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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

THE WINTERS.

We did not fear them once,—the dull grey morning
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid;
The long night watches did not bring us warning
That we were tenants of a house decayed.
The early snow like dreams to us descended;
The frost did fairy work on pane and bough;
Beauty, and power, and wonder have not ended—
How is it that we fear the winters now?

The house fires fall as bright on hearts and chamber;
The Northern starlight shines as coldly clear;
The woods still keep their holly for December;
The world has welcome yet for the New Year.
And far away in old remembered places,
The snow-drops rise and the robin sings,
The sun and moon look out with smiling faces—
Why have our days forgot such goodly things?
Is it that now the North wind finds us shaken
By tempest fiercer than its winter blast?
And fair beliefs and friendships have forsaken
Like summer's beauty as that tempest passed?
And life grows less in its pleasant valleys,
The light of promise waning from its day,
Till mist meets even in its inward palace—
Not, like the other mists, to melt away?

It was not thus, when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the winters of our youth,
Before its hopes had fallen in fortune's quarrels,
Or Time had bowed them with his heavy truth:
Ere yet the twilight found us strange and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only—
The past that cannot change, and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the Winter is within us;
Hard is the ice that gathers round the heart,
If petty cares and vain regrets can win us,
From life's true heritage, and better part.
Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship rather:
But nations toil and tremble, even as we;
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
And dreading Winters they may never see.

Miscellaneous.

From the Boston Traveller.

The Chinese Execution Ground.

You have heard of Yeh, the late Governor of Canton; the world has heard of him, and that name, like Nero, and for the same reason, will be a familiar word in all future. Singularly, as we were steaming over the Straits of Malacca in our outward bound passage a year ago, we came near falling in with a British man-of-war which had been made the prison of Yeh, and was conveying him to Calcutta; a few days before we left Hong Kong on our present cruise to Northern China, the British war steamer the *Ferry Cross* came into port, and anchored near us, having on board the body of the fallen tyrant and butcher, which it was conveying to Canton for interment. He had been kept in confinement, but not in prison, in Calcutta, being treated with all indulgence and kindness. But he took no exercise; he ceased to be an object of interest; no one visited him; no one, however poor, did him honor; the game of life was up; his race was run; he could not recover his position; in Calcutta he was in disgrace, and to return to his own country, even should he be liberated, was certain death. His mighty spirit, haughty as it had been, was humbled and even broken; and turning upon itself like a vulture, preyed upon its own sensibilities, and at length he died. His immense frame, his savage heart and indomitable will were obliged to yield to the inward horror which were pent up within him.

There was once a Pasha of Acre, in Syria, of whom I read much and heard much when residing near that celebrated old city, to whom the Arabic name of *Djezzar*, or Butcher, was given, so enormous were the cruelties he inflicted; and, like him, Yeh will be remembered only as the "Chinese Butcher." Pity never entered his heart; he was never known to forgive, and human sympathies he had not. His only pleasure was in other's pain, and his only business in blood. I had read accounts of the scenes on the "execution ground." I had heard recitals from those who had witnessed them—Little did I expect to stand on the same ground and walk the flagstones on which the executed knelt, and soak my shoes in the dewy grass which had been nourished by their blood!—But so it has been. I have been in this Golgotha; I have walked and mused in this Acedonia, and almost trampled upon human skulls. The place on the execution ground where two crosses were erected upon which men and women were fastened, and then "hewn in pieces" by a lingering process, I have stood upon, though the crosses had been removed.—I conversed with different persons who had witnessed those frightful butcheries, sometimes five hundred human beings being driven into these shambles, or else carried in baskets, they carry living swine in China, for a single hecatomb in a sacrifice, in which more than one hundred thousand were offered, and some say near two hundred thousand. Upon the overthrow of Yeh, and the capture of the city by the French and English, the executions, which still continued numerous, and even now are, were removed to another place, but not far distant, and very much resembling the old ground. By a natural mistake, a guide took me to the new ground in the first instance, where for the first time in my life I saw human blood shed in execution. It lay thick upon the pavement almost in pools in some places, and dried to a coat in others, glittering in the sun with a horrible redness. For a long time after English occupancy, gangs were executed numbering a dozen or more, at least every fortnight; and the other day an American resident informed me he had just seen twenty-five decapitated on the new execution ground. Life is nothing with the Chinese, there is such an excess of it; and strangely, one seems not to care for his own more than that of others.

The old execution ground is situated about one hundred yards from the river, and is of an oblong form, being about two hundred feet long by fifty wide. The entrance at the end nearest the river is only eight or ten feet wide, and was closed with bars when the bloody scenes were being enacted. The grand entrance at the other end is twice as wide. On one side doors opened into bakeries and other small manufactories; but was now as silent as death. Not an individual was encountered—not one was seen; and even the little children, who were at their sports in the great street into which this lane entered, apparently frightened by the scenes which they had seen or heard reported, shunned placing their feet upon the soil, or even looking into the bloody arena.—It looked like a sepulchre above the ground.

In the time of the executions, as my friend informed me, when he visited the bloody arena, as he often did, he was accustomed, as he approached the spot, to encounter Chinamen with their fingers pressing their noses, or else with their tails tied around their faces, to avoid the horrible stench proceeding from the blood and bodies, and carried like a miasmatic breath, far from the narrow area where it originated. On one occasion he found the ground covered with partially dried gore of the fruit of the last day's work. There were no drains to take off the enormous quantity of blood accumulating from the butchery of five hundred and six hundred rebels, day after day, at certain periods of military success over them, nor was any substance used to slake or absorb it. A man was found, on one visit, digging holes for two crosses, on which he said, upon inquiry, four persons were to be tied and cut to pieces. An account of this day's proceedings, as related by my friend, will illustrate all others, as they were mere repetitions.

The execution had been fixed at noon. At half past eleven half a dozen men arrived at the execution ground, each armed with what resembled a cleaver rather than a sword, and preceded by bearers of rough pine boxes, decorated with sides painted as if with blood.—These were coffins for the gang to be executed, which that day numbered one hundred and fifty. General unconcern, and even a stoical indifference, marked the countenances of both soldiers and spectators, who together amounted to about one hundred and fifty. A breeze sprang up, which carried the intolerable stench from the quarter occupied by the foreigners, who, to the number of a dozen, obtained admittance to the top of one of the houses on the side of the street at the entrance of this "field of blood." Soon after the arrival of the executioners and the coffins, a division of the condemned appeared on the ground, consisting of ten individuals, speedily followed by the rest of unhappy wretches in companies of the same number.

Each prisoner had his hands tied behind his back, and a label stuck in his tail or long queue, while he was thrust down in a wicker basket, over which his chained legs dangled loosely, the body riding uncomfortably, and marked by a long paper tally pasted on a strip of bamboo thrust between the jacket of each condemned individual and his back. These "man baskets," as they are called, pulled with small cords, were carried by bamboo poles upon the shoulders of two porters. As the prisoner arrived they were taken from the baskets and made to kneel facing the south. In a space of twenty feet by twelve were counted as many as seventy prisoners, ranged in half a dozen rows. At five minutes to twelve, a Mandarin wearing a white button arrived, and the two individuals who were first to be cut in pieces were tied to the crosses which had been planted. This was probably designed to increase the terror of death to those who were about to experience it, just as though the natural bitterness was not sufficient. In the meanwhile that this frightening process was going on, the execution commenced, and twenty or thirty were headless before our friend was aware of it.—The sound to be heard was a *cheep, cheep, cheep*, as the executioner's knife or cleaver fell upon the neck of the victim. No signs of fear were seen in the faces of the prisoners, as they knelt and awaited the fatal moment. No entreaties were made; no shrieks were heard.—One blow was sufficient for each, the head tumbling between the legs of the victim before the body fell. As the sword fell, the trunk, spouting with blood, sprang forward, falling on the breast, and was still forever.

In four minutes the execution was completed, and one hundred and fifty human beings of all ages had passed into eternity. Thereon the other sections commenced a work still more barbarous and horrifying; it might said to be even devilish—for what could be more so? The victims of torture were tied to the crosses which had been planted at one end of the area, when an executioner approaching, cut a slice from under each arm with a sharp, short knife, which he carried. A low, suppressed, fearful groan from each victim followed the gashing, but nothing like a scream or outcry. Dexterous as butchers a slice was taken successfully by the operators from the calves, the thighs, and then the breast of each. It may be supposed, or at any rate it may be hoped, that by this time the sufferers had become insensible to pain, though they were not dead.—The knife was then thrust into the abdomen, and then ripped up to the breast-bone, and then twirled round and round as the heart was separated from its holdings. Up to this moment, our informant said that having once set his eyes upon the victim under torture, they became fixed as if by a strange spell; but now neither he could stand it nor they be riveted any longer. A whirling sensation ran through his brain, and it was with difficulty he could keep from falling. But this was not all; the lashings were cut; and his head being tied by the tail to a limb of the cross, was severed from the body, which was then disembowered of hands and arms, feet and legs separately.

After this the Mandarin left the ground, to return however, with a man and woman, the latter, as it was said, the wife of a rebel chief, and the man a leader of some rank of the rebels. The woman was cut up in the way already related, but for the man a more horrible torturing still was decreed. He was literally flay-

ed alive. Our informant did not see the operation; his overpowered sensibilities did not permit it; but an American sergeant of marines did, who described the horrors of the scene. The knife was first drawn across the forehead, at which a piercing scream was set forth by the sufferer, and then the flesh was pulled over the eyes, and so on till the horrible butchery was ended. There is a temple in Canton which I visited, called the "Temple of Horrors," because in several apartments are the most horrible representations of the tortures of the Buddhist hell. But nothing there was more infernal than what was seen here.

Such were the tortures inflicted by Yeh upon 100,000 human beings in the city of Canton. It is not surprising that the news of his death and the arrival of his body caused outbursts of exultation among the Chinese, who either had lost some of their friends under the operation of his cleaver, or else stood in constant fear for their own lives. Thousands were put to death who were entirely innocent, except that they happened to be the wives and children of others, or else had common family connections. The calmness and even indifference with which the Chinese meet death, are past belief, and unaccountable; and yet, as the late war has shown, they are a nation of cowards. But cowardice and cruelty usually go together. I was told an incident in one of these execution scenes which defies credence, and yet is affirmed to be only the sober truth. A young man was brought on the fatal ground with several hundreds who were to be beheaded the same time. All were upon their knees, drawn up in ranks, and awaiting the fearful signal for the commencement of the day's butchery. A fruit peddler happened to be passing, when the young man remembered he had a few *cash*, or farthing pieces, in his pocket.—He was hungry, for he had been brought a long distance in his basket, and he had gone without his breakfast. Eyeing the length of the rank to which he belonged, he could calculate the time with much exactness when the cleaver would fall upon his own neck. Nothing daunted he bought some bananas, and ate them kneeling; the cleaver, however, almost intercepting them before they had passed from the throat into the stomach! Sometimes twenty five or fifty condemned rebels were at one time cast into the river together in their baskets, to save the labor of executing and interment. These Chinese are a mystery; I cannot understand them.

TRUTH.—Nothing appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation; and it is observable, that only weak animals endeavor to supply by craft, the defects of strength, which nature has not given them. Nothing is so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth; for this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any design to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive. Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and fits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware, whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack.

Truth, in everything, is still the same, and, like its great Author, can be but one; and the sentence of reason stands as firm as the foundation of the earth. Truth is born with us, and we must do violence to our nature, to shake off our veracity. Now by the Gods, it is not in the power of painting or of sculpture to express, Aught so divine as the fair form of Truth! The creatures of their art may catch the eye, But her sweet nature captivates the soul.

VALUE OF THE EARTH-WORM.—The common earth worm, though apt to be despised and trodden on, is really a useful creature in its way. Mr. Knapp describes it as the natural manure of the soil, consuming on the surface the softer part of decayed vegetable matters, and conveying downwards the more woody fibers, which render molder and fertilize. They perforate the earth in all directions, thus rendering it permeable by air and water, both indispensable to vegetable life. According to Mr. Darwin's mode of expression, they give a kind of under tillage to the land, performing the same below ground that the spade does above for the garden, and the plow for arable soil. It is, in consequence, chiefly of the natural operations of worms that fields which have been overspread with lime, burnt marl, or cinders, become, in process of time, covered by a finely-divided soil, fitted for the support of vegetation. This result, though usually attributed by farmers to the "working down" of these materials, is really due to the action of earth-worms, as may be seen in the innumerable casts of which the initial soil consists. These are obviously produced by the digestive proceedings of the worms, which take into their intestinal canal a large quantity of the soil in which they feed and burrow, and then reject in the form of the so-called casts. "In this manner," says Mr. Darwin, "a field manured with marl has been covered, in the course of 80 years, with a bed of earth averaging 13 inches in thickness."—*Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

THE DIVINE MERCY.—However old, plain, desolate, humble, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life, the preserve also shivering near that pale ember, a starved, ghostly longing for appreciation and affection. To this attenuated spectre perhaps, a crumb is not thrown once a year; but when almsgiver and almsman to famine—when all humanity has forgotten the dying tenant of a decaying house—Divine mercy remembers the mourner, and a shower of manna falls for lips that earthly nutriment is to pass no more. Biblical promises, heard first in health, but then unheeded, come whispering to the couch of sickness; it is felt that a pitying God watches what all mankind has forsaken; the tender compassion of Jesus is recalled and relied on; the fading eye, gazing beyond time sees a home, a friend, a refuge in eternity.—*Charlotte Bronte*.

No Gloom at Home.

Above all things there should be no gloom at home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits gathered there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures, purer or greater than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares as he winds around the long narrow street and beholds the soft light illumining his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his overcoat, and snatches, with a rude hand and wailing cry, at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harassed, perplexed, persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an energy so desperate that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed, and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain-beat caused by a too constant application. He scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear, and the tones are so soft and glad that hope, like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted, and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed she stole a little coquetish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why! he forgets all trials of that long, long day as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household. Christianity! oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy; that sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

THE MILKY WAY.—The milky way forms the grandest feature of the firmament. It completely encircles the whole fabric of the skies, and sends its light down upon us, according to the best observation, from no less than 18,000,000 of suns. These are planted at various distances, too remote to be more than feebly understood; but their light, the medium of measurement, requires for its transit to our earth periods ranging from ten to a thousand years. Such is the sum of the great truth revealed to us by the two Herschels, who, with a zeal which no obstacle could daunt, have explored every part of the prodigious circle. Sir William Herschel, after accomplishing his famous section, believed that he had gaged the milky way to its lowest depth, affirming that he could follow a cluster of stars with the telescope, constructed expressly for the investigation, as far back as would require 330,000 years for the transmission of its light. But, presumptuous as it may seem, we must be permitted to doubt this assertion, as the same telescope, in the same master hand, was not sufficiently powerful to resolve even the nebulae in Orion. Nor must we forget that light, our only clue to those unsearchable regions, expands and decomposes in its progress, and coming from a point so remote, its radiant waves would be dispersed in space.—This reflection is forced upon us, that new clusters and systems, whose beaming light will never reach our earth, still throb beyond; and that, though, it be permitted to man to behold the immensity, he shall never see the bounds of creation.—*Martels of Science*.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT INSECTS.—The different kind of insects very far outnumbered the species in every class of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, Professor Agassiz says that a life-time would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects, and describe their appearance. Meiger, a German, collected and described 600 species of flies, which he collected in a distance of ten miles circumference. There have been collected in Europe, 20,000 species of insects preying upon wheat. In Berlin, two professors are engaged in collecting, observing and describing insects and their habits, and already they have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees. An English entomologist has stated that on an average, there are six distinct insects to one plant.—Dr. Harris thinks this proportion is too great for our country, where vast tracts are covered with forests, and the other original vegetable races still hold possession of the soil. There are about twelve hundred flowering plants in Massachusetts, and he thinks it will be within bounds to estimate the species of insects that infest these plants at forty-eight thousand, or in the proportion of four to each plant.

AN ARTESIAN WELL.—We learn from an exchange that they have an artesian well at Louisville, Ky., which is 2,086 feet in depth. Three years were occupied in boring it. It is piped for only 90 feet, and the water pours forth at a rate of 238 gallons per minute. It rises in pipes 170 feet above the surface, and has a temperature of 76 1-2 degrees Fah. It is perfectly limpid on issuing forth, and has a specific gravity of 1.013, furnishing, according to analysis, the gases, sulphurated hydrogen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen, containing most of the chlorides, sulphates, bicarbonates, and phosphates, with iodine and bromid magnesium. The taste is a combination of salt and sulphur. By touching some of the screws about the machinery, it throws a stream of water 120 feet above the pipe. A deep well and a tall throw, this Louisville well! We should like to see it.

DEATH OF DR. GRAHAM.—A dispatch from New Orleans announces the death of Dr. Robert M. Graham, from the effects of a wound received in a shooting affray with Mr. Ernest Tolledane. The affray grew out of a political difficulty. This is undoubtedly the same Dr. Robert M. Graham who figured in the New York Courts in the year 1854, as the murderer of Col. Charles Loring, of California at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Col Loring, with his wife, occupied apartments at the St. Nicholas, as likewise did Dr. Graham and his family—their respective rooms being contiguous. On the afternoon and night of Tuesday, August 1, Dr. Graham, under the influence of liquor, created considerable disturbance in the hotel, but was induced to retire to his room, where he remained quietly until towards daylight, on Wednesday, when he arose from his bed, and wanting water, left his room, and commenced to ring the chambermaid's bell violently in the hall. Col Loring, whose wife was ill, remonstrated with him, and requested him to desist, but Graham paid no attention to his appeal, and at last Col Loring went down to the office of the hotel to obtain the removal of Graham. As he was ascending the stairs, on his return, he was met by Graham, and an altercation ensued, which resulted in the stabbing of Loring. The weapon used was the long blade of a sword-cane, which was plunged into Loring's side with great violence, where it was twisted about and bent before it was pulled out. A corner's inquest was immediately commenced, which resulted in the committal of Graham to abide the action of the Grand Jury. The trial was commenced in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Mitchell, on the 3d of October, 1854, and continued until the evening of the 9th, the jury, the next morning, finding a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree. He was sentenced to the State Prison at Sing Sing, but was pardoned by Governor Clark on the 4th of March, 1856, after serving upwards of a year of his time.

REMEDY FOR INSECT BITES.—When a mosquito, flea, gnaw, or other noxious insect punctures the human skin, it deposits or injects an atom of an acidulous fluid of a poisonous nature. The results are irritation, a sensation of tickling, itching, or of pain. The tickling of flies we are comparatively indifferent about; but the itch produced by a flea, or gnaw, or other noxious insect, disturbs our serenity, and like the pain of a wasp or a bee sting, excites us to a remedy. The best remedies for the sting of insects are those which will instantly neutralize this acidulous poison deposited in the skin. These are either ammonia or borax.—The alkaline reaction of borax is scarcely yet sufficiently appreciated. However, a time will come when its good qualities will be known, and more universally valued than ammonia, or as it is commonly termed "hartshorn"; it is moreover a salt of that innocent nature, that it may be kept in every household. The solution of borax for insect bites is made thus:—Dissolve one ounce of borax in one pint of water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Instead of plain water, distilled rose water, elder, or orange flower water is more pleasant. The bites are to be dabbed with the solution as long as there is any irritation. For bees or wasps' stings, the borax solution may be made of twice the above strength. In every farm-house this solution should be kept as a household remedy.—*Picasso*.

TOUCHING AFFECTION.—The Buffalo Republic relates the following instance of sensibility, on the part of a boarding school Miss:

A young lady living not over a dozen leagues from Buffalo, when at home, but being educated at a fashionable seminary east of us, last week received a letter from her mother with the usual marks of mourning upon it—black-edged and sealed with black. She was almost overcome, and fainted twice before she could summon courage to attempt to dispel the fearful suspense that was brooding over her. Finally she opened the letter, and therein written was the information that her brother—a young man about eighteen had died suddenly from an attack of the cholera morbus—she sank down in a flood of tears, while her fair companions grouped around, sadly endeavored to console her, but in vain. "Poor fellow," said she, with a succession of sobs, "my brother—my dear and blessed brother—oh," said she for the first time raising her head since the sad news arrived—addressing the weeping and sympathizing girls around her—"to think how unfortunate—and his meerschaum just beginning to color so beautifully!" There was no consolation for such poignant woe as this, and the girls left her alone to sob and the tender recollection of her dear and only brother and his scarcely tinted tobacco meerschaum.

THE TEACHER'S AUTHORITY.—While children are at school, parental authority has passed from the hands of the parent to the teacher, who is as supreme in the school room as the parent in the domestic circle, and this authority is as essential to the welfare of the school as the other is to the welfare of the family and any interference is as unjust and injurious in the one case as in the other. If he abuses his authority, he is responsible to his employers. When parents understand, and regard the best interests of their children they will cease to frustrate the plans of the teacher by unjust and indiscreet interference that is generally caused by some misunderstanding which is the result of some intentional or unintentional misrepresentation by the pupil. If parents would visit the schools, they would become better acquainted with the teacher and with his plans of instruction, and would therefore encourage both teacher and pupils to labor more faithfully, and they would be amply repaid by the increased improvement of their children.

An Ohio editor asks: "What can be more captivating than to see a beautiful woman, say about four feet eleven inches in diameter, and thirty-four feet in circumference, passing along the aisle just as divine worship commences?"

BRANDING FLOUR.—The editor of the New York *Examiner* has been sojourning at Rochester, where he visited one of the large flour mills, and was initiated into the mystery of branding flour. He says:

"Branding, to us poor outsiders, has been a source of a good deal of mystery. In our simplicity, we have supposed a brand was a true indication of the place where the flour was ground, and the wheat it was made from. But this is an egregious error. 'There are tricks in all trades but ours.' Only the best flour is labeled by the name of the mill where it is ground. Inferior flour is branded Corinthian Mill, New Mill, or some other mill that is owned by the man of the mill. All these practices are known to the corn exchange as well as at the mills, but to us poor consumers, who buy a barrel of flour once a quarter, it may not be uninteresting to know that all the best family flour is branded double extra superfine, with the real name of the mill and manufacturer. Genesee flour is as ubiquitous as Orange county milk, Goshen butter, or relics of the ship Constitution among the curious. Genesee flour is for the most part made from Western or Canadian Wheat.

FINDING A STOWAWAY.—In Southern ports it is customary, before a vessel sails, for an inspector to board the vessel and make strict search for runaway negroes. If none are found the vessel is allowed to clear. A short time since a vessel had loaded at St. Mary's, Georgia, for a Northern port, and when she was ready to sail, one of the gang of negroes that loaded her was missing. It was suspected he was on board. He had secreted himself under the fore-castle floor, and the strictest search among the cargo failed to show his hiding place.—In this extremity the inspector, who was in the fore-castle, remarked that the negro must be found if the vessel had to be burnt. The poor darkey hearing the remark, and fearing that the threat might be executed, called out, "No, Marsa, John, don't burn de vessel, dare's no nigger here." This led to the discovery of the poor fellow, and he was dragged out.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.—The Pompeii was destroyed, there were very many buried in the ruins of it who were afterwards found in very different situations. There were some found who were in the streets as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in deep vaults as if they had gone thither for security. There were some found in lofty chambers; but where did they find the Roman Sentinel? The found him standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain, and there while the heavens threatened him, there while the lava stream rolled, he had stood at his post, and thereafter a thousand years had passed away he was found. So let Christians learn to stand to their duty, willing to stand to the post at which their Captain has placed them, and they will find their duty will support and sustain them.—*Rev. S Croley*.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT.—No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live; you can not afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself, is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim for it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action; still, always, and in all cases, do the right thing. Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard ones, but they will grow easier and easier, until, finally, doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a wrong will seem an impossibility.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A few days since a lovely little child of four summers was buried in New Haven. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Jay, plucked up by the roots a beautiful little "forget-me-not," and took it with him to the grave.

After the little embryo of humanity had been deposited in the grave, the clergyman holding up the plant in his hand, said: "I hold in my hand a beautiful flower which I plucked from the garden we have just left.—By taking it from its parent home, it has withered, but I here plant it in the head of this grave and it will soon revive and flourish." "So with the little flower we have just planted in the grave. It has been plucked from its native garden, and has withered, but it is transplanted into the garden of immortality, where it will revive and flourish in immortal glory and beauty."

The man who passes the days of his boyhood without a mother, is like a book with the table of contents torn out. You cannot tell how he will end till the last page of life is turned. How many a promising youth is wrecked on the shoals and quicksands in the ocean of life, in consequence of the absence of that faithful guide, a mother.

A "wee bit of a boy" astonished his mother a few days since. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Charley sat very quietly in his chair for sometime afterwards, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish Pa would get anuzzer house-keeper; I've got tired see'n' you' round!"

A mother was instructing her daughter in the duty of prayer, and the sure answers given to believers, and proceeded to repeat the Lord's Prayer. When she came to the clause "Give us this day our daily bread," the little one broke out with, "Oh, mother, say cake, say cake."

We have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a young gentleman may be considered as a great deal worse treated when he asks for a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.