

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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TOWANDA:

Monday Morning, December 10, 1853.

## Selected Poetry.

SOUL BREATHINGS.

BY FRANCES H. SPENCER.

In my soul a chime of music  
Has been ringing all day long,  
And the mystic fount of feeling  
Nourish with the tide of song:  
"Happy" is a word too feeble  
To express the depth of bliss,  
Drooping in each pulse of being—  
Yes, more than Happiness!

There thought is crowded with glory,  
And the dearest, sweetest dreams,  
And their shadowy pinions o'er me,  
As the most envelop streams,  
Drooping in each pulse of being—  
Yes, more than Happiness!

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## Ordinary Mineral Discoveries.

SILVER MINES IN PEQUEA VALLEY.

Considerable excitement has prevailed for some time in the Pequea Valley, in this county, in consequence of some discoveries which have been made of a very important character. The Valley of Pequea, as is well known, is celebrated for the beauty of its appearance, and the fertility of its soil. It traverses the eastern portion of Lancaster county, its average width being about eight miles. The Pequea Valley, it appears, is destined to be one of the most important agricultural and manufacturing regions of the State. It is situated in the new township of Pequea, and is bounded on the north by the Pequea River, on the south by the Pequea River, on the east by the Pequea River, and on the west by the Pequea River.

Mr. Bowen has thus far been engaged for the most part in cleaning out the old shafts and tunnels. One tunnel, of an old level, which we entered, is about one hundred yards in length, seven feet high, and five feet wide, driven through solid rock. A shaft along the Pequea creek, is about fifty feet deep, and an adit level had just been commenced, which was probably intended to supersede the former, about one hundred feet below. The main shaft, however, which is supposed to be from two to 300 feet deep, has not yet been cleared out.

It is supposed (and the supposition is certainly well supported by the size of the dirt heap outside) that another tunnel runs under that alluded to, from the main shaft. However this may be, the vein appears to have been pretty well worked out as it emerged towards the surface, and there can be no question as to the success which attended their operations from the systematic manner in which they were prosecuted. Numerous "trial pits" of more or less depth, are spread over the surface to the distance of nearly half a mile, as if the vein had been carefully and diligently proved on the surface, before definite arrangements for permanent mining had been made. Mr. Bowen has already found some six or seven specimens, all of different and peculiar structure, and such as regular miners could use. From the very midst of these shafts, and towering from the dirt heaps themselves, are trees of considerable size, two of which, we judge, are seventy years old. The spot was covered with trees, some fifteen years ago.

In conclusion, we may state that we were very much gratified with our visit, and we hope that Mr. Bowen may reap all the advantage from his discoveries. We are satisfied that the day is not far distant when the entire region of country in question, will take its place among the richest and most profitable mining regions on the globe. In this country, we have been mining little below the surface—indeed, comparatively nothing has been done either above or below. All science and common sense point downwards at the true position of mineral veins, yet few have thus far courage to venture, except, as in one of this sort, a rich reward was placed beyond all peradventure.

In this connection, we wish to make a suggestion to some of our capitalists, who have lately embarked in a most liberal and enterprising spirit, in distant mining regions, to look around their own doors. Men can sometimes see wealth far off, but rarely overlook the wealth that is beneath their feet. Let our capitalists bestir themselves. We have here a mineral region of our own—at our very doors—rich in Silver, Copper, Lead, Zinc, Chrome, Iron, &c.—a region of vast extent, and, as it really seems, inexhaustible resources, which need only be thoroughly examined to prove its priceless value. What a stimulus would it not give to the business and trade of Lancaster county, if a mining population, sufficient to develop its ample mineral resources, were added to it! Every individual, living in it, would participate in the common benefit, and untold wealth would be raised from the bowels of the earth, where it now reposes in the silent sleep of ages.

## The regular stratification.

An anti-clinal axis is here formed, and the veins dip in opposite directions, being covered uniformly by clay slate.

The mineral is carried in these quartz veins, but occasionally dips into the adjacent limestone—which, running off with occasional small seams, has thus abstracted, and scattered around, minute particles of the mineral. In the tunnels which have been excavated, the beautiful ore is seen glittering from numerous spots above and around, thus indicating the extraordinary abundance of the mineral, when traced to its proper veins or original position below. In addition to the silver and lead, of which there are probably upwards of two tons lying on the ground, we noticed some specimens of good copper and zinc ore, as well as some gossan, which Mr. B. informs us contains a considerable amount of silver, though the exact quantity has not yet been ascertained. This gossan appears to be the result of the decomposition of the quartz and limestone, and is another strong proof of the mineral character of the formation.

With regard to the former history of this remarkable mine, little or nothing of a positive character is known. It is well known, however, that the Valley of the Pequea was one of the earliest settled districts of this county; that a very populous Indian village was situated near the mine, called Pequea-han, and that, surrounding it, lived the Conestogas, the Susquehannas, the Shawnees and other tribes of Indians. The city of Lancaster was originally located on the table-lands of Conestoga, only a short distance from it. It is thus more than probable that the vicinity of this mine was, at an early day, an important trading post with the Indians. It is equally certain that the mine was prosecuted by British capitalists, who resided in England; that all their machinery, tools and implements were brought from that country; and that the mines were worked for a considerable number of years, up to the time the Revolutionary War broke out. About this latter point there is not, and never has been, the least doubt. All concurrent testimony and local traditions substantiate the fact, that they were worked with full vigor up to that period. Commercial relations between England and the United States, having been thus cut off, and the parties interested being residents in England and owing loyalty to the King, of course the mine was abandoned—the tools and implements, it is said, were buried somewhere in the mines—the shafts and tunnels were carefully closed up—many of the miners and laborers, no doubt, joined the ranks of the belligerent armies, and thus all operations ceased. In the meantime, the war continued through a long, desperate and bloody struggle—and subsequently the English and Scotch Irish, inhabiting the Valley, gradually receded westward, and a new population composed almost entirely of hardworking and humble German farmers began to pour in, to whom the indications and remains of these mines were but as a novelty not understood.

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## A Chapter on Curious Facts.

A lead wire, the thirtieth of an inch, sustains twenty-eight pounds.

A tin wire, the thirtieth of an inch, sustains but thirty-four lbs.

Gun metal is 12 pounds of tin and 100 pounds of copper.

The emerald is ranked among the gems, but is now found only in Peru. It is green, harder than quartz, and always crystal. Oriented emerald is a green sapphire.

The European mountains consist of primitive and transition rocks.

The surface of the earth is 196,862,256 square miles; and its solidity is 259,725,936,425 cubic miles.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as 160 to 40, or 4 to 1.

The narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts about one and a half miles.

Rounded pebbles are broken fragments of rocks, rendered smooth by mutual attrition, in long time, by water and tides.

The Amazon falls but a foot in fifty miles; the Rhine one foot in a quarter of a mile; the Loire a foot in one and a half miles.

Ninety species of bones of quadrupeds have been found, which are now unknown.

The waters of the Red Sea appear to be thirty-two feet higher than the Mediterranean, and the Gulf of Mexico is twenty two feet higher than the Pacific.

About thirty fresh water springs are discovered under the sea, on the south of the Persian Gulf.

The Mediterranean makes a tide of only one or two feet.

The Caspian is 300 feet lower than the Baltic, and 345 lower than the Euxine.

No certain theory is formed on the cause of earthquakes; but the most general and rational ascribe them to steam and the force of gases forced by water and metallic oxides.

Fourteen earthquakes in different parts of the globe, were recorded in 1827, and perhaps this is an average number.

Owyhee is in the cone of a volcano higher than Mount Blanc.

Count Rumford, boring a cannon within water so heated it by the friction that he made it boil, and actually boiled a piece of beef in it.

One gallon of water in steam will raise six gallons from 50 to 212.

LAW ANECDOTE.—Some years ago, before the Temperance cause had made much progress, there was a trial in a State Court at East Greenbush, in which the witness, whose testimony bore hard against the plaintiff, mentioned that he had partaken of "a little something permanent" several times during the forenoon of the transaction. This seemed to operate a way to the overthrow of his testimony, which the counsel was not slow to improve.

The witness was traced up and down from store to tavern, and from tavern to store.

"You stopped at the store, you say? Did you drink anything there?"

"Yes, perhaps I did take a little something, on a cold morning—the best of folks might do that, you know, Square"—giving a corkscrew look at the counsel.

Having thus fired the witness who stopped at the store, at Kel Green's, at the tavern and a half dozen other places, the counsel arose to put on the clasher, and shaking his finger near the witness' face, exclaimed exultingly:—

"Now, Mr. Witness, in the presence of this court and jury, and upon the oath you have taken, sir, how much liquor did you drink in the course of that morning?"

The witness, as cool as a cucumber, replied:—

"Well, Square, as to the matter of that, you're got such a plaguy way of rate in' your liquor down here that a body can't tell how much they do drink!"

He took his seat without any more questions.

A Mother's Love.—How deep are the fountains of a mother's love! With what tender acts of filial devotion it is manifested to the loved ones of her charge. And when the children of her bosom over which she has watched with so much solicitude and care are removed from her by death, how deep is the wound that is inflicted upon her heart.

We have seen the fond mother watch by the bedside of her prating child, while its gentle spirit was about to take its flight to the eternal world.—Then it was that the last hope of the mother's heart was about to be cut off, and when all that bound her to the gentle being by her side, mingled with the memories of the hour of death. We have seen her after her loved one was no more—when his mortal form was arrayed for its final rest. We have seen her when all was past, in the quiet shades of that home, so recently made joyous by the merry presence of a being that was too pure for earth.

Every fond incident that connected the object of her affections with scenes of earth were more treasured up in her heart, and fastened indissolubly upon her memory.

Let the cold hearted skeptic scorn at this, for it is one of the holiest emotions of which the human heart is susceptible—the uncontaminated devotion of a mother's love.

In one of the courts, recently, an individual, attired in a Quakerish looking garb, was called to stand. The judge, taking him for a member of the society of Friends, thus addressed him:—

"Will you swear or affirm?"

"Just as thees d— please," was the reply.

"Is them fellers alive now?" said an archer to his teacher. "What fellers do you mean, my dear?" "Why Paul, and Luke, and Dorothea and them."

## The Theory of Combustion.

The air is composed of two substances, called oxygen and nitrogen. Whether separate or united, they exist in that air like form named gas.

Oxygen, joined with a gas called hydrogen, produces water, and the two gases then exist in a liquid form.

Oxygen unites with iron, producing iron rust, and the iron and gas exist then as a solid, is changed to water, a liquid and water is still again changed to steam, which, when highly heated, is a gas like the air, oxygen. Coal and wood may be changed so as to exist in the form of a gas, as will appear hereafter. The form of a body, whether solid, liquid or gaseous, depends on the arrangement of its minute particles, or atoms. These atoms are extremely, extremely small.

To produce air, something more is necessary than a mere mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, as in a mixture of salt and sugar. One particle of the oxygen attracts to itself, and unites with, four particles of nitrogen, and the five particles thus joined form a portion of air which does not attract an additional atom of either gas; but another particle of oxygen joins another of four of nitrogen, and thus the grouping continues. Should there remain two particles of one gas and three of the other, they do not join themselves together, but mix very much like grains of rye among corn.

Those who wish for further illustration may imagine a quantity of little balls, made by sticking together one mustard seed and four clover seeds, so as to form a ball, the other being formed in like manner. Each ball would represent a particle or globule of air; each mustard seed, as joined with four clover seeds, would represent a particle of oxygen joined with four of nitrogen; and the extra particles of these gases which do not combine, may be represented by some loose seeds among the balls. Thus would a basket of the balls represent a quantity of air as it exists around us.

The oxygen, which is the most important part of the air, remains thus united, until some substance comes in contact with it, for which it has a stronger attraction than it has for the nitrogen.—Thus, it will not leave the later to combine with dry, soft wood, but if a piece of phosphorus is exposed to the air, it immediately leaves to unite with the phosphorus, and the latter burns. But if the dry wood is heated to a certain temperature, either by friction or by fire, the oxygen will then unite with it, and, beginning to burn, the heat produced keeps the wood at the required temperature till nearly its whole substance has joined with oxygen and disappeared in the form of gas. This amount of oxygen with a combustible body is called combustion, and usually produces light as well as heat.

A few bodies will attract the oxygen from the nitrogen of the air at a common temperature. Such is the case with phosphorus, and cotton mustened with linseed oil. If the oxygen begins to unite with the cotton, the heat produced increases the temperature until the cotton blazes, and we have an instance of spontaneous combustion. Hence, buildings containing oily cotton or rags frequently take fire. In a few cases, a slight elevation of temperature is sufficient to induce this new union of oxygen. The substance on the end of friction matches is an example. Other substances require a greater increase of heat, as is the case with wood and charcoal, white hard coal, at less than red heat, exerts no influence on the air. Hence, to kindle a fire of hard coal, we may expose a bit of phosphorus to the air, and the oxygen uniting will produce heat enough to cause a union between oxygen and the substance on the end of a friction match; this in turn, heats the wood of the match till that also burns, and heats the shavings, which, as they burn, elevate the temperature of the charcoal till that also burns, and brings the hard coal to the heat which is necessary to enable it to attract the oxygen from the surrounding atmosphere.

If, while a body is burning, it is cooled below that point which enables it to attract oxygen, it ceases to burn. Thus it is that water pours out fire, not because it wets, but cools. The reason is plain: a large quantity of water will not extinguish a large fire, and also why a large mass of cold coal extinguishes the fire in coal which was already scarcely hot enough to attract oxygen. This explains one of the prominent defects in the celebrated "Phillips' Fire Annihilator." It throws out a gas which extinguishes the fire, but does not cool the brands. Hence, when a current of air sweeps away the gas the fire burns fresh as before.

GAME IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—According to a return made of the amount of game killed in the Arctic Regions, by Captain McClure, while engaged in making the Northwest passage, it appears that the Arctic Regions, generally supposed to be nearly destitute of animal life, abound in a variety of game, such as musk, ox, deer, hares, grouse, ducks, geese, wolves and bears; thus confirming Lieut. Kane's speculations as to the ability of an expedition to support life in that quarter, even after the ordinary supplies were exhausted. From October 12, 1850, to April 8, 1853, over 10,000 pounds of game was obtained by the expedition. The deer were found to be very fat, although their principal food merely consisted of the herbage which was obtained from a small tree, called the dwarf willow. As the crew only kept, as it were, on the edges of the sea, no other food was observable; but there is no doubt the deer found an abundance of food farther up the country. They were very wild, and the gunners had to display great precaution in shooting them. The country contains fine green valleys, intersected with noble rivers; extensive plains, lakes, woods, and parts of the earth covered with simple, but lovely wild flowers.

A CAUTION WITNESS.—In the examination of an Irish case the other day, before the Court of Magistrates, for assault and battery, the counsel, in cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had the first place they stopped. He answered, "Four glasses of ale." What next? "One glass of brandy." What next? "Two glasses of wine." What next? "A fight, of course."

## MEMORY.

Soft as rays of sunlight stealing  
On the dying day;  
Sweet as chiming of low bells pealing  
When eve fades away;

Soft as winds at night that moan  
Through the heath o'er mountains lone  
Come the thoughts of days now gone  
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the Heavens  
Hide at eve their light;  
As the bells when fades the even  
Peal not on the night;

As the night winds cease to sigh  
When the rain fall from the sky,  
Pass the thoughts of days gone by  
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning  
Furth again shall break,  
And the bells give a sweet waked warning  
To the world to wake.

Soon the winds shall freshly breathe  
O'er the mountain's purple head;  
But the Past is lost in Death—  
He hath no memory.

## A Beautiful Extract.

I saw the temple reared by the hand of man,  
standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain:  
The storm beat upon it—the god of Nature hurled  
his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood firm as  
adamant. Reverely was in its halls—the gay,  
the young, the happy and beautiful were there.

I turned and the temple was no more—its high  
walls scattered in ruins, the moss and ivy grass  
grew wildly there, and at midnight hour the owl's  
cry added to the desolation of the scene—the young  
and the gay, who had revelled there, had passed  
away.

I saw the child rearing in its youth—the idol of  
his father: I returned and the child had become  
old. Trembling with the weight of years he stood,  
the last of his generation—the stranger amid the desolation  
around him.

I saw an oak standing in all its pride on the  
mountain, the birds were caroling on its boughs. I  
returned—the oak was leafless and sapless—the  
winds were playing their pastime through the  
branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian  
angel.

"It is time," said he. "When the morning  
stars sang together with joy over the new made  
world, he commenced his course and when he  
shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—  
plucking the sun from its sphere—redded the moon  
in blood—yes, when he shall roll the heaven and  
earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from  
the throne of God come forth, and with one foot  
upon the land, and one upon the sea, lift up his  
head towards Heaven and Heaven's Eternal, and  
say:

"Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no more  
—Passing."

THE HOME GRANDMOTHER.—She is by the fire—  
a dear old lady, with neatly crumpled cap bender,  
and old fashioned spectacles—as pleasant a picture  
of the home grandmother as any living heart may  
wish to see. The oracle of the family—the record  
of births, deaths and marriages—the narrator of old  
revolutionary stories, that keep bright ones big  
and wide awake till the evening logs fall to ashes—  
what would we do without the home grandmother?  
How many little faults she lures! What a delightful  
special pleader is she when the rod trembles  
over the unfortunates within the door!

"Do you get many feelings?" inquired a flaxen-  
haired youngster of his early headed playmate.

"No," was the prompt, half indignant answer;  
"I've got a grandmother."

Love that aged woman. Sit at her feet and learn  
of her patient lessons from the past. Though she  
knows no grammar, cannot tell the boundaries of  
distant States or the history of nations, she has that  
perhaps, which excels all lore,—wisdom. She has  
lived life's battle and conquered. She has lost her  
treasures away, and grown purer, stronger.

Through strings of sorrow. Never let her feet  
the thing of mortality. Sit at her feet. She will teach  
you all the dangers of life's journey, and teach you  
how to go cheerfully and unflinchingly to the gate  
of death, trusting like her in a Messiah hereafter.

ONE HAPPY HEART.—Have you made one happy  
heart in day? Evered privilege. How calmly can  
you seek your pillow? How sweetly sleep! in all  
world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort  
to the distressed, as getting a sun ray into a gloomy  
heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we  
turn: there is no moment that tears are not shed,  
and sighs are heard. Yet how many of these tears,  
and those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness.

How many a daughter, wrings the very soul of  
a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude.  
How many husbands, by one life word, make a  
whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts. How  
many are angry recriminations estrange and  
embitter their loving hearts. How many brothers  
and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other,  
making wounds that no human art can heal. Ah,  
if each one worked upon this maxim day by day,  
strive to make some heart happy, jealousy, re-  
venge, malice, hate, with their kindred evil asso-  
ciations, would leave the earth. Our minds would  
be so occupied in contemplation of adding to the  
pleasures of others, that there would be no more  
room for the ugly fiends of discord. Try it, ye dis-  
contented, forever gumbung devices of sorrow,  
self-cast, it will make that little part of the  
world in which you move as fair as Eden.

VERY ESSENTIAL.—"Hence, where was you  
born?"

"On de Haldobarrack."

"What, always?"

"How old are you, then?"

"Ven de school house wh' poul, I was two weeks  
more or a year, var ish bairned—and, as you go  
home int' your pack behind you, on de right hand  
side, by the old phlekm' shop wat stands v're  
was put down next year will be two weeks."

THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT  
at Cincinnati has succeeded in decreasing the  
weight of the steam fire engine about eleven hun-  
dred pounds, without reducing its efficiency. This  
will make a more manageable.

A meeting of the soldiers of the war of 1812,  
will be held in Pottsville on Monday, Dec. 5th, to  
appoint Delegates to the National Convention,  
which meets in Philadelphia on the 6th of Janu-  
ary.

## The Wife's Nightcap.

Mr.—who does not live more than a mile from  
the post office in this city, met some "northern  
men with southern principles," the other evening  
and in extending to them the hospitalities of the  
Crescent City, visited so many of our principal  
saloons and "marble halls," imbibing spiritual con-  
solation as they "bottled," that when he left them at  
their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly  
felt, that he had "a brick in his hat."

Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished,  
and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but  
she finds one fault with him, and that is, he has too  
frequent visits where these "bricks" are obtained.

After leaving his friends, Mr.—, passed a mo-  
ment, took his bearings, and having strapped a  
course on the principle that continual angles meet,  
made sail for home. In due course of time he ar-  
rived there, and was not very much astonished,  
but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting  
up for him. She always does. She smiled when he  
came in. That also she always does.

"How are you, dear F.?" she said. "You stayed  
out so late that I feared you had been taken  
sick."

"He ain't sick, wife; but don't you think I'm  
a little tight?"

"A very little perhaps, my dear, but that is noth-  
ing. You have so many friends, as you say, you  
must join them in a glass once in a while."

"Wife, you're too good—the truth is, I am  
drank."

"O no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even  
another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose  
you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just a night  
cap, my dear?"

"You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know  
I'm drunk."

"O no, only a julep too much, love, that's all!"

"Yes, juleps! McMaster's makes such stiff  
juleps!"

"Well, take a glass of ale at any rate; it cannot  
hurt you, dear; I want one myself, before I re-  
turn."

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she  
placed two tumblers before her on the side board,  
she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the  
glass with the foaming ale, she handed that one  
with a bowing smile to her husband.

Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She  
had never before been so kind when he was drunk.  
He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—the  
emetic.

"Dear, won't you taste of mine, to make it  
sweeter?"

"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a  
mouthful, which she was very careful not to swal-  
low.

Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic,  
and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband—  
After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her  
glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed  
a foot-tub of water before an easy-chair, as it she  
intended to bath her little feet. But small as were  
those feet there was not water enough in the tub to  
cover them. The husband began to feel, and he  
wanted to retire.

"Wait only a few moments, dear," said the lov-  
ing spouse, "I want to read the news in this after-  
noon's Delta. I found it in your pocket."

A few minutes more elapsed, and then, and then  
—O, ye gods and Dan of the Lake—what a time!  
The husband was placed in the easy chair. He be-  
gan to understand why the tub was there; he soon  
learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that  
when he arose from that chair, the trick had left  
his feet. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll  
never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch  
ale, but is "death on lemonade." He loves his  
wife better than ever.—N. O. Delta.

OUR FAVORITE LIES.—There is a whole alpha-  
bet of love in her bright sparkling eyes—her mar-  
ble brow, swan-like neck, and rounding limbs  
combine to make her an exquisite subject for the  
poet, painter, and sculptor; and then that mouth of  
hers! when the winds of passion are at rest, how  
much it resembles a half-blown rose in a mild  
morning in June—and when transposed to a  
smile, how very like to the bow of the lithe naugh-  
ty god Cupid! Ah, who would ever suspect its be-  
ing a receptacle