he was yet more a High Priest than a Despot, in his capacity of an Italian sovereign, and cared more about spiritual than temporal business, openly and bitterly complained, in the councils of the Cardinals, against the bloody persecution which the Roman Catholics have suffered from the Czar of Russia; and, considering, at least, that I plead for republican principles, to which the Reverend Father Jesuit should be here warmly attached, if they are willing to have the reputation of good citizens, and not be traitors to your Republic, which affords to them not only the protection of its laws, but also the full enjoyment of all the privileges of your republican freedom. It is, indeed, a strange, striking fact, to see these reverend fathers here in a republic so warmly advocating the cause of despotism, and so passionately persecuting the cause I humbly plead, which, at the same time is the cause of political freedom and religious liberty for numerous millions of Roman Catholics throughout Europe.

Somewhat acquainted with the terrible history of that order, I thought to find in the explanation of this striking fact in the historical ambition of their standard idea, to which they in all times sacrificed everything, and missed even the holiest of all religion, as an instrumentalities to that ambition, so much so that the very existence of that order having become dangerous to the Roman Catholic religion, the Pope himself, Clement XIV, with the consent and upon the advice of the Council of Cardinals, abolished the order of Jesuits, and all the Catholic sovereigns of the world, even those known as the most attached to the Roman Catholic Church, as the kings of Spain, or Portugal, Louis XV, of France, and even Maria Theresa, of Austria, notwithstanding her boundless bigotry, expelled the Reverend Father Jesuits from all their territories.

New, as those principles which I humbly plead are, the principles of national freedom and national sovereignty, they are, of course, opposed to the ambition of every one who would like to rule the world, whereas I wish that every people shall rule itself—I thought to find in this circumstance the key to that passionate persecution which I meet. But here, in St. Louis, I got hold of a circumstance which makes this matter quite clear.

I hold here in my hand the printed catalogue of the Society of Jesuits in the province of Missouri, as they term your State. Herein I see that amongst the thirty-five members officiating in the College of the Father Jesuit, in St. Louis, there are not less than eight Reverend Father Jesuits imported from Austria.

Now, you see why I am so persecuted here—This plain fact tells the story of a big book. But amongst all that the reverend gentlemen oppose to me, there are only two considerations to which the honor of my cause, and of my nation, forces me to answer in a few remarks. They charge against me, that my cause is hostile to the Roman Catholic religion, and to get, by this suggestion, the Irish citizens to side with them for the support of Russo-Austrian despotism, they charge me that I am no friend of Ireland.

If there would be, in this suggestion, the slightest shadow of truth, I would avow it highly and openly. I am man enough not to abuse myself by hypocrisy. But, as that is not the case, I declare, before God, and this assemblage here, and declare it with open and elevated brow, that both these charges are a vile calumny.

As to the Catholic religion; I, indeed, am a Protestant not only by birth, but also by conviction; and warmly penetrated by this conviction, I would delight to see this conviction shared by the world. But before all, I am mortally opposed to intolerance and to sectarianism. I consider religion to be a matter of conscience which every man has to arrange between God and himself. And, therefore, I respect the religious conviction of every man. I claim religious liberty for myself and my nation, and must, of course, respect in others that right I claim for myself. There is nothing in the world capable to arouse a greater indignation in my breast than religious oppression, sectarianism and intolerance. But, particularly, I respect the Catholic religion as the religion of seven millions of my countrymen, to whom I am bound in love, in friendship, in home recollections, in gratitude, and in brotherhood, with the most sacred ties.

And as to the cause of my country, which I more particularly plead, I dare boldly say, all the Jesuits in the world, and of all times together have not a thousandth part so much right to say that they are faithful representatives of the Catholic religion, as the Catholics of Hungary have the right to say it. While the father Jesuit indulged quietly in the comfort of their wealth and plotted ambitious views about how to rule the world, the Roman Catholics of Hungary, people and bishops and priests, took up the sword, and sacrificed willingly life and blood and property for their religion. It is Hungary which protected Rome from St. Peter's church being transformed into a mosque, like Santa Sophia of Constantinople.

Therefore I can boldly say, that that cause, which is the cause of the Roman Catholic population in Hungary, has by this very fact, a higher authority that it is not hostile to the true interests of the Roman Catholic religion, than the opposite opinion of all the reverend Father Jesuits could outweigh.

And I am proud to say that in general it is a preeminent glory of my country to be attached to the principle of full religious liberty, without any restriction for all to all, so far as the particular glory of my Roman Catholic countrymen not to be second to whosoever in the world, on the one side in attachment to their own religion, and on the other side in tolerance for other religions.

The Austrian dynasty having been continually encroaching upon the chartered right of Protestantism who were those who struggled in the first rank for our rights? Our Roman Catholic countrymen! It was a glorious sight, almost unparalleled in history, but was also fully appreciated by the Hungarian Protestants. All of us, man by man, would rather sacrifice life, and blood, and gold than to allow that a hair's breadth should be crushed from the religious liberty of our Roman Catholic clergy.

Now, what position took the Roman Catholics of Hungary in our past struggle? There was not only no difference between them and the Protestants, in their devotion for our country's freedom and independence, but they, according to the importance of their number, took in the struggle a very preeminent part. The Roman Catholic Bishops of Hungary protested against the perjurious treachery of the dynasty; many of them suffered even now for their devotion to justice, liberty and right; and who is the Jesuit who dares to affirm that he is devoted more to the Catholic religion than the Bishops of Hungary? Our battalions were filled with Roman Catholic volunteers—Catholic priests led their faithful flock to the battle field; our national convention was composed in majority of Catholics—all the Catholic population, without any exception, consented in and cheered enthusiastically my being elected Governor of Hungary, though I am a Protestant. I had and I have their friendship, their devotion, their support, and when I formed the first ministry of independent Hungary, not only a full half of the new ministry I entrusted to Roman Catholics, but especially I nominated a Roman Catholic Bishop to the charge of a minister of a public instruction and all the Protestants of my country hailed the nomination with applause. Such is the cause of Hungary. Who dares now to charge me that that cause is hostile to the Roman Catholic religion?

But I am allied with Mazzini, with the Romans and with the Italians; it is goes on the charge, and these cursed Italians are enemies to the Pope. Yes, but not the Pope, the High Priest of the Roman Catholic Church, but to the despotic sovereign of Rome and his corrupted temporal government—the worst of human invention. Since when is it a principle of the Roman Catholic religion, that the Romans should be no Republicans? and that the High Priest of the Roman Church should be a despotic sovereign over the Roman nation? and in that capacity a devoted ally, and obedient servant to the Czar of Russia, that sworn enemy and bloody persecutor of Roman Catholicism? Why, Mazzini, the Romans, and all the Republican Italians are Ro-

man Catholics, and are so warmly attached to their religion, that when, in 1849, the French republic sent an army against the Roman republic to restore the Pope, not to his spiritual authority because that was by nobody contradicted, but to his temporal despotism, the whole danger could have been averted by the Romans by becoming Protestants. The idea was pronounced in Rome, and not a single Roman accepted it. They preferred to struggle without hope of victory—they preferred to bleed and to die rather than to abandon their faith.

Now, who can dare to insult the Roman Catholics of Hungary, Croatia, Italy, Germany, Poland, France—who can dare to insult the thousands of Roman citizens of the United States—Senators, Governors, Judges—men of all public and private positions—who can dare to insult them that they are hostile to their own religion, because they unite to support the cause which I plead? And because they side with republican freedom, with civil and religious liberty against Russo-Austrian despotism?

Who can dare to affirm that he represents the Catholic religion, if three millions of Roman Catholics do not represent it? The Reverend Father Jesuits, perhaps.

I take the liberty to say, in a few words: They are that society which Clement XIV, the high priest of the Roman Catholic Church, has abolished as dangerous to the Roman Catholic religion; they are those whom every Roman Catholic King has excluded from his territories as dangerous to religion and social order—they are those the ascendancy of whom had always been a period of disaster and confusion to the Roman Catholic Church—they are those who now make an alliance, or rather a compact with the Czar of Russia, who plead and support here, in free republican America, the cause of Russian despotism, the cause of that Czar who is yet red with blood, and damned with the million curses of Roman Catholics, whom he forced to abandon their religion, and forced by cruelty, by misery, and by the lash, under which thousands and thousands of Roman Catholics perished having been treated as the unfortunate Minek Nuns were proven to have been treated—to death.

So much for the charge that the cause which I plead—the cause of millions of Roman Catholics—is hostile to the Roman Catholic religion. Should I be forced for the future to enter into this topic once more, I will take the heart-revolving history of those who calumniate my cause, into my hands, and read to the memory of public opinion, the terrible pages of blood, ambition, countless crimes and intolerance; but I hope there will be no occasion for it.

Now as to Ireland. Where is a man on earth with uncorrupted soul and with liberal instincts in his heart who would not sympathize with poor unfortunate Ireland? Where is a man, loving freedom and right, in whom the wrongs of green Erin would not stir the heart? Who could forbear warmly to sympathize with the fatherland of the Grattans, of O'Connells and of Wolfe Tones? J. J. indeed, am not the man; wherever is oppression and a people there is my love.

But why do I not plead Erin's wrongs? Am I asked? My answer is: Am I not pleading the principle of liberty? And is the cause of freedom not the cause of Ireland? Let me tell you, gentlemen, that not always that man serves best one cause who makes the most of empty words.

I see all the despots of the European continent united in a crusade against liberty; there are two powers neutral, yet the position of which may well decide for or against despotism. These two powers are Great Britain and America. If the Almighty blessed my endeavors—I could succeed to contribute something, that America, and by its influence over the public opinion of the people of England, Great Britain itself should side with liberty, out of whatever consideration—out of whatever interest, against despotism, then, indeed I boldly declare before God and men, that I have achieved a greater benefit and done a better service to the future of Ireland, than all who go about loudly crying about Erin's wrongs, and not doing any thing for the triumph of that cause which is about to be decided, and is the cause of all nations who are oppressed, and of all who are, or will be, free.

Whereas, if by uniting in the chorus of empty words, I should contribute to alarm not only the government but also the people of England, and to those that government to side with despotism, in its decisive struggle against liberty to that government, being as it is aristocratical, feels but too much inclined, then, indeed, I am sure I would do such a wrong to the future Ireland, which the sacrifices of my life and torrents of blood and the sufferings of generations could not expiate.

Be sure, therefore, gentlemen, that every man who pleads for liberty, pleads for Ireland; be sure, that every blow stricken for liberty is also stricken for Ireland; be sure that not always the most noisy are the best friends, and prudent activity is often better service than whatever show of eloquent words.

THE SCARF.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from our office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be bright or cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, Doctor,' he replied; 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What an influence then hath woman over the heart to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful."

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to many disorders. To bear one eternal round of complaint and mourning, to have every pleasant thought, scared away by their evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is most deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be unreasonable to spread a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of time will destroy the music of an instrument, otherwise perfect; so if all the members of a church, neighborhood, and family do not cultivate a kind and an affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

DISCOVERY AND USE OF ALCOHOL.—The following curious account of the first use made of alcoholic liquor, is translated from a French work entitled Le Semour. An Arabian Chemist, in searching after a universal solvent, by means of which he could transmute metals, was the first discoverer of alcohol, and the originator of those spirituous liquors which have entombed hecatombs of victims. It did not really issue from the domain of chemistry till towards the end of the 13th century, when they began in Spain and Italy; to sell the spirits of wine distilled with certain herbs, as a powerful remedy in various diseases. Later still the Genoese extracted a spirituous liquor from grain. Passing it off as a powerful specific, they sold it in small vials, at a high price, under the name of aqua vite, water of life, or eau de vie. Till the end of the 16th century, it was considered but as a medicine, and was sold only by the apothecaries. About that time the thought was suggested of fermenting it to wine, who labored in the mines of Hungary, as a preservative against heat and damp. The custom almost at the same time was introduced into Ireland.

MORAL BEAUTY.—What is beauty of nature, but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the edification of the world? And what are those qualities of human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exaltation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the least song, the enshrined idols of admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

EVERY BITTER HAS ITS SWEET. Poverty brings good appetite, while hard work makes you sleep and snore like a humming top. If you live on cold potatoes, just recollect that cold potatoes are in no way related to the goat. If an acquaintance annoys you merely because you have fallen from purple to corduroy, don't get in a passion about the nutcracker, but return thanks that the number of asses you are compelled to nod too, has been reduced by one.

"Sir," said one of two antagonists, with great dignity to the other, during a dispute that had not been confined to words alone, "you have called me scoundrel and a liar, you have spit in my face, you have struck me twice; and I hope you will not carry it any further; for if you do, you will arouse that sleeping lion in my breast, and I cannot tell what may be the consequences."

The Chinese seem to think dancing a needless fatigue. When Commodore Anson was at Canton the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday. While they were dancing, a Chinese, who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

Old Gent.—"You see, my dear, that the earth turns on its own axis, and makes one revolution round the sun each year." Young Recluse.—"Then, pa, does France turn on its axis when it makes its revolutions?" Old Gent.—"No my dear it turns on its bayonets. However, that's not a question in astronomy."

Goop Dr. Much says the best cure for phthisis is to discharge the servant and, in his opinion, there is nothing like flying around to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing brush.

Verre's like a pair of skates, with which a man can fly lightly over the smooth, shining surface of the ideal, but stumbles horribly on an ordinary road.

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