

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, January 26, 1856.

### Selected Poetry.

#### DAILY DUTIES.

Our daily paths! with thorns or flowers,  
We can at will bestow them;  
What bliss would gild the passing hours  
If we but rightly knew them.  
The way of life is rough at best,  
But briars yield the roses,  
So that which leads to joy and rest,  
The hardest path discloses.  
The weeds that oft we cast away,  
Their simple beauty scoring,  
Would form a wreath with purest ray,  
And prove the best adorning.  
So in our daily paths, 'twere well  
To call each gift a treasure,  
However slight, where love can dwell  
With life-renewing pleasure!

#### BLUSH OF THE ROSE.

Ask why a blush o'erspreads the rose,  
As sunset leaves in crimson dye—  
Why round the bosom softly glow,  
And waves the flower in stately pride:  
Ask why the lilies, drooping, shed,  
The dew-drop from each pallid head—  
Why each reclines its beautiful head,  
As weighed to earth with liltier grief:  
Ere it reaches the rose a kiss;  
The lovely lily she disdaineth;  
Who would not weep such joy to miss?  
Who would not blush such joy obtained?

### Miscellaneous.

#### How a Lazy Man was Reformed.

Mr. Easy was one of the most good-natured, idle, happy, don't care sort of a man, that the sun ever shone upon. It didn't trouble him as to whether there was a war in the kitchen or the Crimea, if he had but a newspaper, a cigar and a lounge as tall as himself, where he could recline at full length and see the blue smoke curl up and wafted away—he didn't care where—if Mrs. Easy wasn't in the mood of talking. The whole family of little Easies might dance around, spin tops, play ball, overturn the coal hods, and take his best hat for an old man without his ever turning his eyes in that direction.

But a very different kind of a person was Mrs. Easy; she cherished the idea that nature intended her to be somebody, and that the obstacle to her rapid rising in the estimation of mankind generally, was the supineness of the indolent and easy husband. When the thermometer indicated less than seventy degrees, the house was comparatively quiet; and if Jimmy did pull Benny's hair and set him to crying, and then in his effort to run away, fall over his father's boots and upset his mother's workbasket, why, Mrs. Easy never pursued him farther than the door, and then on her return would give her lord and master a look that would make him place the newspaper a little closer to his countenance to conceal his mortification.

On Wednesday afternoon, just after the dinner table had been cleared and everything arranged orderly, Mr. Easy was occupying his favorite place on the lounge, and his wife was engaged sewing the last button on a garment for Jenny, when Mrs. Easy suddenly exclaimed—

"I wish I could go to the sewing circle this afternoon," Mrs. Easy and Mrs. Holbrook and most everybody I know is going, and they are to choose officers, too, and I heard they talked of nominating me for President."

"Well, do go," said her husband, laying down his paper; to her utter astonishment, having noticed her remark without her repeating it.

"I don't feel very well, and I will stay at home and see to the children, and have everything finished when you get back."

"Historic!" repeated the wife, a little excited, "you have kept house before, and when I got home it looked as though there had been a fire here, and I said then I never would leave my again with the children."

"Well, my dear, you know experience is a good teacher; so just try me this once, and see if I don't find things in good shape when you get back."

The wife hesitated a few moments, and then she desired to spend the afternoon with her friends, and the idea, too, that when she returned she might be an officer of the society, prevailed over her fears of household disorder.—So, after giving her husband various instructions how to proceed for the next six hours, of which he heard not a single word, though he had now and then caused his more ambitious wife to believe that he treasured up the whole of them, she went to her chamber to dress for the occasion.

Half an hour afterwards, Mrs. Easy entered the sitting room, and her husband thought he never saw her look more attractive than he did in her close fitting bodice and brocade skirt, and she firmly resolved to do his best to merit her approbation when she returned.

"I want a piece of bread and butter," said Jimmy, about half an hour after his mother had left. His father was still on the lounge with the newspaper before him, and not being accustomed to the wants of the children, he forgot the responsible trust he had assumed; so Jimmy, finding his request unheeded, proceeded to help himself, and going to the closet he climbed to the top shelf in search of the article desired, but making a mistake down came Jimmy, bread, butter, Mrs. Easy's favorite soap tureen, and several other things.

"Come down, Jimmy!" said his father—the bread having brought him to his senses.

"I can't do it," replied the boy, trying to extricate himself from among the fragments.

"I should think you were down, and all

your mother's china with you!" said Mr. Easy, with sorrow depicted on his countenance; "but there, there, Jimmy, don't cry; I'll buy some more before your mother gets back—so you be a good boy and run out to play; here's a cent for you," and the father took his handkerchief and rubbed the butter either in or off the boy's face, and left it shining like an apothecary's bottle by gas light; then gathering up the broken ware and putting it all into the swill-pail, he swept the remains of the butter into the dust-pan, and again seated himself in his favorite position. But his troubles were not ended—for Jimmy's mishap and outcry had awakened Ella, the youngest, who had been sleeping in the cradle. She vociferously demanded where was ma.

"Oh, Lord," said her father, half musingly, "she's gone down to Mrs. Norwood's, to the sewing circle. If it was a man who invented them, I hope he will have to keep house every Wednesday afternoon so long as he lives."

"Gone down to Mrs. Norwood's," repeated Benny, to whom Jimmy had told the story of his misfortunes, and who was now viewing the ruins.

"I'll go straight down there and tell her that Jimmy's broken a whole lot of dishes, and the baby's crying, and pa won't get us nothin' to eat."

"Come back!" shouted the father, while the perspiration stood in drops on his face. But the boy knew that his father never used the rod, so the call had no other effect than to make the boy increase his speed in the direction of Mrs. Norwood's house. The parent did not wait to give a second call, but started in pursuit of the fugitive. He was just descending the steps that led from the outer door to the pavement, when owing to the butter on the soles of his boots, he slipped and fell, reaching the pavement without any muscular effort on his part. Mr. Easy groaned aloud, but he had no time to ascertain if any of his bones were broken, so away he hobbled, much to the amusement of a group of shavings boys, who were on the corner opposite. In spite of all his exertions, the distance widened between him and his undutiful son; so he hired one of the boys to overtake Benny and bring him back. Away went the boy on his errand, while the housekeeper, forgetting he had left the baby at home alone, stepped into the nearest shop to rest. Presently he heard an outcry in the street, and on going to the door, he beheld his son, (who had some of his mother's blood in his veins,) in mortal combat with the boy who was trying to force him home against his will.

Benny had already received a black eye, the blood flowed freely from his nostrils and his clothes were considerably worse for the afternoon's wear. Away went Mr. Easy to the rescue, and triumphantly captured his son, whose garments fluttered in the wind.—The group of shavings-boys voluntarily escorted them to their threshold and made the air resound with vocal music—thus giving more publicity to the affair, and increasing Mr. Easy's troubles, which seemed to have no end.

Ella, who had seen between two and three years of life, was of a very inquiring mind, and when she saw herself the sole occupant of the room, and found that if she did cry, there was no one to hear her—she climbed up the side of the cradle, tipped it over and started on a voyage of discovery on her own account. Her first attempt was to obtain a drink of water, in doing which, she upset a brimming pail and stooped to quench her thirst from the brook she had made. Next she proceeded to investigate an esoteric upon a small table in the corner of the sitting-room. The large black marks the ink made on the paper, pleased her very much, but continuing this occupation the ink-bottle was soon upside down on the carpet, the liquid spreading rapidly. Though Ella's education was limited, she had learned to discriminate somewhat between right and wrong; her last act she concluded must be of the latter class, and to make amends, she endeavored to scrape up the ink with her hands. At this moment a fly lit on her nose, and with the same hand she routed him. After this it would have been difficult to determine to which of the five races she belonged. The next scene of action was the kitchen closet, when a pitcher of milk was partly drunk and the remainder poured into a pan of flour. Ella began to knead its contents, but she preferred more room, so she dragged the pan into the centre of the parlor, the door of that apartment being ajar.

A few moments after, Mr. Easy entered with his sons, determined to shut them up for the rest of the afternoon. But what was his horror to find his kitchen afloat, the sitting-room carpet stained beyond all probability of restoration and the parlor strewn with flour and literally covered with paste. His first idea was of a voyage to Australia, and of leaving each one to his fate; but then came the thought of his poor wife.

"If I have such a hard time in taking care of the children for a few hours," said he, "what must be poor Susan's trials, staying here all the time, and not only taking care of them, but attending to all her other duties. I always thought women had a very easy time, but I give up that idea now, and only wonder that so few are in the insane Asylums. From this time forth I am easy no longer, but I will be industrious and frugal—and if at home the domestic whirlwind blow Olympus high, I shall not attribute it to her—but remembering this day, seek for the true cause."

After musing and resolving what to do, he sat himself about restoring order once more; but it seemed to him to look worse when he had done, than when he began, for as he had not thought to wash the children's hands and remove their soiled clothes, they had been going about leaving their marks. Neither did his brain suggest to him that if he let the paste dry on the parlor carpet, it could be removed without injury; but he undertook to wash up the floor in the same manner as he had done the water and ink from the other rooms, and with the same cloth, too. As he thought hot water would be best, he went to some trouble to obtain it; and after carrying into execution his threat of shutting up the boys he went on with his work. We leave the reader to judge

how much the beauty of the carpet had increased an hour afterwards, when with tired muscles and aching heart he rose from his humble position.

But we will not follow Mr. Easy too minutely through all his troubles on that eventful afternoon. While Jimmy and Benny were prisoners in the bed room, they amused themselves by playing ball around the room, and circling on the white counterpane. In a short time the wash-bowl and pitcher were in fragments, the looking glass cracked, and the counterpane dangling on the floor!

Mr. Easy in his anxiety to keep the youngest one quiet, gave her whatever she desired. As he found she was Mrs. Easy in her miniature, when thwarted, he gave her bread and butter to spread for herself, silver spoons to drum with, scissors to cut a newspaper—and when his back was turned, she cut her curls and strewed them about the floor.

Then she called for the sugar bowl, which he considered perfectly harmless, but the room was soon thronged with flies. By this time, Jimmy and Benny, after promising good behavior, had gained their liberty, and wished for a drink of molasses and water. This request was granted, and they were permitted to mix it for themselves; their father having taken a seat in despair, and made up his mind to await patiently the result of all this chaos, when his better-managing half should return. But a scream from the kitchen brought him to his feet again, to behold Ella dripping with molasses, a large vessel of which Benny had upset.

Ella, with blinded eyes, grasped the first object that came in her way, which happened to be her father, with his Sunday pants on. Alas! poor Mr. Easy! on finishing his cleaning operations, he found his pants so bedaubed with flour, paste and ink, it would have been hard to tell if he were a baker or a printer; so as his best ones were the nearest at hand, he doffed his floured garb, and now what a misfortune. Mr. Easy was mad! stark mad! and at that moment he caught a glimpse of the rod of correction which lay on the shelf, and which he had often thought it was all nonsense to use; but he was now of a very different mind, and he piled it dexterously until it became too short; and then ended the tragic farce by putting them all to bed suppersless. As he had not much appetite himself, it did not occur to him that they might not be similarly inclined.

After the children had cried themselves to sleep, and the house was once more quiet, Mr. Easy pondered in his mind whether it would be best for him to see his wife, or his wife to see the house first; and he came to the conclusion that the former would be the better mode of proceeding. He knew she intended to stay in the evening, so as it began to grow dark, he crept softly down stairs, went to a clothing store near by, and purchased a new pair of pants, and a few other articles to match them; then, going to his room, he made an entire change of apparel. "I will lounge about no longer in a thread bare coat," he mentally exclaimed, as he surveyed himself in the glass, and saw the change in his appearance; "but I will throw off these idle habits I have indulged in, and be a man among men; nor will I burden my wife with so many cares, until from necessity she is compelled to neglect the culture and habits of our children."

With thoughts like these he again went into the street and stopping at the next door, rang the bell, which summons was answered by a young girl.

"Nancy" he said, "my wife has gone out and I am going too. Will you sit with the children a little while? They are asleep and will be no trouble to you."

Nancy was a great favorite with the Easy family, and they were with her, so mutual favors were often done by each to the other.—In a moment more, Nancy was ascending the stairs that led to the Easy family, while the husband was on his way to the sewing-circle.

"Ladies allow me to introduce you to Mr. Easy," said Mr. Norwood. Mrs. Easy, who was really a pretty smart woman, and who now held the highest office in the gift of the ladies present, looked up to see who this namesake of hers was. But who can picture her astonishment when she beheld her own masculine property in a new suit standing before her. It was the first time since their marriage that he had ever voluntarily entered company to spend a social evening with her. She longed to ask him a thousand questions: How he had got along—who was taking care of the children—why he came—and what made him buy those clothes. But Mr. Easy had too much good sense to manifest the commotion within and when he took a seat by her side, she treated him with that respect which is ever due from a wife to her husband. But when all eyes were turned in another direction, she whispered in his ear—

"Did the children behave good?"

"Can't you go home pretty soon, Susan?" was the reply. "I have something to say to you."

At first Mrs. Easy felt alarmed, and then she thought it could not be anything serious, or he would not be there. But Mr. Easy seemed so different from what he generally was, he was puzzled as well as pleased. He was so polite and gentlemanly, and he had in many new ideas to advance, she thought he hadn't read so many newspapers for nothing, and she really felt proud of him, and wondered if the fault hadn't always been hers; and she resolved not to scold so much in future, nor try to convince him of her superiority, but on the other hand make him believe he was somebody and she was his wife.

As soon as etiquette would allow, Mr. and Mrs. Easy took their way home.

"Come to your chamber, Susan," said the husband, as he saw her place her hand on the knob of the parlor door and he remembered the scenes of the afternoon. "I wish to tell you something," and he led the way to their room, while the wife marvelled more than ever what it could all mean.

"Susan," he began, "I want to talk with you, if you will listen."

She bowed assent and then placed the lamp

she had lighted on the table. Mr. Easy had the next twenty minutes' conversation without interruption from her; at the end of that time Susan did not know whether to shed tears of joy or sorrow, whether to speak no word of reproach, or to so far unsex herself as to curse him for the loss of her carpets, and for the ruin and chaos that met her vision when she looked around on her suite of rooms. A few moments of silence, and she obeyed the better voice within, and only put her arm around her husband's neck, laid her head upon his shoulder and said weeping—

"I will believe you, and trust this afternoon's experience will prove no loss. If you will but become industrious and energetic, it is all I ask; I shall then be able to have leisure time to teach the children in such a manner they will remember the lessons when I am not here to enforce them."

Mr. Easy was up with the sun the next morning, and away to his business; and when some neighbors entered after dinner, they were surprised not to find him on the lounge as usual, but a frown from his wife put a stop to all inquiries, and so the matter dropped.

In a few days Mr. Easy became a landlord instead of a tenant; but to this day the neighbors have not discovered the secret of his reform, and she wouldn't tell even me; but I overheard them talking about it the other evening, and discussing the expediency of getting their now meaningless surname changed. How ridiculous in her not to tell all she knew about it! and now I have found it out, I'll put it in the paper out of spite; which I suppose is the most effectual way of informing all my friends of the cause of the rise and progress of the Easy family.

**FACTS ABOUT FRIDAY.**—From time immemorial, Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill omen. And though this prejudice is less prevalent now than of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many, even in this matter of fact age of ours, who would hesitate on a day so inauspicious to begin an undertaking of momentous import. And now many brave mariners, whose hearts unquailed could meet the wildest fury of their ocean home, would blanch even to bend their sails on a Friday. But to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our settlement and greatness as a nation; and we will see how great cause we Americans have to dread the fatal day.

On Friday, August 3d, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday, October 12th, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday, January 4th, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast Continent.

On Friday, March 15th, 1493, he arrived at Potos in safety.

On Friday, November 23d, 1494, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13th, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 5th, 1495, Henry VIII. of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England.

On Friday, September 7th, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States, by more than 40 years.

On Friday, November 10th, 1620, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown. And on the same day signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday, December 23d, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing, on Plymouth Rock.

On Friday, February 22d, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born.

On Friday, June 16th, 1776, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such a powerful influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

On Friday, September 23d, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, October 19th, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms.

### INTERESTING VIEW OF LONDON.

*Its Bridge—The Thames Tunnel—Tower of London—Bank of England—Visit to Old Bailey—Wine Vaults, &c., &c.*

We find the following interesting letter in the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser:

London, August, 1855.

The bridges of London constitute an interesting and characteristic feature of the city.—They have been constructed at different periods, as the business of the city and its more immediate connection required, at an almost incalculable outlay of expense. Some of these bridges are highly ornamental, and built of huge blocks of stone, which give them the appearance of great strength and durability.—Waterloo Bridge is a noble architectural work, its length being 1250 feet. It consists of 9 elliptical arches, each 120 feet span, and 32 feet in height. Trafalgar Bridge is constructed entirely of cast-iron, the large plates being made to fit each other so as to form almost a smooth surface. The continual arrival and departure of the numerous steamers for conveying persons to different points in the city; the ever-moving stream of people and vehicles, present a scene of bustle and animation of the most exciting character. These steamers are of small size, made long and narrow, and run with great speed. In passing under the bridges they lower the smoke pipe.

The Thames Tunnel, intended to form a communication under the river with the opposite portions of the city, is an extraordinary work, constructed at an immense expense, but it has not proved a profitable investment.—You descend by a circular staircase to the bottom, when the tunnel opens before you. It is 1,300 feet long, divided into two carriage roads, with a walk on each side for foot passengers. The top is arched with a heavy stone wall dividing the two roads. This partition wall is pierced with open spaces, to allow access from one passage to the other. It has never been used for carriages. It is kept brilliantly lighted, and filled with small shops, or rather stands, occupied by women for the sale of fancy articles.

The Tower of London is situated near the Thames. At the very mention of its name what a crowd of recollections rush upon the mind! Had these massive walls a voice what tales of horror, of cruelties and oppression could they unfold. Here rebel lords, and noble patriots, have been immured in gloomy dungeons, and afterwards led to execution.—The antiquity of the building is very great.—It was garrisoned by the Normans under William I. For several hundred years it was made the residence of the Royal Family, but ceased to be so on the accession of Queen Elizabeth. This ancient fortress consists of a collection of buildings, barracks, arsenals and offices. It is enclosed by an old wall with a ditch, and traversed by a draw-bridge. The space within the wall is 12 acres.

On the south side of the Tower is an arch called the *Traitor's Gate*, through which the State prisoners were brought from the river. Near this is the "Bloody Tower;" on the third floor is the room in which the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother were smothered by order of Richard III. The *Horse Armoury* contains 21 equestrian figures, the horse as well as the effigies are encased steel, representing the costume worn at different periods. The wall is covered with arms of every description; swords, pistols and muskets tastefully arranged. Above this room is Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. The principal rooms contain many curious relics. The block, with its ponderous axe, on which Anne Boleyn, Earl of Essex and other illustrious personages were beheaded. How often has this block been moistened with the blood of noble victims! The impressions made by the axe are distinctly visible. Here are Crusaders' coats of mail, suits of armor which belonged to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Henry VIII., the Executioner's mask, a pair of military boots worn by William III., and brass cannon from Waterloo. This room also contains many of the spoils of the invincible Spanish Armada, banners, boarding pikes and spears, collar of torment, thumb screws for wrenching and crushing the limbs, and other instruments of the Inquisition. On one side of this room is a small dark cell, without a window to let in a single ray of light, in which the distinguished warrior and scholar, Sir Walter Raleigh, was confined for 12 years, and by the cruelty and injustice of James I. condemned to the scaffold.

The "White Tower," as it is called, is a large irregular building, the first story being filled with arms for the Navy; within this building is an Ancient Chapel formerly used by the English Monarchs, and the room in which Lady Jane Gray, whose misfortunes claim our compassion, was imprisoned by the bigoted and bloody Mary. From a window in this room she saw her husband, Lord Guilford, pass to the place of execution, and soon after she herself summoned to the scaffold, where she met her fate with christian fortitude and resignation, exclaiming with her last words, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

In the yard are several pieces of Turkish Ordnance and mortars. White Hall Palace is a handsome edifice of hewn stone; it is now used, I believe, by the Government for offices. In front of this building Charles I. was executed, and in this house Cromwell lived and died.

The Bank of England is more remarkable for its size than any architectural beauty which it possesses. It has a capital of £35,000,000, and gives employment to 900 persons. In the yard is a large furnace enclosed in an iron frame work, for burning old bank notes.—There are three presses, each of which strike off 8,000 notes per hour; a machine of curious invention for making numbers on the notes, and six machines for weighing and detecting light coins. The bindery, type room, and machine work shops, are all within the building. Every thing is done upon the premises, excepting the manufacture of the paper. On the opposite side of the street is the Royal Exchange, the inner court of which is adorned with a fine statue of Queen Victoria.

I obtained through the kindness of a friend a permit from the Sheriff of London to visit Newgate, the chief prison for criminals in the Old Baily. It was for years stigmatized as one of the worst managed prisons in England, but through the exertions of Howard, together with the philanthropic labors of Mrs. Fry, the discipline and management of the prison has greatly improved.—The number of commitments average about 900 in a month.—There are several inner courts for the purpose of ventilation, and to admit exercise for the prisoners. It is a neat establishment where regular service is held twice every Sabbath, and a small library, and a school-master gives instructions every day to the boys. Most of the prisoners are kept employed picking oakum.—In one room are the fetters and chains formerly used, some of them of great weight; on the shelves of an adjoining room are the plaster busts of those who have been executed.—All the executions take place in the street in front of the building. The culprit walks from his cell through an iron door, which is never opened except on such occasions, to the fatal drop. It was in this prison that the Rev. Dr. Dodd was confined for forging a bond on his Lord Chesterfield. The most unremitting efforts were made to save him from the horror and ignominy of a public execution, a petition with 60,000 signatures was presented to the king, praying his royal clemency; the king refused to pardon him, and the unhappy man expiated his crime on the gallows.

The docks of London are on a scale of grandeur commensurate with its great commerce. They cover a surface of forty acres made of stone, and communicate with the Thames by a canal. Without these inland harbors, the river could not afford accommodation for the numerous shipping. I noticed several American vessels in front of the store house.

Among the wonders of London are the Wine Vaults. I visited the largest of these, which covers 11 acres. The ceiling rests on strong stone pillars. It is laid out in avenues about 9 feet wide, intersecting each other at right angles. There is a railway 25 miles in extent for stowing and removing the casks.—It will hold 20,000 pipes. Care is taken not to fill up the whole space to the ceiling, which is covered with a thick mould. This mould has a downy appearance, hanging from the ceiling like a lady's tippet; it is never removed, and visitors are requested not to touch it. I had fortunately not only a seeing but a tasting order, and can bear testimony not only to the civility of the proprietors, but to the excellence of the wine. As you grope your way, lamp in hand, through these subterranean passages the rolling of carts is constantly heard over head.

Adjoining the wine vaults is the immense tobacco warehouse belonging to the government. It covers 4 acres of ground, and will store 2,600 hogsheads. Contraband tobacco is invariably burnt, a large furnace with a tall chimney is erected in the yard for this purpose. It is called the Queen's pipe.

A prompt and courteous answer to my letter from Barclay, Perkins & Co., enabled me to visit their celebrated brewery, the largest in the world. The buildings cover 12 acres; 1,400 sacks of malt and 3 tons of hops are used every day, and the consumption of coal exceeds 500 tons per month. There are 14 fermenting squares which will hold 1500 barrels each, and 6 cooling floors with 750 barrels on each floor. The cleansing room contains 2,200 barrels; 175 cisterns, holding from 500 to 3,000 barrels each; 16 of these cisterns have each 3,500 barrels capacity.—They are 46 feet in the establishment; 2,000 barrels of beer are manufactured daily. The capital invested is \$35,000,000, U. S., currency.

Yours,  
J. G. G.

**What is Fashion?** Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning. What is idleness? Working yellow mountains on a pink suburb—or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions. What is Joy? To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars. What is Knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas. What is Contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. In other words, to be better off than your neighbors.

**Howe.**—The most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven.—Place him with the fairest face of nature, tempt him by living waters under the shadowy trees of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the sunniest climates, he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity.—*Sidney Smith.*

**Locked Jaw.**—The oldest case of this disease which stands recorded, must be that referred to by a Scotch clergyman, who while preaching to his congregation on the subject of Daniel in the lion's den, and his miraculous deliverance from so imminent a peril, thus proceeded—

"And what d'ye think was the reason why the lions dinna tear Daniel a' to pieces, and eat him up, even as a cat eats up a mouse? I can't say nae o' ye can tell, noo. Very well, I'll tell ye how it was: *The Laird above, he giv' in the locked jaw!*"

**Give no Pain.**—Breathe not a sentiment, say not a word, give not an expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinion and expression of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by a word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.