

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

THE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XIX.—NO. 49.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 12, 1859.

### Selected Poetry.

#### ANGELS GUARD THE SAINTED DEAD.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUTLER.

Angels guard the sainted dead! Let them rest from toil and care; With the blue sky overhead, And the breath of God's free air, Let them rest where light and shade, And earth's changes come and go; They have seen its visions fade, They have left its pomp and show.

Angels guard the sainted dead! Not alone from heavenly skies, But the souls they comforted In this world of sacrifice. Grateful hands plant willows there; Buds that spring-time gave, shall bloom. And the summer noon-tide fair Glorifies their peaceful tomb.

Angels guard the sainted dead! Memory loves to view the spot Where their living presence shed Blessings on our earthly lot. Then the graves wherein they rest Shall not more the spirit view From the mansions of the blest— Gleam the faces old and true.

Angels guard the sainted dead! This the voice that sounds for aye, When our tears of grief are shed O'er earth's loved ones passed away. This with time no change departs; Blessed the dying with the Lord! Blessed are they who leave on hearts Love's eternal written word.

Angels guard the sainted dead! Then the deep Cimmerian glooms Cannot fill our souls with dread; There are watchers around the tombs, And they beckon us to come! When the chilling death-wind blows, When we make our journey home, They will guard our sweet repose.

### Miscellaneous.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

#### The Island of Ceylon and its People.

Some of the readers of your journal may be interested in a few statements which I propose to send you, from time to time, concerning the climate, productions, and the customs of the people in the island of Ceylon.

It contains a population of about a million and one-third, lies in the Indian ocean, between the 5° and 10° of north latitude, is about three hundred miles long from north to south, and nearly two hundred miles in width. In the interior are high mountains, of which Adam's Peak is the highest, to which place many go on pilgrimage, expecting to find there the footprints of Adam. The people inhabiting the interior and southern part of the island, speak the Singhalese language, and in religion are Buddhists. Those in the north part are Hindus, speaking the Tamil language, who came from the continent of India. Many Tamilians residing in Colombo, and also great numbers come from the continent to labor on the coffee estates in the interior. These seldom become permanent residents in the country.

I propose to notice more particularly the northern part, called the province of Jaffna. It is an island by itself, separated from the main island by shallow water, which in one place is fordable. This is called Elephant's Pass, because wild elephants cross there into Jaffna. At the west and southwest are other small islands, which are inhabited, and present the same general appearance, in the face of the country and productions, as Jaffna, although some of them are as fertile. The province, from north to south, is about twenty-five miles wide, and from east to west from fifty to sixty miles, containing a population of about 250,000. The face of the country is level, and in no place is it more than fifty or sixty feet above the level of the sea. Much of the country is still uncultivated and destitute of population. The people are clustered together in villages, and sometimes four or five families are found in one small enclosure, and perhaps, one house. Some parts are so thickly settled that within a radius of four miles there is a population of 30,000, and yet most of the people have gardens and own land for raising rice in the open fields adjoining the villages.

The villages in Jaffna are quite in contrast with those of southern India. There they appear much like clusters of hay stacks close together, surrounded often by a mud wall for protection from robbers. The houses are generally thatched with straw. Some circular, others square, and often there is not a tree to be seen in the enclosure. In Jaffna the houses are built in the midst of the gardens, surrounded by an abundance of shade trees. In looking upon the village from a distance you would see scarcely a house. Here and there one might be discerned amid the green foliage, but within a radius of half or three-fourths a mile there may be a population of 20,000. The gardens are enclosed by hedges made of several kinds of trees peculiar to the country. Sometimes they are covered with thorns and often with the braided leaves of the cocoa-nut-tree, and leaves of the Palmyra palm. The people are owners of the soil, and are consequently more independent than those in India, where the land is all held by the government and the people are tenants.

The people in Jaffna generally build better houses than those in Southern India. They have not so great a variety of patterns as in this country. As their fathers built, and as the shasters prescribed, so they are content to do, age after age. The poorer classes build more shanties or hovels, round, square, or oblong, as may be the custom of those around them. These are always covered with the leaves of the Palmyra or cocoa-nut-tree. Some are thatched around with the braided cocoa-nut leaves, called endjops. Others have a mud wall

built a few feet high. The cooking is generally done either under the shade of a tree or in a small shanty or coodil made for the purpose, which must be near the door of a house. Those who are able to build more permanent houses, follow the prescriptions of the shasters as to size and form. The length is eighteen cubits, width seven or eight, height generally above five cubits. It is divided into two rooms, the larger occupying about two-thirds of the length of the house. The walls are ordinarily built of sun-dried bricks and mud, and plastered with the same. The roof is raised on posts at a proper height, and covered with leaves, and the walls are built under cover. These houses are sometimes built of burnt bricks or stone and mortar. They have only one door of entrance, which, with the frame set in the wall, made very strong and sometimes neatly carved, is often the most expensive part of the house. The smaller room is connected with the larger by a door, and is used as a store-room for rice, &c. That their houses may be secure against thieves, they have no windows in either room. In front and often at both ends, is a verandah six or seven feet wide, and a projecting roof on the back side to protect the wall from rain. The roof of the verandah extends down so low that an adult cannot enter without stooping. They are often hung round with the braided leaves of the cocoa-nut-tree, to break the wind and rain in a storm, or shut out the heat in the middle of the day. The floor of the verandah is raised a foot or cubit, and beaten down and made smooth. It is used often for their reception room, and the place where they sleep in hot weather. In the coldest weather, and when afraid of robbers, they sleep within their houses. In times when cholera prevails, they are seldom seen outside their dark, lest the demons who they think cause the disease, should seize them.

Another form in which the people build is an enclosure, thirty or forty feet square, with rooms for dwellings on the inside. One side of the roof rests on this wall, and extends round the whole enclosure leaving an open court in the middle. The cooking is generally done on one side of the enclosure within. Sometimes they have a cook-house outside in front of the door of entrance, as is always the case where the houses are built after the other form. The wealthy portion of the people generally build in this style, and it is not at all uncommon to find the representatives of three or four generations in one of these dwellings, and several large families.

The floors are almost always made of mud beaten down smooth, and washed, from time to time, with a preparation that destroys the little insects that abound. In the nicely finished houses the verandah floors are made of lime and mortar, hard finished, which they do very nicely.

Their valuables (jewelry and clothing) are generally kept in a strong box within the inner room. They sleep on mats, generally on the floor, covering themselves with the cloth worn during the day. The poor people use a piece of wood, for a pillow, and are glad to get a soft piece of pine. Some have bedssteads, which they use in the rainy season, when the floors of their houses are often damp. They have no chairs, except in a few cases, that they may have one to offer to a foreigner who may call to see them. A mat on the floor is their chair, and answers also for a table, on which they spread a leaf for a plate, or place before them their brass plate for their food. Their fingers answer for a knife and fork or spoon to convey food to the mouth, or a leaf, folded together on one side, will answer for a spoon in eating broth, or *cool*, as they call it. They do not come together as a family to take their food after the custom of Christian countries, but the wife prepares the food and brings it to her lord, and waits until he has finished, and then eats by herself with the small children in the kitchen. The sons, when they have grown up to manhood, eat with their father.

The furniture in the kitchen is very simple. A large mortar, a cubit high, with a pestle four or five feet long, for pounding rice to break the hulls, and sometimes into flour—a small fan for separating the hulls—a pot for boiling rice, made of coarse earthenware, of a globular shape, with the opening at the top about half the diameter of the centre, which is placed on three stones or three lumps of dried earth, that a fire may be made under it—a pot of the same material, or sometimes of brass, with a narrow neck, for bringing water—a broad-mouthed, shallow vessel (chatti) for making curries—stone and roller to grind the curry seed—a small dipper, made of a part of a cocoa-nut shell—an instrument for scraping the cocoa-nut, and a knife set in a block to cut up fish and vegetables, are the principal articles they consider necessary for their cuisine. Though their instruments are very simple, they will furnish a nice dish of rice and curry on short notice. Will you call and take a meal.

J. C. S.

A PATTERN SMOKING CAR.—A new smoking car has been put on the route between New York and Boston on the New Haven Railroad. It is illuminated with gas and has several small tables, round and parallelgram, shaped for reading, as may suit the traveller. The upholstering is suitable for the car, and cannot be easily soiled. A gasmeter holding fifty feet of gas is located under the centre of the car, the meter being situated under a forward seat entirely out of the way. There are nineteen ventilators, some of new patterns, so that a dozen smokers may puff away, but while the air is not burdened by the fumes of the weed. The car rests upon twenty-eight india rubber springs, rendering it unusually easy as regards motion and jolting. The exterior is handsomely painted, the corners are decorated by paintings of smokers, and the ends bear the title of "Smoking Car" in large letters. The company intend using gas in all their cars soon.

A married lady out west nearly broke her neck, a few days since, while learning to skate. Since that period there has been an extraordinary demand for skates, by married men, and the supply is not equal to the demand.

#### Caudle has been made a Mason—Mrs. Caudle Indignant and Curious.

"Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say; oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—now what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I'll know all you have been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't keep 'em. Not fit for any decent man to know I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what it's all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still, I should like to know. There's a dear, eh? Oh! don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?"

"Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it."

"But I know what it is; oh, yes, there can no doubt. The secret is to make 'em poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to kill 'em poor slaves—especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free-mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they leave at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides."

"And I suppose they call you *Brother*, Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed? Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what's the apron for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to free-masonry, and all such trumpery, I know."

"Now, come, Caudle—don't let us quarrel. Eh! You're not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm fool to trouble my head about you."

"And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—you're not?—Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no! I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!"

"Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or you ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now Caudle?"

"Was there ever such a man! A man indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it is—its only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't? You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle."

"But I know why; oh, yes I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it—You at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle."

"And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night now? Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice going on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren? Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough—you didn't want any more."

"But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together—that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals! and not to be trusted—That's the secret—and nothing else."

"Now Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Caudle, my love; Mr. Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle!"

SINGULAR!—It is generally observed that persons of about forty years, especially young ladies of that age, are very forgetful of those with whom they were acquainted in childhood. This remarkable dimness has been appropriately styled "The darkness of the middle ages."

VIRTUE is not the less venerable for being out of fashion.

Why is a musquito like a third street broker? Because he never stops bleeding his victims until some of them smash him.

#### [From the Independent, March 17.] Henry Ward Beecher on Anonymous Letters.

There are many wrong things which persons do from want of reflection, or from lack of experience; and writing anonymous letters is one of them. As a general rule, it is safe to say that no person should address to another any message which he is unwilling to put his name to.

The only cases in which the name is of little importance are those in which there can be no objection to its use. If one is compiling a book or engaged in some known literary work, one may send him materials, or references, or hints of facts and books, anonymously. But what earthly reason has the informant for withholding his name?

We receive a great many, and the history of some of them will convey our views better than general statements.

One writes to say that A. B. is suffering great destitution, is very worthy, ought to be relieved—and no signature. Our impression is that the person who wrote the letter and the one mentioned therein, are one and the same, and the whole is an attempt to beg by means of a lie.

Another sends a letter signed "a member of your church," in which various criticisms are freely indulged. We do not believe a word about the membership; and if he did, should say that tares were yet mingled with the wheat. No person has any business to express an opinion of public affairs that is not willing to put his name to it.

Another person writes about a third party unfavorably, and the moment that we get the drift of the letter we look to see if there is a responsible name. If there is none, we pitch the letter into the fire, and fear that the writer will follow, in due time, unless he repents of the ineffable meanness of writing evil of a fellow hiding his name. This is an attempt at assassination. A man that will by anonymous letters injure another, would commit any crime to which his nature addicted him, provided there was a motive and impunity.

Very different are communications in which the writers reveal their own experience. We think this to be a case, if there can be any, which justifies withholding to none. And yet we have in mind two cases, both of which show that it would have been better to have given the name. In one, a piteous history of wrong, suffering, repentance, and almost despair, was revealed. Had the person given us a personal interview, or the means of it, we were of opinion at the time that we could have prevented almost fatal mistakes, and secured great good. But it was by the merest chance months afterwards that we found out the writer. And then it was too late to do any good.

In another case, a person from Troy, in this state, gave a very affecting account of her religious experience, but left her name out. Our sympathy was much drawn out. We believe that one hour's conversation might have set her free whom Satan had bound for years—But we were cut off from communication. And when, a few weeks after, visited Troy, we would cheerfully have gone to any inconvenience to relieve one suffering much and needlessly, but we had no clue.

If one's case is worth writing at all, it is not once in a thousand times that the name should be left unwritten. Even if the confession be crime, or of dishonorable conduct, it is better to select one who can be confided in, and then make a frank and full and personal explanation. Repentance behind a mask is suspicious.

We disdain to consider the case of those miscreants who seek to make mischief in families, in neighborhoods, or between friends, by anonymous information, whether true or false. A man who under cover of darkness, would stab another's name or hopes, is an own child of the Devil, and is about his master's business with an infernal fidelity.

If you wish to warn a person of danger, or apprise him of any evil go to him, or go to some friend who will, or write with your signature. If you will not do that, do nothing. If you are unwilling to bear for another the risks of writing your name, you are not friend enough to entitle you to meddle with his affairs at all.

We are largely in receipt of letters from anonymous persons asking for small loans of money, and with only initials for our superscription. A glance detects such trumpery, and a very slight turn of the wrist converts them to ashes.

A man's name is meant to be a safeguard. Where a man is known, he is silently restrained from a thousand incidental temptations which would assail him if we were consciously unknown. A man's name on paper is the representative of his person. It will be a strong inducement to care, honor, truth and propriety. The want of a name to a letter is a presumptive evidence that a man has been doing something of which he is ashamed. And all honest men ought to make it a rule to burn up, without reading, anonymous communications. This is our rule. It is only now and then that we begin to read without knowing that the letter is nameless. But usually, a letter without signature goes in an instant into the fire, or into strips for the wind to play with.

DETERMINED TO HAVE HIM.—The Judson girl, whose elopement from Pontic caused considerable talk, is now in Canada living with him, having again deserted her home and friends. On the occasion of her former elopement, her father and brother reclaimed her with great difficulty, and took her to Indiana, where a divorce was obtained. She went home with them, and remained until last week, when she again left, with or without the consent of her parents, and came to Detroit. Crossing the river, she found Joe, and they were speedily married for the second time, and are now living in the enjoyment of conjugal happiness, Joe having sold his horse and cart, and bought some furniture with the proceeds.

A man cannot be truly happy here without a well-grounded hope of the hereafter.

#### EXCITING SCENE.—A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, gives the following incident in the Representative career of Joshua R. Giddings:

We must give one scene in the Old Hall room in detail. We write from recollection.—In 1840, the Indian Appropriation bill was under consideration in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Giddings attacked an item which proposed to pay the State of Georgia for certain runaway slaves who had found shelter among the Creek Indians. Mr. Black, of Georgia, replied in a grossly foul personal assault upon Giddings. Amid much excitement, Giddings standing in the side-aisle at the left of the Chair, was responding with great severity to this attack. Black, armed with a pistol and heavy sword-cane, and followed by three or four Southern Members (one of whom is now a distinguished Senator,) crossed the hall, and coming within striking distance of Giddings, said, "Repeat those words and I'll knock you down!" He repeated the words and went on with his speech. At that moment Mr. Dawson of Louisiana, rushed to the spot, cocked his pistol and shouted, "I'll shoot him! by G—d, I'll shoot him!" The peril of Giddings was imminent. Quick as thought, Mr. Causeine of Maryland, his hand on his pistol, leaped into the aisle between Black and Giddings, to defend the latter; Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina, also armed, took a position at the left hand of Giddings; Charles Hudson, of Massachusetts, planted himself on the right; while Solomon Foot, of Vermont, now in the Senate, stood immediately behind him, to prevent an assault from that quarter. And there, surrounded by Causeine and Rayner of the South, and Hudson and Foot of the North, with Black, Dawson, and other armed and incensed men in front, stood Giddings, his head towering above the crowd, delivering his speech with great vigor and entire self-possession, and never, from the beginning to the close of the meal, losing the thread of his subject, except when, as Black approached him, he hurled at him the defiance, "Come on! the People of Ohio don't send Cowards here!"

COINCIDENCES.—Crimes and casualties run in series, in human affairs, just the same as fashions or disorders rage. If a man commits suicide by hanging, other cases of the same kind are sure to follow before long, in the same community. So if a railroad train breaks through a bridge, destroying life and property, other trains will soon break through other bridges, with like results. Three children at a birth make their appearance in some part of the country, and straightway other triplets are issued by enterprising mothers in various localities. A steamboat runs its nose into the side of another, smashing in planks and timbers; and before the sheets are dry upon which the account of the accident is printed, other collisions take place in other parts of the country. Sometimes a woman poisons her husband, and then husband-poisoning becomes the prevailing form of homicide for awhile, to be superseded in its turn by some other class of murder, which will have a similar run. Once upon a time a man ascended to the top of a high monument in one of the public squares of Paris, and threw himself headlong to the ground, thus finishing his mortal career. Upon that every Parisian who was weary of life, adopted the monument as the road to eternity, until, at length, suicides by leaping from the monument top, became so common, that the city authorities were obliged to shut up the access to the stair-way, in order to prevent the alarming spread of the mania. And finally somebody's good-natured friends got together and marched in procession to his house, laden with all sorts of valuable gifts and surprised him with a bountiful present. After this, for a month to come, nothing is heard of but surprise parties, surprising all kinds of persons with all kinds of presents, of which the surprised recipients are usually the planners and payers for the costly articles which are bestowed. Verily, like the Pharisees of old, "they have their reward," for is it not noticed in the papers? The moral of all this may be found in the story of the tailor who laid down under the trees to sleep, while carrying a bundle of caps to market, having first put one on his head in lieu of a night-cap. A gang of monkeys stole his caps while he slept, and fled to the tree-tops, each one imitating the owner by putting one on his head. Upon awakening, the man saw that all his caps were lost to him, and in despair of recovering them from the high trees, he tore his own cap from his head, and dashed it to the earth. Forthwith all the imitative animals followed suit, by throwing their caps to the ground, and the tailor thus recovered his property.

MOVEMENTS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—We are informed that negotiations between the English government, the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, have reached a point which admits of no doubt about the government's guaranty of eight per cent on the six hundred thousand pounds capital, being accepted. In view of this fact as we learn from the same reliable source, the Atlantic Company are actively engaged in making the most thorough tests of the various kinds of cable adapted to the Atlantic line, and will be prepared to enter into the necessary contracts at an early day. In the meantime the Company have decided to expend a sum not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars to resuscitate the present cable, and active operations to this end will be commenced as soon as the weather will admit.

The heavy battery of Mr. Henley, which arrived at St. Johns, N. F., late last fall, has not yet been sent to the telegraph station at Trinity Bay, owing to the ice, but will be in position within the next few weeks or days. The Atlantic Company will not attempt to lay the new cable until July of next year.

Tears of beauty are like clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

It is one of the greatest and one of the most serious and vital of mistakes for one to suppose that a life of unfeigned piety is a life devoid of pleasure. It is, on the contrary, full of the most edifying, cheering, satisfying, unalloyed, and ennobling enjoyment that the world can afford; never failing to aid and comfort in trouble; to inspire perseverance in all laudable undertakings, to fill the heart with the most honorable and useful ambition, and impart to it the most firm and elevating courage.

THE PEACH TREE.—This tree is a native of Persia, and has been cultivated in Asia and in the south of Europe from time immemorial. Linnaeus divides the peach into two varieties, the "true peach" and the nectarine—the one separates freely from the stone, and the other does not, and is generally designated as the clingstone. There are several varieties of these two divisions, and have smooth and some rough skins; and there are instances on record of peaches and nectarines occurring on the same branch. It was introduced by the earliest colonists and found well adapted for our soil and climate. A change, however, has come over the peach during the last twenty years; it does not seem to be so hardy nor so long lived as formerly; it is subject to unfavorable atmospheric influences and also to the attacks of insects which soon diminish its productive power and shorten its days. The cause of this is not well understood, and a preventive for its rapid decay has not yet been discovered. During the past two years the peach crop has been an entire failure both in quantity and quality, and large peach orchards in various sections of our country, once yielding good and abundant crops, are now blasted and barren. A discovery which would restore this luscious fruit-bearer to its former vigor and fruitfulness would be of incalculable importance. As this season of the year—entering upon spring—we urge our horticulturists to give this subject that attention which it deserves.

As peach trees blossom early in the season, they are subject to injury from late frosts; this was the case in many districts in 1858. Dwarf trees may be protected from such frosts by netting laid over them, but it would be too expensive thus to cover large trees. The small green-fly and midew often attack peach trees, and very few persons try to remedy this evil, although tobacco and sulphur is a perfect cure. Take a pound of tobacco, and pour five gallons of boiling water upon it, pour off the clear, and stir in two pounds of sulphur.—When cold, apply it to the trees with a syringe or a garden-engine in the evening, then shower the trees next morning with soft water.—Such applications may be required twice a week for three weeks before the cure is fully effected, but by perseverance the desired result will be secured. Most farmers seem to act upon the principle that if their fruit trees do not take care of themselves, they may die if they choose. This is not the feeling, for cultivating peach trees, at least. Some strenuous efforts should be made to restore this tree to the condition and character which it once possessed.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—The Washington States, a sort of DOUGLASS organ, does not like the FORNEY independent movement in this State, and proposes the following questions as to what its friends intend to do—

1. "Do they meditate apostasy to the Opposition?"
2. "Are they resolved to adhere in good faith to the Democratic party?"
3. "Do they pledge themselves to support the nominations of the Charleston Convention?"

The Philadelphia Press replies to the first and second questions by saying that they regard the organization formed on the 13th as the only organization the Democracy party has, and that they intend to adhere to it. To the third it replies:

"If the nominees of the Charleston Convention shall be the representatives of the principle of non-intervention and popular sovereignty, as accepted, advocated and understood in 1856, as explained and defended in 1858 by Stephen A. Douglas and his associates, and as applied by leading Southern statesmen, then do we pledge ourselves to support the nominees of that Convention with all zeal. But if, on the other hand, that Convention shall be committed, in any shape, to the theory so eloquently denounced by the States—that this government is to be dedicated 'to the propagation of slavery'—then we shall unquestionably oppose its nominees."

EXHAUSTION OF TALK.—How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn, between two persons only is curiously set down in the following passage from Count Gouffalonne's account of his imprisonment:

"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had company; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone over and over again. The next year communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I never knew where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face.—One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me,) the dungeon door was opened, whence proceeding I knew not the following words were uttered:—'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony upon me, and left me alone with it."

It is one of the greatest and one of the most serious and vital of mistakes for one to suppose that a life of unfeigned piety is a life devoid of pleasure. It is, on the contrary, full of the most edifying, cheering, satisfying, unalloyed, and ennobling enjoyment that the world can afford; never failing to aid and comfort in trouble; to inspire perseverance in all laudable undertakings, to fill the heart with the most honorable and useful ambition, and impart to it the most firm and elevating courage.