

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 80.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, January 6, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

LOVE AND TIME.

Let those lament thy flight,
Who find a new delight
In every hour that o'er them swiftly flies;
Whose hearts are free and strong
As some well-carolled song,
That charms the ear with ever fresh surprise.

To wealth's stern devotee
Too fast the moments flee.
That gainful schemes to golden issues bring;
And fame's deluded child,
By glory's dream beguiled,
To waste his laurel wreath would stay the wing.

They who have learned to bind
The warm and restless mind
In soft content to pleasure's rosy car,
May sigh to hold their track,
And linger on the track,
That sends no lofty promise from afar.

By the heart that turns
To those celestial urns
That with love's dew for ever flow,
Uncherished are the years
No sympathy endears.
When all thy flowers droop beneath the snow.

What holy spell is thine
To bless a holy shrine,
Or wake glad echoes where no music flows?
Why to a barren thing
With senseless ardor cling,
Or gardens till that never yield a rose?

Yet when devotion pure
Breeds courage to endure,
And grace to follow the career of time,
When for another's joy
Thy moments we employ,
Like clouds by sunbeams lit, they grow sublime.

The tender, true and brave,
Disdain a gift to save
In which soul only claims a weary part;
Nor would they course the day
To pamper their frail clay,
And life consume in fruit of soulless art.

Haste, then, till thou hast brought
The good so fondly sought,
And love's bright harvest richly waves at last!
And had I call thee mine,
And had I thee as divine,
The present cherish, nor lament the past.

Miscellaneous.

From the Correspondence of the N. Y. Observer.

Monks of St. Bernard.

The weather was threatening when we set off from Marigny, and we had many forebodings that the dogs of St. Bernard might have to look us up, if the storm should come before we reached the hospice. A char-a-banc, a narrow carriage in which we sat, three in a line, with the tandem horses, was to convey us to the village of Liddes. On leaving the valley and crossing the river Drance, we soon commenced the ascent, by the majestic heights on either hand. A terrible tale of devastation and misery, of sublime fortitude and heroic courage, is told of the valley of Bagnes, where the ice had made a mighty barrier against the descending waters, which accumulated so rapidly that a tunnel was cut through the frozen dam with incredible toil, when it burst through and swept madly over the country below, bearing destruction upon its bosom. In two hours some four hundred houses were destroyed, with thirty-four lives, and half a million dollars worth of property. We were four hours and a half getting up to Liddes, where we had a wretched dinner, and then mounted horses to ride to the summit of the pass.

The rain, which had been falling at intervals all the morning, was changed into snow as we got into colder regions. The path became rougher and more difficult, and it was hard to believe that even the indomitable spirit of Napoleon could have carried an army, with all the munitions of war, over such a route as this. Yet the passage now is smooth and easy compared with what it was when, in 1809, he crossed the Alps.

After leaving the miserable village of St. Pierre, through which a Roman Catholic procession was passing, and we had an opportunity of refusing to take off our hats, though some of the peasants insisted on our so doing, we came up to heights where no trees and few shrubs were growing, flowers sometimes would put their sweet faces up through the snow and smile on us as we passed, and I stopped to gather them as emblems of beauty and happiness in the midst of desolation and death. The most of the travelers on their upward way, were mounted on mules, but a few were on foot, and among these was one of the monks of the Hospice, who with a couple of blooming Swiss damsels, was returning to his quarters from a visit below. We passed one or two cottages, and a house of stone which had been built away up here for the reception of benighted travelers, and after a toilsome journey of four hours just at sunset, we came upon the Hospice, a large three story stone house, on the height of a mountain more than 8000 feet above the sea, the highest inhabited spot in Europe. To steeper those who are compelled to cross this formidable pass in winter, when the paths are far down underneath the snow, and travelers are in danger of being overtaken by storms, or overcome with fatigue and sinking in the depths of the chasms, this hospice has been founded, and sustained in the summer season, as now, it is merely a large hotel, where pleasure parties are drawn by curiosity to visit the monks and their establishments, famed the world over for its hospitality and self-denying charity. The snow was falling fast as we ascended the rugged path, and at least six inches of it lay on the ground at the top. I was glad to have reached it, in the midst of such a storm. It gave me a vivid picture of the hospice when its walls and cheerful fires and kind sympathies are needed for worn and exhausted pilgrims. Such were some

who arrived here this evening. Father Millard a young monk, received us at the door, and after pleasing salutations conducted us to our chambers, plainly furnished apartments with no carpets on the floor, but with good beds. The house was very cold. As the season is not far advanced, perhaps their winter fires were not kindled, and as no fuel is to be had except what is brought up from below on the backs of horses, it is well for the monks to be chary of its use. Our host led us to the chamber in which Napoleon slept when he was here, and my young German friend occupied the same bed in which the Emperor lay. He did not tell me in the morning that his dreams were any better than mine, though I had but a humble pilgrim's.

After we had taken possession of our quarters, we were at liberty to survey the establishment. We began at the kitchen, where a small army of servants were preparing dinner over immense cooking stoves. The house is fitted up to lodge seventy guests, but often times a hundred and even five hundred have been known to be here at one time. To get dinner for such a host, in a house so many miles above the rest of the world is no small affair. We came up to the Cabinet, enriched with a thousand curious objects of nature and art, many of them presented by travelers, grateful for kindness they had received, and some of them relics of the old Romans who once had a temple to Jupiter on this spot. The reception room, which was also a sitting and dining room, was now rapidly filling up with travelers, arriving at nightfall. One English lady, overcome with the exertion of climbing the hill on horseback, sank upon the floor and fainted as soon as she was brought in. A gentleman who had but little more nerve in him, was also exhausted. The kind-hearted priest hastened to bring restoratives, and speedily carried off the invalids to their beds—the best place for them. It was quite late, certainly seven in the evening before dinner was served, and with edged appetites, such as only mounting climbing in snow time can set, we were ready at the call. The monks wait upon their guests, girded with a napkin, taking the place of servants, and thus showing, or making a show of humility. It was not pleasant to my feelings to have a St. Augustine monk, in the habit of his order, a black cloth frock reaching to his feet and buttoned with a white band around his neck and passing down in front and behind to his girdle, now standing behind me while I was eating, offering to change my plate, and serving me an alacrity worth imitating by those whose business it is to wait on table. And when I said, "thank you, father," it was no more than the tribute of respect due to a gentleman of education and taste, whose religion had condemned to such a life as this. Father Millard presided at the table, and was very conversable with the guests cheerfully imparting such information as was desired.

Of the eight or ten monks here, not one of them speaks the English language but the French, Italian, and German are all in use among them. I enquired of Father Millard if those terrible disasters of which we formerly read so much—travellers perishing in the snow—are of frequent occurrence.—He told me that rarely, I think he said never, does a winter pass, without some accident of the sort.—Hundreds of the peasantry engaged in trade, or for the sake of visiting friends, will make the pass and though the paths are marked by high poles set up in summer, these are sometimes completely buried under mountains of snow and the poor traveller loses his way and sinks as he would in the sea.—He also told me that after his brethren reside in this cold climate for a few years, they find their health giving way, and they are obliged to retire to some other field of labor, and usually with broken constitutions. Yet there are always some who are willing at this hazard to devote the best years of their life to the noble work of saving the lives of others. Honor to the men, whether their faith be ours or not.

Our dinner, this being our only dinner where monks were our hosts and servants, is worth being reported. We had no printed bill of fare; but my young friends helped me to make out the next day as follows: 1. Vermicelli soup. 2. Beef a la mode. 3. Potatoes. 4. Roast lamb. 5. Dessert of nuts, figs, cheese &c. This, with plenty of wine, for which the cellars of St. Bernard are famous was dinner and supper enough for any: certainly we were prepared to do it justice as to a table spread in the wilderness.

After dinner, the party now numbering fifty or more assembled from the two or three refectories in the drawing-room, and the many languages spoken gave us a small idea of Babel. One of the priests took his seat at a poor piano, sadly out of tune, and commenced some lively airs. The two Swiss maidens who had come up with him to visit the hospice, stood one on each side of him at the piano, and sang with great glee to his music, and at the close of every song the party applauded with hearty clapping of hands that would have pleased Mario and Grisi. I asked Father Millard, who stood by me all the evening, and with whom I formed a very pleasant acquaintance, if they had such gay times every night. He said that during the summer travel they had pleasant people who enjoyed themselves much during their brief visit. We certainly did. And at an hour later than usual, we retired to our chambers. It was so cold that I had to take my Glasgow blanket and wrap myself well in it before turning in, but I slept soundly and was awakened by the Convent bell, before daylight calling the monks to morning prayers. I rose and hastily dressing hurried to the chapel. The priests, the servants, and thirty or forty monks who had come with the travellers were on their knees on the stone floor of a very pretty chapel, devoutly worshipping. None of the travellers were here; but those who entertained and served them, had left their beds before dawn to pray.

Breakfast was not prepared for all at once, but each person as he was ready called for his coffee and rolls, and they were immediately brought.—The celebrated dogs of St. Bernard were playing in the snow as I stepped out after breakfast: a

noble set of fellows they were, and invested with a sort of romantic nobility, when we thought of them plodding their way through drifts leading on the search for lost travelers and carrying on their necks a basket of bread and wine which may be as life to the dead.

The dead come and see them. Close by the hospice is a square stone house, into which are carried the lifeless bodies of those who perish in the snow, and are found by the dogs, or on the melting of the snow in the summer. They cannot dig graves on these rocky heights, and it is always so cold that the bodies do not rot, but they are placed in this charnel house just as they are found, and are left to dry up and gradually to turn to dust, I counted thirty skulls lying on the ground in the midst of ribs, arms and legs; and twenty skeletons were hanging around the room, a ghastly sight.—In one corner a dead mother held the bones of her dead child in her arms; as she perished so she stood, to be recognized if she might be, by anxious friends, but none had ever come to claim her. What a tale of tender and tragic interest we read in these bones. Sad and sickening the sight is, and I am willing to get away.

Father Millard walked with me into the chapel, showed me the paintings, and the monument to General Desaix, and when I asked him for the box into which alms are put, he pointed to it, and hastened away that he might not see what I put in. They make no charge for entertaining travelers; but every honest man will give at least as much in the way of a donation, as he would pay at a hotel.

My friend, as I now call him, Father Millard, embraced me tenderly, and even kissed me, when I bade him farewell, and mounting my horse, set off at eight in the morning, with a bright sun, to descend the mountain.

INDEX.

"I DID AS THE REST DID"—This lame, yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy.—Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in these things and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and fools. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useful matters. In time they marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish to "do as the rest did."

"A WELL ORDERED HOME"—These words are a "home thrust" to many in practical lessons of wisdom. The relations of husband and wife, parents and children, and brothers and sisters, are all embraced within their meaning. To the husband, love, kindness, honesty, sincerity and forbearance towards the chosen partner of his life, are essential. To the wife, a loving heart, a cheerful home; "bright fires instead of black stoves," smiles of welcome, devotion and obedience, mutual forbearance, mutual interests, a cultivation of mutual tastes, pursuits and studies, a love of the beautiful and true. To parents fixed rules of government for children, founded on justice and mercy, whose fruit is love, recognizing and strictly observing the rights of the child, as scrupulously as they demand obedience; to cultivate order and system in all things, and a taste for the useful and beautiful, instead of lollies and frivolities—all these are equally essential. Provide amusements for children if you would keep them from seeking it away from home. Make the house cheerful and happy and desirable, if you would have it irresistible to all the members of it. Discard the austerity and cold stiffness of formality, but observe all the true and genuine politeness of honesty, hearty humanity, which teaches us to "do unto others, as we would that others should do unto us" and "love one another." Such a home should every christian family be. Then the seeds of piety, honesty, uprightness, cheerfulness, and elevated happiness, sown and nurtured in the home, would spring up and grow and multiply, as the different members of these families radiated to all points of the compass like a halo of glory; and "peace on earth, and good will to man," would be the glorious result.

POLITENESS AT HOME.—By endeavoring to acquire a habit of politeness, it will soon become familiar, and sit on you with ease, if not with elegance. Let it never be forgotten that genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love. It softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, and by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may easily be won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from college. Sisters ought never to receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never to reply to their questions in monosyllables—and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves.

The Boston Massacre—March the 5th, 1770.

On Friday, the 2d day of March, 1770, a soldier of the 29th asked to be employed at Gray's ropewalk, and was repulsed in the coarsest words.—He then defied the ropemaker to a boxing-match; and one of them accepting his challenge, he was beaten off. Returning with several of his companions, they too were driven away. A large number came down to renew the fight with clubs and cutlasses, and in their turn encountered defeat. By this time Gray and others interposed, and for that day prevented further disturbance.

There was an end of the affair at the ropewalk, but not at the barracks, where the soldiers inflamed each others' passions, as if the honor of the regiment were tarnished. On Saturday they prepared bludgeons, and being resolved to brave the citizens on Monday night, they forewarned their particular acquaintance not to be abroad. Without duly restraining his men, Carr, the Lieutenant Colonel of the twenty-ninth, made complaint to the Lieutenant Governor of the insult they had received.

The Council, deliberating on Monday, seemed of opinion that the town would never be safe from quarrels between the people and the soldiers, as long as soldiers should be quartered among them. In the present case, the owner of the ropewalk gave satisfaction by dismissing the workmen complained of.

The officers should, on their part, have kept their men within the barracks after nightfall. Instead of it, they left them to roam the streets. Hutchinson should have insisted on measures of precaution; but he too much wished the favor of all who had influence at Westminster.

Evening came on. The young moon was shining brightly in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

A band which rushed out from Murry's Barracks, in Brattle street, armed with clubs, cutlasses and bayonets, provoked resistance, and an affray ensued. Ensign Maul, at the gate of the barracks, cried to the soldiers, "Turn out and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; kick them; run you bayonets through them;" and one soldier after another levelled a firelock and threatened to "make a lane" through the crowd. Just before 9, as an officer crossed King street, now State street, a barber's lad cried after him, "There goes a mean fellow who had not paid my master for dressing his hair," on which the sentinel stationed at the western end of the Custom House, on the corner of King street, and Exchange lane, left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head, which made him stagger and cry for pain.

The street soon became clear, and nobly troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard their arms glistening in the moon light, and passed on, hallooing.—"Where are they? Where are they? Let them come." Presently twelve or fifteen more, uttering the same cries, rushed from the south into King street, and so, by way of Cornhill, toward Murry Barracks. "Pray, soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met. "No, no, I'll kill you all," answered one of them, and knocked him down with a cutlass. They abused and insulted several persons at their doors, and others in the street, "running about like madmen in a fury," crying "Fire," which seemed their watchword, and "where are they? knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King street.

The citizens whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs; and, partly by the interference of well disposed officers, partly by the courage of Crispus Attucks, a mulatto and some others, the fray at the barracks was soon over. Of the citizens, the prudent shouted "home, home;" others, it was said, called out, "Huzzah for the main guard, there is the nest;" but the main guard was not molested the whole evening.

A body of soldiers came up Royal Exchange lane, crying "Where are cowards?" and brandishing their arms, passed through King street. From ten to twenty boys came after them, asking "Where are they?" "There is the soldier who knocked me down," said the barber's boy, and they began pushing one another toward the sentinel. He primed and loaded his musket. "The lobster is going to shoot us," cried the boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger. "If you fire you must die for it," said Henry Knox, who was passing by. "I don't care," replied the sentry;—"damn them; if they touch me, I'll fire." "Fire and be d—d," shouted the boys, for they were persuaded he could not do it without leaving from a civil officer, and a young fellow spoke out, "We will knock him down for snapping," while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaned.

"Stand off," said the sentry, and shouted aloud "Turn out, main guard. They are killing a sentinel," reported a servant from the Custom-House, running to the main guard. "Turn out; why don't you turn out?" cried Preston, who was captain of the day, to the guard. "He appeared in a great flutter of spirits," and "spoke to them roughly." A party of six, two of whom, Kitoo and Montgomery, had been worked at the ropewalk, formed with a corporal in front, and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, haughtily rushed through the people upon a trot, crushing them and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons around the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them. "For God's sake," said Knox, holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again; if they fire your life must answer for the consequence." "I know what I am about," said he hastily, and much agitated.

None pressed on them or provoked them till they began loading, when a party of about twelve in number, with their sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street where they had been

standing, gave three cheers and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by. "You are cowardly rascals," they said, "for bringing arms against naked men; lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you." "Are the soldiers loaded?" inquired the Palmeto of Preston. "Yes," he answered, with powder and ball. "Are they going to fire upon the inhabitants?" asked Theodore Bliss. "They cannot without my orders," replied Preston; while "the town born" called out, "Come on, you rascals, you bloody backs, you lobster scoundrels, fire if you dare. We know you dare not." Just then Montgomery received a blow from a stick thrown, which hit his musket; and the word fire being given, he stepped a little on one side, and shot Attucks, who at the time was quietly leaning on a long stick. The people immediately began moving off. "Don't fire," said Langford, the watchman, to Kitoo, looking him full in the face; but yet he did so, and Samuel Gray, who was standing next to Langford with his hands in his bosom, fell lifeless. The rest fired slowly and in succession on the people who were dispersing. One aimed deliberately at a boy who was running for safety. Montgomery then pushed at Palmeto to stab him; on which the latter knocked the gun out of his hand, and levelled a blow at him, hit Preston. Three persons were killed, among them Attucks, the mulatto; eight were wounded, two of them mortally. Of all the eleven, not more than one had any share in the disturbance.

So infuriated were the soldiers that when the men returned to take up the dead, they prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston, while the twenty-ninth regiment appeared under arms in King street, as if bent on a further massacre.—"This is our time," cried soldiers of the fourteenth, and dogs were never seen more greedy for their prey.

The bells rang in all the churches; the town drums beat. "To arms, to arms," was the cry.—And now was to be tested the true character of Boston. All its sons came forth, excited almost to madness; many were absolutely distracted by the sight of the dead bodies, and of the blood which ran plentifully in the streets, and was imprinted in all directions by foot tracks on the snow.—"Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms; almost resolved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren." But they stood self possessed and irresistible, demanding justice according to the law. "Did you not know that you should not have fired without orders from a civil magistrate?" asked Hutchinson on meeting Preston. "I did it," answered Preston, "to save my men."

The people would not be pacified till the regiment was confined to the guard-room and the barracks, and Hutchinson himself gave assurances that instant inquiries should be made by the County Magistrates. The body of them then retired, leaving about one hundred persons to keep watch on the examination, which lasted till three hours after midnight. A warrant was issued against Preston, who surrendered himself to the Sheriff, and the soldiers who composed the party were delivered up and committed to prison.—Bancroft's new vol. History of U. S.

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—In many cases of a disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed cholera, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water—drink it and go to bed—it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a very heavy fall, &c.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing, if not the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Resh found two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

In case of a bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.

In swelled neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it twice a day until cured.

Salt will expel worms, if used in food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious if used much.

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Mrs. Ellis who is evidently an observer of girls as well as "men and things," talks to the girls as follows:

"My pretty little dears—You are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens.

"The truth is, my dear girls, you want general speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less coiffure, more making puddings and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. I like the box-on, bright eyed, rosy cheeked, full breasted bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop the wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain be a lady whilst in the drawing room.

People are often found dead with an empty bottle by their side, which proves the necessity of keeping a full one.

MAKING INDIA RUBBER SHOES.—Contrary to the general impression, India rubber, in the process of manufacturing, is not melted, but is passed through heated iron rollers, the heaviest of which weigh twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded as dough is at a bakery. The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which point it is sent from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay moulds of that shape, which they repeatedly dip into the liquid caoutchouc until a coating of the desired thickness accumulates, when the clay is broken and emptied out. The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine, and rolled to a putty like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, principally white lead and sulphur, to give it body or firmness. Those sheets designed for the soles of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond figured surface. From these the soles are cut by hand, and the several pieces required to perfect the shoe are put together by females, on a last. The natural adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes are next varnished, and baked in an oven capable of holding about two thousand pairs and heated to about three hundred degrees, where they remain seven or eight hours. This is called the "vulcanizing" process, by which the rubber is hardened. A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton flannel is used to line shoes, and is applied to the upper while it is yet in sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of rubber are re-melted, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber and rolled out into a substance resembling pastebord to form the inner sole. The profits of this business have been somewhat curtailed of late by the prevailing high price of rubber, which has varied within a year from twenty to sixty cents per pound. The demand, however, is very large. A species of rubber shoe, lined with flannel, is extensively used in some parts of the country as a substitute for the leather shoe.—Jour. of Commerce.

CONTENTMENT—A LITTLE PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN.—It happened once on a hot summer's day that I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down seeking water. There was indeed a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head downwards then raised it again, spread its wings and soared away, singing: its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there in the stone-work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had longed enough for the present and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet smiling flower, and there came a bee, humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew for it had no nectary. What then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight, but, as it came up it spied the stemers full of golden farina, good for making the wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like yellow hose, as the bee keepers say; and then thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then, I said—"Thou comest seeking honey, and finding none, has been satisfied with wax, and hath stored it for the home that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou likewise shall be to me a lesson of contentment.

A THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN.—No wreck is so shocking to behold, as that of a dissolute young man. On the person the debauchee or libertine is written. How nature hangs labels over him to testify her disgust at the example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles and bends forward his frame! The wretch whose life long pleasure has been to debase himself and debauch others, whose heart has been spotted with sin so that it is black all over, is an effluence to the heart of the unblemished.

One of the early ministers of Malden having several children to baptize, pronounced the name of the first John. When the second was brought forward, he said, "This child whose name is John also, I baptize." The individual was ever after known by the name of "John also."

A boy at a crossing begged something of a gentleman, who told him that he would give him something as he came back.

The boy replied, "Your honor would be astonished if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit in that way."

"Sammy, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?"

"No, father; you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

An old lady down east having kept a hired man on liver nearly a month, said to him one day, "Why, John, I don't think you like liver." "Oh yes," said John, "I like it very well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't think I'd like it as a steady diet."

INTERFERENCE.—No class suffers more from interference than the poor. It robs them of fire; of food and clothing, of shelter; of health—and of almost every blessing. They cannot afford to be temperate themselves, or have temperate friends, or relatives, or neighbors. The grog shop is their implacable, ever exacting, most deadly enemy. Their interest; the very instinct of self preservation; every manly principle within them, demands that they should combine for its suppression. No poor man should give his life against prohibition, for in so doing he votes against his own welfare, against his present and prospective prosperity.