

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 42.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 23, 1858.

### Selected Poetry.

#### A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this;  
When other days shall come!  
When she who had your earliest kiss  
Sleeps in her narrow home;  
Remember, 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to one she'd die to save.  
That mother sought a pledge of love  
The noblest of her sons;  
And from the gifts of God above  
She chose a goodly one—  
She chose for her beloved boy  
The source of light and life and joy;  
And bade him keep the gift, when  
The parting hour should come,  
They might have hope to meet again,  
In an eternal home.  
She said his faith in that would be  
Sweet incense to her memory.  
And should the scoffer in his pride  
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,  
And bid him cast the pledge aside  
That he from youth had borne,  
She bade him pause and ask his breast,  
If he, or she, had loved him best.  
A parent's blessing on her son,  
Goes with this holy thing;  
The love that would retain the one  
Must to the other cling.  
Remember! 'tis no idle toy—  
A mother's gift—Remember, boy.

### Miscellaneous.

#### A POLITICAL PICTURE.

##### W. FORNEY'S ACCOUNT OF THE ADMINISTRATION AT WASHINGTON.

(From the Philadelphia Press, March 13.)

WASHINGTON, Friday, March 12, 1858.

I left Philadelphia on Wednesday on a hurried visit to some friends here, and will return to-day on the evening train, carrying with me this hurried letter, which must take the place of my usual word in the Press, of tomorrow. What a difference between March 1857, and March, 1858! I dwell upon it with surprise and grief. One year ago the country was full of content, and at peace with itself. The hearts of all our people beat responsively to a noble inaugural, and the hands of men of all parties were uplifted to support and to strengthen our venerable President. The Democrats were united and joyous, and gazed hopefully into a tranquil and victorious future. The Republicans were dismayed, and new political combinations were abandoned before the prospect of a wise and patriotic policy. Mr. SEWARD, in the Senate; Mr. STANTON, in the House; Mr. GREELEY, in the Tribune, instead of preparing new weapons of attack upon the Administration, were turning their thoughts to those substantial questions upon which all men agree in this happy country. Even the Americans, few in number, could see no profit in faction, and were quietly considering their plans. The extreme South, so apt to clasp into a passion, was as calm as a summer's morning. Conservatism, in its very best sense, had taken possession of the Government. An experienced President, a safe and sagacious Cabinet, a ready Senate in session, and a still more willing House preparing for its new term—these constituted the sturdy superstructure of an enduring condition of national prosperity.

And what a change has one year produced? I can hardly believe my senses that I am writing from the Capitol of my country, and that my old friend—he to whom I have borne almost filial relations from my boyhood—be to whom I have confided my few hopes and fears—be for whom I dard the frowns of foes, and for whom, during four long years in the lower House of Congress, the patronage in my gift was fearlessly bestowed, and he knows how gladly and how spontaneously, too—I can hardly believe my senses, that this is the city of Washington, and that JAMES BUCHANAN is President.

What is the aspect now? One wide reign of Terror. A test is erected here, like some horrid instrument of torture, upon which Democrats are tried and executed for their opinions. The work of decapitation has ceased against life-time foes, and is now waged upon old and cherished friends. Men are removed and calumniated, not for being opposed to Democratic principles, but for being too much in favor of them. The humblest clerk, with his little family, who struggles along on his thousand dollars a year, must hide his sentiments or leave his place. For the bold and upright Democrat who dares to think aloud, there is short shrift. If he has an office he must be ready for the ominous cart of dismissal on the instant. If he is an independent citizen, he is excluded from the Departments and from the White House like a common leper. An army of spies are on the alert, hunting for victims. Wo to the unguarded gentleman who, in the presence of one of these eager eaves-droppers, might let fall a free opinion. It is at once caught up and carried, with no lack of exaggeration, to the ear of power. If there is on this round globe a race more despised in civilized society than any other, it is the race of reformers. The noblest invective of the noblest of Irish orators has made them immorally infamous. These mercenaries now hold high service in Washington. I could name several of them from our own State, but I forbear for the honor of Pennsylvania. They glory in their shameless trade. Broken in fortune, reckless of their own fame, laughing at conscience in others and rejecting it for themselves, they swarm here anxious to earn their guilty wages. The most of these creatures, happily, are the men who have pursued and persecuted the President with the same venom which they now display towards those who differ from his Kansas policy.

It is their vocation to make public opinion here against the intrepid sentiment of the people; to bully in the hotels, to infest the rooms of members, to "pump" the new arrivals, to coax the doubtful, to intimidate the weak, to supply false motives for honest differences, to fill the town with rumors of defection among the friends of the right, to flatter power, and to applaud to the echo everything that falls from the lips of greatness. "Sir," said a wise and good man to me on one occasion, several years ago, "the President rarely hears the truth." He is surrounded with sycophants, who say only what pleases him." How often this profound truth is illustrated! It is said that FREDERICK THE GREAT—I think Lord BROUGHAM'S short sketch of him contains the statement—would sometimes demand of his ministers to talk to him boldly; and when they did he would lose his temper, and beat them for their candor. There are many good, brave men in Washington to-day, who would give their worst of thoughts the worst of words, if they had the chance. But the eye of greatness has no welcome—the ear of greatness no hearing—for such men. If they attempt to speak out, they are turned away, or left standing "alone in their glory." Let me give you the last instance of the way things are done here. One of the best men ever sent from Western Pennsylvania to our State Legislature was MAXWELL McCASLIN. His very name was a household word in Washington, Fayette and Greene. Everybody liked him during his long residence in the latter county. Honest, faithful, intelligent and brave, he was a fine specimen of that Scotch-Irish element which has infused so many sterling traits into our Pennsylvania character. Well, MAXWELL is not over-rich; and so, after having served his constituents with honor, for many years, he asked for and obtained an Indian Agency in Kansas about two years ago from President PIERCE. He had been a Buchanan standard-bearer in Greene County for, I think, some fifteen years, fighting our excellent friend JOHN L. DAWSON, in many a hard contest, when the latter led the Anti-Buchanan column in the West. It was natural that such a man should feel free to speak the truth without fear, especially to save his old chief, Mr. BUCHANAN, from harm. MAXWELL McCASLIN saw the wicked and merciless tyranny in Kansas. His honest nature revolted at it. He saw the man he had labored for about to be damaged by the authors of this bold villainy. What did he do? Did he wait to think of himself? No! Like a man who sees his brother in peril—for MAXWELL McCASLIN is about Mr. BUCHANAN'S age—he rushed in to save him. He wrote imploring letters from the Territory, telling the powers here that they were deceived. He begged them to halt in their career. He told them that the people of Kansas never would submit to Leocompton, and that it was cruelty to ask them to submit to it. He appealed to the friends of the President to drive off the vermin from that Territory, who were here besieging power, and deluding and deceiving the Executive. These letters, written in all the ardor of old friendship, and in the credulous belief that no one would question their sincerity—alas! vain hope!—cost him his head. One of them got into the Press through Mr. KRSCAID, of Greene now a member of our Legislature. It doomed the writer. On Tuesday last he was removed from his little place, and his successor appointed. I can realize how this act of grace will be received in Greene County, and all along that rebellious frontier. My regret is deep that, by act of mine—by the publication of that unfortunate letter—I should have been the innocent cause of his removal. How he did write, let the following extract from one of his last letters (which cannot injure him now) speak to the reader: "If the Election Constitution is adopted, and the election of Jan. 4 is given to the fire-eaters under CALHOUN, it will not only make a dark day in Kansas, but all the Union." "If the President had stood his ground with Governor WALKER, amidst the millions of conservative men who would have rallied around him, both North and South, all would have been well. THE GREAT AND GLORIOUS DEMOCRACY WOULD HAVE MAINTAINED ITS CONSISTENCY, AND STOOD UPON THE PILLARS OF ETERNAL TRUTH AND JUSTICE." This fatal letter is dated on the 16th of February, and as JOHN CAMPBELL, my Irish neighbor across the way, is not only a first-rate bookseller, (as well as book-reader,) but is also fond of autographs, I will give this letter to him if he will come and get it. "So much for Buckingham."

You will see that I am committing a great imprudence by writing so plainly. I certainly do so with no personal purpose. My frankness may disturb some sensibilities—and may give some greedy and aspiring gentlemen a good chance to help themselves by abuse of me; and, if so, I shall not sorry. But I claim the right to speak out on this grave subject. I do it more in sorrow than in anger. I feel that we are on the verge of a frightful abyss; in my vocation as an independent journalist, and as one who would to-morrow serve JAMES BUCHANAN if I felt he was right, with all the ardor of the olden time, silence would be a crime.

But there is a cheerful side to the picture. Yesterday was a bright day for the people. There was a gorgeous sunshine in the sky and on the earth; and Spring seemed to be breaking from the clouds of Winter. There was also a glorious gleam of hope in the House. The great principle of the will of the majority asserted its majesty, and seemed to be strong enough to wrestle with the gigantic influences that have fettered it so long. Those who differ from Mr. BUCHANAN so regretfully on this issue, and who have been traduced by his flatterers for this difference, felt measurably compensated by this new victory. I heard one of the most gifted of these gallant fellows say last night: "Would it not be a proud satisfaction if we few, we happy few, we band of brothers," could save Mr. BUCHANAN and the party from this great calamity!"

But I must stop, or you will never get this to me tomorrow.

J. W. F.

## The Leviathan.

(From the London Times, Feb. 24.)

Though nothing worth speaking of in the way of work has been done about the Leviathan, a very great deal has been perfected, and we believe the arrangements are being made for her final completion and fitting for sea. The total cost of completing her fittings, putting on board stores, &c., and making her in all respects ready for sea, will not exceed £120,000, and the time required to do this will certainly not extend beyond the month of July. Four months is estimated as being the utmost time necessary to fit her, but circumstances have arisen, such as the company being obliged to give up possession of the yard at Millwall, which may occasion hindrances that will probably delay her completion to the time we have stated. In order to insure the work being done in the shortest space of time, and at the lowest rate consistent with good workmanship, it has been decided to subdivide what remains to be done about the vessel among several contractors.

No less than ten anchors are now required to hold the monster vessel at her present moorings—five at the stem and five at the stern, and each with lengths of cable attached varying from 40 to 160 fathoms. When first anchored in the river, eight sufficed to hold her, but during half a gale which blew shortly after her launch, she dragged at the stern in such a manner as to swing more into the tide-way, and required two of Trotman's largest patent anchors in addition to the others, since which she has been brought up effectually and now apparently nothing short of a hurricane would be sufficient to remove her. As the fittings of the ship progress, a pair of powerful shears will be fitted on the deck for the purpose of hoisting in the iron of the masts, the intermediate shaft, heavy boats, standing rigging, and other portions of her equipment which are too ponderous to raise by ordinary means.

The masts are, at present, being made at Millwall in pieces, and a good deal of the main-masts has already been completed, though of course, they will not be put together until they are actually on board. There are to be six masts in all—three square-rigged, and three with fore-and-aft sails. All these masts will be composed of plates of wrought iron one inch in thickness, and riveted together in the same manner as the sides of the ship, or a steam boiler of the strongest description. They will vary in height from 130 to 170 feet from the keel to the truck, each will be three feet four inches in diameter at the deck, and each will weigh from thirty to forty tons, exclusive of yards or rigging. Each mast rests in a square column of plate iron, which reaches direct from the keel to the upper deck, and is riveted and built into all of the successive decks through which it passes. In case of its ever becoming necessary to cut away the masts, at the base of them all, at about three feet above the deck, will be fixed a peculiar apparatus, which, working by means of a powerful screw, is made to compress two sides of the masts together in such a manner as to completely crush them in, and let the masts fall over the sides immediately.

As, however, all the masts will be stayed by the usual standing rigging, which in the case of the Leviathan will be all of wire rope and of the most massive kind, other precautions have to be taken in order to get rid of the masts when necessary. To effect this, then, all the shrouds and stays are fastened at the ends through iron rings in such a manner that, as far as any exertion of strength or skill is concerned, a single man would be sufficient to cast loose all the fastenings of each mast in five minutes, though until the rings are opened the sides might be torn from the ship before they would yield an inch. All the main and top-mast yards of the square-rigged masts will be also of iron plates. The main yard will be 130 feet long, or about 48 feet longer than the main-yard of our largest-line-of-battle ships, about four times the strength of any main-yard yet constructed, and several tons lighter than if it was made of wood, as is usually the case.

The Company are about to remove their plans and materials to another yard on the Surrey side of the river, and all the works at Millwall are in the chaotic state which usually portends a change of location. We believe no attempt will be made to draw out any of the many hundred piles driven into the earth for one purpose or another during the course of the launch. More with a view of satisfying scruples on this subject than with any other objects, some one or two have been "extracted" but the efforts required to draw them involved such heavy labor that the wages of the workmen employed amounted to more than double the value of the piles themselves. They will therefore be suffered to remain where they are, only sawing off the uppermost parts level with the earth.

In one portion of the yard the men are employed night and day in turning the monstrous immediate shaft for the paddle-engines. This shaft is probably, for its size, the finest specimen of forged iron that has ever been produced at any works. It was made at Glasgow, and in the rough weighed some thirty-four tons. This is the third that has been forged for the paddle-engines of the Leviathan. In both the former ones, when the manufacture was almost completed, such flaws were discovered in their substance as made them worthless; and from the immense size of the shaft, and the necessity for its being of the most perfect strength and solidity throughout, considerable anxiety was at one time entertained as to the possibility of getting one made at all in time for the starting of the vessel next Autumn. All doubts, however, have been set at rest by the arrival of the present shaft, which is now being completed in the turning lathe.

With regard to the future of the Leviathan, there is, perhaps, no question more frequently asked by the public than that of where she is to be docked in case of her wanting repairs, or her bottom requiring cleaning. This question has, however, we are glad to say, been satisfactorily decided, though not quite as regards docking her. There are some docks, we believe, in Liverpool which are long enough to

take in the Leviathan if their entrances were only wide in proportion; but as they fail in this latter important particular, the vessel, when she wants cleaning, will have to be grid-ironed, as the screw colliers are—that is, run aground on rows of piles laid along the river's side for the purpose, and the tide of course will leave her dry at each low water.

A spot has been chosen for this purpose, in the Mersey, between Woodside and Birkenhead, to this place the Leviathan will be taken as often as she needs repairs or cleaning. It is almost a pity, however, that no "grid-iron" is of sufficient length could be formed or made in the Thames, or in any other river in the Kingdom but the Mersey, which is one of the most rapid and dangerous, and in which, we should think, the Leviathan, even with all the aid which Trotman's anchor give her, must run more or less of risk either in navigating or staying at anchor.

THE FIGHT IN CONGRESS.—ONE OF "AHE" LINCOLN'S ILLUSTRATIONS.—When the news of the late great battle in congress reached Springfield, a coterie of congenial spirits assembled in the Governor's room at the State House for the purpose of talking the matter over. After it had been pretty thoroughly canvassed, and just as a portion of the company were about to retire, a well known ex-Congressman—the one who is to be elected to the U. S. Senate next winter as Douglas' successor—dropped in. Of course every man in the crowd desired to know his opinion, for he always has an original way of illustrating it.

"Well," said Gov. B., as the gentleman addressed familiarly doubled himself into a vacant chair, "what is your opinion of the knock-down in Congress? We have just been talking it over a little."

"It reminds me," said—, "of a case I once had up at Bloomington."

"Let's hear it," all said.

"Two old farmers living in the vicinity of Bloomington had, from time immemorial, been at loggerheads. They could never agree except to disagree; wouldn't build division fences, and in short, were everlastingly quarrelling. One day one of them got over on the land of the other, the parties met, and regular pitched battle between them was the consequence. The one who came out second best used the other for assault and battery, and I was sent to come up and defend the suit."

"Witness," said I, "you say you saw this fight?"

"Yes, stranger, I reckon I did."

"Was it much of a fight?" said I.

"I'll be darned if it wasn't, stranger, a right smart fight."

"How much ground did the combatants cover?"

"About an acre, stranger."

"About an acre," I repeated, musingly.—

"Well, now, just tell me, wasn't that just about the smallest crop of a fight off of an acre of ground that you ever heard of?"

"That's so, stranger; I'll be god darned if it wasn't!"

"The jury," added—, giving his legs an additional twist, after the crowd had finished laughing at the application of the anecdote, "the jury fined my client just ten cents!"

BIRD.—The latest instance of the aristocratic notions of domestic servants that we have heard recently occurred not a hundred miles from the Brooklyn reservoir. One Irish girl left her situation as soon as she discovered that the house was not supplied with water pipes. She said—"she could not remain in a family that were so old-fashioned as to pump the water they used."

In another instance a foreign maid left a good place because she said "she had always been accustomed to live with people who used their silver tea set every day." She therefore declined a place where the silver set was only used on extra occasions.

A WESTERN SMILE.—A Western college thus "illustrates" an important branch of a young lady's education:

"Besides this there is the piano, where the fingers are compelled to travel more in one day than the feet do in one term; and the mind must be kept on the stretch over spider-tracked music till the reason reels, and the brain swims, and the notes on the page before her carry no more idea to the mind than so many tadpoles trying to climb over a fire-barred rail fence."

A clergyman in a country village, desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate with another clergyman. The clerk as soon as the service was ended, called out, "I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman."

The Buffalo Express tells a good story of a Quaker who was charged the exorbitant sum of seventeen dollars for a horse and buggy for a short drive, and, upon being presented with the bill, simply remarked, "Thou mistakest me; I do not wish to purchase thy vehicle, but only to hire it."

There is an individual in Cincinnati blessed with a wife who has run away from him four times within the last two years.—When she expresses an inclination to depart he permits her to go, and when she becomes weary of absence, he takes her to his bosom again. He is a philosopher.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—Lord Brougham's son, who was yet a minor, and consequently dependent upon his father for support, has been noted somewhat of late for his attention to a young actress in the French theatre. His father recently wrote the following laconic epistle: "If you do not quit her, I'll stop your allowance." To which the son replied: "If you do not double it, I'll marry her." The son will enjoy a seat in Parliament when he becomes of age.

## A CHINESE BANQUET.

And now we sat down to the serious business of the day. Each guest was supplied with a saucer and a porcelain spoon; they had brought their own chopsticks. A folded towel, just saturated with hot water, was placed beside each saucer; this is the Chinese napkin; and two tiny metal cups, not so large as egg-cups, were allotted to every guest. At my side, to share our feast, and see that the "rites" were properly performed, sat the gravest of Chinamen. He wore his mandarin summer cap, for he was the interpreter at one of the consulates.

BIRD'S NEST SOUP.—The first dish was in accordance with all proper precedent, the bird's nest soup. I believe some of us were rather surprised not to see bird's nests bobbing about in the bowl, and to detect no flavor of sticks, or feathers, or moss. What these bird's nests are, in their natural state, I do not know; for I have no book on ornithology, and have never seen bird's nesting in the straits. Their existence at table is apparent in a thick mucilage at the surface of the soup. Below this you come to a white liquid and chicken's flesh. It was objected that this was a *fide* and delicate. But remark that these two basins are only the suns of little systems. The same hands that brought them in scattered also an outrage of still smaller basins. These are saucers of every flavor and strength, from crushed fresh chillies to simple soy. Watch the Chinaman. How cunningly he compounds! "But, sir, you do not mean to say that you ate this 'mucilage' with your chopsticks?" "No, madame; we scooped it with our saucers, and ate it with our porcelain spoons."

The next course was expected with a very nervous excitement. It was a stew of sea-slugs. As I have seen them at Macao they are white; but as served at Nizapo they are green. I credit the imperial academicians as the orthodox dish. They are slippery and very difficult to be handled by inexperienced chopstickers; but they are most succulent and pleasant food, not at all unlike in flavor to the green fat of the turtle. If a man cannot eat anything of a kind whereof he has not seen his father and grandfather eat before, we must leave him to his oysters, and his periwinkles, and his crawfish, and not expect him to swallow the comely sea-slug. But surely a Briton who has eaten himself into a plethora upon muscles, has no right to hold up his hands and eyes at a Chinaman enjoying his honest and well-cooked stew of *lechets de mer*.

STURGEON SKULL-CAP AND SHARK STEW.—The next dish was sturgeon skull-cap—rare and gelatinous, but I think not so peculiar in its flavor as to excuse the death of several royal fish. This dish being taken from its brazen, lamp-heated stand, was succeeded by a stew of shark fins and pork. The shark fins were boiled to so soft a consistency that they might have been turbot fins. The Chinaman must have smiled at the unreasonable prejudices of the occidentals when he saw some of us tasting the pork but fighting shy of the shark.—He, probably, however, did not know that the same occidentals would eat with relish of a fish which they themselves enticed to their angle by a worm or maggot. Next in order came a soup composed of balls of crab. I have tasted this better prepared at Macao. It assumes there the form of a very capital salad, made of crab and cooked vegetables. Meanwhile the ministering boys flew and fluttered round the table; forever filling the little wine-glasses with hot wine from the metal pots. There were three kinds: the strong samshu, for every occasional "spike"; the medicated wine, for those who, having once experienced its many flavors, chose to attempt it a second time; and the ordinary wine, which is so like sherry negus, that any one who can drink that preparation may be very well satisfied with its Chinese substitute.

The Chinaman had drunk with each of his *convives* almost in English fashion, but in strict obedience to the Chinese rites, and very ungalantly challenging the male part of the company first. And now we became clamorous for bread or rice. After a succession of not by any means gross, but certainly nutritious and mucilaginous dishes, the palate and the stomach craved some farinaceous food. Nothing was easier to procure. The boys, our own boys accustomed to wait at our English dinners, brought in loaves at the slightest intimation; but our *arbitrariendi* interposed. Bread at a Chinese feast is contrary to the "rites." We consoled ourselves by throwing at him a decisive and unanimous opinion that this was the weak point of Chinese gastronomy.

FISH AND MEAT ENTREES.—The porcelain bowls in their courses, like the stars in their courses, continued in unvarying succession. The next named was "The Rice of the Genii,"—meaning, I suppose the food of the genii, for there was no rice in the composition. It was a stew of plums and preserved fruits, whose sweets acids were an agreeable counterpoise to the fish and meat dishes already taken. Then we had a dish of boiled hairy vegetables, very like that stringy endive which they call, in France, "*Barbe de Copuchin*," then stewed mushrooms from Manchuria. Then we were relapsed into another series of fish and meat *entrees*, wherein vegetables of the vegetable narrow species and root's somewhat between a horse-radish and a turnip were largely used.—There was a bowl of duck's tongues, which are esteemed an exquisite Chinese dainty.—We were picking these little morsels out with our chopsticks, (at which we had now become adepts, for the knack is easily acquired,) when we were startled by a loud Chinese "*Ey Yeh*."

This imprudent exclamation drew our attention to the open front of our apartment.—The opposite house, distant perhaps across the street about eight feet from us, presented the spectacle of a small crowded playhouse, seen from the stage. It was densely crowded with half-naked Chinamen. They were packed in a mass upon the gallery, and they were squatted on the roof. I believe they had paid for their places. They had sat orderly and silently all this time, to see the barbarians dining. We might have dropped the grass blades

but it would have been ill-natured; the Chinese did us no harm, and the blinds would have kept out the air; so we went on eating, like Greenwich pensioners or Blue-coat boys in public.

DUCK'S TONGUES AND DEERS' TENDONS.—So we continued our attentions to the ducks' tongues and passed on to deers' tendons—a royal dish. These deers' tendons come from, or ought to come from, Tartary. The Emperors make presents of them to their favored subjects.—Yeh's father, at Canton, recently received some from his sovereign, and gave a feast in honor of the present. These must have been boiled for a week to bring them down to the state of softness in which the came up to us. Exhausted, or rather repleted, nature could no more. When a stew of what the Chinese call the ear shell fish was placed upon the table, no one could carry his experiments further. An untouched dish is a signal for the close of the feast. The *maitre d'hotel* protested that he had twenty more courses of excellent rarity, but our Chinese master of the ceremonies was imperative, and so were we.—Plain boiled rice, the rice of Szechuen, was brought round in little bowls, and of this we all ate plentifully. Confectionery and candied fruits, acanthus berries steeped in spirits, followed; and then tea. No uncooked fruits are allowed at a Chinese dinner. They have a proverb that fruit is feathers in the morning, silk at noon, and lead at night. I was assured by competent authority that nothing had been placed upon the table which was not in the highest degree wholesome, nutritious, and light digestion. We certainly so found it; for, adjoining to the house of the *convives*, we made an excellent supper that night.

WINE TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.—The only thing in the former city (Bremen) which we had time to visit, was the celebrated Rathskeller, or crypt of the old Hall of Council.—This is renowned throughout all Germany for its Rheinish wine, of the most undoubted antiquity. They are in great vaults, distinguished by different titles. That of the "twelve Apostles" has been immortalized by Hauff and Heine, but the apostolical wines are not so fine as those authors would have us believe. Each cask bears the name of one of the Apostles; they contain wine of the vintage of 1718, which has now, I was informed, a pungent, acid flavor. That of Judas alone, retains a pleasant aroma, and the sinner, therefore, is in greater demand than all the saints together. In the "Rose Cellar" are enormous casks, yet filled with Hochheimer (Hock of the vintage of 1624.) For a couple of centuries it was carefully treasured, but the City Fathers of Bremen finally discovered the longer it was kept the worse it grew, and sell it to visitors in small bottles at a moderate price.

We sat down in the outer cellar, and had a bottle uncorked. Think of drinking wine which grew when the Plymouth Colony was but four years old—of the same vintage which Ariosto might have drunk, and Milton, and Cromwell, and Wallenstein, and Gustavus Adolphus! Shakespeare had been dead but eight years when the grapes were trodden in the vats! and Ben Jonson may have sung "Drink to me only with thine eyes," over a goblet of the golden juice. We filled the glasses with great solemnity as these thoughts passed thro' our mind—admired its dark, smoky color, sniffed up reverently its murky, mummy like odor, and then tasted. Fancy a mixture of oil and vinegar, flavored with a small drop of kreosote! This as I afterward recognized, was the impression made upon the palate, though my imagination was too busy at the time to be aware of it. We all said, "It is not so bad as I expected," and by keeping the face of its age constantly before our eyes, succeeded in emptying the bottle. So pungent, however, was the smoky, oily, acidulous flavor, that it affected my palate for full twenty-four hours afterward, and everything I ate and everything I drank in that time seemed to be of the vintage of 1634.—B. Taylor.

WHERE DID THAT MAN GO TO?—In a certain hotel in this village, there is employed a bartender, who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, his employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, as he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, he cast his eyes around with a look of surprise, and exclaimed:—"Where in thunder did that man that ordered that drink go to?"—Newbury Telegraph.

A first rate joke took place lately in our court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."

The lawyer, who cross examined her, said "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"He milked."

The lawyer evaporated.—Hartford Courant.

THE LILIES.—A traveler in Palestine says: Not far from the probable site where the sermon on the Mount was delivered, our guide plucked two flowers, supposed to be of that species to which our Lord alluded when He said: "Consider the lilies of the field." The calyx of this giant lily resembled crimson velvet; and the gorgeous flower was of white and lilac, and truly no earthly monarch could have been "arrayed" more gloriously than "one of these."

An exchange has discovered that Schottische is a corruption of the words "Scotch itch," and that the famous dance owes its name to a person afflicted with the Scotch plague aforesaid. Awful!

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called high words, they generally use low language.