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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 17, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

THE HUSKERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands exulting gleam
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine—

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow:
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring-time came with flower and bud,
And grassy green, and young
And merry bobolinks, in the wood,
Like mad musicians sung.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,
Its leaves grew thin and fair,
And waves in hot mid-summer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, when Autumn's moonlit eves,
His harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bare the treasures home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Of golden showers of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let rapid idlers loiter in silk
Around their costly board—
Give us the bowl of mud and milk,
By homely beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our corn-fed girls.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the eye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod:
Still let us for His golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!

[For the Reporter.]

"Democratic Thunder."

The Democracy have at last got "some thunder." The mountain is laboring, and will bring forth its accustomed mouse, unless there be a re-action and the mouse turn out to be a genuine Democratic Border Ruffian. John Brown in his foolish attempt at insurrection, has raised a little cloud for Democracy which it has been wishing for and trying to get up, for a long time. The machine is worked with the usual vigor—show of principle and truthfulness—that characterize the work of the "old fellow" who tends the Democratic engine. But with all the snorting, puffing, blowing and usual Democratic scare-crow and Union saving of his *clown-footed majesty*, it's no go. The cloud is too small to get much thunder out of—with all the steam let on.—The attempt reminds me of an anecdote of an old fellow, whose great forte in summer time, was to have a thunder-shower come up, so he could not work at hay, and thus get a play-spell. He was therefore intent on watching every thunder cloud that came up, as much as the Democracy of the present day, are intent in watching every little abolition speck that appears within the horizon of Slavery. One day the old fellow came out from his dinner, and heard a slight rumbling sound like thunder, went round the corner of the house, looked up at the sky, discovered but a small cloud, and broke out in the following manner: "Waal, if I could 'nt thunder out of a bigger cloud than that, I wouldn't thunder at all." There is about as much sense in that, as in the attempt of the Democratic party to make political capital out of the recent affair at Harper's Ferry. With all of the handling of Brown's papers they fail to implicate, in truth, any Republican, in the attempted insurrection.—The fact that the Republican party have all ways taken decided grounds against any positive interference with slavery in the States where it exists by local law, ought to satisfy every honest man as to their real position.—There is, however, a moral in the affair at Harper's Ferry, the Democratic party might well profit by. If Slavery be so dangerous a machine that it is ready to explode at the slightest touch, and endanger the peace and prosperity of a great country like ours, why seek to perpetuate it? Why claim the right for it to spread over all our free territory? Why be continually striving by fair means or foul (and especially the latter) to spread it over every foot of free-soil, that may by possibility be made, pecuniarily and politically, available for it? Why strain every nerve to get Cuba, Mexico, and all the available slave territory adjacent to us, if Slavery be so readily set on fire and blown up by every little match of a mad-man, who may have sworn vengeance against its many iniquities? These are grave questions, which the people require the Democratic party to answer satisfactorily,

before they will release it from the fearful responsibility it has taken upon itself. The people are determined to know if our government is to become but a mere machine to work out the behests of Slavery. Before the Democracy make too much noise out of the little thunder cloud at Harper's Ferry, let them inquire if it be no crime to conspire against freedom? Was it no crime to organize Blue Lodges, with the avowed object of treason, with a Democratic President of the United States Senate at the head, get together an army of ruffians, take possession of the government Arsenal, seize the arms of warfare thereof, march into a free territory, drive peaceful citizens from the polls, seize ballot-boxes and destroy them, murder those citizens, outrage the persons of their wives and daughters, pillage their property, burn down their houses, and all because those citizens loved freedom better than slavery. No Republican justifies the fool-hardy action of John Brown and his followers, but while we are condemning him, let us look a little to the cause of his madness. What power was it that caused the murder of his sons, burned down his home, and drove him into his acts of madness? The same power that committed the great catalogue of crimes against Kansas, which have blackened our national honor for the last five years, and made Democracy a by-word and reproach. The same power that gets up filibustering expeditions, violating our neutrality laws, going through with a mock trial of the offenders and always acquitting them. The same power that advocates the re-opening of the African Slave Trade. The same power that strikes down an honored Senator in his place in the Senate chamber, and murders another Senator on its chosen field of honor. Let the Democracy ponder these things well, before they grind too much noise out of their little thunder.

FORMAN.

GLACIERS.—In the preparation of the earth for the occupation of the human family, physical causes of great energy, and acting during long periods of time, were, doubtless, required; but it is a problem yet unsolved whether these periods amounted to the millions of years required by the geologist, or were of much shorter duration, owing to the operations of laws different from those now in action, or to quicker and more energetic processes than those which we now witness.

During the 6000 years which have nearly elapsed since the creation of man, the universal deluge is the only grand event which could have greatly modified the general surface of the earth; but since that time powerful agents have been in operation, and great changes have been effected in different parts of the globe. Floods of vast extent, as we had elsewhere occasion to remark, rushing from the ocean or from the bowels of the earth, have swept over its surface, carrying with them the soil and the blocks of stone over which they passed, and grinding and polishing the rocks which they laid bare. Successions of mighty forests have flourished and decayed on the same spot, leaving beneath strata of roots to the fourth and fifth generation. The seas have, in some regions, quitted their native beds; and, in others, invaded and destroyed the fields and habitation of man. Islands have risen and disappeared in the ocean. Earthquakes have shaken or overturned the mightiest fabrics of human wisdom, shattered even the mountain crests, and dislocating the solid pavement of the globe. The everlasting hills have risen above their native level, and lifted up from the ocean the very sea-beach which it has formed. Volcanoes have buried whole cities under their ashes, and covered with their burning lava the productive fields within its reach. Extensive lakes have poured out their contents, and recorded upon their ancient shores the erosions of the winds and waves. Huge masses of rocks have been transported from their mountain crags to vast distances in the plains below; and that element, with whose desolating power we are all familiar, seems to have once exerted a more tremendous energy when it fell in avalanches of snow from its mountain home, and in the form of glaciers descended our valleys with slackening pace but increasing power—grinding the granite flanks which embraced it—crushing the forest trunks that opposed it—poising on its crystalline pinnacles huge blocks of stone, and carrying them along its glassy viaduct over valleys now smiling with lakes, and plains luxuriant with vegetation.—*North British Review.*

LAUGHTER.—Laughter is as healthful to the body as gladness to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face, when you know it is a true index of the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of an low trick, or the utterance of any coarse jest; but that genial outburst that enfolds the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future.

A PAINTER'S FANX.—A story is told of the Dutch painter Heinskerk, who died about 1622, that he left by his will a sum of money yearly as a dowry for one young girl of his native village, on condition that, on the day before her marriage, she and her future husband should dance upon his grave! This condition was complied with for several years.

An untarnished character is of vastly more importance than polished boots.

Honor and virtue are the chief adornments of female character.

MOSS-SIDE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

Gilbert Ainslie was a poor man; and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of the world. Labor, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but though sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment which unconsciously cheers the heartstone of the blameless poor. With his own hands he had ploughed, reaped, and sowed his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up, by three sons, who, even in boyhood, were happy to work along with their father in the field. Out of door or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment wore there, that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived, God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to claim his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle in him the morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladness and gray withal, her heaven was in her house; and the gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had been born to them, they had lost three; and as they had clothed, fed and educated them respectfully, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up, for a while, some of their daily comforts for the sake of the dead; and bought with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mourning, worn on the Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighborhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing up a small, happy, hard-working household.

Many cottages are there in Scotland like Moss-side, and many such humble and virtuous cottagers as were now beneath its roof of straw. The eye of the passing traveller may mark them, or mark them not, but they stand peacefully in thousands over all the land; and most beautiful do they make it, through all its wide valleys and narrow glens—its low houns, encircled by the rocky walls of some bonny burn—its green moorlands, elated with their little crowning groves of pine-trees—its yellow corn-fields—its bare pastoral hill-sides, and all its healthy nooks, where black bosoms shine, or concealed, glades of exsusive verdure, inhabited by flowers, and visited only by the far-dying bees. Moss-side was not beautiful to a careless or hasty eye; but when looked on and surveyed, it seemed a pleasant dwelling. Its roof, overgrown with grass and moss, was almost as green as the ground out of which its weather-stained walls appeared to grow. The moss behind it was separated from a little garden by a narrow strip of arable land, the dark color of which showed that it had been won from the wild by patient industry, and by patient industry retained. It required a bright sunny day to make Moss-side fair; but then it was fair indeed; and when the little brown moorland birds were singing their short songs among the rushes and the heather, or a lark, perhaps, lured thither by some green barley field for its undisturbed nest, rose singing all over the uninvaded solitude, the little bleak farm smiled like the paradise of poverty, sad and affecting in its lone and extreme simplicity. The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pink and carnations, brought from walled gardens of rich men further down in the cultivated strath, grew here with somewhat diminished luster; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses, mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful, fair clover, that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage, Gilbert's youngest child a girl about nine years of age, had been laying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and Heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that came over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth, or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon Margaret's features. The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wishful look was directed by fearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and their servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when Nature is sick—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potatoe field beyond the brae, with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm, noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and jocular in common talk—sweet, silvery, or mournful, when it joined in hymns or psalms. One after the other, they continued going up to the bedside, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep da-

cing all day like a butterfly in a meadow, or like a butterfly with shut wings on a flower, trifling for a while in the silence of her joy, now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible of the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropt with tears, in spite of themselves, on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections; but a deep, constant, and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parent and child, brothers and sister, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed, while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by its and starts, although indeed, nature will sometimes wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keep lasting trouble away from their arthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for Heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who on his weary horse, had just arrived from another sick-bed, over the misty range of hills; and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied—"While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words; all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves, what they now were told; and though the certainty that was in the words of the skillful man, made their hearts beat for a while with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces even paler, and brought out from some eyes a gush of tears; yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror. There were wandering, and wavering and dreamy delirious phantasies in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rendering to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the lawn and sunny side of the Birk-knove. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life—too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favorite old songs; and at last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me lie down to rest,
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

The child was now left with none but the mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire, for awhile, in silence. In about a quarter of an hour they began to rise calmly and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the milk to the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a whole cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untrodden eye; and there were almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek as he said to the worthy surgeon, "You will partake of our fare after your day's trouble and toil of humanity." In a short, silent half hour the potatoes and cakes, butter and milk, were on the board; and Gilbert lifted up, with a loud voice, and with a slow motion, at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool, on which no one sat, by the old man's side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table, was now wanting.—There was silence—not a word was said.—Their meal was before them—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal, a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie, at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a draught for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned his head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter, and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting at the same time, a half-upraising look on his face, that was returning to its former color. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye, "I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at the moment to read it; at length he said aloud to the surgeon, "You know that I am a poor man, debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonor." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from his child's bedside, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money—that no man who knew him would arrest his goods or put him into prison; though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus when our own bairn is dying, and when, if so be the Lord's will she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which no emotion could be discovered, and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife; told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it in his desk in the room, beside the poor, dear bairn. She took it from him without reading it, and cradled it into her bosom; for turning her ear towards her child and thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very days

knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter, "what is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a riband, and an ivory comb she had brought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long deep, and bitter groan, at which the boy nearest in age to his dying sister looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comfort. "The Lord give and the Lord take away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried, stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchincroft never left his Manse, except as now, to visit the sick and dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bedroom, and said "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave; I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and when she wakes I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that that child will live."

They were all prepared for death; now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then looked up all her tears with her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tenderhearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladness smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Ainslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honored minister took the book:

He waded a portion with judicious care;
And, let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.

A chapter was read—a prayer said; and so too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the females voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another; and our duty is in submitting to and serving God. Graciously, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dross of gold rather than that she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles? There was no reply, but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little things of our own, a few pounds and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance; or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring—we need fear nothing, want nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart bleated beyond all bliss the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he, mildly, "is not from a hard creditor; come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie £1500. "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe that with it I may buy this very farm on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father," said the youngest boy. "And you may leave the dial to your sons, now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinners; and you may sit now offener in your arm-chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candlelight before the late dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed, could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory

in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

Where Old Clothes Go.

The writer of "Flemish Interiors," has just published a work in London in three volumes, entitled "Realities of Paris Life." As the title indicates, the work relates to matters of fact concerning the manners and institutions of the gay capital. He describes the old clothes region of Paris more in detail than most writers, and furnishes the following information concerning the destination of the immense quantities of cast off apparel collected in France:

Old ecclesiastical vestments are always welcome in Brazil, where priests are numerous, and richer articles of this description are disposed of in Peru and Chili. All their old headgear, and heaven knows what must be the quantity, is forward to St. Domingo; the blacks are exceedingly proud of a European hat, especially a white one. They wear them with an independence of taste which renders them exceedingly indulgent as to the form they may have acquired. Of French practices they have only retained that of wearing hats, and it is to be regretted that it never occurs to them to make them, as do their former masters a medium for demonstrations of politeness.—Perhaps they may acquire the custom one day.

As for shoes and boots, they make the best of their way to California, they are transmitted by thousands of pairs to those arid regions where millions live, it would seem, have not shoes to their feet, unlike this hemisphere, where those who go barefoot are usually anything but millionaires. *Apropos de bottes*, we were once told that the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar was, that while the former issues manifestos, the latter manifests *his* shoes. We recommend that this ingenious distinction be communicated to the Californians with the next cargo. Old shirts, it would seem, remain attached to the soil, and whenever a relation of continuity takes place in their component parts after an acquaintance with the crotchets and the notte, they pass through the mill, to reappear—rejuvenated like the dry bones of Esau from Medea's children—in the form of those elegant albums which decorate the boudoir-tables of our belles, or under the guise of a rose-colored and perfumed billet presented to their dainty fingers on a silver salver. Fortunately its various transmutations are not revealed to them!

Ladies' cast off garments have a brisk sale in Hindostan. The fashions, to be sure, are somewhat antiquated; "but *parmi les aigles les bourgeois sont rares*," and a cut which appeared four years ago in Paris, is as elegant with those who see it for the first time as it was to the Parisians then. Consequently, the wives of a countless number of petty employees in Madras and Calcutta eagerly compete for the first choice of this elegant finery. After all it is only an exchange; India sends to Paris its old Cashmires; Paris sends to India its old gowns. We are inclined to ask, "Why could not each rest content with its own?" Jamaica and the Philippines are insatiable in their demands for old French gloves—cleaned and scented, of course. Will it be believed that 6,000,000 pairs are annually shipped for these facile customers?

RACES AND RELIGIONS.—The whole North American continent has only thirty-six millions of inhabitants, hardly as much as France and Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only twenty-three millions; less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its sixty millions, has as many inhabitants as America, Austria, and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in Australia and Polynesia. China Proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the New World. The result is, that our planet bears 1,288 millions of mankind, of which sum total 322 millions belong to the Mongolian, 309 millions to the Caucasian, 200 millions to the Malayan, 196 millions to the Ethiopian, and one million to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335 millions of Christians, (Protestant and otherwise,) 5 millions of Jews, 600 millions belong to the Asiatic religions, 160 millions of Mahometism, and 200 millions of (unclassified) heathen.—*Atlas.*

A SENSIBLE MAN.—What the world calls civility is oftentimes no more than compulsory economy, and even a wilful parsimoniousness is better than a wasteful extravagance. A just man, being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather *enrich* his enemies after his death, than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

SERMON.—A gentleman who lives by his wits; but often finds himself at his wit's end how to live.

A HOUSE TRUTH.—Conviviality is not convivial when it becomes the foundation for midnight orgies over the bottle.

Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, and two lovers after one young lady.

A HINT FOR THE BEY-BODIES.—Indiscretion lays you open to be read by everybody, just like an unsealed letter.

There is thought to be very little use in a man's meaning well, if he cannot express his meaning by his acts.

There is two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job on the street corner. "If I save me \$1,000, I must lay up \$200 a year for twenty years, or I can pay away \$20 a year for 200 years. Now which way will I do it?"