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TOWANDA:

Monday Morning, November 12, 1853.

Selected Poetry.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY ALICE CARR.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,
Reddening out of snow—
Were the voice and cheek so fair
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Beaming through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright—
Seemed she, saying, "Hark! One,
Thine and not my will be done."

SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west;
As ebb the weary wags of toil,
And comes the day of rest.

Bright'er the earth the morning ray
Has shed light will cast;
Remember of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.

Rest, man, from labor; rest from sin;
The world's hard contest close;
The holy hours with God begin;
Yield them to sweet repose.

Bright'er the earth the morning ray
Has shed light will cast;
Remember of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.

THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.

I stood at a rich man's door—
The homeless and friendless, faint and poor,
I saw the beggar boy, as the tear drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.
I gave him a crust from my board to day,
To keep the bread boy on his way.
"A crust not a crumb," the rich man said,
"I'll still work for your daily bread."

A rich man went to the parish church—
To see the grave as he trieth the porch—
The thronging poor, the thronging mass,
Tow'rd him to get the rich man's pass.
The service began—the choral hymn
Sung and swelled through the long aisles dim;
From the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Gave us this day our daily bread!

Miscellaneous.

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

The following letter detailing the proceedings of the U. S. Expedition to Japan, is from an officer of a Squadron, dated from the U. S. Steamer *Saxton*, Off Otagawa, Uraga, Bay of Jeddo, twenty miles from the city of Jeddo, and is copied from the *Washington Sentinel*:

Friday, July 8, 1853.

Distance lends enchantment to the view
We are in the harbor of Jeddo, after running nearly 30,000 miles of various seas and of various climates—here at anchor four miles higher up than I have ever yet anchored ship bearing a flag of peace. We are chafed at 3 P. M., and soon the boats, rowed cheerily with about twenty men, each some mandarins, or gentlemen, with a couple of samurai, and well dressed, came swarming off with full determination to come on board, and the names, the nation, and the intention of their craft thus coming boldly in joy and calm. They were met with a wave of the hand, and "keep clear" one allowed to come on board save the first mandarin. This literally took them all back, but they clustered together and insisted upon being on board. At last a voice said, in Dutch, "Do you speak Hindustani?" Soon the commodore's clerk Mr. Postman, was in high confab.

After much persuasion on their part, and their insisting that one of them was a high mandarin, the Commodore ordered me to put on my uniform and to receive him and the interpreter on board in the cabin, and to represent himself, saying that our mission is a friendly one. We are the bearers of a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan: that it was necessary to remain on board a high mandarin to receive this letter, and the sooner the better. Again, I was to insist upon it that boats should not be by the hundred near and around our ships, thus guarding and watching us, as has been their custom—the *Columbus* and *Intrepid* having from five hundred to a thousand boats around them constantly, all linked together, that we would not submit to this, but would get them off. Here you have the basis of our instructions. Thus armed, I took Mr. Man and interpreter, with my two interpreters—Mr. Williams, in Chinese, and Mr. Postman, in Dutch—into the cabin.

After being seated a moment, Mr. Mandarin rose, made a *salvum la Japansu*, and then extending his hand, we shook hands; then seated ourselves, using Mr. Postman as interpreter, and the Japanese interpreter spoke Dutch fluently. I thus opened. I told the Lieutenant Governor (for such was the mandarin) that I am the aid of our chief, the Admiral, and am instructed to speak for him. We have come here on a friendly mission, with friendly intention to deliver a letter from the President of the United States to your sovereign, the Emperor of Japan; that the letter is ready for delivery by 9 o'clock, to-morrow, to any mandarin sufficiently high to receive it. To this was replied, "It must be referred to higher powers to know who can receive the letter." I then asked, "How long will it take to give us an answer?" "They could not tell," I said, "I think the sooner the better, as we are anxious to be off." The "why was," I do not think it will take long." and I then understood that, in the morning, a mandarin would be off to receive the letter.

I then emphatically said: "This ship has aboard the chief—there is his pennant. All messages from shore must come here by a high mandarin. No boats must go to the other ships; their commanders have orders not to permit intercourse; they have no right to think, and must obey. We insist that no boats shall hang around our vessels, to watch them." This was not palatable. They said: "It is Japanese custom, law, and we must carry them out." Says I: "Tell him, Sir, that we too, have our customs, and with men-of-war one of the laws is that no boat is allowed to come within a certain range." There was no positive consent given just then as to what they would do; they evaded it by asking questions. "Where are you from? From the United States of America?" "Yes," but what part, Washington, New York, Boston?" My surprise was so great, that I smiled and told him—"Some from Washington, some from New York, all parts; that the President of the United States lived in Washington." "What is the name of the ship, how many people, guns, &c.?" "Tell him, Sir, that we are not traders, we seek no trade, we are armed ships, and our custom is never to answer such questions."

The questions were again repeated in pretty much the same way, when I told Mr. P. to make the same reply, and to add that I have so curiosity to know how many men are either in the Emperor's army or in his navy; and also that he could see for himself that we had four ships; that we had others in those waters. "When will the others come?" "I don't know; it depends upon the answer to the letter." "What are the contents of the letter?" "Tell him, Sir, that the letter is from the President to the Emperor of Japan, and it would be most indelicate in me to inquire into its contents." This rebuke was received in an apologetic manner, and this questioning dropped. I then again alluded to the boats which were still clustering around our ship and the other ships; told him that it was absolutely necessary that they should be kept off; that this must be done. "We shall be sorry, with our kind and friendly feelings to you, to do you any harm, or to come into collision with you; but if you do not order your boats off, we shall fire into them, and drive them off. Our boats are now armed and ready, and we cannot allow you more than fifteen minutes to give your orders, and to keep them off. At the end of that time you must suffer."

Mr. Mandarin went out, told this to the boats, sent word to the other boats, and come in. "Now I must have an answer. What have you decided about the boats?" "I have ordered them off from all the ships, and with orders only to communicate with this." "Yes, from all the ships; and if any come around you, send word to the Governor, and he will punish them." This was this point, never before yielded, conceded. After a few more remarks, I bowed Mr. Mandarin off, and away he went on shore, taking the boats off with him.

My interview with my friend was again renewed in the evening, and in rather a different phase, which does not promise to end so peacefully; but to-morrow will tell. At present I am too tired, having been up all day from an early hour—and here we are, too, our pistols loaded, our swords ready at hand, armed men and sentinels-patrolling the decks, guns loaded, and trained and cast loose; for we lie down to sleep to-night in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 of men, brave, enterprising, ready, never conquered. It behooves us to be watchful. So I will to bed and rest.

SUNDAY, July 11, 12 A. M.—This hallored day of quiet has again come around, and finds us lying quietly at our anchors, enjoying a day of rest; our broadsides upon the towns and forts on the shores; our glasses watching the marches and counter-marches of their troops on shore, paraded by their different mandarins. The spirit of preparation for resistance and defence is evidently ruling them. The rounds of many guns away towards Jeddo come frequently booming on the ear. The country is evidently awake from its long slumbers of peace. What excitement in Jeddo! When before has the warlike trumpet been sounded in her walls, "To foot, to horse, arm!" "Hang out your banners on the outward wall, the cry is still they come!" Long freedom, overbearing conduct to other nations, a conviction of their superiority, doubtless tend to make these people proud, sensitive, chivalric, and brave; and then, again, a long peace, and disease to war and its horrors, have in a measure effeminated them: the effects of shot, shell, earnest fighting, will doubtless shock them; but yet, I think, they will resist bravely; they are organizing with spirit, showing cautiousness, but no fear. Yet their downfall was commenced from the 8th of July, 1853. Yes, this day the cross waved above our colors, and under it we worshipped the Christian's God—the Savior. Yes, here within twenty miles of the seat of the haughty tyrant who has caused for centuries that emblem of mercy to be trampled under foot by his heathen subjects.

Let me renew my narrative of the events of the 8th. In about one hour after the mandarin left I again received him with directions not to pass a gun. In a long windy set speech he said that the Governor did not feel himself justified in receiving the letter from the President to the Emperor—that he had not the power—Nagasaki was the place for the conduct of all foreign affairs—that it was not Japanese custom—that indeed the Governor was much bothered to think why four ships should have come together—that he appreciated the great trouble we had taken to come so very far to deliver the letter, but that he could not receive it. To which I replied: "The distance, to be sure, was very long, and we had come a great way—that we could not think of going to Nagasaki—that the letter was an important one, and that our President had ordered us to deliver it as near the city of Jeddo as possible; therefore we were here, and I treated that the letter would be received in the morning." To this he answered—"No one here can receive it. It would bring harm upon him—Nagasaki is the only place—that he did not believe if the letter

was received that the Emperor would answer it." To this I replied, "Does your Governor dare to take upon himself the responsibility to refuse to receive a letter written to his sovereign, and to forward it to him? It is a very grave responsibility to refuse to receive a letter sent from one sovereign to another." He then said, "The Governor may receive it, but we can't tell when the answer may come;" but then added, "that he had not the power to receive it, and must wait and refer it."

I replied that "this letter was a very important one—that it would be a great insult to the President or the United States not to receive it. That as to the Emperor's not answering it, that was not our business now, that would be settled after." He said, "This is Japanese custom; you Americans don't understand Japanese customs," &c. I replied, "We Americans do business decidedly, promptly." At this point I went out, and referred this new phase of the discussion to the commodore, and by his order I broke up the interview, telling him, "that if the Government did not send off for the letter in the morning, we would ourselves deliver it in the town of Orogama. He was rather taken aback by this decision, and requested permission to come off in the morning. To this I assented. He then took his leave. Before going off he stepped back to our long gun aft, which is all clear, and showing its massive proportions, and exclaiming it, said, looking interrogatorily, "Paixhan." It has an acquaintance with "Paixhan," I trust it is from reading and not from practice.

At six o'clock the next morning I was called on deck to receive the mandarin; so I dressed hurriedly and went up. There was the same story, but he proposed to send to Jeddo for permission. We gave him until Thursday, at 12 o'clock, saying, "If the letter was not received we would regard it as an insult to the President, and act accordingly." So I rest.

JULY 17.—One week has passed since I have written a word, and a week of much excitement, and great events. And here we are, thank heaven, safe; and in nine days we have effected much—so much, that the world will be gratified, and our country feel herself honored. We have landed in Japan, within twenty-five miles of Jeddo, with armed troops and armed men, and delivered our credentials, and the President's letter to the commissioners—one a councillor of the realm, and appointed by his majesty to receive us. But we are ahead of events, and must more leisurely detail the interviews, arrangements, &c., which led to an issue so happy, so peaceful, so desirable, and which have reflected much credit upon the firmness and wisdom of Com. Perry. He has certainly selected a course of conduct which reflects great credit upon himself.

I left off by telling you that we had given Tezumi, Governor, highest authority in Uraga, or, by his other title, "the learned scholar who rules," until Tuesday, at 12 o'clock, to get an answer from Jeddo to our propositions; that is, that the copies of the letters and credentials, with a letter of the Commodore's inclosed, were to be received by a high mandarin, accredited by his master to receive them. On Monday we were to receive information from him of the advancement of matters. On that morning he came off quite pleased, and said that he thought the letters would be received. By the way, we showed him the letter, which is beautifully done up in a case, and the seal enclosed in a gold box, costing \$1,000; so also with the Commodore's credentials. We had talked and palavered over matters, answering many questions, and amongst others diplomatically about the propriety of surveying the harbor, &c., for in the morning, the boats well armed, with the *Mississippi* to guard them, had preceded her up the bay, sounding, and had advanced ten miles nearer to Jeddo, finding plenty of water, and a fine, large, capacious, magnificent harbor: when it has always been supposed that Uraga was about as far as vessels of any size could go, so great is the mystery that hangs around this land.

On the advance of the boats, the forts were armed, the dunnage and canvas screens, behind which rested the pikes of the soldiery, fairly slapped with anger, and armed boats with about 25 men each started out from every point by the hundreds, looking defiance; but onward went our little boats, throwing their leads and making the roundings, and steadily advanced the *Mississippi* on her purpose. Our steam was up, and all the vessels here short to slip and run to their assistance, and throw in Japanese shells, dunnage, cotton, boats and all, a few paishan forth. My opinion is that for these thirty-six hours, (and more particularly for these six), the Japanese hesitated whether or not they should resist, and try with us the fortunes of war. But so steady was our determination, both in council and in a contract, so utterly careless of any action on their part, so perfectly confident of our own resources and power, and so regardless of all danger, that they were paralyzed, and prudent and friendly measures were decided.

It is well to remark here, that they have been making the most extensive preparations of forts, &c., lately, as is evident by their new works and boats not yet finished. Doubtless, there are full 1000 boats averaging with rowers and soldiers, 25 men. In these waters we have seen, and could have counted 500; some on the water, their banners flying, forty and fifty together; others hauled upon the beach ready to launch out—at first mistaken for villages. But a new era is marked in their history; they have been placed on the defensive; they dare not begin the game, though I yet believe that any harsh measures, on our part, of encroachment or injury, would cause a determined and bloody resistance, for they are a free, frank, pleasing, sociable, fearless people, and would stand bravely to the slaughter. These traits may be expected in a land where "the wives and mothers are proverbially virtuous"—the exception being the rarity and proving the rule. Well will it be if we can make the people our friends and our allies.—Yes, heretofore they have arrogantly dictated to all others; but with us the game is changed. We have said: so you must do—This is our way. These

steamers too, moving without sails, against wind and tide, have struck, in no terror, at least wonder and wisdom into their souls.

But to the interview—this of Monday evening ended. Tuesday morning, about noon, they again came off, and our "learned scholar," evidently wore a more contented air—by the bye, *Tezumi* is a gentleman, clever, polished, well informed, a fine large man, of most excellent countenance, takes his wine freely, and a boon companion: His age is thirty-four. He told us that the letters would be received; that the Emperor was going to send down a high prince, and councillor to take them—"When?" "On day after to-morrow. We are putting up new houses to receive you, and it cannot be ready before then; nor will the prince be down before to-morrow." It was now that we understood that they expected to receive the letter of the President, and the Commodore's letter of credence, instead of the copies of which it was the intention to send first, reserving the last in hopes of forcing an interview at Jeddo. This was explained to them—when the change that came over them was plain—they persisted that they had understood that the letters were to be received, not the copies—the fear of the permission to rip himself up, (the *Hari Kan*) was evident in his face—yet the Commodore persisted in this point, and we sent him off to give notice to higher powers that such was the fact.

In the afternoon he again came, and the Commodore at last agreed to deliver the originals and land at the place fixed upon.

THURSDAY, July 14.—Early in the morning we dropped our steamers down and near in as possible. The bay is nearly circular, with two small forts on each point of the entrance. We went off in our boats (in all, officers, landsmen, and marines, 428 strong, armed to the teeth, each man carrying with him the lives of five Japanese. It was a beautiful sight as we pulled in. We were in sight of a hundred armed Japanese boats, with banners flying, averaging twenty-five men each; then on the shores ahead were stretched lines of painted cloth, with various mottoes, for a full mile in length—armed men, and cavalry and artillery in front and human figures thick in the rear. On advanced our boats, and our little band landed: drew up in line and formed, in all, on shore, 350 men, leaving 80 in the boats.

The Commodore and staff then landing, we formed a close line; and to the tune of *Hail Columbia*, with the American flag proudly waving over us, we marched up to the Council-house. There we halted—our little band drew up, and thus, with 20 feet between us, face to face, stood the sons of America and the troops of Japan. We went into the Council-house where sat the commissioner with his adjutant, Prince of Iwami. Proudly we walked in, and bowed in our way, which was returned by the commissioner rising and bowing.—We were then seated. Thus we delivered the credentials; and, after a few words we withdrew, formed our line, and to the tune of *Hail Columbia* and Yankee Doodle returned to our boats. We were accompanied off by Tezumi and other mandarins, and got underway, and stood up the bay.—We went within eight miles of Jeddo, carrying plenty of water, but could see nothing of the city.

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.—The loss of children—how deplorable is the bereavement! A deprivation of some, of the dearest of human hopes—no one left of our flesh and bone—no offering to cherish our remembrance, to bear up our name.—This rupture of the happiest dream of life is followed by days spent without an aim. They may be still filled with labor and occupation; but the reflection is still in the heart, and sometimes on the tongue—for what?—for whom? They who first gave the motive for toil are gone; there is only vacancy before one, for the images that filled it are vanished; the air-drawn figures have marshaled the way that we all are going; their mission is ended, and we having nothing to do but to make up our minds to follow.

COURAGE AND FEAR.—It has been often observed that a man will readily face danger and death in one form, and be afraid of it in another; and this remark was strikingly exemplified in Junot, one of Bonaparte's Generals, who raised himself by coolness when Bonaparte was besieging Toulon. He was writing something by order of the latter, when a bombshell burst near him; he promptly observed that he wanted sand, and it had come in due time. Yet I remember to have heard Sir Sidney Smith, speaking of Junot in the captain's room at the admiralty, say, that when he was going on board the *Tiger*, Sir Sidney's ship, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder that it was found necessary to take him on board through one of the port holes.

DESTINY.—The young duke of Burgundy, while playing with one of his attendants, fell from his rocking-horse with great violence. He was apparently unhurt, and the gentleman entreated him not to mention it, thinking there was no danger. From that time, however, he became ill, and the physicians were unable to discover his malady. At length he died. This prince gave promise of a noble disposition, great talent and sensibility. Had he lived, Louis the sixteenth (his younger brother) would never have been king. Thus a child's plaything, a rocking-horse, perhaps, changed the destiny of France, and that of all Europe.

What is man without the hope of future life? How feeble, how disconsolate, how unsatisfied! Earth, it is true, has a thousand allurements, and opens to our senses unnumbered sources of joy; but in the midst of them is a certain something wanting to gratify the soul, if the hope of immortality be absent.

A young man without money is like a steamboat without fuel. He can't go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon on a cloudy night—he can't shine.

COL. BENTON'S HISTORY.

Death of William Pinkney.

[ANN O 1820—JAMES MONROE PRESIDENT.]

He died at Washington during the session of the Congress of which he was a member, and of the supreme court of which he was a practitioner. He fell like the warrior, in the plenitude of his strength, and on the field of his fame—under the double labors of the supreme court and of the Senate, and under the immense concentration of thought which he gave to the preparation of his speeches. He was considered in his day the first of American orators, but will hardly keep that place with posterity, because he spoke more to the hearer than to the reader—to the present than to the absent—and avoided the careful publication of his own speeches. He labored them hard, but it was for the effect of their delivery, and the triumph of present victory. He loved the admiration of the crowded gallery—the trumpet-tongued fame which went forth from the forum—the victory which crowned the effort; but avoided the publication of what was received with so much applause, giving as a reason that the published speech would not sustain the renown of the delivered one. His forte as a speaker lay in his judgment, his logic, his power of argument; but, like many other men of acknowledged pre-eminence in some gift of nature, and who are still ambitious of some inferior gift, he courted his imagination too much, and laid too much stress upon action and delivery—so potent upon the small circle of actual hearers, but so lost upon the national audience which the press now gives to a great speaker. In other respects, Mr. Pinkney was truly a great orator, rich in his material, strong in his argument—clear, natural, and regular in the exposition of his subject, comprehensive in his views, and chaste in his diction. His speeches, both senatorial and forensic, were fully studied and laboriously prepared—all the argumentative parts carefully digested under appropriate heads, and the showy passages often fully written out and committed to memory. He would not speak at all except upon preparation; and at a senatorial age—that at which I knew him—was a model of study and of labor to all young men. His last speech in the Senate was in reply to Mr. Rufus King, on the Missouri question, and was the master effort of his life. The subject, the place, the audience, the antagonist, were all such as to excite him to the utmost exertion. The subject was a national controversy, convulsing the Union and menacing it with dissolution; the place was the American Senate; the audience Europe and America; the antagonist was *Precepts Senatus* illustrations for thirty years of diplomatic and senatorial service, and for great dignity of life and character. He had ample time for preparation, and availed himself of it. Mr. King had spoken the session before, and published the "substance" of his speeches (for there were two of them) after the adjournment of Congress. They were the signal guns for the Missouri controversy. It was to these published speeches that Mr. Pinkney replied, and with the interval between two sessions to prepare. It was a dazzling and overpowering reply, with the prestige of having the union and the harmony of the States for its object, and crowded with rich material. The most brilliant part of it was a highly wrought and splendid amplification (with illustrations from Greek and Roman history) of that passage in Mr. Burke's speech upon "Conciliation with the Colonies," in which, and in looking to the elements of American resistance to British power, he looks to the spirit of the slave-holding colonies as a main ingredient, and attributes to the masters of slaves, who are not themselves slaves, the highest love of liberty, and the most difficult task of subjection. It was the most gorgeous speech ever delivered in the Senate, and the most applauded; but it was only a magnificent exhibition, as Mr. Pinkney knew, and could not sustain in the reading, the plaudits it received in delivery; and therefore he avoided its publication.

He gave but little attention to the current business of the Senate, only appearing in his when the "Salammun galley was to be launched," some special occasion called him—giving his time and labor to the bar, where his pride and glory was. He had previously served in House of Representatives, and his first speech there was attended by incident illustrative of Mr. Randolph's talent for delicate imitation, and his punctilious sense of parliamentary etiquette. Mr. Pinkney came into the House with a national reputation, in the fullness of his fame, and exciting a great expectation, which he was obliged to fulfil. He spoke on the treaty-making power—a question of diplomatic and constitutional law; and he having been minister to the courts of Europe, attorney-general of the United States, and a jurist by profession, could only speak upon it in one way—as a great master of the subject; and, consequently, appeared as if instructing the House. Mr. Randolph—a veteran of twenty year's parliamentary service—thought a new member should serve a little apprenticeship before he became an instructor, and wished to signify that to Mr. Pinkney. He had a gift, such as man never had, at a delicate intimation where he desired to give a hint without offence; and he displayed it on this occasion. He replied in Mr. Pinkney, referring to him by the parliamentary designation of "the member from Maryland;" and then pausing, as it were, added, "I believe he is from Maryland." This implied doubt as to where he came from, and consequently as to who he was, amused Mr. Pinkney, who understood it perfectly, and taking it right, went over to Mr. Randolph's seat, introduced himself, and assured him that he was "from Maryland." They became close friends for ever after; and it was Mr. Randolph who first made known his death in the House of Representatives, interrupting, for that purpose, an angry debate, then raging, with a beautiful and apt quotation from the quarrel of Adam and Eve at their expulsion from Paradise. The published *Debate* give this account of it:

Mr. Randolph rose to announce to the House an event which he hoped would put an end, at least for this day, to all further jar or collision, here or elsewhere, an angry debate of this body.—Yes, for this one day, at least, let us say, as our first mother said to our first father—

"While yet we live, cease one short hour perhaps, Between us two let there be peace."
"I rise to announce to the House the not unlooked-for death of a man who filled the first place in the public estimation, in this or in any other country. We have been talking of General Jackson, and a greater than he is, not here, but gone forever. I allude, sir, to the boast of Maryland, and the pride of the United States—the pride of all of us, but more particularly the pride and ornament of the profession of which you, Mr. Speaker (Mr. Philip P. Barbour,) are a member, and an eminent one. Mr. Pinkney was kind and affable in his temper, free from every taint of envy or jealousy, conscientious of his powers, and relying upon them alone for success. He was a model, as I have already said, and it will be repetition, to all young men in his habits of study and application, and at more than sixty years of age was still a severe student. In politics he clasped democratically, and was one of the few of our eminent public men who never seemed to think of the Presidency. Oration was his glory, the law his profession, the bar his theatre; and service in Congress was only a brief episode, dazzling each House, for he was a momentary member of each, with a single and splendid speech.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousands streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than this earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor will stay in our presence forever.—*Practice*.

BAD AND GOOD.—Men are not positively but relatively bad. Henry VIII. would have been considered "a mild and benevolent monarch" in India or Morocco, while the most thorough-going reformer of Great Britain, if removed to America, would be looked upon as "an autocrat." Men should be judged not so much by their acts, as by the circumstances by which these acts are surrounded. A tax of twenty-five cents on a yard of sheeting would create in Hindostan not even a remonstrance. In the United States a pitiful tax of three cents on a pound of tea led to a revolution that robbed the ca-let of England of her choicest jewels.

TO PREPARE WATER-PROOF PANTS.—Boots and shoes may be rendered impervious to water by the following composition: Take three ounces of spermaceti, and melt it in a pipkin, or other earthen vessel, over a slow fire; add thereto six drachms of India rubber cut into slices, and these will presently dissolve. Then add, *seriatim*, of tallow, eight ounces; hog lard, two ounces; amber varnish, four ounces. Mix, and it will be fit for use immediately. The boots, or other material to be treated, are to receive two or three coats with a common blacking brush, and a fine polish is the result.

AN EXCELLENT LIP-SALVE.—Take an ounce of myrrh, as much litharge in fine powder, four ounces of honey, two ounces of beeswax, and six ounces of oil of roses; mix them over a slow fire. Or, take armenian bole, myrrh, and ceruse in fine powder, of each an ounce, mix with a sufficient quantity of goose grease into a proper consistence. It cures chaps in any part of the body.

It is virtually sented, by a source of verdure, running through the last twenty years, that a seducer may be killed by his victim, or even by her brother or husband. He is a wild beast, whom a man, whom he has especially injured, may shoot or stab with impunity.

"Mr. Randolph rose to announce to the House an event which he hoped would put an end, at least for this day, to all further jar or collision, here or elsewhere, an angry debate of this body.—Yes, for this one day, at least, let us say, as our first mother said to our first father—

"While yet we live, cease one short hour perhaps, Between us two let there be peace."
"I rise to announce to the House the not unlooked-for death of a man who filled the first place in the public estimation, in this or in any other country. We have been talking of General Jackson, and a greater than he is, not here, but gone forever. I allude, sir, to the boast of Maryland, and the pride of the United States—the pride of all of us, but more particularly the pride and ornament of the profession of which you, Mr. Speaker (Mr. Philip P. Barbour,) are a member, and an eminent one. Mr. Pinkney was kind and affable in his temper, free from every taint of envy or jealousy, conscientious of his powers, and relying upon them alone for success. He was a model, as I have already said, and it will be repetition, to all young men in his habits of study and application, and at more than sixty years of age was still a severe student. In politics he clasped democratically, and was one of the few of our eminent public men who never seemed to think of the Presidency. Oration was his glory, the law his profession, the bar his theatre; and service in Congress was only a brief episode, dazzling each House, for he was a momentary member of each, with a single and splendid speech.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousands streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than this earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor will stay in our presence forever.—*Practice*.

BAD AND GOOD.—Men are not positively but relatively bad. Henry VIII. would have been considered "a mild and benevolent monarch" in India or Morocco, while the most thorough-going reformer of Great Britain, if removed to America, would be looked upon as "an autocrat." Men should be judged not so much by their acts, as by the circumstances by which these acts are surrounded. A tax of twenty-five cents on a yard of sheeting would create in Hindostan not even a remonstrance. In the United States a pitiful tax of three cents on a pound of tea led to a revolution that robbed the ca-let of England of her choicest jewels.

TO PREPARE WATER-PROOF PANTS.—Boots and shoes may be rendered impervious to water by the following composition: Take three ounces of spermaceti, and melt it in a pipkin, or other earthen vessel, over a slow fire; add thereto six drachms of India rubber cut into slices, and these will presently dissolve. Then add, *seriatim*, of tallow, eight ounces; hog lard, two ounces; amber varnish, four ounces. Mix, and it will be fit for use immediately. The boots, or other material to be treated, are to receive two or three coats with a common blacking brush, and a fine polish is the result.

AN EXCELLENT LIP-SALVE.—Take an ounce of myrrh, as much litharge in fine powder, four ounces of honey, two ounces of beeswax, and six ounces of oil of roses; mix them over a slow fire. Or, take armenian bole, myrrh, and ceruse in fine powder, of each an ounce, mix with a sufficient quantity of goose grease into a proper consistence. It cures chaps in any part of the body.

It is virtually sented, by a source of verdure, running through the last twenty years, that a seducer may be killed by his victim, or even by her brother or husband. He is a wild beast, whom a man, whom he has especially injured, may shoot or stab with impunity.

In the streets of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken reaver who swaggering against his reverence, said: "I have been reading of you!" "Yes," said the Dean, "I see you, and now you are feeling it home."

TO LITE.—An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

The middle-aged lady of respectable connection, who never reared a tree or flower, has gone South, to marry the black-mith by whom "the lark was broken."

A Western editor says that a "child was run over in the streets, by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, with pantalets on which never spade afterwards."

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A little boy once said to his grandmother: "Grandmother I hope you will die first." "Why so my child?" "Because I can stand trouble better than you can."

A man's reception depends upon his coat; his dismissal upon the will he shows.