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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 17, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

THE CRISIS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Now, joy and thanks forevermore!
The dreary night has well nigh passed;
The slumbers of the North are o'er,
She giant stands erect at last!

More than we hoped in that dark time,
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold, gray pathway of the morn.

Oh, weary hours! oh, night of years!
What storms our darkling pathway swept,
Where, beating back our thronging fears,
By faith alone our march we kept.

How cheered the scolding crowd behind,
How mocked before the tyrant train,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain.

They died—their brave hearts breaking slow,
But self-forgetful to the last,
In words of cheer and bangle bold,
Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host on either hand
Stood waiting for the dawn of day,
To crush like reeds our feeble band—
The north has come—and where are they?

Troop after troop its lines forsook,
With peace-white banners waving free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
"Of Freedom and Fraternity!"

Like mist before the growing light,
The hostile cohorts melt away,
Hurrah!—our foemen of the night
Are brothers at the dawn of day!

As, into these repentant ones,
We open wide our toll-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs,
Of song and praise and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset! blast on blast!
Till slavery's minions cower and quail!
One charge of fire shall drive them fast,
Like chaff before our Northern gale!

Oh, prisoners in your house of pain—
Bum, tilling millions, bound and sold!
Look, stretched in Southern slave plantain,
The Lord's delivering hand behold!

Above the traitor's pride of power,
His iron gates and guarded wall,
The bolts which shattered Shimah's tower
Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall!

Awake! awake! my Father-land,
It is thy Northern light that shines!
This stirring march of Freedom's band,
The storm-song of thy mountain plains!

Wake, dwellers where the day expires!
Your winds that stir the mighty lake,
And fan your prairie's roaring fires—
They're Freedom's signals!—wake!—awake!

Miscellaneous.

Scenes of the Pestilence.

The following eloquent and touching incidents are taken from a speech delivered by Rev. W. H. MILLERS, at a meeting held in New-York, Oct. 6, to express sympathy for the orphans of those who have fallen victims to the yellow fever at Norfolk and Portsmouth.

It has been my lot in the course of years of a professional career, to live much in those cities of the plague, and it may not be interesting to present a few details respecting the character and course of the scourge as I have personally gathered them.

During the prevalence of that frightful epidemic—the yellow fever—the weather usually is beautiful, the nights especially are of unrivalled loveliness, and the heavens lit up with all their starry splendor. The pure ether gleamed with its constellations and ribbed with the bright channels of the milky way, invites the incautious or inexperienced habitant of the region where the epidemic lurks, to its contemplation and enjoyment. The cool air inviting fans the fevered cheek and tempers the inmate of the close room where he has been shut up all day from the rays of the sun, to get abroad and breathe in deep draughts of it and let it play about his temples; but far better would it be for him to brave the meridian sun in its fiercest power than to step forth in all the beauties of such a night, and it is strange that the patient, fourth only to make his step more certain to the grave. These night-winds—so mild, so perfumed—are but the heavy breath of the South, and the sheen of the starlight but the gaze of death.

Still the fever, if taken in hand at once, upon its first attack, may be easily conquered, but unfortunately, it throws its victim off his guard. Generally at its approach, you enjoy an unwonted hilarity and elasticity of spirits—a lightness and buoyancy so delicious that you feel as though you could soar on eagles' wings. Then follows, in the next stage, a slight tremor of the nerves, a shiver over the whole frame, then a pain in the back and then a burning heat, as though your veins ran fire and your flesh were baked in an oven. The remedies now are the immediate attendance of an experienced physician, mustard baths, a mild cathartic, then go to bed and keep your nerves quiet; a favorable change under fair circumstances will speedily follow, and you will escape. But so insidious are the advances of the foe that few can believe that this is indeed Yellow Jack, whose coming they so dread. Most people are induced to call the first attack merely a slight touch of intermittent fever, and no physician is sent for; but all at once, his grip is there and he will relinquish it; quickly follows the throbbing temple, the tightened head, the increased heat and pain through your whole system; and the wildly rolling eyes, the saffron hue,

the deepening pallor tint overspreading the whole frame—then comes a lull, the fever abates, a delicious calm ensues and the patient feels quite well. Perhaps he sits down at his desk and writes a short note to come dear friend, thanking God that he is saved, that all is over! He rises from his chair, his head reels, one terrible jet from his lips, he endeavors to reach his bed—staggering—falls—all is indeed over—he is dead!

Two years ago, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in New Orleans, a distinguished vocalist, a man of herculean frame, was attacked, and after the regular course of the symptoms I have detailed, suddenly rose from his sick bed imagining that he was already convalescent, and stepping across the apartment, sang with intense pathos and power the address of Edgardo in the graveyard to the mistress of his heart; as the last notes rang through the room, he fell to the floor a corpse.

The same year, and in the same city, while desolation hung over every home, a gay party of ladies and gentlemen determined if possible to shake off the spell and drive away the gloom of death by the charms of social enjoyment. As the carriages that bore them swiftly over the Shell Road to the Lake rattled along, naught was heard but the merry song and jocund laugh, and the hospital air once reached there was a luxurious supper provided, and pleasure ruled the hour. Foremost among the happy guests was a radiant bride, in her first year; she was a New-Yorker, and dazlingly, superbly beautiful, while the brightness of her lovely eyes was rivaled only by the brilliance of her wit. Sprightly, accomplished, lovely as she was, there could be no gloom, no sadness in her presence; her very coming made "a sunshine in the shady place." So passed the pleasant evening; midnight came and the company betook themselves again to their carriages and started for home; and as they passed along the road on their return that charming night, on the right of them, waved the dark cypress boughs of the cemetery, with groups of gloomy figures gathered inside and at the entrance waiting for the dead, and the ribald jest and oath of the grave diggers profaning the sanctity of the scene as they plied their work, relatives and friends waiting 'till the trench should be hollowed out for those they had brought there to bury. At last, they reached the city and saw the town illuminated as if for some great festival, the red glare blazing from every window and lighting up the sky. Any stranger coming in would have thought that some high jubilee was being held there, some rejoicing for national triumph, but the lights were only those that beamed from the windows of the sick chambers. Next morning the husband, who had been absent from the city on some brief call of business, returned, and hurrying to his home was surprised to find it hushed and gloomy. Meeting a servant as he was hastening up stairs, he asked, "Where is your mistress?" "She is ill of the fever, Sir." In a moment he was in her room where she lay stricken by the pestilence on her bed. The Doctor, who stood by, answered his first frantic look and exclamation with such words as these: "Late hours, Sir! Rich suppers and gay company—a quite sufficient preparation for the yellow fever, Sir!" "And how, how has this been?" was the agonized and even angry rejoinder of the husband. But as she spoke he turned toward his wife. There she lay, her eyes glittering with delirium. Her once fresh lips scaled and parched, her cheeks that glowed like roses but last night, sunken and sallow, and her whole frame writhing in the tortures of the frightful malady. Well, in what anguish may be imagined, he watched beside her all that dreadful morning. Afternoon came and her fever had abated; she was better; with rapture he thought she was saved; restored to cheerfulness he left his house for a few moments and went to a friend, to whom he was relating what a terrible fright he had undergone and the happiness he now felt at his wife's deliverance. While he stood there speaking, a little boy came running up and said—"Are you not Mr. —?" "Yes, that is my name." "Well, please Sir, your wife's dead." He fell senseless to the pavement, but was lifted up and after due attendance which restored him to consciousness, was conveyed by his friend to the house of the deceased. There lay the last remains of his young bride. A coffin was procured and the body placed within. Ere night came on he and his friend accompanied that coffin over the same road, and to the same Cypress Grove which she had passed in joyousness and beauty, the night before. At the entrance of the Cemetery, a gentleman asked, "Who is there?" The name of the dead lady was pronounced. "What," he exclaimed, with a great oath, "the same who rode along with us but twenty-four hours ago!" Yes, it was she, and the person who spoke was one of the same company. That was her escort and her burial service.

No scenes can so develop the character of man as those which are witnessed during the ravages of the pestilence; it brings out all the levity, sensuality, coarseness, and brutality of his nature. It brings out all the selfishness of his character. The conventional restraints of common life are given as the earthquake rives and sunders iron bolts. Then the sole principle is every man for himself, God for us all, and the Devil take the hindmost. But, thank God, it has been reserved for our own chosen land, for our civilization and our humanity under the Divine auspices of our holy religion to bring out also the good that is in man, and to show him, rich and poor, working, helping and ministering side by side on the streets and in the hovels where disease and poverty struggle together. Need I here allude to that profession which claims such undivided homage from us all—the medical profession. [Great applause.] Aye, there are other heroes than those of the Crimea, other fame untarnished by tears, and laurels not dipped in blood; there have been noble heroes, there, in our smitten cities of the South, whose gallant deeds, whose glorious achievements overthrew and darkened all the tinsel of the battle-field. In the twenty-six members of the medical profession who have fallen martyrs to the pestilence in Norfolk and Portsmouth, sacrificing themselves for

the eternal love of man, we have names of which our country should be proud—which she should emblazon in bright letters on the loftiest monuments she rears to self-sacrifice and worth.

CURIOS FACTS CONCERNING DYSPEPSIA.—The effect of mental disquietude in producing this prevalent complaint, is far greater than is supposed. It is well known that persons in good health, of sound digestive organs, who take plenty of exercise, and are free from anxiety, may eat almost anything, and in quantities which would kill those in different circumstances. In reference to this point, Dr. Brigham, an English medical writer, observes:—"We do not find dyspepsia prevalent in countries where the people do eat most enormously. Travellers in Siberia say that the people there often eat forty pounds of food in one day. Admiral Serpicheff saw a Siberian eat, directly after breakfast, twenty-five pounds of boiled rice, with three pounds of butter. But dyspepsia is not a common disease in Siberia. We do not learn from Captain Perry or Captain Lyon, the Arctic travellers, that their friends, the Esquimaux, are very nervous and dyspeptic, though they individually eat ten or twelve pounds of food per day, washing it down with a gallon or so of train oil. Captain Lyon was to be sure, a little concerned for a delicate young lady Esquimaux, who ate her candles, wicks and all, yet he does not allude to her inability to digest them."

"BY AND BY."—There's music enough in those three words for the burden of a song.—There is hope wrapped up in them, an articulate beat of the human heart.

By and by!

We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again.

We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been "loving in their lives" one to California, and the other to her lonely home.

Everybody says it—some time or other.—The little boy whispers it when he dreams of exchanging the little stubbed boots like a man.

The man murmurs it—when in life's middle watch, he sees his plans half finished, and his hopes, yet in the bud, waving in the cold late spring.

The old man says it—when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow.

The weary watch for the morning whistles away the dark with "by and by."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to find it in almanacs—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come. But fairy-like as it is, fitting like a star-beam over the dew shadows of years, nobody can spare it, and we look upon the many times these words have beguiled us; the memory of the silver "by and by" is like the sun-rise of Ossian, "pleasant, but mournful to the soul."

A DISINTERESTED CONVERT.—Many years ago there resided on the St. Johns River, in Florida, a planter named Hendricks.—He had no family; lived alone with his wife and servants, and when every thing went on aright was a very good fellow; but a little deviation from the usual course sufficed to throw him into a violent passion. He was well advanced in years at the time the Territory was admitted as a State, and being a man of violent prejudices and possessed of no education, it was long before he became reconciled to the change of dynasty, and many were his threats to leave the United States of Florida, and return to Georgia. During a revival under the ministrations of a Methodist minister, Mr. H. joined the churches as one of the converts.—For some months after, affairs happened to jog on very smoothly, until eventually there occurred one of those violent hail storms and tornadoes so common during the summer months in tropical latitudes. These carry destruction before them; fruit trees, vegetables, live stock—all falling under the blast of the destroyer. After watching the storm for some time from an out-house, and witnessing the ruin of his crops, he rushed wildly into the house, calling out at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! bring me my t'other coat, I'm going to Jacksonville." At a loss to account for this sudden determination, instead of complying with the request she stopped to question him. "Why, what now?" "Get me my coat," thundered he, "I don't see that God Almighty favors me more than others; and I'll be—(using an expressive that savored strongly of unrighteousness) if I don't go straight over to Jacksonville and have my name taken off the church books. You needn't say one word, wife," cutting short her expostulations, "I'm going to do it." And he did it.

LAWYERS AT A DISCOUNT.—Judge W., who had been for many years a worthy occupant of the Federal bench in Michigan, fell into a conversation, a few days since, in a barber's shop, with a plain, substantial-looking, and rather aged stranger, from the neighborhood of Tecumseh. The judge being formerly well acquainted in that vicinity, took occasion to ask after certain of its citizens.

"You know Mr. B.—, do you?" said the Judge.

"Very well!" was the reply.

"He is well, is he?"

"Quite well!" was the answer.

Judge W.— then remarked:

"Mr. B.— is a very fine man!"

"Yes!" said the old man, rather cautiously, "a fine man for a lawyer—you know we don't expect a great deal of them!"

SERMONS.—Sydney Smith, in reference to certain persons who, by handling the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner, so often set their hearers to sleep, used to ask whether sin was to be taken from man as Eve was from Adam, by casting him into a deep slumber?

A Lion in the Path.

From a record of sporting adventure in South Africa, recently published in an English magazine, we make the following extract. It is as thrillingly graphic as anything we have met with for some time.

Whilst breakfast was preparing, I proceeded to take a saunter down to the pool, not without some faint hopes of a bath, though I feared our horses, to say nothing of the other animals who had visited it during the night might have muddled it too much for that. However, I resolved to try, and throwing my Minie into the hollow of my arm, and cocking my wide-awake over my eyes, lounged down a path among the bushes, now well beaten by the feet of men and horses. The latter I found up to their bellies in the pool, enjoying themselves as completely as the flies would let them; but as the water looked uncommonly turbid, I thought I would skirt along a little to the left and look for a cleaner spot; and so, climbing a short steep, covered with long grass and underwood. I pushed aside some branches that intervened between me and a small clear space of shorter turf, and—to my very intense astonishment, though I must say not at that moment to my dismay, I was so used to the sight of them—found myself within a few yards of one of the finest male lions I ever saw, and who was engaged with a look of grave patriarchal interest in watching the movements of the horses below—doubtless selecting one for his breakfast. Have you not seen Landseer's etching of the lion in the old Tower Menagerie? In exactly the same attitude, still and unmoving, like a noble statue, stood this neighbor of mine; and for a few seconds I remained really lost in admiration of the grand beauty of the 'tableau' he presented.

It was, however, necessary to decide on some line of action immediately. I could not help hitting him if I choose to fire, but if I did not kill him outright with one shot, he was so close to me that I could hardly hope to escape without an ugly brush. Surely this was a case in which discretion would be the better part of valor; and as he was so absorbed in the contemplation of the horses below that he had not yet noticed me, I concluded, (as Jonathan would say) to steal off as I came. Ah! that dry twig that would place itself in the way of my very first retrograde footstep!—The sharp crackle affected what the more subdued noise of previous movements had not done, and with a short startled growl, the beast swung himself round, and in a second was staring at me with a look which said, "Hullo! who are you?" as plainly as look could speak. Instinctively I threw my rifle forward, cocking it at the same moment, and some seconds of perfect immovableness on each side ensued, during which I was trying to make out whether he would charge or not. The study of physiognomy is doubtless pleasant enough on the whole; but when your subject is a big male lion, and the question depending on the study whether you shall be summarily "smashed" or let alone, why, I confess it becomes (as Mr. Weller says) too exciting to be pleasant.

How I studied every feature, trying to detect a change of some sort which might give me a clue! It came at last; he gradually lowered his head, and by the "wiggling" motion of his hind quarters, which I could just spy over his shoulder, I saw he was gathering his hind legs under him—a sure indication.—What odd things come into people's minds in moments of peril! That movement, brought to my recollection most vividly a bitterly parallel scene in my aunt's garden at Harrow, where I watched her cat gathering herself up in an exactly similar way to pounce on a wretched sparrow.

The next moment he dashed at me with a hoarse snarl, which sounded as though a giant had drawn the bow suddenly across the strings of a stupendous violoncello. I fired as he rushed in, aiming as well as I could at the middle of his forehead. As I did so, I was swept down with the force of an express train, and for a few seconds lost all consciousness.

The first thing I was sensible of, as soon as I began to get my senses together, was the clear strong voice of N.—, calling to me in the most placid, though earnest manner:

"Lie perfectly still, Walter; its your only chance!"

How my heart leaped at the voice! Help was at hand, but the very words that announced it at the same time pointed out my extreme danger: it needed only the most moderate exercise of my returning faculties to understand why.

I was lying on my face among the long grass at the top of the little steep I have mentioned. I could see nothing, but I could feel the lion close to me. I could hear his deep, short, angry breath, like *staccato* purrs of an enormous cat—could detect a smacking noise, which I afterwards found arose from his licking at a stream of blood which flowed down the side of his nose, from a deep sore on his forehead given him by my ball—may, I could feel his huge tail, as he rolled it angrily across from side to side, rest for a moment on my back now and then.

The bitter anguish of those few years of moments—well, you can guess all that. Presently I heard the crack of a rifle on my left; a sharp whistle close to my head, and a "thud" on my right, as the shot told among the fur, succeeded by another short, sharp snarl louder than the first—another crack, a sensation like a red hot wire across my neck, (being at the bottom of the slope they could but just sight the lion over my head, and N.— had fired a quarter of an inch too low,) another furious snarl, and then a roar—such a roar—within a yard of my tympanum. I never heard such a sound out of anything, living or dead; then three more shots close together, and a bustle at my side, which sounded like my neighbor settling down among the grass and bushes.

"Now roll! roll for your life!" shouted N.—'s clear voice again. I was saved the trouble—the dying brute in his convulsions, giving me a kick with a hind leg which sent me flying down the steep out of the reach of further danger.

A Girl to do Housework.

Early one morning, Mr. Jones was seen in his buggy, driving a spirited horse, in pursuit of a girl to do housework. This was the fourth day of the campaign, and proved as unsuccessful as the former ones, yet he drove on, hoping against all past experience, till meeting a neighbor, he reined in his horse. "Good morning, Mr. Mason; can you tell me where I can find a girl to do housework? My wife is sick, and I wish to get one for a few weeks. I am willing to pay any price!"

"Indeed, Mr. Jones, that's a hard question: there's girls enough to be sure, but they won't do housework. Neighbor Hardpan, down in the hollow there, has a half dozen, but I don't suppose that you could get one for love or money. I've tried them time and again, but they won't go out."

"Thank you," said Mr. Jones; "there's nothing like trying." So saying, he stopped at the door of Mr. Hardpan.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hardpan: I called to see if I could get one of your daughters to do housework for me a few days?"

"Oh! dear man; why, massy on us, oh Mr. Jones, you've no idea how feeble my daughters are, they wouldn't be tough enough any way; they couldn't stand it to do housework a week. Anna Maria has got a desperate lame side, and I don't pretend to put her to doing anything, she's so feeble; and Susan Sophia has a dreadful weak stomach; she can't eat anything unless it is cooked just so—she don't even make her own bed; and as for Amelia Angeline, she is troubled with a terrible palpitation of the heart; she can't lift a pail of water. Why don't you get an Irish girl?"

Here Mrs. Hardpan paused for breath, and Mr. Jones bade her good morning, and renewed his journey; and just at night succeeded in getting a married woman who brought her baby with her, to come and do a little baking, and stay a day or two, till he should make a farther trial.

This, reader, is no fancy sketch. And now let us for a moment look at the *feebleness* of Mrs. Hardpan's daughters. Anna Maria is tough enough to lie in a dress which compresses her ribs four to six inches, and leaves for both lungs about as much room as one ought to occupy! Of course she could not do housework. Susan Sophia can stand it to dance till midnight, then read novels till daylight, sleep till eleven o'clock in the morning, eat hot cakes, and drink strong coffee for breakfast; beef soup, butter gravies, mince pies, and fruit puddings for dinner, poundcake, lemon tarts, and a half dozen cups of green tea for supper; with cods, chalk, charcoal, and slate pencils for a dessert. Poor, weak stomach! Amelia Angeline is a pale, slim, delicate creature, yet she "can stand" it with her breast-bone pressed upon her heart by a tight dress, so that it can scarcely beat! No wonder it is at times obliged to make a "terrible" effort to free itself of surplus blood. Amelia Angeline, too, is strong enough to carry six or eight pounds of cotton batting, and a small "cut of cloth" about her hips, wear thin shoes; and go "bare-armed" in winter. What a wonder that she should have palpitation of the heart!

Now, is it any wonder that young ladies, managed in this way, are not able and willing to do housework? Their dress, manner of living, habits of thinking, all have a direct tendency to engender and confirm disease. Hence, spinal complaint, dyspepsia, heart-disease, consumption, etc., are the legitimate results. If we would have our daughters healthy let us see that these and kindred evils are corrected. Let them lay aside the straight-jacket and adopt a dress which allows the free motion of every joint and muscle, and the full expansion of the chest; exchange their novels for histories, biography, poetry, etc.; take at least half an hour's exercise in the open air daily during pleasant weather; retire and rise early; exchange the hot cakes and coffee for cold bread and water; eat no rich dinners or late suppers, open the blinds, and let the light shine in upon them, if you would not have them look like plants which grew in the cellar; take them into the kitchen, and instruct them in the various branches of housewifery; do not be afraid of soiling their hands—they are much more easily cleaned than than their *hutes*. And knowing how to perform the duties of the household only helps to make a lady, nor will it lower them in the estimation of any man, whose respect is worth securing. Washing, baking and sweeping need not prevent your daughters from becoming smart musicians, finished painters, profound mathematicians, or good wives.

NEW ENGLAND MEETING HOUSES.—After the year 1700 the meeting-houses in New England were plain wooden structures, in most cases without steeples. The windows were glazed with a diamond-shaped glass, the walls unplastered, and the interior without any means of heating. Through the storms of winter the congregation shivered with the cold during the public worship. About one hundred and fifty years ago, in the interior of one of these rude edifices, upon the Sabbath, could be seen the families of New England.

The men were dressed in the fashion of the age. They wore broad-brimmed hats, turned up in three corners, with loops at the side; long coats, with large pocket folds and cuffs, and without collars; the buttons either plated or of pure silver, and of the size of a half dollar; shirts with bosom and ruffles, and with gold and silver buckles at the wrist, united by a link; the neckcloth or scarf, of very fine linen, or figured stuff, embroidered, with the ends hanging loosely. Small clothes were in fashion, and only reached to the knee, where they were ornamented with silver buckles of liberal size; the legs were covered with long grey tassets, though shoes were some worn, ornamented with straps and silver buckles.

The women had black silk or satin bonnets, gowns extremely long waisted, with tight sleeves, or else with very short sleeves, with an immense frill at the elbow. Females at this time wore high heeled shoes. The ministers wore large gowns and powdered wigs.

Mrs. Strongtham's Churn.

Speaking of churns, a cotemporary says he has never seen any other labor-saving contrivance in that department, that for practical convenience and utility could compare with that of Mrs. Strongtham, a notable English housewife, whose acquaintance he had the pleasure of making in one of the rural districts of New York some years since. Having occasion to call upon her one summer morning, he found her occupying her huge chintz covered rocking chair, rocking and knitting as though the salvation of the family depended upon the assiduity with which she applied herself to these occupations. Not that she was uncivil or unobscure by any means, for the moment he had taken the proffered chair she set in with a steady stream of talk that was as instructive as it was entertaining, for besides her admirable qualities as a housewife, the lady possessed rare conversational powers.

During the call she directed one of her daughters to some duty in a distant part of the house, adding, "I would attend to it myself, but I must fetch this butter." Now, he had known something of the process of "fetching butter" in his early days, and the idea of a snow-white churn and an irksome expenditure of elbow grease was as naturally associated with it in our mind, as was the compensatory slice of new bread and butter after the achievement of the victory. We therefore cast our eyes about us involuntarily for these indications, but we looked in vain. Of either churn or churning there was no more appearance than might have been seen in Queen Victoria's drawing room any day in the week. Our curiosity was excited, and we resolved to keep our eyes open, satisfied that if we did "we should see what we should see." And we did. During a momentary pause in the conversation the lady rose from the chair, removed the cushion, raised a sort of trap door underneath, and looked into the apparent vacuum with an earnestly inquiring eye. The secret was out. Under the seat in her rocking chair was a box in which she deposited the jar of cream, and the agitation produced by the vibratory motion of the chair converted the liquid into butter.

By this arrangement the lady was enabled to kill, not two only, but four birds with the same stone. She could churn, knit, take her ease in the rocking chair, and entertain her morning guests at the same time. And such butter as she made? Yellow as golden, sweet as the meat of the cocoa nut, and as hard, too; it always brought the highest price in the rural market. You may brag of your patent churns if you will, but for novelty, economy, convenience, and immaculate butter we defy them, one and all, when brought into competition with Mrs. Strongtham's incomparable contrivance. Of her butter we shall retain a lively and grateful remembrance to our dying day; her churn we shall never forget either.

A TURKISH LADY BATHING.—Her attire is first removed. An attendant takes a glove—every day it is a new glove—of undressed silk. With the disengaged hand she pours over her mistress basin after basin of warm water. Then, by means of gentle friction with the glove, she slowly removes the salts and impurities which are deposited on the skin. This finished the attendant covers the lady from head to foot, by means of a mop of downy silk, with a lather made of a particular emollient soap, peculiar, I believe, to Turkey. Upon this soap depends much of that peach-like softness, and snowy whiteness of the skin for which Eastern women always are so remarkable. It has the reputation of removing stains, spots, and freckles that are not deeply marked in the cuticle. This part of the matter having been carefully performed the lady is again deluged with water, heated to 110 or 120 degrees, and poured from a tans (basin) of silver. Large towels—we might call them sheets—of the finest white muslin, richly embroidered with flowers and gold are wrapped around her. And she is led into a saloon, where, reclining upon a heap of cushions, she sinks into a soft, dreamlike languor, that might become faintness, were it not for the assiduity with which a slave fans her. As soon as she is sufficiently recovered to bear it, another slave combs, perfumes, and disposes her hair in ornamental braids. The hour after the bath is one of sleepy loveliness.

WORTH KNOWING.—One pound of green coppers (cost seven cents) dissolved in one quart of water and poured down a privy, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. For water closets on board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other places, there is nothing so nice to cleanse and purify those places, as simple green coppers, dissolved; and for sick rooms, it may be placed under the bed in anything which will hold water, and thus render a hospital or other places of the sick, free from unpleasant smells. For butchers' stalls, fish markets, slaughter-houses, sinks, and wherever there are putrid and offensive gases, dissolve coppers and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the bad smell will pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse die, about the house, it is sure to drive away the offensive smell.

APPEARANCES.—A man of steady integrity carries his conscience in his countenance; a man of profligate character conceals his vices, but his countenance betrays the secret workings of his heart. The one presents his credentials of worth in his looks and manners, and they are cordially received; the credentials of the other, however confidently presented, are viewed with suspicion, and a shade of mistrust hangs over his character.

When Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals who began to criticize his work and to find fault without understanding it.

"The apostle Paul has too red a face," said one.

"He blushes to see into whose hands the church has fallen," replied the indignant artist.