

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XV.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 21.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 4, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

BY J. SWETT.

When man first traversed Southern seas,
Which wash the cold antarctic pole,
And spread the sail to favoring breeze
Where the Pacific blue waves roll,
From unknown wastes he turned his eye
To the blue ocean, hung above,
And saw upon the star-lit sky
The symbol of a Savior's love.

"The Cross! the Cross!" burst from each lip,
As gazing with delighted view,
They pressed the deck of their lone ship.
And crossed themselves, believers true.
The wanderers, filled with doubt and fear,
Beheld upon the Heaven's broad dome,
Far in that Southern Hemisphere,
The emblem of the Church at Home!

The hardened sailor's gaze was turned,
Amid the lightning's lurid glare,
To where the holy emblem burned,
And courage triumphed o'er despair:
He saw no more the polar star;
Another guide to him was given;
The Southern Cross, that beamed afar,
Symbol of home, and hope, and Heaven!

Ye brightest stars on Night's pale brow,
Flooding the sea with silver rays,
Before the Ixionid bow,
Upon whose throne they glories blaze!
Thus shall ye shadow to the soul
A cross inwrought on Heaven's bright floor,
While angels' noisless surges roll
Upon Eternity's dim shore.

Ye altar-fires! whose watch-towers stand
Upon the confines of those spheres,
Where through the galaxy's broad band,
A glimpse of unknown worlds appears:
Stars of the Cross! where man may trace,
From the temple of the sky,
An emblem of redeeming grace,
Whose holy light shall never die!

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Traveller of Monday.

Tea in China.

HONG KONG, Tuesday, May 23, 1854.
MY DEAR BROTHER: It is pretty difficult to find out anything by the Chinese about the culture or manufacture of tea. They seem to think that it is against their interest to allow foreigners to know anything of their arts; therefore they use all means to prevent them from obtaining any information. You ask them questions, and it is one chance in fifty, if they do not tell you a lie in every answer they give you, and if they cannot tell the lie, they will purposely mislead you in some way. As long as they do not consider lying to be a vice, you may easily judge of the extent to which they may be capable of lying. I believe they consider it a talent or a fine accomplishment, to be able to tell a lie that cannot be detected—the only disgrace in it being the detection. You ask one of them about tea, and he tells you this and that, but you do not know if he is telling the truth or not. You ask another in order to ascertain if the statement is correct, and you get an answer different from his; and the third man perhaps gives an explanation different from the other two. So you may go on, and get information from them, and when you come to observe for yourself, you will find that you must dispossess yourself of that, and adopt something else. I would not say that they always lie, but I do believe they lie often rather than they tell the truth.

Whenever a Chinaman tells me anything that I have before known about, I do not take it into full belief until it is confirmed in some other way. You will think this, perhaps, rather a severe comment upon the Chinese; but I did not adopt the opinion until I had seen the fact verified many times. It is just the reverse with the European—I always believe them, until something appears which is inconsistent with the belief; it is only then that I change my opinion; so that I think there is no prejudice in it.

But you will say, I know, that you do not confine yourself to your subject. Well, I admit it, and will endeavor to keep from running off the track for the future.

Tea is raised now, you know, in other places beside China. Whether it is generally as good as China tea I cannot say. That in Java, Sumatra, Hindostan, &c., was, of course, originally from China. In Java, I have drank tea which they said was raised there, and which I could not distinguish from China tea. They have, at all these places, Chinamen to overlook the raising and curing, so that if the soil or climate has no peculiar effect, it ought to be quite as good.

I saw a notice in a paper that a trial was to be made in America. I think they will there fail, there is so much difference in the price of labor. Probably it would grow and flourish as well there as in China, say no further north than New-York, though it would no doubt do well in Massachusetts. It is raised as far north as Japan, the same latitude of Connecticut and Massachusetts. But to cultivate tea in America with the expectation of a remuneration for expenses, is, I think, out of the question, until the population shall have so increased that labor can be had from one to ten cents a day.

The tea-plant is a pretty shrub, growing from two to six feet high, though if not molested, I think, it attains to the height of even thirty feet. The height to which I have seen it growing in the island of Chusan and back in the country from Ningpo, the latitude of 30° north, in which the greater part grows, is two and three feet, and in Java four and six. But it is cropped down every season, for the reason that from the new sprouts a greater quantity of leaves are produced. One shrub, I think will yield, upon average, from five to ten ounces. It is planted both in rows like hedges, and in hills

like corn. The blossoms look and smell like the apple blossoms, though the odor is quite light. The view of a large field, where you see thousands of these little hedges stretching along for a mile parallel to each other, is very interesting. But small farmers also cultivate patches of tea, selling the produce to the dealers.

There is hardly any person among the Chinese from the beggar to the rich man, but who will have tea to drink in some shape or other. The rich of course, have the best; the poor man will buy the large coarse leaves, and will even steep them over the second or third time; the beggar will drink tea made from the stems, and the refuse leaves thrown away from the manufactories. I have tasted, with curiosity, some sickening infusions of tea. If a Chinaman wishes to be polite to a person in his house, he will offer him tea to drink. Once, on an excursion back about fifty miles in the country, I went up to a quarry where were some stone-cutters at work. Passing soon after, one of their houses, and it commencing to rain, the man asked me in. After sitting a short time he offered me some tea. It was made in an earthen bowl, holding several quarts, and from which he frequently dipped out and drank himself. It was of a yellow, turbid color, and to the taste was warm, like water that has been standing in the sun, and nauseous. Had it been in an apothecary's shop, I should have taken it for an infusion of opium. Notwithstanding I did drink a little from time to time, but was glad when it had stopped raining, that I could leave. The man however, drank it as if it had been the best of tea; in fact, they will not drink water as long as they can have their teapot by them. That is from a curious notion they have, that on account of the stomach being warm, and the water cold, the two coming in contact will produce a conflict and make them sick.

The quality of all teas depends upon the time when the leaves are gathered, and the manner and success of preparing. To produce the best qualities, the leaves must be gathered early in the season, properly and thoroughly dried, and securely packed. The young leaves have the strongest and richest flavor, and according as they are gathered, sooner or later, will be the quality of the tea; and if they are not well dried, so that no moisture is left in them and so put up that no air comes to them, the quality will be affected, if not spoiled.

There are not, in reality, so many species of tea as we should, from the number of their names, infer. I am told that the plant is the same throughout all China, therefore it can only differ slightly by the variety of location, by the soil and climate, or some analogous cause. The leaves do not differ from each other more than those of the rose tree do. The kinds are two, the green and the black, and arise from the different periods of gathering, that is, early or later in the season. And the varieties are many, and arise mostly from the differences in manufacturing or preparing—a few varieties only from mixing and scenting.

Under these two heads or kinds may be arranged all the other varieties. In America, we are apt to suppose that Hyson, Green, Black and Sou-chong are so many distinct species. The following are the principal varieties of the two kinds:

Green Teas.	Black Teas.
Hyson, or Young Hyson,	Souchong,
Hyson Skin, or Old Hyson,	Powehong,
Chulan, or Imperial,	Pecco,
Gonpowder,	Orange Pecco,
Twankay,	Congou,
	Ning Yung,
	Bohea.

Then there are some other unimportant varieties and only known by name as "Lous Kernal," "Princess' Eye Brows," "Carnation Hair," "Sparrow's Tongue," "Dragon's Whiskers," &c. The names have been collected mostly by Mr. Williams. The names seem to be given without regard to system, something as our apples and pears are named at home.

Hyson tea is so called from the Chinese word "Hyson," which signifies "before the rains." Therefore, being gathered before the rain it is also in the early part of the season, and being the gathering, while the leaves are very small, it is called Young Hyson. Old Hyson, or Hyson Skin, is merely that which is left, after selecting the smallest and best leaves for Young Hyson. This, therefore, from the skin or refuse, is called Old Hyson, or Hyson Skin.

Chulan tea is green tea scented with Chulan flowers. It is called also, Imperial tea.

Twankay is green tea, but comes from a particular location, I believe from the banks of a river of that name.

Gonpowder tea is also green tea, and is so named because the form of the leaf, after it is prepared, resembles the kernels of gunpowder.

Of the Black teas, Souchong comes first, as being a principal variety of black tea—then Pow-chong—then Pecco—then Orange Pecco, which is Pecco scented with orange flower. Congou and Ning-yung I understand as having but little difference in the variety.

Pecco is so called from the Chinese word pecco, which signifies "white down." At a particular stage of the growth, a white down forms on the leaves, when the leaves are immediately gathered—the down indicates the proper time for gathering. If the leaves are not gathered at that particular time, the white down falls off, and the leaves must go for one of the other varieties of black tea.

Oolong is a black tea, flavored like green tea. How it is flavored I do not know; it may be given by a particular firing, or it may be scented after it is dried. It is likely that the Souchong scented would make the Oolong. A very little will make a difference, and it will then become a new variety.

Ningyong is a black tea, so called from the place where it grows. It is considered one of the finest varieties. It may have a flavor, differing from the others, which gives it sometimes the preference.

Bohea, a black tea, is so called from the hills because it is raised on two hills, called Bohea hills. The difference between this and other black teas,

is from its being gathered very late in the season; that is, after the rains. The leaves are large and coarse, and it is, therefore, the poorest quality of tea. I have understood that spurious green tea has been manufactured from these leaves, by drying them to about the size of green tea leaves, cutting and coloring them.

The time for gathering the tea leaves depends upon the particular kind of tea to be manufactured. The season is between March and August, and includes four periods, that for the green teas is March, April or May, and that for the black teas is in the months of June, July and August; immediately following.

Mandarin tea, I had almost forgotten. This is a kind rarely seen, (and I think I have heard that it is forbidden to be made.) It has a green color and is twisted up, something like small skeins of silk twist. I sent home a sample of it. I had an opportunity of trying some of it at Mr. Bush's. It was nice, but not more so than that I sent you in the little canisters. It is very expensive, four and five dollars a pound, and is called Mandarin, because the Mandarins usually or often drink it. Mr. Williams has spoken of a kind of tea that costs, I think, from ten to a hundred dollars a pound. That is from a supposed particular virtue in the place or soil in which it grows.

In some parts of China they make tea cakes—These are made by pressing the leaves very hard, while green, into the form of a brick, and then drying them. This is for the convenience of persons who are traveling.

CAN'T ANSWER.—Jim Wilson was a lazy scamp, was never known to do a day's work in his life, and nobody could ever find out how Jim succeeded in the world, though many are of the opinion that he does a little stealing occasionally. Jim was well known to the old police, and so was never arrested, being allowed the freedom of the city. But the new police coming into office, like the new Pharos, they knew not Jim, and so yesterday he was "pulled," by one of the recently appointed officers, as a dangerous and suspicious character. Being brought before the Recorder, the first question the "old man" asked, "What do you do for a living?" rather startled Jim; for he it known, that question had never been propounded to him before; however, after a moment's reflection, nothing daunted, boldly replied Jim, "If your honor pleases, I can't answer that question."

"Why so?" asked his honor.

"Because, as how you see, I can't answer it without criminalizing myself, and the constitution of the United States expressly de—"

"Never mind what the constitution declares, it has nothing to do with the vagrant act; I shall send you down for thirty days, James Wilson, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"—N. O. Della.

THE SERFS OF RUSSIA.—In many parts of Russia the peasants believe themselves to belong to the soil a condition of existence which appears to them natural. Not unrequently, when about to be sold, they send a deputation to some far-off master, of whose character for kindness reports have reached them, imploring him to buy them, their lands, their children, their cattle. And if this lord, so celebrated for his gentleness, be without money, they provide him with it, to be sure of belonging only to him. In consideration, he exempts them from taxes for a certain number of years, and thus indemnifies them for the price of their bodies, which they have paid to him in advance, by furnishing the sum that represents the value of the domains to which they belong, and to which they obliged him to be their proprietor. The greatest misfortune that can happen to these vegetating men, is to see their native fields sold. They are always sold with the glebe, and the only advantage they have hitherto derived from the modern amelioration of the law is, that they cannot now be sold without the fortune of a wealthy man is compensated by the heads of his peasants. The serf is coined, and is equivalent, on an average, to ten rubles a year to his proprietor, who is called free, because he is owner of serfs.—*Marquis de Custine.*

ANECDOTE OF TOM CORWIN.—Some years ago, when Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing were on a political pilgrimage to the northern part of the state, they were invited to tarry over night with a distinguished local politician. The guests arrived rather late, and the lady of the mansion being absent, a niece undertook to preside on the occasion. She had never seen great men, and supposed they were elephants altogether, and all talked in great language. "Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea, sir?" inquired the young lady. "Yes, miss, if you please," replied the quondam salt boiler. Corwin's eye twinkled—here was fun for him. Gratified with the apparent success of her first trial at talking with big men, the young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same manner: "Will you take condiments in your tea?" "Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom. Of course, nature must out, and Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to mend the matter, and was voluble in compliment, anecdote and wit. But the wound was irremediable. The young lady to this day declares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar, disagreeable man.—*Toldeo Blade.*

PLANT TREES.—This is the season for planting fruit and ornamental trees; and who that has the ground would be without either? What so profitable to the pocket as a tree laden with good fruit, or what is beautiful to the eye, or so grateful to the sweetening brow in midsummer as the silver-tinged and wide-spreading branches of the maple, or some other tree of ornament or shade? Nothing. See to it, then, and plant them.

A NEW READING.—The Boston Herald favors us with the following new reading of Shakespeare: "When Dutch meet Dutch, then comes the—lager beer."

The Fate of Sir John Franklin.

The reported discovery of the remains of Franklin's unfortunate Arctic expedition, seems to be confirmed by the despatches from Mr. Rae to Sir George Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Rae went out in June, 1853, on a land expedition to find some evidences of the fate of Franklin. He returned in August last to York Factory, bringing certain information that the expedition lost their ships by being crushed in the ice, while making their way to Fish River, one of the tributaries of the Back river, near the outlet of which the parties appear to have perished. The place designated is in about latitude 68, and longitude 95 west from Greenwich. It is nearly seven degrees of latitude south of Wellington channel, where the last traces of Franklin were found four years ago, in the graves of several of his men, buried in 1845-46. It was through this Channel that Sir John was supposed to have forced his way North into the Polar Sea. Nearly all the various expeditions fitted out, have, under this belief, explored regions too far North. The land expedition which went out in 1848 was too far west, having followed the Mackenzie river from the same Lake which the Back river starts from running east. Capt. Austin, who investigated the region of Lancaster Sound in 1850, concluded that the missing expedition had not been to the southward and westward of Wellington Channel. Yet at this very time Franklin's party were suffering the pangs of starvation some 70° south of Lancaster Sound, having probably been carried down Prince Regent's Inlet past Lancaster Sound by the ice. The evidences of the destruction of Sir John Franklin are said to be certain, as the natives had in their possession various articles belonging to the expedition, including silver spoons and forks, with the commander's initial upon them. Death by starvation is the fate that has been generally predicted of the party, though it was not believed that they had perished so early.

The expedition left Sheerness, England, on the 25th of May, 1845, with a full complement of 133 men. The first expedition which went in search of it was in 1848. It was in three divisions; one westward by Behring's Straits, under Capt. Kellet and Lieut. Moore, which surveyed from Point Barrow to the Mackenzie river. Another, the eastern division, under Sir John Ross, reached Liverpool harbor, mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, where it wintered. The succeeding spring it was drifted off by ice through Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay. The third division was a boat expedition, under Lieut. John Richardson, which followed the course of the rivers and lakes through the Hudson Bay territories, and penetrated to the mouth of Mackenzie river. Mr. John Rae, who has made the recent discovery of the remains of the expedition, was engaged for three successive years in exploring the lands and islands north of Coppermine river, further west.

Captains Collins and McClure was despatched in 1850 to Behring's Straits. McClure was frozen in near Baring's Island, and compelled to abandon his ship. Kellett, who had become attached to another expedition, reached Melville Island, having penetrated by Davis' Straits. There a traveling party from Kellett's ship discovered McClure just as he was about to abandon his vessel. It was this expedition which demonstrated that the long sought for northwest passage was no delusion.

In the same year, (1850) an expedition sailed of four vessels, two steamers and two sailing vessels, under Captain Austin, who investigated the region round and beyond Lancaster Sound. Two other vessels left the same time, under Captain Penny, on the same expedition. Simultaneously with these, three other expeditions, fitted out by private enterprise, entered Lancaster Sound. One was the American expedition, sent out by Mr. Grinnell; the second a vessel under Sir John Ross—the third one, equipped by Lady Franklin, under Capt. Forsyth. The next expedition (1852) was of five vessels, fitted out under the impression that Franklin had passed through Wellington Channel. The Prince Albert was also sent to explore Prince Regent's Inlet, as half way down that inlet a large depot of provisions had been stored for Franklin, and it was supposed he might have gone down for provisions. The Albert was drifted into Barrow's Strait, but land expeditions were made south and west without accomplishing any discovery. Four other expeditions sailed in 1853; but dissensions among the officers caused one to return to England. The second, the Kane expedition is still pursuing its investigations; the third returned to England with despatches from McClure; and the fourth, under Mr. Rae, which was despatched to make investigations on the North American coast, in the neighborhood of the isthmus of Bohea, has there made the interesting discovery of the unfortunate fate of the long missing expedition. The cost of the various searching expeditions has been over four millions of dollars.

THE TERM "BENDER."—The term "going on a bender" was found to be an axiom and is in the ears of all, familiar as a household—in many households too familiar—made most plain by the fact of its members indulging in practices that correspond with the received measures. The term bender is derived from the line of Shakespeare that describes a procedure, as "going of it," according to the modern vocabulary to the "top of the bent," hence "bender," the derivation from "bent," the representative of the "going of it," the synonyme of brick.

A NEW COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not carry off the editor's exchanges unless thou art sure he is done with them, neither shalt thou talk to him when he is writing or reading "proof," lest he get angry and kick thee out of his sanctum.

Beautiful is the love, and sweet the kiss of a sister; but if you haven't a sister handy, try your cousin; if isn't much worse.

N. B.—If you haven't a cousin of your own, try somebody else; there is no difference.

Doesticks Goes to Church in New York.

From the Detroit Advertiser, September 26.

SEVENTY HUNDRED AND ONE, NARROW STREET. Having seen the Opera with detestation, the Theatres with approbation, George Christy with cackinnation, and No. 2 Dey street with affliction; having visited Castle Garden, the Model Artists and the American Museum, in fact, knowing something of almost all the other places of amusement in the city, I resolved to complete and crown my knowledge by going to Church, and I hoped I may receive due credit for my pursuit of amusement under difficulties. I made known my heroic determination to my new found friends, and they instantly resolved to bear me company—Bull Dogge by way of variety and Dampfool from force of habit—(Bull Dogge seldom goes to church, and Dampfool always does.) Sunday morning came, and the aforesaid individuals presented themselves—B. D. looking pugnacious and pugilistic, and Dampfool perfectly marvellous—in fact, majestic as this latter-named personage had ever borne himself, and importantly huge as he had ever appeared—his coat tails were now so wonderfully short, his collar so enviably large, and so independently upright, and his hat so unusually and magnificently jolly—that he certainly looked a bigger Dampfool than ever before.

Passing up Broadway through a crowd of people of all sorts, sizes, colors and complexions; countrymen running over every third man they met; New Yorkers threading their way through apparently un-get through-able crowds without ruffling their tempers or their shirt collars. (By the way, I have discovered that no one but a genuine New Yorker born and bred can cross Broadway upon a dignified walk.) Firemen in red shirts and their coats over their arms; newsboys with a very scanty allowance of shirt and no coats at all; Dutch emigrants, with dirty faces, nasty breeches, and long lumpy-looking pipes; Irish emigrants, with dirtier faces, nastier breeches, and short, stubbier pipes; spruce looking dandies and wenchies arrayed in rainbow colored habiliments—we at last reached the door of the church. Everything looked so grandly gingerbreadly, that I hesitated about going in—Little boy in the corner (barefooted, with a letter in the postoffice) told us to "go in," and called us "Lemons." Did not perceive the force of his homological remark, but "went in" nevertheless. Man in a white cravat showed us to a pew; floor covered with carpet and seat covered with lamack; with little stools to kneel down upon—(Bull Dogge says so the faithful will not dirty their pantaloons.)

Pretty soon, music—organ—sometimes grand and solemn, but generally fast and lively enough for a contra dance. (B. D. said the player got a big salary to show off the organ, and draw a big house.) He commenced to play Old Hundred, (Dampfool suggests Ancient Century.) At first, majestic as it should be, but soon his left hand began to get unruly among the bass notes, then the right cup up a few monkey shins in the treble; left threw in a large assortment of quavers, right let off with a grand flourish and a few dozen variations; left struggled manfully to keep up, but soon gave out, dead beat, and after that went back to first principles, and hammered away religiously at Old Hundred in spite of the antics of its fellow; right struck up a march, marched into a quick step, quickened into a gallop; left still kept at Old Hundred; right put in all sorts of fantastic extras, to entice the left from its sense of propriety; left still unmoved; right put in a few bars of a popular waltz; left waltzes a little; right strikes up favorite polka; left evidently yielding; right dashes into a jig; left now fairly deserts its colors goes over to the enemy, and both commence an animated hornpipe, leaving poor Old Hundred to take care of itself. At length with a crash, a squeak, a rush, a roar, a rumble and an expiring groan, the overture concluded and service began.

First, a prayer; then a response; prayer; response by the priest and people alternately, like the layers of bread and butter and ham and mustard in a sandwich; then a little sing, and then a little preach, then more petitions and more responses—Dampfool read the entire service, minister's cues included, and sung all the hymns. I noticed that Bull Dogge gave all the responses with a great deal of energy and vigor. He said he always liked to come to this kind of church, because when they jawed religion to him, he could jaw back.

Kept as cool as I could, but could not help looking round now and then to see the show—Elderly lady on my right, very devout, gilt-edged prayer book, gold-covered fan, leathers in her bonnet, rings on her fingers, and for a 11 know, "bells on her toes." Antiquated gentleman in same pie, well preserved but somewhat wrinkled, smells of Wall street, gold spectacles, gold headed cane, put three cents in the plate. Fashionable little girl on the left—two flounces on her pantaloons, and a diamond ring over her glove.

Young America looking boy, four years old, patent leather boots, standing collar, gloves, cane, and cigar case in his pocket. Foppish young man adolescent moustache, pumps, legs a la permacet candles, shirt front embroidered a la 240 race horse, cravat a la Julien, vest a la pumpkin pie, hair a la soft soap, coat-tails a la boot jack, which when parted discovered a view of the Crystal Palace by gas light, on the rear of his pantaloons wristbands a la stove pipe, hat a la wild Irishman came to correspond: total effect a la Shanghai.

Artificial young lady, extreme of fashion, can't properly describe her, but here goes: whalebone, cotton, paint and whitewash; slippers a la Elster, feet a la Japanese, dress a la Paris, shawl a la eleven hundred dollar, parasol a la mushroom, ringlets a la corkscrew, arms a la broomsick, bonnet a la Bowery gal, (Bull Dogge says the boy without buttons on her brought it in a teaspoon fifteen minutes after she entered the house,) neck a la scrag of mutton, bosom a la barebones, complexion a la mother of pearl, (Dampfool says she bought it at Fenton's,) appearance generally hom-

bug. (Bull Dogge offers to bet his hat she don't know a cabbage from a new cheese, and can't tell whether a sallow steak is beef, chicken, flesh or fish.)

At length, with another varietal upon the organ, and all the concentrated praise and thanksgiving of the congregation, sung by four people up stairs, the service concluded. I thought from the manner of this last performance, each member of the choir imagined the songs of praise would never get to heaven if he didn't give them a personal boost, in the shape of an extra yell.

Left the church with a confused idea that the only way to attain eternal bliss, is to go to church every Sunday, and to give liberally to the foreign missionary cause.

Bull Dogge tried to convince me that one-half the people present thought that Fifth avenue runs straight into Heaven, and that their through tickets are insured, their front seats reserved and that when they are obliged to leave this world they will find a coach and four and two servants in livery ready to take them right through to the other side of Jordan.

Yours, reverentially,
Q. R. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

HAD A WINNING WAY.—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle "left the bed and board" which he and Margaret had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself "in," whenever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she succeeded:

"Now, Patrick, me honey, will ye come back?"
"No Margaret, I won't come back."
"An' won't ye come back for the love of the children?"
"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."
"Will ye come for the love of meself?"
"Niver, at all. 'Way wid ye."
"An' Patrick, won't the love of the church bring ye back?"
"The church to the devil, and then I won't come back."

Margaret thought she would try some other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said: "Will ye come for the drap of whiskey?"

"Ah, me darlint," answered Patrick, unable to withstand such a temptation, "it's yourself that'll always bring me home again—ye has such a winning way wid ye. I'll come home, Margaret!"

Margaret declares that Patrick was "reclaimed" by moral suasion!

DERIVATIVES.—Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician in the latter end of the seventeenth century, had a brother, a sea captain, who was the first that brought from the West Indies some mahogany logs to London in ballast. The doctor was then building him a house in Covent Garden, and his brother, the captain, thought they might be of service to him; but the carpenters found the wood too hard for their tools, and it was laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mr. Gibbons wanted a candle-box, and got a cabinet maker to make it out of the useless wood lying in the garden. The box was made, and the doctor was so pleased with it, that he got a cabinet maker to make him a bureau of it. Its fine color and polish induced him to invite a great number of his friends to see it, and among them the Duchess of Buckingham. Her grace begged the doctor for some of the wood, and got Wallaston, the cabinet maker, to make her a bureau also, on which the fame of mahogany and Wallaston were much raised, and it became the rage for grand furniture. No other wood excels it.

UNDER THE ROSE.—A floating paragraph explains the origin of this expression:—The term under the rose implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B. C. 418, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes, for the marriage of his daughter and the subjugation of Greece to the Median rule. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the Temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was agram forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured under the rose. It was discovered, however, by a slave, and as the sanctity of the place forbade the Athenians to force him out or kill him there, they finally walled him in, and left him to die of starvation. It finally grew to be a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair when ever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished to keep inviolate. Hence the saying sub rosa among them, and now among almost all Christian nations.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—It has been observed with much significance that every morning—this Monday morning, if you please—we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born to-day which never die. Feelings may be awakened to-day which may never be extinguished. Acts may be performed to-day which may not be realized till eternity.

MISTAKES.—To suppose a clock strikes with its hands. That a tissue of falsehood may be purchased at so much per yard. And that the cloak of Hypocrisy is made of a manufactured texture!

An old lady being late at church, entered as the congregation were rising for prayer; "La!" said she, courtesying, "don't get up on my account."

The homely phrase, "Root, hog, or die," is now rendered as follows:—Penetrate the soil, my porrine friend, or early expect an obituary notice on your unlamented demise.