

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 5, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field,
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest,
That field is veiled from mortal sight,
To only seen by one
Who knows alone, where victory lies,
When each day's fight is done.
One army clusters strong and fierce,
Their chief a demon form;
His brow is like the thunder cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.
His captains, Pride, and Hope, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.
Contenting with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there with an unquailing front,
Those warriors stand!
Their leader is of God-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple cross is seen.
His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source divine.
They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sin,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, to confide, to endure.
That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.
And when they win the battle-field,
Prest toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned,
Becomes a hallowed spot.
A spot where flowers of joy and peace,
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze to God.

Selected Tale.

THE COUNTERFEIT DOLLAR.

A rich dressed lady, followed by a man servant, stopped at a market stall one Saturday, and bought a pair of chickens of the old huckster woman. The lady offered a five dollar bill which the huckster could not change. A man making some purchases at the same time, offered to oblige the huckster by taking the bill, and giving five gold dollars for it. He gave them to her, and she returned the just change to the lady.

The latter had not walked a square before she discovered that one of the gold coins was counterfeit. She took it back to the market woman who insisted upon her taking a gold dollar instead, saying that she would see the man who had given the lady one, the next time he passed, and make him take it back.

Quite willing not to lose the dollar, the lady consented. A few days afterwards she passed the stall again, and stopped to ask if the woman had yet seen the man who had given her the counterfeit dollar.

"Laws, no, honey," was the reply. "I wasn't going to let you keep it, being as you are my best customer, but I just passed it the very next time I had to make change, and no loss. Never you mind, honey, the woman as gave it to served me the very same trick last week. I was glad to get a chance to pay her."

"I am very sorry it is going any further," said the lady. "I came here on purpose to get it and destroy it. I thought I could better afford to lose it than many another. Now I shall always be sorry I did not do my duty when I had it in my power."

"Laws, then, I wish I'd kept it, for Peggy, who I gin it to, will likely pass it off on some poor body; and it does seem fair that the big bugs should lose what must be lost, anyhow. I will just see if Peg has got it yet, you're willing to wait a bit."

"No—Peg had not got it! She would have come to keep it so long. But choosing her coin with some discretion, among those she called big-bugs, she gave it to a middle-aged man, whose fingers were so cold that he was particular in examining his change than usual. Arriving at home, he found the dollar had, but could not remember at what stall he had received it; so in great indignation at the dishonesty of those hucksters, he had made up his mind to pocket his loss.

He went to church regularly—or, rather, to Methodism—because of all things, he hated the poor-plate, which was passed around every Sunday for contributions. Yet he generally sent something into it, because folks' eyes were upon him. The next Sunday when it came round, he maliciously put therein the counterfeit dollar. "There," thought he, "you are welcome to that!"

He did not blush, or look, or feel ashamed, observers would never know the cheat. However, when the preacher read in the Bible-lesson about Ananias and Sapphira, he had to comfort himself with the remembrance that the gifts for miracles is past.

That afternoon a lady called upon him, and complained that a counterfeit dollar, which she had given to such a huckster, had been transferred to another who had given it to her. She had come to redeem that dollar, as her conscience troubled her about it, and she supposed it was still in his possession, of course.

The variegated man always took great care of his reputation. He protested that the market woman must be mistaken, as he could show every gold dollar in the house, and they

were all good. She must have given it some other man.

The lady was so sure that she hesitated, and was inclined to urge the matter, when the unlucky wife said to her husband:

"George, you put a gold dollar on the poor plate. That must be it."

Shame and anger suffused his face; but he said plausibly, "Oh, perhaps so! I did not think of that! Now what a pity! I should have observed more closely. But I will make it up another time."

"I feared it would be so. It has gone to the poor, who can least bear its loss," said the lady. "But it is my fault, and I must trace it out. Who is your pastor, sir?"

Being informed, the persevering lady called upon him.

To go back a little. When the deacon, or whatever he may be called, saw the little gold coin deposited amidst the copper and small silver on the plate, he was passing around the meeting, he was rejoiced, and as he was also treasurer, he took the amount home and placed it in the fund. The ministers to that church are supported by voluntarily contributions, and the time being come for paying the allowance, to their pastor, it was counted out, and to make change, some money taken from the poor fund, the counterfeit dollar being a part of it.

The good man received his pittance with joy, which was shared by his needy wife and their nine children. There was much planning and plotting as to the spending of the small sum. All extravagant hopes from it were brought into due compass, and every dollar appropriated in the most absolutely necessary manner. The father retired to write a sermon upon the bounty of God, and the wife who was banker and disburser, went to put away the money. Then she detected the base coin.—With indignant flushing cheeks she took it to her husband.

"Oh!" he said, "It is hard, hard! But the Lord will teach us how to do without it. He feeds the young ravens."

"Do you think it would be wrong to pass it, husband? I mean at some of those rich dry goods stores. I can't do very without my gown. We are so poor! Others would not miss it. It came to us as a good one. We need not be too particular."

"Oh wife," was the reply, "this is a temptation of Satan. Passing a counterfeit dollar is just the same as telling a lie, and setting others to tell lies too. Throw it into the fire, that it may deceive and disappoint no one else, and forget we ever had it. That is all we can do."

The wife, discontented and sad, returned to her work of mending the children's clothes. Her eldest daughter, a girl of twelve was ironing in the kitchen. She came in with a woeful face, saying:

"Mother, dear, look here! Father's best linen neck cloth was hanging on the chair, and baby pulled it off and switched the corner of it into the fire. It was half burned up before I could pull it out. What will father do?"

The child was reproved too sharply, for not taking more heed, and went away crying to her work.

"It is too bad," said the mother, "that we must be the ones to suffer always. But father shall not be the loser by the carelessness of his people. I won't put up with it! That bad dollar came from the congregation, and it shall go back to them!"

So she put on her bonnet, and went to the gentleman's furnishing store, kept by Mr. B., a member of their church. She bought her husband a new neck cloth, which she hoped he would never know from the old one.

That very day the lady called and asked to see the Rev. Mr. ——. She told the story of the counterfeit dollar, and asked if he had seen anything of it, saying that she had come to redeem it. The minister said that it had luckily fallen into his own hands, and joyfully did he hasten to his wife's room.

"God verily numbers the hairs of our heads," he said. "He will not suffer one of his little sparrows to fall to the ground. Give me the bad dollar, for a lady has come to give us a good one in its place."

Then came the agony of confession of the hitherto honest wife. She will weep and write to her dying day at the remembrance of that look of surprise and wounded trust, which her beloved husband's face wore as he heard it.—She went at once to the lady and told her all. It was a brave deed, for she was a minister's wife, with a whole congregation watching to detect a slip from uprightness. The lady, she feared, would report her delinquency, but she had fallen into merciful hands, and her fault was kept secret. They went together to the furnishing store.

The store keeper examined his bill and desk. There was no such dollar to be found, and no one could tell to whom it had been given.—One of the shop girls had probably passed it without seeing that it was not gold. The lady left a dollar to replace it, should any one bring it back, and went home disappointed.—Her husband was a magistrate, and she knew that he was so strict in bringing offenders to justice, that she never mentioned to him this counterfeit, for fear of getting the market-woman into trouble for passing it, knowing it to be such.

That night her husband came home from his office, looking exceedingly weary and sad. His wife pressed to know the reason.

"Oh," said he, "the duties of my office are sometimes so painful! I have just had to send such a nice lady-like woman to the lock-up for the night because it was too late to examine her at once. She seemed in great distress about something; but she can't speak a word of English, so I couldn't make it out.—I think, though, that her husband is sick."

"Why not let her go, and take her up again in the morning?"

"Well, she is accused of a serious charge—counterfeiting—and her distress may be all sham, only a plan to get her husband off. I don't want him warned. I have set a watch about the house, but can do no more until morning. There are great numbers of counterfeit gold dollars in circulation, and this wo-

man, he neighbors say, has tried to pass three within a week. I have been very anxious to discover the rogues; and I don't believe this woman had had anything to do with it.—However, I had to shut her up, the neighbors are so indignant. To-morrow it will be looked into, and the woman set free, I have no doubt."

"Perhaps her poor sick husband may die of anxiety and alarm, meanwhile."

"Well, put on your bonnet, wife. You can speak German. I should feel easier, I confess if I knew more about this matter, and will go to her residence."

The wife hastily made ready. They had to go to a dirty narrow court, peopled by the lowest Irish. When they arrived and inquired for the man, they were shown into a destitute room, with out fire or light, at the door of which they had knocked, but received no answer. When they approached the bed, a man spoke as if just awaking, and said in German:

"Olga, have you come? I am so cold, and I have been dying for a drink of water. I could not reach my medicine, Olga, and it is long past the hour. But, poor wife, you have gone through much, no doubt—and have they paid you?"

The magistrate sent the officious neighbors for fire and light, while his wife gradually broke the news to the husband, for he had not heard of his wife's arrest. The neighbors were afraid to tell it to a man so ill. He was lying, wasted by a low fever, almost to a skeleton. He seemed horror-stricken at the idea of his wife's disgrace, and turning away from the lady, he wept bitterly. From ejaculations, and fragmentary sentences, she gathered that he belonged to a noble family in some little German principality, and had been obliged, on account of sympathy with Hungary, to fly with his wife. They had expended all their means before they had been able to get any employment, and since the failure of her husband's health, the poor wife struggled to support them both with her needle. He turned to his visitors again to explain about the counterfeit. He said the neighborhood and market people gave his wife bad money repeatedly, thinking shrewdly that she, being a foreigner, would not be likely to know the true coin well. When she ignorantly tried to buy things with this bad money, she was harshly treated. Therefore, when she had another gold dollar given to her, he supposed she had shown it to her neighbors to ask if it were good, and had not been able to make herself understood by them. He had not seen her since she left him to take home some shirts to Mr. B.'s furnishing store.

The magistrate perceived that these people were innocent, and went at once to obtain the woman's release, while his wife stayed and busied herself in procuring comforts for the destitute invalid, without consulting him at all about it, for she saw that his proud spirit rebelled against receiving as charity even the means of prolonging life.

It was not long before her husband returned, and never was there a sadder or tenderer meeting than between the sick man and his liberated wife.

Although medical attendance was procured, and every comfort placed before him, the sufferer died that night, with his last words the lady who had thus enabled him to have the comfort of his wife's presence in the last, dark hour.

The lady herself, however, felt keenly self-condemned. She told her husband the whole story, shedding tears of pain.

"What a dreadful chain of sin and sorrow I have occasioned," she said.

"I do not think you were to blame," her husband replied, "for you only left the dollar to be given to the true passer."

"Oh, no! I was almost sure that the market would not be particular. I thought she would get rid of it the first chance she had.—Yet, I said, 'that is no concern of mine.' It was indifference to right which has had the force of intentional wickedness. See what a series of sins I occasioned. The market woman gratified her revenge first, and did a dishonest act besides; then that hateful hypocrite put it into the poor-fund in church—cheating his contribution. I saw detected guilt in his face, but he told more falsehoods—he pretended he did it by mistake, and that he would make it up! Then the poor minister's wife, overwhelmed by poverty to be dishonest! Oh, what agony it will always be to her, to remember it, and to me to know that I occasioned it! And the starving, innocent German lady, who came near being deprived of her husband's last kiss; and who endured hours of misery, knowing that he was suffering in her absence! Oh, husband—"

"One ill deed,
Sows countless seed,
I shall never forget this lesson. Pray God that every one of my sins of omission may not be followed by such a train of mischief!"

To be reminded of her fault, the lady had the dollar set in a plain bracelet, and wore it constantly upon her arm. Every day the base coin left a green mark from corrosion, and as she washed it off, she thought how blessed it would be if the consequences of sin could be as easily effaced. But that she knew by experience, could not be. In three days since she had suffered to slip through her fingers, had brought sin or unhappiness to herself, the two hucksters, the hypocrite, the minister's wife, and the persecuted foreigner. They—none of them—would ever, during their whole lives, escape from the consequences of her culpable neglect, in not stopping the circulation of that counterfeit dollar.

"Times are improving and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, those who used to ride in their carriages now walk."

"A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife, take a home newspaper and pay for it in advance."

The Animals of Tibet and India.

The following is the substance of a paper on the above subject, read before the British Association for the advancement of Science, by Herr R. Schlegelweit:

The existence of the Yak, or Tibetan ox, in a wild state has been repeatedly doubted, but we frequently found wild yaks. The chief localities where we met with them were both sides of the range which separates the Indus from the Sutlej, near the origin of the Indus, and near the environs of Gartok; but the greatest number of them was at the north of the high Karakoram range, as well as to the south of the Kuenlun, Turkistan. In Western Tibet, particularly in Ladak, there are no more yaks in a wild state at present, though I have no doubt that they have formerly existed there. They seem to have been extirpated here, the population being, though very thin, a little more numerous than in Tibet in general. As Ladak has been occasionally more visited by travellers than any other part of Tibet, the want of the yak here has probably given rise to the idea that they are no more to be found in a wild state at all.

Amongst all quadruped animals the yak is found at the greatest height; it stands best the cold of the Snowy Mountains, and is least affected by the rarefied air. But at the same time the range of temperature in which a yak can live is very limited; the real yak can scarcely exist in Summer in heights of 8000 feet. We often found large herds of wild yaks—from thirty to forty—in heights of 18,000 to 19,900 English feet; and one occasion we traced them even as high 19,300 feet—a remarkable elevation, as it is very considerably above the limits of vegetation, and even more than 1000 feet above the snow line. The hybrid between the yak and the Indian cow is called Choofoo, and it is very remarkable that the Choofoos are fertile.

The Choofoos, which are most useful domestic animals to the inhabitants of the Himalayas, are brought down to lower places, where yaks do not exist, and where, consequently, they cannot mix either with yaks or with the Indian cow. We had occasion to see and examine the offspring of Choofoos as far as to the seventh generation, and in all these cases we found the later generations neither much altered nor deteriorated; and we were moreover informed that there was never found any limit as to the number of generations. The Kiang, or wild horse, has been often confounded with the Korkhar, or wild ass, though they differ considerably in appearance, and inhabit countries with very dissimilar climates. The Kiang exists in the high cold regions and mountains of Tibet—the ass in the heated sandy plains of Sindh and Beloochistan. The Kiang is found in great numbers nearly in the same localities as the yak; he does not, however, go up the mountains so high as the yak, but the range of his distribution is greater than that of the yak.

The greatest elevation where we found Kiangs was 18,600 English feet, while we traced yaks as high up as 19,300 feet. The regions where the yak and the kiang are found, are, in a zoological point of view, altogether one of the most remarkable and interesting of our globe. The highest absolute elevation coincides here, it is true, with the greatest height of the snow line, or rather it causes the snow line to be higher. But those high plateaus and regions, though free from snow and ice in summer, remain a desert throughout the year.—The amount of vegetation on them is less than that in the Desert between Suez and Cairo, in Egypt. Nevertheless, these high, sterile regions are inhabited by numerous herds of large quadrupeds; and besides those already mentioned numerous species of wild sheep, antelopes, and a few canine animals, chiefly wolves as well as hares, are abundant. The herbivorous animals find here their food only by travelling daily over vast tracts of land, as there are only a few fertile spots, the greater part being completely barren.

The great scarcity of vegetation, particularly the entire absence of mosses and lichens, has a very different effect, though an indirect one, on the occurrence of birds. The small plants are the chief abode of insects, the want of mosses and lichens coinciding with a total absence of humans, limits, therefore, to the minimum the occurrence of insects, the exclusive food of small birds in all extremely elevated parts of the globe, where grains are no more found. We indeed met, travelling twenty consecutive days between heights of 14,000 to 18,200 feet, only with three individuals belonging to a species of Fringilla, but occasionally a few large carnivorous birds, as vultures, were met with. The Gorkhar, or wild ass, an animal, which, as I mentioned before, has been often confounded with the Kiang, or wild horse, inhabits chiefly the rather hilly districts of Beloochistan, part of the sandy plains of Sindh, and it is to be found, if I am not mistaken, to the westward of Beloochistan, in Persia, where it is called Koolan.

Dr. Barth lately told me, that, according to the description I have him, he thinks the asses he saw in Africa identical with the Gorkhars, or wild asses of Sindh and Beloochistan. I will now try to give an explanation about the fabulous Unicorn, or animal which is said to have one horn only. This animal has been described by Messrs. Huac and Gabet, the famous travellers in Eastern Tibet, according to information they received, as a species of antelope with one horn placed unsymmetrically on his head. When my brother Hermann was in Nepal he procured specimens of horns of a wild sheep (not of an antelope) of very curious appearance. At first sight it seemed to be but one horn placed on the centre of the head; but, on closer examination, and after having made a horizontal section of horn, it was found to consist of two distinct parts, which were included in a horny envelope, not unlike to two fingers put in one finger of a glove. The animal, when young, has two separate horns, which are, however, placed so close to each other, that the interior borders begin very soon to touch each other; later, by a slight consecutive irritation, the horny matter forms one uninterrupted mass

and the two horns are surrounded by this horny substance, so that they appear at first sight to be but one.

In conclusion, allow me to say a few words about migratory birds. There are no migratory birds in the Himalays; we nowhere and at no season found flocks crossing the Himalays, as many birds of Europe cross the Alps, between Italy and Germany. The Himalayan birds do not change their abodes on a large scale; the different various heights themselves afford them the opportunity to select the climate they require in different seasons. In the plains of India, however, chiefly in Bengal, a large number of birds disappear during the breeding time; they do not, however, leave India, impenetrable jungles of the delta of the Ganges and Brahmapootra, called the Sundabans, where they were found by my brother Hermann in large quantities, whilst at the same time they entirely disappeared in Bengal Proper.

A STAMPEDE ON THE PRAIRIES.—About an hour after the usual time at which the horses were brought in for the night, hobbled, and otherwise secured near the tents and fires of their respective owners, an indistinct sound arose like the muttering of distant thunder.—As it approached it became mingled with the howling of all the dogs in the encampment, and with the shouts and yells of the Indians. In coming nearer, it rose high above all these accompaniments, and resembled the lashing of heavy surf upon a beach. On and on it rolled towards us, and partly from my own hearing, partly from hurried words and actions of the tenants of our lodge, I gathered that it must be the fierce and uncontrollable noise of thousands of panic-stricken horses. As this living torrent drew nigh, I sprang to the front of the tent, seized my favorite riding mare, and, in addition to the hobbles, which confined her, twisted the long lariet round her fore legs, then led her immediately in front of the fire, hoping that the excited and maddened herd of horses would divide, and pass on each side of it.

As the galloping mass drew nigh our horses began to snort, prick up their ears, and then tremble; and when it burst upon us, they became completely ungovernable from terror.—All broke loose and joined their affrighted companions, except my mare which struggled with the fury of a wild beast, and I only retained her by using all my strength, and at last throwing her on her side. On went the maddened troop, trampling, in their headlong speed, over skins, dried meat, &c., and throwing down some of the smaller tents. They were soon lost in darkness of night and the wilds of the prairie, and nothing more was heard of them, save the distant yelping of the curs, who continued their ineffectual pursuit. This is a stampede, and is one of the most extraordinary scenes I ever witnessed, as may easily be imagined by any one who reflects that this race of terror is run in darkness, only partially lighted by the fitful glare of half extinguished fires, and that it is, moreover, run by several thousand steeds, driven by terror to ungovernable madness.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"I like to tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung her shawl up, and replaced the bouquets in the long preserved bandbox. "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish and nourish each other. But it is a very solemn thing, where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It should be husband and wife.—It isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said, 'With my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it meant only one calico dress a year!"

POWER OF THE SUN.—A distinguished chemist in a recent lecture, while showing that all species of moving power have their origin in the rays of the sun, stated that while the iron tubular railroad bridge over the Menais straits in England, four hundred feet long, bent but half an inch under the heaviest pressure of a train, it will bend an inch and a half from its usual horizontal line, when the sun shines upon it for some hours. He stated that Bunker Hill Monument is higher in the evening than in the morning of a sunny day; the little sunbeams enter the pores of the stones like so many wedges lifting it up.

KEEN.—We know a lady who will relish this:—"One of the sex writers, rather spitefully, 'that though a few American ladies live in idleness, the majority as yet work themselves into early graves—giving the men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives.'"

A cunning lawyer meeting with a shrewd old friend on a white horse determined to quiz him. "Good morning daddy! Pray what makes your horse look so pale in the face?" "Ah! my dear friend," replied the old man, "if thee had looked through the halter as long, thee would look pale too."

A FEMALE IRISH BELL.—An Irish woman, who had been convicted of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and prayed that "his Honor might never live to see his wife a poor widow, and obliged to sell rum to support the children."

A lover has been pitifully described as a man, who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

A tailor, who in skating fell through the ice, declared that "he would never again get a hot goose for a cold duck."

THE CRASH—A FEARFUL TALE.—We talked somewhat, and had our say, about those dears, the hoop-skirts, that promenade and crowd the streets just like a band of troopers; but to-day we saw a sight we cannot help relating, and so will tell it as it was, without one line abating. A young lady, and full of life, rigged out in finery's eye, was sailing over the crowded walks, before the breeze away. It really was a splendid sight as thus she moved along, borne by a stiff north western wind, that blew quite fresh and strong. She really looked like proud ship, just at the close of day moving along with all sail set, from skysail down to stay. The crowd looked on with wondering eyes, and smiled them at the sight, and prayed old Boreas he would keep his breeze fair but light. For such a craft, as this they saw, with such a spread of sail, could scarce withstand the howling blast, or 'er this present gale. As thus she skipped it over the sea, she felt but little gloom, and far ahead as she could see, there was no lack of room; for little boys, and boys grown men, like boats on the river, would leave the channel when their eyes this big ship did discover. But suddenly the maiden's eye and face grew dim with fear, for coming upon the narrow walk, and drawing nearer, near; another craft just like herself, and spreading all her sail, "with soldier's wind" was drawing through the very narrow trail. There was no room—oh, city, shame! for two such crafts to pass, and should they meet, thus booming on, what sad results alas! Both saw the danger in their way, both trembled with affright, and each asserted "neither her lips that she alone was right. The crowd looked on with blanched cheek, as on they nearer drew, and thought that one would surely yield, and let the other through. Oh, foolish folk, didst ever know a woman thus to yield, acknowledge conquered by her sex, and conquered leave the field? There was a crash, the two had met, and thousands held their breath, and closed their ears they might shut out, the fearful knell of death. For miles around the air was full of fragments scattered wide, 'twas then the crowd recovered them, and listened to the side. Oh, what a scene! an hour before where youth and beauty reigned, was only seen a jumbled mass, and ground with hoops was stained.—*Miss Louisa Atterton.*

MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES.—The manufacture of watches forms one of the principal branches of Swiss industry; it is confined, however, particularly to the cantons of Geneva, Neuchâtel, Vaud and the Bernese Jura. This depends entirely upon local circumstances, which in the cantons of Geneva and Neuchâtel, are abundant capital, cheap labor, and absence of other trades, with the natural love for the fine hand work; and, in the Jura, the inclemency of the winter, which forces the orderly, patient and industrious people to indoor employments. The division of labor is carried to such an extent, that a movement of a watch, worth twenty-five cents, passes through fifty or sixty hands.

The above-mentioned cantons probably manufacture two-thirds of the watches in the whole world; the total annual number has been estimated at 1,200,000. The most expensive and finest watches are made in Geneva, as also many chronometers. Watch-cases are chiefly manufactured, and it is calculated that several hundred chasers and many enamel painters are employed in this work. The small watches mounted in bracelets, &c., are principally made here. In the canton of Neuchâtel, the town of Locle and Chaux de Fonds are the chief localities of trade; all the valleys surrounding these towns are occupied by watchmakers and their families. These valleys contain many factories, which, however, generally manufacture cheap and inferior watches. Comparatively few clocks are made.

A GEM FROM JOHNSON.—The following passage from Dr. Johnson's "Journey to the Hebrides" is a beautiful rendering of a truth which cannot be too often rehearsed in the public ear:

Life consists not of a series of illustrations, action, or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption. The true state of every nation is the state of common life. The manners of the people are not to be found in schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness, where the national character is obscure, obliterated by travel or instruction, by philosophy or vanity; nor is public happiness to be estimated, by the assemblies of the gay or the banquet of the rich.

The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay; they whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and in the villages, in the shops and the farms; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conveniences are multiplied, a nation, at least a commercial nation, must be denominated wealthy.

It is an easy thing to be a controversialist, but to be a candid seeker for truth—that is not so easy. To play the lawyer on one side or another is not difficult; though it may give scope to finer talents than are needed to find the right without either logic or learning. The highest happiness as well as the best philosophy is to see good in all, and to believe it where we cannot find it. There is nothing truer than this:—"God admits into his courts no advocates hired to see one side of a question."

Felix McCarty of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on Parade. "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always last." "Aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was the reply, "surely some one must be last!"