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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, March 17, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

I LOOK FOR THEE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I know that in this world of strife,
Our paths will ever parted be,
Yet sometimes on the hill of life
I pause, and turn to look for thee.
I trace our footsteps back again,
Down Youth's forsaken slope of flowers,
Where all we know of hope or pain
Passed by, like April sheen and showers.
I see the glen, the grove, the rill,
Where last we sang of joys to come,
And mourn to think we're living still,
Without a joy, without a home,
Without a pillow for the head,
Which may not know nor seek relief
Till, in the dwellings of the dead,
It finds forgetfulness of grief.
Rememberest thou those days of bliss—
To us, alas! forever gone—
And didst thou dream a night like this
Would dim their splendor-bearing sun?
Ah! then we loved the beautiful earth,
The earth that now so lonely seems;
We left the thoughtless bands of mirth,
And told our love by summer streams.
And then skies were brighter far—
When trust was beaming from thy brow,
The glory of the smallest star
Was more than all the sunshine now.
We listened to the wild brook's flow,
The blue-bird's chattering on the leaf;
The rose looked lovely then, but O!
It blooms no more for you and me.
The radiant June of love has fled,
With all its birds and blossoms gay;
And we, like forms among the dead,
Recalling spirits lack to clay,
Still cheerlessly wander through
The silent vaults of buried years,
Where sleep the hopes no longer true,
And memory lives in groans and tears.
We're travelling on a lonesome road,
Deserted by the gleam of day,
And on the heart there lies a load
That death alone can take away.
Farewell! Thy soul, oppressed with strife,
Will weep for scenes no more to be;
And sometimes, on the hill of life,
I'll pause, and turn to look for thee.

Prohibitory Liquor Law.

[From the Philadelphia Sun.]

Discourse on a Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Preached by Rev. Jacob M. Douglass, Sunday evening, December 10th, 1854, in Zion's Church, (Protestant Episcopal,) Kensington.

It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.—Galatians iv. 18.

The friends of Temperance have desired the co-operation of the Ministers of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And as it is our duty to "be zealous of good works," and to teach men "to live soberly and righteously and in the fear of the Lord," and to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously and godly," I do not know how we can refuse our co-operation. In regard to myself, were I to consult my natural temperament, I should be silent in regard to the exciting topics of the day—I should be more fond of attending to the quiet and unobtrusive duties of my sacred calling.—But it were to be feared, that silence would be construed into indifference, and that my refusal to encourage great and good men in their labors, would be imputed to lukewarmness—lukewarmness in the cause of God, of humanity, of God. But I thank my God, that, thro' his grace, I am not ashamed of the Gospel, or of any of the virtues or duties of the Gospel. I humbly trust, that I do not feel lukewarmness in any cause that tends to benefit the Church of Christ, and the great family and brotherhood of man. I can lay my hand on my bosom, and say that I love the cause of Temperance. When it was introduced into the city and county of Philadelphia—when the splendid philanthropic scheme was spread out before us, I could not but admire and espouse it. And I became a member, and blessed be God! I have continued a member unto the present time. I have been a participator in its fortunes and phases, its prosperities and adversities, unto the present period. I have rejoiced when she has rejoiced, and I have wept when she has wept.

The subject of intemperance has excited great interest in the religious and moral world. This subject, it is supposed, has received more attention, it has elicited more investigation, in respect to its origin, its effects, its prevention, and its cure, in this country, than in any other of the known world.

Intemperance is condemned by the inspired writers of the Holy Scriptures, and by moralists and philosophers of all ages and countries. St. Paul declares, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." "Let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness." "Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God." Solomon says, "Who hath no? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?" Then the King tells us, "They that tarry long at the wine."

Intemperance betrays men into sins of lewdness, and the misery and wretchedness and crimes, that never fail to follow lewdness. Intemperance leads to anger and all the crimes in its wake,—to quarrelsomeness, to riot, to brawls and fightings, and finally to murder. Why is it that there is so much rioting in our streets on the Sabbath? Why are peaceable citizens almost afraid to walk abroad? Why is it that the night is hideous with noise, and shrieks and yells? Why is it that our city of Brother Love is giving the lie to her name? Why is it that there is more security of life, and limbs, and property, in London, and Paris and Berlin, under governments that we Americans are taught from our childhood to abhor? Because there

are accursed rum holes in every street of our city, and our present iniquitous laws are not strong enough to shut them up! Oh! when—when—when will our lawgivers listen to the voice of reason, of virtue, of religion and humanity, and ordain wise and salutary and efficient laws.

We do assert, without fear of being gainsayed, that a Prohibitory Liquor Law is necessary, most especially necessary, at this time. The present law, which licenses or permits any person, on the payment of a certain sum of money, to sell intoxicating beverages, has been found totally ineffectual in the suppression of intemperance. Nay, as it may be satisfactorily shown from the records of the Courts of Philadelphia county, the number of cases of drunkenness, assault and battery, riot and murder, has been doubled and trebled since the passage of the License Law. According to the best information I can procure, the revenue which accrues from the granting of licenses is something more than 40,000 dollars; but mark! the county pays directly or indirectly, in costs or expenses of crimes, clearly traceable to intemperance, more than 130,000 dollars. So that, in a pecuniary point of view, the people of our city and county are greatly the losers by the present law—this feeble, ineffectual, injurious, execrable law.

But we are to consider the subject in another aspect; not merely in the light of dollars and cents; we are to consider it in a moral, in a spiritual light. Thirty pieces of silver are paid into the treasury by these Judases, but the filthy lucre is the price of blood. When we reflect on the hundreds and thousands urged to the grave of the drunkard, and the fate of those hundreds and thousands beyond the grave, we may well stand appalled. We may ask what indemnity can the vendors of spirituous liquor make, for the destruction of which they have been the cause? Oh, said our Lord, with consummate wisdom, "What shall a man give in exchange for the soul?" Ah! we require, we stand in need of a restrictive, a Prohibitory Law. But, we hear men say, "A Prohibitory Law is in contravention of liberty; you take away our liberty—you deprive us of our rights." But I say such opponents are mistaken, and attempt to cause others to be mistaken. They make no distinction between natural liberty and social or civil liberty. A Prohibitory Law is not opposed to social or civil liberty.

What is natural liberty? Natural liberty consists in the power of acting as one thinks fit, without restraint or control, except from the laws of nature. This liberty is necessarily abridged by the establishment of organized society.

What is civil liberty? Civil liberty is the liberty of men in a state of society; or natural liberty, so far abridged and restrained as is necessary and expedient for the safety and interest of the society, State or nation. Civil liberty is secured by established laws, which restrain every man from injuring his fellow man. As the wisest jurists have laid down, the restrictions of law are essential to civil liberty.—Yes, verily, there is a distinction between natural and civil liberty. On entering the social state we must relinquish many things, many rights and privileges, that we might have possessed in the savage or solitary state.

In this latter state, a man may kindle as many fires, and burn as much wood as he pleases. In the social, he shall not burn his neighbor's forest; he shall not set fire to his neighbor's house or barn. Should he do so, he trenches on the rights of his neighbor; he injures the property of his neighbor, the just fruit of his labor. In a state of nature, a man may shoot as many beasts of the field or fowls of the air as he pleases; in the social state, he shall not shoot his neighbor's fowls or his beasts of burden. In a state of nature, a man takes food wherever he may find it, on the tree, on the bush, in the river, in the lake; in the social, he shall not take his neighbor's grain or fruit; he shall not appropriate the products of his field, his garden or his orchard. No, to prohibit the selling of so great a source of injury to our fellows as ardent spirits, is in no antagonism to the rights and privileges of social liberty.

But, would a prohibitory law be indeed such a strange and unheard of thing? Have we not already laws against lotteries, against storing more than a certain quantity of gunpowder in our towns and cities, against the running at large of mischievous and injurious animals? Why could not a law be enforced against the vendors of intoxicating drinks, as well as against the vendors of lottery tickets? Both are nuisances, and both should be abated by the power of the magistrate. We have laws against selling unwholesome meats in our markets, and what umbrage is taken at them? And I demand, are the evils occasioned by unwholesome meats one tithe, one-hundredth, one-thousandth part as deadly and destructive to the community as those caused by unwholesome drinks?

We have not time to speak of the various reasons, why a prohibitory law should be enacted. Had we time, we might advert to the enhanced prices of grain, flour, and butcher's meats, and the probability of their continuing enhanced, in consequence of the troubled aspect of the political horizon in Eastern Europe.—Why are they almost beyond the reach of our suffering poor? One great reason is, because so much of our corn and rye and other grains, instead of being ground into flour, or fed to hogs and swine, is made use of by distillers, to be converted into alcohol.

But a doubt may arise in the minds of some, in regard to the enforcement of a prohibitory law. You query, "can such a law be enforced?" We think it can, and we bespeak a candid and patient hearing of our reasons. Such a law commends itself to the moral sense of our citizens. It is a just, wise and salutary law for the protection of the lives, the health, the fortunes, the reputation, and the public and domestic happiness of our people. Such a law will be agreeable to public sentiment. The religious, the wise, the good, the friends of law and order, are in favor of it. And it is a well ascertained fact, that many confirmed inebriates when in their sober moments, demand such a law, for it would cut off temptations to a crime,

the indulgence in which is attended with such bitter remorse. Our present license law is odious in the eyes of public opinion, and she loudly calls for a change.

That a prohibitory law will be enforced, may be inferred from the fact that it will not be suddenly sprung upon the people. It will not take them unawares. The subject has been before them for months and months. All previous notes of warning will have been given to the small minority than may suffer from it.—Let it be remembered that the people of Pennsylvania are, generally speaking, a virtuous people. We are law-loving, a law abiding, a law observing people. We obey the directions of the sacred Scripture, "submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." Such is the character of Pennsylvania, that she obeys laws which are revolting to her sensibilities. The fugitive slave law is repugnant to our inborn love of liberty, and our abstract views of freedom; and yet so attached is Pennsylvania to constitutional law, and conventional rights, that the law is enforced through the length and breadth of our Commonwealth.—Judging from the character of our people, we say that a prohibitory law can be enforced.

There is a salutary principle pervading our whole political and social economy—it is, that the minority yields to the majority. When a President or Governor is elected, however tumultuous and fearful the excitement and party spirit previously to the election, the storm soon subsides, and the minority quietly abides by the choice of the majority. Thus when laws are passed, however unpalatable and ungracious at first, the minority yields to the majority, and makes no resistance to the enforcement of the law. We are not like the people of South America and Mexico. In these countries, if a law is displeasing to a party, they make a pronouncement and take up arms. But we are an enlightened, and educated, and upon the whole, a virtuous people; we respect and obey the laws passed by our representatives. We agree that a prohibitory law could be enforced in our State from the example set by our sister States, such as Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Vermont. The law has been productive of the happiest effects in those States, and no one offers opposition, because, as will be the case in Pennsylvania, it is backed and supported by an overwhelming potency of public opinion.

Ah! brethren and fellow citizens, the tears of mothers cry to our legislators for just and righteous and stringent laws. There is a mother in yonder street. She has been jaded and weary with the day's household duties. And she has gone to her bed. She endeavors to steep herself in forgetfulness—but in vain the effort. She cannot quiet her distracted mind. Her mind is "like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest." Are her thoughts upon the orderly, the dutiful children, who are reposing so sweetly in their chambers? Oh! no; her thoughts are wandering from sacred home. She cannot compose herself; her brain beats like the death rattle upon the wall. She thinks herself of her guilty son. That son is in the vile, low drinking house. He is reeling, and cursing and blaspheming. The mother raises her head from the pillow; she inclines her ear, for there is a sound of feet upon the pavement. But the foot falls are not her son's. They are the firm, stalwart stepping of the watchman, as he treats his beat. Again she lies down. All is quiet—all is still. And she counts the striking of the clock—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve. The hours seem lengthened out to a mysterious length. And now she recognizes the uneven, irregular pace of her lost one—she hears him muttering and cursing as he tries the door; and then he finds an entrance.

Oh! where, where is the child, that years gone by, she clasped to her bosom?—the flaxen haired little boy—the red checked little boy—the bright eyed little boy—the idol of her heart—the loved one, who knelt down and put his hands within his mother's, and prayed "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He is here—but ah! changed—He lies on the floor—a wretched, degraded brute! Oh! mothers, mothers, will you sit indolently down, and not put forth your energies to arrest a monster, that devours what is dearer to you than your own lives? Could you look with apathy on some pauter or bear, from our mountains, seizing on your children, mangling them, tearing their limbs asunder—sucking their very life's blood? Could you endure this with indifference? Oh! no—you would not—you could not. Your children before you bathed in blood! every fibre of a mother's heart would be stirred. And yet there are beasts of prey, in human form, that are destroying the bodies and souls of your children, and you make no effort to arrest their ravages.

But objectors to stringency of legislation say, "why do you not employ moral suasion? Why do you not persuade men to be temperate and virtuous?" Have we not tried moral suasion—have we not tried it the last twenty years? And what amount of great and permanent good has it affected? We have persuaded men to avoid the tavern as they would the cholera or the pest house. We have, under God, done something in the way of reform; but temptation offers her baits in every street, and men relapse into crime. We have attempted to persuade men engaged in vending ardent spirits to renounce their infamous traffic; but they shield themselves under our conniving laws, and treat us with scorn. Moral suasion to men who deal out "liquid damnation," is but casting pearls before swine, they do but turn again and rend us.

The noble founder of our Commonwealth, William Penn, with his fellow colonists, enacted wise and salutary laws. They knew that moral suasion alone would not prevent crime. They knew that "the magistrate beareth not the sword in vain." They wished men to observe the Sabbath; but they knew that they could best uphold its sanctity by punishing its violation. They therefore passed a stringent law against the profanation of the Lord's day. They also enacted several laws against the disturbance of public worship, against murder, against perjury, against profane swearing, and

against the violation of the marriage tie. They were aware, for they were well read in Scripture and in the knowledge of man, that "the law must be a terror to evil doers," and not a mere play thing, to be treated with scorn.

Men and brethren, have we the feelings of Christians? Have we the feelings of humanity; and can we look with apathy on the ruin that is going on around us? We see men playing their hellish trade, on land and on water, by day and by night, on the Sabbath and on weekdays. No day is sacred in the eyes of the rumseller. No state or character is spared.—The rich and the poor are lured in. The strongest inducements are used to entice the laboring man, when his pockets contain his weekly wages. The money that should be spent in procuring bread for his wife and ill-fed children, finds its way into the till of the groggery. No age, no sex is spared. Young men and young women are brought under the influence of poisonous drinks. Nay, it is well known that small boys are in the habit of resorting to these vile depositories, and getting their penny worth of whiskey. They have been seen reeling and staggering in the streets, and giving every indication of being disguised in liquor.

Fathers! mothers! brothers! sisters! will you not send your petition to our lawgivers to grant us stringent, restrictive laws against intemperance. I know you will—I cannot mistake you.

Remarks of L. M. Hewitt,

Delivered before "Martha Washington" Lodge, No. 135, of I. O. of G. T. at Cantonment, Bradford County.

By a very commendable resolution of our Lodge, it is made the duty of our chief officers to appoint some member to address it, on the next succeeding meeting. I therefore, in obedience to my appointment, appear before you; and while I attempt to say a few words, let me hope you will look charitably upon my effort to make myself both interesting and instructive.

In choosing a subject upon which to address you, is a matter not so easily settled; and too, it would seem perhaps to some, a very easy task. But when we view the whole subject of intemperance in its ætial connexion with the innumerable evils under which the world is now groaning, we must come to no other conclusion than that intemperance is the procuring cause of all the misery, of all the crime, and of all the unhappiness which have, or does now, disturb the peace of society. And, in viewing it in this light, there are many points through which an attack upon this monster, "Alcohol," can be made; and as each attack requires different arguments, of course, equally numerous will be the subject matter upon which those arguments may be based.

I will not weary your patience or waste time, in introducing facts to show that intemperance is a direful, deadly, and destructive plague to human happiness. There is no vice that carries greater shame and odium in it than drunkenness. There is no spectacle we behold with greater aversion and contempt. It sinks a man infinitely below the beasts that perish. This shameful vice throws the mind into universal confusion and uproar—lays the understanding and reason in sad and deplorable ruin—effaces everything that can be called the image of God. Extinguishes the mind—inflames the passions, and dethrones the judgment. The world has not in it a more detestable sight, than a rational creature in the condition of a drunkard.

Contemplate the danger to which we are exposed, the sorrow and dishonor which accompany excessive drinking. There is scarcely any vice which entails more complicated misery upon the unhappy wretch that is a slave to it, than drunkenness. It gradually undermines the strength and vigor of both body and mind. How often we see the most deplorable effects of this shameful vice in the ruined health, constitution, and fortunes of vast numbers of our fellow-citizens. How many ingenious and industrious persons has this curse rendered useless and worthless! How many happy families does it reduce to indigence and beggary? How many innocent sufferers does it involve in its terrible consequences? How many have ruined themselves and their families forever? Of all the evils, there is none so incurable as this, when it is once contracted.

This subject, intemperance, was a baneful vice as early as the Deluge, and even before, for we have abundance of evidence that it existed prior to that event;—and if we may venture an opinion, there is little doubt but intemperance was one of the grievous sins which that great Flood was especially designed to sweep from off the earth. Be that as it may, we certainly can find some excellent lectures upon the subject among the writings of the Apostles, which give unquestioned proof of its existence as early as their day.

This then is a vice, not of this generation alone, nor of a single century's growth; but one that has spread its paralyzing influence through all ages—over all classes and conditions of society. We then choose to examine it in this light; for were it confined to a single class only, whatever grade in the scale of human society that class might occupy, the ever-withering rebuke of public sentiment would never have driven this scourge from our land.

But instead of this being the case, it has spread its devastating effects among the high and the low, the rich and the poor. So universal has been its ravages, that the Press—which has not unwisely been called the "Archimedean lever which moves the universe," dare not speak, except in tones of doubtful meaning. The Clergy, too, a class of whom I would speak deferential enough, are mute, or perhaps look upon it with awe and amazement, afraid to grapple with the monster. And why? Is it because the subject is of too delicate a matter to openly denounce from the Holy desk? for fear some influential, or perhaps more likely, some wealthy member may happen to think your remarks too personal? or what is some times unhappily the case, may themselves fear the Scriptural reply, "Physician heal thy self?" Or is it because intemperance is of too little consequence for teachers of Holy calling to engage in? Or, would they have us believe that

the sin of intemperance is no barrier to heavenly abodes?

Our law-makers, too, seem to have caught the general apathy; for they much to unwilling to take the almost universal voice of their intelligent constituents as a guide for their action upon this subject, and appear as equally unwilling to allow the masses the privilege of expressing their opinions through the ballot-box.—Yea, they even, though politely insinuate that the ballot—the prerogative of freemen—the great distinguishing privilege of Americans, is an unsafe channel by which to arrive at the true sentiment of public opinion.

Thus the great majority of whom I speak have acted; and while I question both the wisdom and the sincerity of their professions of friendship for the cause, I will most cheerfully bear my humble testimony toward that honorable few who have nobly stood at the helm, and fearlessly battled for the cause temperance.—But the field of labor was much too large for the united efforts of these co-workers in the cause of human emancipation from the scourge of intemperance; and almost every gale blew us the unwelcome tidings that this, as well as many other vices were rapidly on the increase.

In this deplorable condition of society, we find the friends of the cause banding themselves together anew, to drive this curse from off our land; and though numerous have been its advocates, and great the good that has been accomplished, nevertheless, in this stage of the world the slow strides of decrepid moral suasion would not do. Something in keeping with the telegraphic speed of the age was needed—something that would rouse anew the slumbering energies of man. While in this state of careless inactivity, the fog began to disappear—a voice was heard in the far East, the sound came rolling along, until its awakening peals spoke the glad tidings of Prohibition. The friends of temperance with renewed zeal, eagerly and perseveringly started again the noble work of reforming and reclaiming the too long neglected and deluded inebriate. Societies that had long since ceased to exist, at once set themselves at work re-organizing anew; pressing forward with praiseworthy determination the entire expulsion of all intoxicating drinks from the land. Sons of Temperance found a new impetus given to the cause. Daughters of Temperance, too, came forward to the noble work of reform. A society, which if conducted as its early originators no doubt intended it should be, would most assuredly assist to drive this degrading curse from existence. And lastly, though by no means the least meritorious, among the advocates of not only temperance, but the entire prohibition of all that can intoxicate, comes our timely and most noble Order—a beacon light to guide the protectors and defenders of our firesides, our homes, and our country, from a curse more destructive to peace and social happiness than war or pestilence.

HUMAN NATURE.—In the story of the "Boy and the Bricks," it is related that a boy, hearing his father say, "This is a poor rule that won't work both ways," said—

"If father applies this rule to his work I will test it in my play."

"So, setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which striking against the second, caused it to fall on the third and so on throughout the whole row, until the bricks all lay prostrate. Well, said the boy, each brick has knocked down its neighbor, and yet I only tipped one. Now, I will raise one and see if it will raise its neighbors. I will see if this rule will work both ways."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said the boy, "it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. They knock each other down, but are not disposed to help each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and man are just alike—made of clay—active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up. When men fall they love company; but when they rise they prefer to stand alone, like yonder bricks, and see others prostrate and below them."

"FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS."—The Railway (N. J.) Advocate tells the following good story at the expense of one the "upper ten" of New York:—

Mr. — is one of the "merchant princes" of the Empire City, and though living in one of the most spacious mansions on the Fifth avenue, his entire family consists of himself and his wife. Meeting a friend from the country one day, he invited him up to view his house.—The friend was shown the gorgeous rooms, with tessellated floors and magnificent frescoed ceilings, and was finally taken into the lower rooms, in one of which he found a small regiment of colored servants seated at a bountiful dinner. On his return home he was asked if he had seen Mr. So-and-so? "Oh yes!" "What is he doing now?" "Well, when I saw him, he was keeping a nigger boarding house on the Fifth avenue!"

AN ENGLISH "CORN QUARTER."—The foreign news informs us that 7357 quarters of wheat were received at Liverpool on the 9th of January. A correspondent enquires, "how much is a quarter?"

An English quarter of wheat measures 8 bushels of 70 lbs., or 560 lbs.—being the "quarter" of a ton of 2250 lbs.

The standard weight of a bushel of wheat in England is 70 lbs.

When Wheat in England is worth 80 shillings a quarter, it is equivalent to 10 shillings a bushel—or 120 pence, and a penny is equivalent to 2 cents—or thereabouts.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS PROCLAIMED.—Old Chanticleer awakes in the morning, flaps his wings, vociferates at the top of his voice: "Woman rules h-e-r-e!" Immediately a neighboring rooster answers—"So they do h-e-r-e!" This no sooner uttered than a third responds at a considerable distance—"So they do every-where!" In this woman's rights era it is significant for old Chanticleer is a keen observer, and knows.

Power of Imagination.

Dr. Noble, in an able lecture at Manchester, "On the Dynamic Influence of Ideas," told a good anecdote of M. Boutbouse, a French scientist, in illustration of the power of imagination. As Dr. Noble says—"M. Boutbouse served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of last century. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, separating them from the thighs; for he suddenly sank down, shortened as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement.—The trunk of the body fell backwards on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless amongst the wounded and dead during the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased.—He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came around to help the wounded. "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah! touch me tenderly," replied M. Boutbouse, "I beseech you, a cannon-ball has carried off my legs." The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then, giving him a good shake, said with a joyous laugh, "Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you." M. Boutbouse immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he thought he had lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said M. Boutbouse, "than I had ever done in the whole course of my life before. I had no wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon ball; but instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs." The truth of this story is vouched for by Dr. Noble.—*Athenæum.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.—One evening last week we took our place at the supper table of a Cincinnati and Louisville packet. Supper and conversation had progressed some before we were seated. An animated discourse was going on 'twixt an old gentleman and an exceedingly sober-faced lady, not less than thirty years old, on the subject of temperance.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, with horror depicted on her thin lips, "I do despise the whiskey drinker."

The gentleman dropped his knife and fork, seized her hand and gave it a hearty shake, we thought tears were going to drop from his twinkling eyes.

"Madam," said he, "I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictated them. I permit no person to go beyond me in despising the whiskey drinker. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now, before our worthy captain's face. What, I ask you, can be more disgusting than to see a well-dressed, respectable, aye, virtuous looking young man, whose mothers are probably even now praying that the tender instruction by which their youth was illuminated, may bring forth precious fruit in their maturity. I say, to see a young man step up to the bar of this boat, and without the fear of observing eyes, or the condemnation of enlightened opinion, brazenly ask for old Bourbon or Rye, or Monongahela whiskey, when in that bar they know there is the very best of old Cognac Brandy?"

A NECROTE.—It is often made a subject of complaint that Ministers of the Gospel participate in political matters. An anecdote of a Rev. Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply. As the reverend gentleman went, on a time, to deposit his vote, the officer who received it, being a friend a parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked:—

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. F.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ said his kingdom was not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote?" asked Mr. F., "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

LEGAL POETRY AND ORTHOGRAPHY.—The following was picked up inside the bar at the Court House, in Springfield, Mass., on Saturday, and challenges admiration, equally for its wit, its poetical perfection, its philosophy and its orthography!

Now arter settin' here 7 weeks
This Koart is goin' for to adjourn
And any won how jestis seeks
May cum next Koart & take his turn.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.—"You say, Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years. Does the Court understand from that that you are married to him?"

"In course it does."

"Have you a marriage certificate?"

"Yes, your honor, three on 'em, two gals and a boy."

Verdict for the plaintiff—call the next cause.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to his religious opponent, "to what sect do you think I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but to judge from the make, size and appearance, I should say you belonged to a class called the insect!"

RATHER PERSONAL.—A New York editor finding a cabbage seed in a letter received from a brother quill, wants to know if his correspondent has the habit of scratching his head while writing.