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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 16, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

UP AND DOING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"We can't afford to wait."—BISHOP CLARE.

Lo! from the wild city starts,
And on the prairie's breast
Singing dome, and tower, and spire, like dream
Of Araby the blest;
And they who fall behind the age,
Or move with snail-like feet,
Are in these days of progress deemed
Defunct or obsolete.

The world grows busy, and expects
Her sons to do the same;
She makes the boiling water work,
And yokes the mightiest elements
Her varied will obey,
And calls the lightning from the skies,
Her whispered words to say.

The idle man is like the dead,
Who can no burial find;
He fares it, in the race, with those
Who halt and look behind;
Even she, who backward gazes of old,
Was petrified, we read,
And how can we afford to wait
Amid this rolling speed?

The tares are growing in the field,
Though we suppose them dead,
And he who sows no seed betimes,
May hope in vain to reap.
The prince of evil never lags,
No lingers o'er his prey,
And they must needs be wide awake
Who think to bar his way.

The pagan people fade and fall
In ignorance and night,
Without a cheering ray from heaven
The dreary gulf to light.
The ready mission ship that asks
Our bounty for its freight—
Hark! to the cry of dying souls,
They can't afford to wait.

If there's a duty unfulfilled,
A blessed word unspoken—
Haste! ere the hour-glass of our days
Is wasted, spent, or broken;
Nor let procrastination lend
Its burden to our fate,
We can't afford to wait, my friend,
We can't afford to wait.

"The idle are a peculiar kind of dead, who cannot be buried."—Arabian Proverb.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Missouri Democrat.]

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

We presume our Illinois readers will readily expand the town C—mentioned in the following sketch into Carlyle:

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practicing law in Illinois in a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C—, by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for horse-stealing. She wished to retain me for the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex-servant of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told that I was a young man at the bar, &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to a gang of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, whose headquarters were on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but likes cards and drink, and I am afraid that they made do what he never would have if he had not drunk. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse; he didn't steal it; another did and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been for eyes brightened by "pearly tears," (blast the poets that made them to come in fashion by praising 'em), I'd never have been caught in the lasso of matrimony. And my would-be-client was pretty. The handkerchief that hid her streaming eyes didn't hide her ripe lips, and her snowy bosom rose and fell like a white gull in a gale of wind at sea.—I took the case and she gave me the particulars.

The gang, of which he was not a member, had persuaded him to take the horse. He knew the horse was stolen, and like a fool acknowledged it when he was arrested. Worse still—he had trimmed the horse's tail and mane to alter his appearance, and the opposition could prove it.

The trial came on. I worked hard to get a jury of ignorant men, who had more heart than brain; who, if they could not fathom the depths of argument, or follow the labyrinthine mazes of the law could feel for a young fellow in a bad fix, a weeping, pretty wife, nearly broken hearted and quite distracted. Knowing the use of "effect," I told her to dress in deep mourning and bring her little cherub of a boy, only three years old, into court, and sit as near her husband as the officer would let her. I tried that game once in a murder case and a weeping wife and sister made a jury render a verdict against law, evidence and the judges charge, and saved a fellow that ought to have been hung as high as Haman.

The prosecution opened very bitterly; inveighed against thieves and counterfeiters, who had made the land a terror to strangers and travellers, and who had robbed every far-

mer in the region of their finest horses. It introduced witnesses, and proved all and more than I feared it would.

The time came for me to rise for defence.—Witnesses I had none. But I determined to make an effort, only hoping so to interest the judge and jury, as to secure recommendation to gubernatorial clemency and a light sentence. So I painted this picture: A young man entered into life, wedded to an angel; beautiful in person, possessing every gentle and noble attribute. Temptation was before and all around him. He kept a tavern. Guests there were many; it was not for him to inquire into their business; they were all well-dressed; made large bills and paid promptly. At an unguarded hour when he was insane with the liquor they urged upon him, he had deviated from the path of rectitude. The demon of alcohol had reigned in his brain; and it was the first offence. Mercy pleaded for another chance to save him from ruin. Justice did not require that his young wife should go down sorrowing to the grave, and that the shadow of disgrace and the taunt of a felon father should cross the path of that sweet child. O, how earnestly did I plead for them. The woman wept, the husband did the same; the judge haggard and rubbed his eyes; the jury melting. If I could have closing speech he would have been cleared; but the prosecutor had the close, and threw ice on the fire I had kindled. But they did not quite put it out.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred:

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property, and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property which they were about to assign before they broke, under attachment. Finding I was neck ahead, and bound to win, they "caved in," and "forked over" three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents (per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southeast of Moore's prairie.—I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me till after dinner. I then started for C—, intending to go as far as the village of Mount Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high strung order. They swept as if to show how easily they could do it. They shortened in, allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me, asked me to "wet," or in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard; but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board. They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mount Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a nice stopping place and then drove on.

I did not like the look of those fellows, nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in my valise or my sully, but in my belt about my body. I drove slow in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern sign ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon stood before the door. I would have pressed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up, and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look she put her finger on her lips, and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my late client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old travelling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully, but firmly, declined to do so.

"By G—d, you shall drink or fight!" said the noisest of the party.

"Just as you please; drink I shall not!" said I, purposely showing the butt of a Colt, which kicks six times in rapid succession.

The party interposed, and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar, which I reluctantly refused, but a glance from the woman induced me accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so slipped a note into my hand, which she must have written a moment before. Never shall I forget the words. They were:

"Beware, they are members of the gang.—They mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them!"

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

"Have you any room to put up my horse?" I asked turning to the woman.

"What are you not going on to-night?" asked one of the men; we are.

"No," said I, "I shall stay here to-night."

"We'll all stay then, I guess, and make a night of it," said another of the cut-throats.

"You'll have to up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to it," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head. More whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon; it was old fashioned, and "linch pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was about the work of an instant, and I threw them as far off in the distance as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was but the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The

next moment with a shout they started. I threw my light away, and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later I heard a crash—a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of the wagon. Finally they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I "rid"! It was a little after mid-night when I got to Mount Vernon.

The next day I heard that Moore's Prairie team had run away, and that two men out of the four had so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of. But I didn't cry.—My clients got their money; and I didn't travel that road any more.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—M. Charles Maurice, the French Journalist, in his "Historic Anecdotes," relates the following:

"A man had been condemned to death during the Preconsulate of Lyons, and on the day of execution the scaffold, he took to the cart beneath the scaffold, he took a nightcap out of one pocket and a knife out of the other, then putting the one on the prisoner's head with the latter he severed the cord that bound his hands, behind his back, and, taking him by the arm, walked away with him, as if it was some one faint with terror of the spectacle. Nobody took notice of them. Dragging the victim along, rather than leading him, for the poor man had lost almost consciousness, he at length got him into a coffee house, where he was soon brought to himself."

The most eloquent of all the Southerners, as I think, Mr. Prentice, of Mississippi, was addressing a crowd of some 4000 people in that State, defending the tariff, and in the course of an eloquent period which rose gradually to some beautiful climax, he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the North, in glowing colors, when there arose upon the vision of the assembly, in the open air, a horseman of magnificent proportions; and just at the moment of hushed attention, when the voice of Prentice had ceased, and the applause was about to break forth, the horseman exclaimed, "Damn the north!" The curse was so much in unison with the feelings of a Mississippi audience, that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept the crowd from applauding the horseman. Prentice turned his lame foot around and said, "Major Moody, you will rein in that steed a moment?" He assented. Said he, "Major, the horse on which you sit came from Upper Missouri; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J. the hat that on your head was made in Danbury, Conn., the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass., the linen in your shirt is Irish, and Boston made it up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and was cut in New York; and if to-day you surrender what you owe the 'damned north,' you would sit stark naked."—Wendell Phillips.

MONEY.—Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everthing resolves itself into cash, from stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies; youth aspires to dimes; manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client and the judge decides the question of life and death for his salary. Money makes the man; therefore the man must make the money, if he is respected by fools; for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels carpet, lace curtains, gilded cornices and rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages and pays the rent of the best pew. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady—it commands the respect of gaping crowds and insures obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable, to send bibles to the heathen, and relieve domestic indigence. It glides the ragged scenes of life and spreads over the rugged path of existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude scenes of turmoil are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness, stops at short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all rank and mortal distinction, and teaches poor, weak humanity that it is but dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity; the beggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod, to rise in equality to answer the final summons.

A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.—No young man who has a just sense of his own value, will sport with his character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth, will be of incalculable value to him in all remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, "Can I afford this? It is of elevated mind; for this is the foundation of a good character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened and elevating. Thus the mind has, in its own power, the themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal a life of degradation produced by the indulgence of degrading thoughts—if they only realize how frightful are the moral depravities which a cherishing habit of loose imagination produces—they would shun them as the bite of a serpent.

[From the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

Useful Receipts.

Bleeding of the nose.—Elevating the right arm and keeping it in that position for some time, will stop bleeding at the nose, according to Dr. Negrier, a French surgeon.

Hiccups.—Hold up high above your head two fingers of your hand, lean back in your seat, and opening your mouth and throat so as to give free passage to your lungs, breath very long and softly and look very steadily at your fingers, and it will cure your hiccups in less than two minutes. A traveler on the railroad from Cumberland and Baltimore, who was nearly "worn out with suffering" from hiccups, and could get no relief from a physician to whom he applied, was cured in this way by a stranger in the cars, in less than two minutes by the watch.

Cough.—Whenever a coughing spell comes on you, take a spoonful of the syrup of a quart of molasses, containing a lump of alum of the size of a hen's egg and simmered over the fire in an earthen vessel till the alum is dead.

Cold.—Abstain from all food for a day or two, and drink cold water freely, and your cold will be gone. This is the simplest and most effectual remedy yet known.

Inflamations.—A snow ball wrapped in a piece of cloth, or a rag dipped in cold water and applied to any inflammation or swelling arising from a fall, cut, bruise, or cold settled in the part, will reduce the inflammation quicker than all the camphor, spirits, and other hot stuffs you can apply.

Headachs, Vomiting, and Pain of the bowels.—Into a tumbler two-thirds full of hot water, put one teaspoonful of ground ginger, one of brown sugar, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and half a spoonful of soda, and drink it warm. This is a sure and rapid cure. A cloth dipped in cold water and applied to the head, will also cure the headache when the stomach is not disordered. So an occasional table spoonful of strong hot coffee, without sugar and milk, will also relieve the vomiting peculiar to cholera morbus and cholera infantum.

Sprain.—A poultice of wheat or rye bran and vinegar will soon reduce the inflammation produced by a sprain.

Fresh cuts and wounds.—An application of New England rum in which balm of Gilead buds have been soaked in a bottle, it is said to be the best cure in the world for fresh cuts and wounds. The buds must be gathered when in their most gummy or sticky state, which continues only for a few days in spring. If a finger, &c. be cut off with a scythe, &c., take the piece off and (if it is already pale and cold) wash it in warm water—this done, put it to its place by sewing and bandages, and it will grow fast and become sound again. This has often been done—then be sure in such cases to "save the pieces."

Tooth Ache.—A few drops of hartshorn or equal parts of alum or salt, applied to the cavity of the tooth in a bit of cotton or lint, will often afford relief. And so will freshly slacked lime water, and warm and strong salted water when held to the aching tooth.

Snake bites.—Whiskey, brandy, gin, or any alcoholic liquor drunk by the patient in small and oft-repeated doses, will neutralize and cure the bite of rattlesnakes, copper-heads and other snakes. So will a free application of spirits of turpentine to the bitten part. And so will a plaster composed of salt stirred into the yolk of a good egg until it is thick enough to form a plaster. "The Wisconsin Farmer" says it will ensure your life for a six pence, against the bite of a rattlesnake, if you apply this and egg plaster to the wound.

Bee, Wasp, Spider and other insects Bites.—Rub the bitten part with spirits of turpentine, or spirits of hartshorn, or pour on it a drop of the liquor of potassia and it will afford immediate relief.

Over-loaded Stomach.—The best remedy in cases of extreme danger from the excessive eating of too much fruit or any kind of food, is said to be eating a good quantity of old cheese.

Gout or Swelled Neck.—Washing the swelled part with brine or strong salted-water, and drinking it twice a day, will, it is said, cure it.

Hydrophobia or Bite of a Mad Dog.—Wash the bitten part immediately with warm vinegar or water, and after the wound is dry apply thereto a few drops of muriatic acid, which will neutralize and destroy the poison of the saliva and cure the bite. An English Journal says that an old Saxon has urged this remedy with perfect success for the last fifty years. This is the simplest remedy I have yet seen—let it be tried.

Itchiness of the head.—Rubbing the head once or twice a day with the surface of a raw onion, till the roots of the hair are moistened, will, it is said, prevent the hair from falling off. And a mixture of brandy and sweet oil is said to be very good for cleaning the hair and making it grow.

Tooth and Gums.—Washing the teeth and gums every morning with salt and water will preserve them and answer all purpose of the costly dentrifices used by fashionable people. Dr. Johnson in his "Economy of Health" says "The month should rinsed in hot water and then immediately with cold every morning throughout the year. If this were regularly done in infancy the dentist might shut his shop! Others tell us that the best article for keeping the teeth clean is soap-suds made out of the purest white soap, for no other soap should be used for this purpose."

Lightning.—Persons rendered insensible by a stroke of lightning, may be revived by pouring cold water over the face and head.

Bad Smells, Infections, &c.—Dissolve a pound of copperas (six cents worth) in a gallon of water, and sprinkle the water in your privy and over your drains, ditches, &c., producing noisome smells, and it will speedily remove the smell and make the air wholesome. If the smell be very bad, double the quantity of copperas should be used, with as much ground plaster as will form a thin paste.

What is the difference between a Pe-seyite and a Baptist? One uses wax candles, and the other dips.

SIMPLICITY OF AN ENGLISH DRESS.

In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself, would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the wants of their families by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojournd not long since, several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants were much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansions instead of being turned out of doors every few years, for new and fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed—substantial and in excellent preservation but plain, and without any pretensions to elegance. Even the carpets, on many suits of parlors, had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how different is the state of things! We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country, on show and fashion, which if rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and Christianize, civilize and educate, all mankind.—Caldwell.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

FEVER-POISONS.

On the subject of the scarlet fever, which has lately been extraordinary havoc among old and young, the following useful observations occur in a small tract intended for popular dissemination by Mr. R. Pairman, surgeon, Biggar:

After referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light, and cleanliness, in order to disinfect cloths and apartments from the invisible air-poison exhaled from the sick, the author proceeds: It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, &c., nesting in their innumerable pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, more virulently than at first, after the lapse of many weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton and woolen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water. And in airing these materials, a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away. A genteel country family lately related to me that a few years ago they had an occasion to reside some time in Edinburgh; while there, one of the domestics became affected with fever of a peculiar type. After her recovery, the bed-clothes—as was thought—were sufficiently aired, packed up, and conveyed home along with the family. Through some inadvertence, they remained for four months thus folded up; after which being required for use, they were opened out and washed. Within a week, the person who washed them became attacked with the same type of fever, though none was prevailing in the district at the time; so that infection thus imprisoned in a blanket, or anywhere else, and not exposed to any current of air, seems not only quite indestructible, but, while thus confined, probably grows in virulence every day. Thus the infection of plague—which is just a form of typhus fever—has been packed up in a bale of cotton, and after being conveyed many hundred miles, struck with instant death the person who unloaded it. The following curious and dreadful incident, related by Dr. Parr, of Exeter, shewing how plague was once disseminated in an English town, we extract from Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine: "The last plague which infested the town in which we now write," says Dr. Parr, "arose from a traveler remarking to his companion, that in a former journey he had the plague in the room where they sat. 'In that corner,' said he, 'was a cupboard where the bandages were kept; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still.' He took the poker and broke down the plastering, and found them. The disease was soon disseminated, and was extensively fatal."

The next point requiring notice is, that one man may convey infection to another, while he himself escapes the disease. Some years ago I received a message from a much esteemed and worthy minister, requesting a visit to two of his children. On arriving, I found them ill with scarlatina; and as they had both become suddenly affected at the very same hour the previous evening, it was evident that both had simultaneously imbibed the poisonous dose. But the question arose: Where could they possibly get infection? for they had ever been carefully tended by their nurse, come in contact with nobody but members of the family, and no fever of any description was prevailing for several miles around. At length the father remembered that about a week before he had visited a little girl under a scarlatina in an adjoining parish; had, in the act of religious conversation, sat by her bed, taken her by the hand, rubbed his clothes on the bed-clothes of the patient—in a word, had quite unconsciously done everything likely to saturate his own clothes with infection; after which, the night being cold he wrapped his great-coat firmly around him—thus inadvertently preventing its dispersion—mounted his horse, and trotted home at a rapid pace. On reaching home he threw off his great-coat, drew in his chair to a comfortable fire, and as any fond parent would be apt to do, forthwith got both of the children perched upon his knee, little dreaming of the poisonous present a father's love was unconsciously bestowing. That this was the

mode of communicating the disease was evident by a process of exact calculation; for the infection of scarlatina lurks in the blood about five days before the fever shows itself; and on calculating five days back from the onset of the fever, we were brought exactly to the time when the incident occurred.

If two pieces of cloth of the same material the one black, and the other white, were in equal circumstances, and for the same length of time, exposed to infection, the black cloth would be far sooner saturated with it than the other. We have here something analogous to the well-known law about the absorption of heat. As dark objects absorb heat more powerfully than white ones, so do they also more readily absorb infection, and all kinds of smells. Hence the mere fumigation of closets and wynds in epidemic seasons is not enough; they are afterwards very properly whitewashed. Hence also the wholesomeness of light as well as air in the dwellings of the poor, and of all those measures of cleanliness and comfort which the whitening-brush is able to impart. The haunts of infection realize those conditions with which childish fancy clothes the haunts of spectres.—Dark and cheerless are its favorite dens.—The "bleezing ingle and the clean hearthstone," it seems to shun; but lurks and lingers in the gloomy hovel, fattens on its diet, and in the crevices of its smoked and dingy walls find those most congenial nesting-places which it cannot find in the plastered, white-washed, smooth, and shining walls of cleanliness. Its fittest emblem is that mysterious plant the deadly nightshade, which loves the darkness rather than the light, and luxuriates less abundantly than in sunshine than in gloom.

COUNTERFEIT LIQUORS.—Interesting Statement.—The London Times notices, in a list of joint stock companies in Paris, formally sanctioned by the prefect of police, the name of the "General company of Fictitious or Counterfeit Wines." The company boldly state that no grape juice or alcohol is used, but do not specify the ingredients. The article is sold at from four to eight sous per quart, and the company has a capital of six million francs.—These liquors are, of course, sold as genuine.—Our markets are flooded with spurious liquors and no one can tell when he buys the genuine article. The Springfield Republican says, that an informant of that paper was on a visit to a friend, a liquor dealer in a western city, and, in the space of an hour, he saw him transform a barrel of high wines into "pure French brandy." The barrel was stamped with the custom house brand, and had all the appearance of a sea voyage. The manufacturer poured in the basis of the ingredients (the high wines) and then, having scented it with about two ounces of the oil of cognac, added a pail full of a compound which he had mixed from one bucket to another, and which was to give to it its taste and color. The component parts of this last mixture were absolute poisons, directly destined to sap the energy, and finally, destroy the life of the poor victims to a habit that leads them to the use of stimulants.—When such facts are taken into consideration, there is no wonder that a prohibitive law is demanded for the suppression of the traffic.

Errors.—The little I have seen of the world, says Longfellow, and to know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptation it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the dissolution of the soul's sanctuary and threatening voices within; health gone; I would fain leaving the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter on a new day, carrying an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection. Thoughts may be born to day which never extinguished. Hope may be excited to day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to day, the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

Sitting on a pile of lumber yesterday, a couple of yawning loafers were talking politics: "Well, Joe," said one, "when a fellow runs for Governor he gets awfully abused don't he?" "Yes," replied Joe.

"I wonder what they would say about me if I was running; I expect they'd say I stole horses, and didn't pay any board?" "Yes," answered his comrade, "and if they should ask me about it, I would say it is true."

Joe was shoved off the lumber by the other, and they both started down street to ring in for a lunch and a glass of the be-joyful.

Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hear or behold him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions.

Gaiety is to good humor as annual perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

Best Thing.—The best to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, defence; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of her son; to yourself, respect, to all men, charity; to God, obedience.