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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, September 8, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

[From Chambers' Journal.]
AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And banners of standards sweep back with a thrill
Where shaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, Heaven's garner to fill,
And stern death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the wind like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?
For those who face glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait for the steel that may not delay;
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riddled chargers stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drawing;
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomp of the peace time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day;
Nor coffin nor shrouding are here;
Only relics that lay thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe
Like a storm-wave's retreating—spend, fulfil and slow,
With sound like their spirits that faint as they go
By yon red-glowing river whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but, ah! not as they came
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game,
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the feat and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn;
Like the giant of Gaza their strength it was shown
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of our steel a new day-break seemed born,
As we sprung up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots is cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last.
Do ye dream of you pale form that rode the blast?
Would ye free it once more, O ye brave?
Yes, the broad road to Honor is where ye passed,
And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

Miscellaneous.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Revival—Wonderful Manifestations—Roman Priesthood—Meetings.

BELFAST, July 15, 1859.

We arrived here yesterday by the morning boat from Fleetwood. God is doing wonders. Our Methodist friends have not been forgotten in the general visitation. But the most remarkable manifestations of the Holy Spirit's wonder-working power are seen among other denominations. I have thought this might in part be owing to what may have been their former skepticism in regard to these matters. What is now occurring among the Presbyterians is singularly like what was witnessed in the early days of Methodism in both Europe and America.

Had it occurred or been commenced or confined to our body even now, it would doubtless have been regarded as fanatical. But these cases of being stricken down as was Saul of Tarsus, are by far more numerous among other denominations than our own. It is in fact common for persons of both sexes and of every age, from childhood to hoary age, to be wounded suddenly, frequently as a flash of lightning, by the Spirit's sword. Then comes the piercing shriek, the sudden prostration, and the extorted cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

Some are so deeply wounded, and their physical prostration so great, that they seem incapable of utterances of any sort above a whisper. Slain by the sword of the Spirit, they fall suddenly, and seem lost to all outward observances and to everything but that they are condemned sinners, and as such they sue for the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, in low, beseeching, agonizing tones. These paroxysms sometimes continue hours, and with many persons days.

These wonderful arrestings of the Spirit have not only occurred in the various churches, but in the street. One recently fell as she was returning from Church quiet late in the evening. The police took her to the station-house, she not being able to inform them of her residence. Restoratives were resorted to, but all were of no avail, till Jesus, the Divine Restorer, applied the balm of Gilead. Then, with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, she glorified the name of Jesus, while the police, some of whom were doubtless Romanists, stood around her with amazement.

Not a few are stricken down at their own homes, apart from any exciting influences.—We visited one yesterday, as we were on our way to the chapel, who was stricken down the day before. She said she had been so deeply wounded by the sword of the Spirit that she was still unable to rise, though the heavenly Healer had applied his blood, and by the all-restoring word quickened her soul into spiritual life; the Spirit had worked so mightily in her and the change was so wonderful that she was physically prostrated. There she lay with heaven in her countenance, indulging in just such ardent expressions of lofty praise as are not unusual with us as people, when the spirit, new-born, is translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. But how wonderful are such demonstrations to our friends of most other denominations.—The young woman to whose case I have just referred is a Roman Catholic.

As I first entered the room, and saw how evidently she was the subject of the Holy

Spirit's mighty inworkings, I stepped up to a woman who seemed to be affectingly interested as she witnessed this transition from most distressing sorrow and conflict to joy and peace, and supposing that this interested friend was a Catholic, I thought I would like to know what was the result of these observations on the mind of that gazing one. "Why what can be the occasion of all this?" I exclaimed. She looked upon me with seeming surprise, as though she wondered if it were possible I should not know, and then said, "Why, I suppose it is the 'revival,' the same that has happened to so many others." I then stooped down to converse with that humble subject of grace, and uttered the name of Jesus.

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears
And bids our sorrows cease."
She caught the name of the ever-blessed and re-echoed it in joyful acclamation again and again. "Ah!" said I, "it is the name of Jesus."

"The name high over all!"
Jesus, exalted to be a prince, and a Saviour;
Jesus, your intercessor; Jesus, the way to the Father. You want no other name now; you need not come in the name of the Virgin Mary. "O no!" she exclaimed with marked emphasis, "I only want the name Jesus now." We then sang the chorus,

"O, He's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And set them on the Rock of Ages,"
with the accompanying words,
"Now I will tell the sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found."
Here her joy was exceedingly ecstatic as she repeated the strains of holy confidence and joy, and, with looks indescribably blissful, exclaimed, "Yes, blessed Jesus! thou hast taken my feet out of the mire and clay. I will tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour I have found. O, Jesus, that thou should'st take me, poor, sinful, ignorant creature that I am, I bless thee! I bless thee! Glory be to thee my Saviour! O keep me, do keep me, my Saviour!" "He will keep that which you have committed into his hands, for he has come to dwell in your heart, and he is now saying unto you, Lo! I am thy salvation," said we. Never did I witness a more blissful appreciation of these divine assurances than on this occasion. Again and again did she take up the expressions and repeat them after me: "Yes, he has come to dwell in my heart; yes, thou wilt keep me, my blessed Jesus."

Though she was unable to read, she had kept a copy of the precious Bible closely to the companionship of her heart throughout the day. Dr. P. took it from her hand and commenced to read the fifth chapter of Matthew. When he came to the words, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," she exclaimed, "O yes, they shall be comforted! These are the words I have been spelling out all day. Poor, ignorant creature that I cannot read; but (and here she looked up with angelic sweetness, as though the Saviour was being manifestly revealed as present) he has taught me! he has taught me!"

I might proceed, but perhaps I have already occupied more time than might seem expedient with this narration in view of the fact that hundreds of probably equal interest might be given. But my object is to present what I do not doubt is not an unusual sample of the extraordinary workings of the Spirit now going on here. Surely with God all things are possible. Think of a poor untaught Catholic so learned of the Spirit as to breathe forth spontaneously such words of inimitable sweetness, glory, and power as would surely exceed the ability of a doctor of divinity if not born of the Spirit. There is one of the like named in charge of a Church here. Like Nicodemus, he cannot understand any of these things.—Would that he would come, even though it might be stealthily at night, and seek instruction from the heavenly Teacher who is now so gloriously instructing the lowly multitude.—But he repudiates the whole matter, and warns his flock to guard against everything which might have a tendency to bring them under, or foster such influences, and would fain have his people believe that it is a mesmeric infliction, or hysteria, brought upon the masses. I saw one of his flock yesterday who was thus suddenly arrested by the Spirit while sitting in church. She knew his prejudices, and some threatening things he had said, she therefore took every possible pains to restrain her emotion till she could get out of his presence. She had been so deeply and suddenly wounded by the sword of the Spirit that she scarcely reached the vestibule ere she shrieked and fell. A kind lady of the congregation saw her condition and followed her out. She was cared for kindly till able to be placed on a car and carried home. Here some Christian young men remained with her till midnight, reading prayers. She has since been enabled to rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. It would have rejoiced your heart to have heard her repeated ejaculations as we were conversing yesterday: "Bless the Lord! Glory be to Jesus!" These spontaneous outbursts of the new-born spirit, so well known to the early Methodists of our own and every region, are again gloriously abounding. Seldom, perhaps, has there been so much freedom of expression of this sort as there is now in a large Presbyterian church of this place. There is also free use of our most joyous revival hymns and choruses, which I presume may not be unlike what the early Methodists used to sing in these regions when they attracted the ear of the masses and provoked the envy and rivalry of formal professors.

But the reference above made to one Church of England minister is far from being applicable to all. Others are encouraging the work seeming in every possible way, and taking pains to reprove publicly the sayings and doings of those who would withstand. Said one minister of the Established Church to his congregation about thus: "Some have asserted that these physical manifestations are not of God, but merely a form of disease called hysteria.—Would to God that my whole congregation might be affected in a similar manner if they have not found peace by believing in Jesus!" These sudden seizures are not confined to any particular people, church, or place. I

have been told that seven were "stricken" in a Romish church, and were carried in their state of helplessness to the adjacent nunnery. In a number of instances strong men have been suddenly struck down in the street, or on the public road, or in their own houses. The effect of this is that it is not unusual to hear the spiritual arrestings spoken of as a disease. "He caught the disease," and similar expressions are common among the people. In general a deep sympathy is felt, even among the most skeptical, for those who are called, in common phrase, "the sufferers," and anything that can be done for their relief is generally done with earnest and affectionate promptness. I have been informed that in some instances Romish priests have been called to visit prostrate "sufferers." But soon as the stricken one utters the cry of penitence, or, released from the agony of a guilty conscience, cries "Glory to Jesus!" then the priest is quickly among the missing. "No Virgin for me!" exclaimed one who had just apprehended Jesus as her own precious Saviour and intercessor at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Surely the priesthood of the Romish Church can have but little sympathy with such scenes, and would doubtless prefer keeping out of the way. A driver of a car told an inquirer that in one place in the country he had seen people fall thirty at a time, pleading for salvation.—He was asked what he thought could be the occasion of these singular demonstrations. He replied: "Why, sure it must be the work of the Almighty. The Catholics say it is the work of the devil, but I say to them; Could the devil teach people to pray? Sure, if it was the devil that was put on the people, it's drinking and swearing they would be, and not praying and doing good!" Says a minister: "All those that get under conviction get a wonderful gift in prayer." Says another: "Many of the enlightened are desirous to speak. Indeed, in some instances they cannot be restrained." How like the days that ushered in the Spirit's dispensation, when the one hundred and twenty were divinely impelled to speak as the Spirit gave utterance. Said a minister of the Church of England, who had listened to a young girl, a recent convert, aged about fifteen, at one of the largely attended open-air meetings: "Never did I hear such an exposition of the plan of salvation." He spoke of the effort as containing in itself a body of divinity, which for conciseness, perspicuity, and power, exceeded anything he had ever heard, though he had been seven years graduating at Cambridge and twenty years a minister. I have long been deeply and unwaveringly impressed with the conviction that we are fast verging toward a most solemn point in this world's history when every conceivable agency will be called into requisition to meet the emergencies of the crisis. Every road, however long, has its terminus. The hour is approaching when earth's travelers will have reached the last point on the shores of mortality, and take the road beyond the shadows of time. It is not difficult to see how quickly the man of sin may be destroyed by the brightness of Christ's appearing. I am looking that the promises to the Jews shall be speedily fulfilled. And now that we see the marvellous workings of the Spirit in taking away the veil from the mind of the poor blind Romanist, shall it be thought a thing incredible with God that his ancient people, to whom pertain the promises, should be enlightened and speedily turn to the Lord in multitudes? The manner in which the Romanists are now being brought to the acknowledgment of Jesus our Saviour as the only intercessor between God and his people, is singularly like that which, in some printed letters of several years since, we suggested might be the manner of God's taking away the veil from the Jewish mind.—Blindness in part has happened unto Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles be brought in. How rapidly is that being accomplished now. What a gust of power has been sweeping over America. Now it has crossed the Atlantic. God grant that it may quickly spread over all Europe, and every region near and remote, till the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ.

We are now assisting in meetings in the various Methodist churches here alternately. Last night we were at the Frederick street Chapel, and had the privilege of seeing about forty blessed with either pardon or purity. Some of those who received the witness of purity were remarkably lovely and intelligent young men and women, such as will be likely to take a leading position among the masses recently brought out of spiritual Egypt. Probably about ten out of the number who presented themselves at the communion rail and its surrounding were seeking entire sanctification. I conceive this to be a matter of great importance. If our people do not take a leading position in regard to this matter our responsibilities will be serious. Surely with a high hand and an outstretched arm multitudes have been brought out from under the iron yoke of Satan. And would not the God of the armies of Israel have them brought up at once into spiritual Canaan, where they may be invincible in battle, and valiant for the truth? Says the beloved Adelaide Newton, the Scotch authoress, who seems to have had occasional glimmerings of the believer's promised inheritance on this side the heavenly city: "To my mind fighting in Canaan implies a much higher state of experience than wandering in the wilderness, and few I fear in reality arrive at that state of blessedness." But with us as a people the believer's privilege and duty in this regard is a cardinal doctrine. "God thrust the Wesleys out to raise a holy people." Most emphatically does Mr. Wesley present it the privilege of the young convert to enter at once upon his purchased inheritance:

"The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness."
In his Journal he cites many instances of young converts who were brought with unmistakable clearness and power into the enjoyment of this state. Some of these whose experiences are cited had been but a few weeks others but a few days or hours converted.—

Witness the case of Grace Paddy. Writing to Thomas Rankin, one of our missionaries earliest sent over to America, he says: "I have lately been thinking a good deal on one point, wherein perhaps we have all been wanting. We have not made it a rule as soon as ever persons were justified to remind them of going on to perfection. Whereas this is the very time preferable to all others. They have then the simplicity of little children, and they are fervent in spirit, ready to cut off the right hand or pluck out the right eye. But if we once suffer this fervor to subside, we shall find it hard enough to bring them again ever to this point." This letter was written at Epworth, and is dated July 21, 1744.

Had we as a people adhered to its doctrines, what a valiant race of Christians would we have presented to the world. How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, and ere this we had claimed through the power of the cross a redeemed world for the world's Redeemer. And even now my spirit seems urged to say that I feel a Divine conviction that if we will but make an individual and experimental matter of earnestly recognizing the speciality of our calling, as a people, to spread "Scriptural holiness through these lands, and will become a witnessing Church on this subject, God would speedily own us in the salvation of tens of thousands."
Yours in Jesus, P. PALMER.

THE PERILS OF AN AERONAUT.—Our citizens are aware that Prof. Steiner announced a balloon ascension to take place from Toronto yesterday. The Professor with Captain Adam Ott called on us this morning from whom we learn the following respecting the balloon Europa:—

At half past one o'clock the inflation was completed the balloon having received within 1,000 feet of its capacity, that is 18,000 feet. The Professor took his seat in the car, which was his instruments, 400 pounds of ballast and his woolsen garments. The ropes were cut, and amid the cheers of the 40,000 spectators, the "Europa" rapidly rose to an altitude of 8,000 feet, when it struck a current which sent it in a course about two points South of East bearing almost direct for Oswego, and fast making for the middle of the lake. At an average altitude of 10,000 feet the Professor sailed along to mid-lake, at which point he could not see either end of the lake and could but obscurely see the shores. It was then about 7 o'clock, and the evening shades were being spread over land and water. He was at that time at his greatest altitude, being at an elevation of about 14,000 feet, and the Professor says that never on a previous ascension has he experienced so cold a temperature. On nearing Oswego a strange phenomenon attracted his attention. He was sailing along through the clearest atmosphere, when suddenly he was surrounded and buried in a vapor resembling steam. His balloon shot upwards with lightning speed, and as suddenly as the vapor appeared so suddenly it disappeared. When the "Europa" shot up a discharge of gas was made, and on reaching the more rarified air at once commenced rapidly descending. He had discharged all his ballast before this, and now the question in his mind arose, how he was to save himself.

The darkness had increased, and only by light-houses could he learn his altitude. He concluded he was just off Little Sodus, and preferred to descend on the land if it could be done. He threw over his shawl, which lighted a little, following which went his rigging grapple irons, &c., and finally tore out the lining of his car and threw it over. He then gradually rose and reached the shore about six miles up the lake, the buoyant power being still sufficient to sustain him he did not descend. He descended about three miles above Minetto.—*Oswego Times 26th inst.*

THE ORIGIN OF CORONER'S JURIES.—It is not generally known how or in what manner coroner's juries were originated. We believe it was substantially the result of the following circumstances. A lady in London, after having buried six husbands, found a gentleman hardy enough to make her a wife once more. For several months their happiness was mutual a circumstance which seemed to pay no great compliment to her former partners of her bed, who, as she said, had disgusted her by their sottishness, and infidelity. In the view of knowing the character of his amorous mate, the gentleman began frequently to absent himself, of return at late hours, and when he did return to appear as if intoxicated. At first reproaches but afterwards menaces, were the consequence of his conduct. The gentleman persisted and seemed every day more addicted to his bottle. One evening, when she imagined him dead drunk she unsexed a leaden weight from one of the sleeves of her gown, and having melted it, she approached her husband pretending still to be asleep, in order to put it into his ear through a pipe.

Thus convinced of her wickedness, the gentleman started up and seized her; when having procured assistance, he secured her until morning, and conducted her before a magistrate, who committed her to prison. The bodies of her six husbands were dug up, and as marks of this peculiar kind of violence was still discoverable upon each of them, the proof of her guilt appeared so strong upon her trial, that she was condemned and executed.

To this circumstance is England indebted to the useful regulation by which all deaths not readily accounted for must undergo legal inspection before interment.

The power for good, which a clean, frugal, industrious, sensible woman exercises over her husband and children, is only exceeded by the power for evil which is exercised by a slovenly, extravagant, idle, foolish woman.

Judge Kent says: "There are very few evils to which a man is subject that he might not avoid if he would converse more with his wife and follow her advice." The Judge is a sensible man.

Early History of Saw-mills.

In early periods, the trunks of trees were split with wedges into as many and as thin pieces as possible, and if it was necessary to have them still thinner, they were hewn on both sides to the proper size. This simple and wasteful manner of making boards has still been continued in Russia to the present time. Peter the Great tried to put a stop to it by the forbidding hewn boards to be transported on river Neva. The saw, however, though so convenient and beneficial, has not been able entirely to banish entirely the practice of splitting timber used in roofing, or in making furniture and utensils; and indeed, it must be allowed that this method is attended with peculiar advantages, which that of sawing never can possess. The wood-splitters perform their work more expeditiously than sawyers, and split timber is much stronger than that which has been sawn; for the fissure follows the grain of the wood, and leaves it whole; whereas, the saw proceeding in the line chinked out for it, divides the fibers, and by the means lessens its cohesion and solidity. Split timber, indeed, often turns out crooked and warped; but in many purposes to which it is applied, this is not prejudicial, and such faults may sometimes be amended. As the fibers, however retain their natural strength and direction, thin boards particularly can be bent much better. This is an advantage in making pipe-staves, or sieve-frames, which require still more art, and in forming various implements of the like kind.

Our common saw, which needs only to be guided by the hand of the workman, however simple it may be, was not known to the inhabitants of America when they were subdued by the Europeans.

The saws of the Grecian carpenters had the same form, and were made in the like ingenious manner as ours are at present. This is fully shown by a painting still preserved among the antiquities of Herculaneum. Two geni are represented at the end of a bench, which consists of a long table that rests upon two four-footed stools. The piece of wood which was to be sawn through is secured by cramps. The saw with which the geni are at work has a perfect resemblance to our frame saw. It consists of a square frame, having in the middle a blade, the teeth of which stand perpendicular to the plane of the frame. The piece of wood which is to be sawn extends beyond the end of the bench, and one of the workmen appears standing and the other sitting on the ground. The arms, in which the blade is fastened, have the same form as that given to them at present. In the bench are seen holes, in which the cramps that hold the timber are stuck. They are shaped like the figure 7, and the ends of them reach below the boards that form the top of it. The French call a cramp of this kind an *abat*.

The most beneficial and ingenious improvement of this instrument was, without doubt, the invention of saw-mills, which are driven either by water, wind, or by steam. Mills of the kind were erected as early as the fourth century, in Germany on the small river Boer, or Baer; for though Anonius speaks properly of water-mills for cutting stone, and not timber, it cannot be doubted that these were invented later than mills for manufacturing boards, and that both kinds were erected at the same time. The art, however of cutting marble with a saw is very old. Pliny conjectures that it was invented in Caria; at least, he knew no building erected with marble of greater antiquity than the palace of King Mausolus, at Halicarnassus. This edifice is celebrated by Vitruvius for the beauty of its marble, and Pliny gives an account of the different kinds of sand used for cutting it; for it is the sand properly, says he, and not saw, which produces this effect. The latter presses down the former and rubs it against the marble, and the coarser the sand is, the longer will be the time required to polish the marble which has been cut by it. Stones of the soap-rock kind, which are indeed softer than marble, and which would require less force than wood, were sawn at that period; but it appears that the far harder glassy kinds of stone were sawn than also for we are told of the discovery of a building which was encrusted with cut agate, cornelian, lapislazuli, and amethysts. There is, however, found no account in any of the Greek or Roman writers of modern times speak of saw-mills as new and uncommon, it would seem that the oldest construction of them has been forgotten, or that some improvement has made them appear entirely new.

When the Infant Henry sent settlers to the island of Madeira, which was discovered in 1420, and caused European fruits of every kind to be carried thither, he ordered saw-mills to be erected also, for the purpose of sawing into boards, the various species of excellent timber with which the island abounded, and which were afterwards transported to Portugal.—About the year 1427 the city of Breslau had a saw-mill, which produced a yearly rent of three marks, and in 1490 the magistrates of Erfurt purchased a forest, in which they caused a saw-mill to be erected, and they rented another mill in the neighborhood besides.—Norway, which is covered with forests, had the first saw-mill about the year 1530. This mode of manufacturing timber was called the new art; and because the exportation of boards was by these means increased, that circumstance gave occasion to the deal trade, introduced by Christian III. in the year 1545. Soon after, the celebrated Henry Bazan caused the first mill of this kind to be built in Holstein. In 1552 there was a saw-mill at Joachimsthal, which as were at told, belonged to Jacob Geusen, mathematician. In the year 1555 the Bishop of Ely, ambassador from Queen Mary of England to the court of Rome, having seen a saw-mill in the neighborhood of Lyons, the writer of his travels thought it worthy of a particular description. In the sixteenth century, however, there were mills with different saw-blades, by which a plank could be cut into several boards at the same time. Pighins saw one of these, in 1575, on the Danube, near Ratisbon, when he accompanied Charles, prince of Juliers and Cleves, on his travels. It may

here be asked whether the Dutch had such mills first as is commonly believed. The first saw-mill was erected in Holland at Saardam, in the year 1596, and the invention of it is ascribed to Cornelius Cornelissen, but he is as little the inventor as the mathematician of Joachimsthal. Perhaps he was the first person who built a saw-mill at that place, which is a village of great trade, and has still a great many saw-mills, though the number of them is becoming daily less, for within the last thirty years a hundred have been given up. The first mill of this kind in Sweden was erected in the year 1653.

In England saw-mills had at first the same fate that printing had in Turkey. When attempts were made to introduce them, they were violently opposed, because it was apprehended that the sawyers would be deprived of them of their means of getting a subsistence. For this reason it was found necessary to abandon a saw-mill erected by a Dutchman near London, in 1663; and in the year 1700, when one Houghton laid before the nation the advantages of such a mill, he expressed his apprehension that it might excite the rage of the populace. What he dreaded was actually the case in 1767 or 1768, when an opulent timber merchant, by the desire and approbation of the Society of Arts, caused a saw-mill, driven by the wind, to be erected at Limehouse, under the direction of James Stanfield, who had learned in Holland and Norway the art of constructing and managing machines of that kind. A mob assembled and pulled the mill to pieces but the damage was made good by the nation and some of the rioters were punished. A new mill was afterwards erected which was suffered to work without molestation, and which gave occasion to the erection of others. It appears, however, that this was not the only mill of the kind then in Great Britain, for one driven also by wind had been built at Leith, in Scotland, some years before.

The application of the steam-engine has in modern times almost entirely displaced the use of either water or wind as the source of power in machinery, in England, at most of the saw-mills now in action especially those on a large scale, are worked by steam.—*Beckmann's History.*

"AND THO' I LET HIM."—A school teacher relates the following amusing incident: One day I saw a little fellow with his arms around a witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestation right, to kiss her.

"Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir," spoke the bright-eyed little witch; "he wath trying to kith me, that he wath, ther," and eyed him keenly.

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly, right here in school?" I asked anticipating some fun.

"Oh, he hitched up here and wanted me to kith him, and I told him I wouldn't kith such a tharty boy, ath he thix; then he thed he'd kith me, and I told him he darlth t; but he thed he would do it, and I told him I would tell the mather, if he did, but he thed he didn't care a thump for the mather, and then he tario to kith me hard; and the little thing sighed."

"Why didn't you tell me as soon as you could?" I asked in a pleasant manner.

"Oh," she replied, with a naivete I did not often see, "I didn't care much if he did kith me, and tho' I let him."

Here the whole school, which had been listening attentively, broke out in an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply.

THE VOTE FOR THE OTHER MAN.—The following story is told of a Revolutionary soldier, who was running for Congress:

It appears he was opposed by a much younger man, who had never "been to the wars," and it was the wont of "Revolutionary" to tell the people of the hardships he endured. Says he:

"Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country—I helped whip the British and Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every foot-step was marked with blood."

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns," who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his short coat-tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the British and the Indians?"

"Yes," responded Revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any cover?"

"Yes, sir; I did."

"Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground till every foot-step was covered with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied Revolutionary.

"Well, then," says the tearful "sovereign," as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I'll be blamed if I don't think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man!"

WHEN bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty; dive farther than the pocket for worth; and search for temper beyond the good humor of the moment—remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

INGRATITUDE.—When stripped of all disguise, ingratitude stands out an object so deformed, unnatural, and odious, as to be universally detested and execrated by mankind. Ignorance and Covetousness are the prolific soils on which this hateful excrement is reared.

A Maine newspaper in announcing the death of Henry Johnson, Mayor of Newburyport, says: He was an uncle of the Hon. Caleb Cushing, but otherwise a respectable and worthy man.