

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 25.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 24, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time just when the frost,
Prepare to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away;
When Summer comes in musing mind,
So gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And hear it gently where he laid
The loved and lost ones of his grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his scepter and his throne,
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.

Sweet Summer sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

Miscellaneous.

Views of London.

Correspondence of the Worcester Spy.
LONDON POST OFFICES.

Let me attempt to give you an idea of the vastness of this great city. The densely populated portion of London comprises one hundred and twenty square miles, and contains nearly three millions of people; more than one hundred times as many as there are in the city of Worcester; more than fifteen times as many as there in Boston, and nearly six times as many as there are in New York. The city of London, however, or that portion comprised within the walls, contains less than one square mile. London now comprises many municipalities which were formerly separate and distinct, but are now as closely connected and as much under one government as are the different streets of Worcester.

The following are the names of some of these municipalities, viz: Battersea, Paddington, Poland, Camden Town, Islington, Hoxton, Kingston, Bayswater, Kensington, Brompton, Chelsea, Piccadilly, St. James, White Chapel, &c. These districts yet bear their distinct names, and are as distinct in their arrangements as the separate town of Massachusetts. A letter for example sent to an address in London would no more reach its destination than one sent to an address in Massachusetts, without specifying the town. Indeed the postal system in London is as extensive as that of Massachusetts. There is a general post office, like that in Boston, which distributes the letters to the various districts, as Boston does to the counties. Then there is a general post office in each district, like the one in Worcester for example, where the letters are distributed to the various subordinate offices (of which there is one in nearly every street) as they are distributed from Worcester to the various towns. Every letter subscription then must comprise the district and street. There is nowhere a "general delivery,"—no place where a person can call for a letter except when addressed to the general post office.

A letter not properly addressed becomes a dead letter at once, and the only way to get it is to record your name and address on a book at the general post office, when your letter will be forwarded to your own house. The department exerts itself to the utmost to have every letter reach its destination, and if not successful, the proper officer opens it and returns it to the sender. The post office system is most complete and perfect, and here no husband can absent himself from his family, with the excuse that he "must go to the post office," but as the post office comes to him, he will rather wait at home, lest it should come in his absence. The postage on a letter is a penny, or about two cents, to any part of the United Kingdom.

TRAVELING IN LONDON.

Vehicles of transportation from one district to another are numerous, for, besides the omnibuses, a sixpence (or twelve cents) per mile will convey you in a "hansom," or a hack. The former vehicle is peculiar in London, and is very convenient and safe. It consists of a strong body similar to a chaise body, placed about six inches from the ground, on a pair of wheels, with a driver's seat at the top of the back, in such a manner that the driver is behind and out of sight of the occupants. When he wishes any information of the occupants, he has but to raise a little trap-door in the top, and he is at once in communication with them. Should the horse slip, he cannot fall, as the shafts are sufficiently strong to hold him up, and as there are "rests" on the shaft, near the body of the vehicle, the horse, in order to fall, must overbalance the whole of the vehicle. There is nothing peculiar in the other public vehicles, except that the hacks are much smaller and drawn by one horse, and the omnibuses are much more elegant and larger, accommodating many passengers on the top, to which access is very easy by means of steps.

STREETS AND PUBLIC PARKS.

Every street in London is either finely macadamised or paved with the square stone, and the streets and squares are so perfectly finished that one can only think of them as formed in a mould. You can scarcely go ten blocks in any direction without meeting an elegant square, with which, however, the New York squares compare unfavorably. London excels every city in the world in respect to magnificent parks—the pride of an Englishman, and the wonder of all foreigners. We may boast of Boston Common, but it sinks into nothing

ness, compared with the smallest London Park. Here you may drive through long, gracefully winding avenues, overshadowed by magnificent forest trees, regaled by the perfume of myriads of rare plants, and exhilarated by the fresh air of the country, forgetting for the time, away from the sight of stone and bricks, that you are in the midst of the mightiest city in the world.

HOTELS AND BOARDING HOUSES.

The hotels here are worthy of notice—only for their meanness. The English are totally ignorant of the system of American hotel keeping, and do not possess a hotel comparable in size or convenience of the Bay State, or the Lincoln House. A hotel is simply a collection of rooms with a restaurant attached; and here too they are sadly deficient, for I have been unable to find a restaurant in any way comparable with the first-class restaurants in Worcester. As you enter a hotel you will invariably meet first the kitchen, in which there is always a lady who will assign you a room. She is the clerk of the house.

Everything that goes into the restaurant must pass over the counter in this "office kitchen," and be accounted for by the waiter who orders it. You find no reading-room; no smoking-room; no drawing-room; no office-room. Everything and everybody is dull stupid, and unendurable, and any American who can endure a London hotel for more than two nights, might agreeably spend the remainder of his life in a tomb. Everybody, however, who remains here any length of time, secures apartments in private houses, and is furnished with meals in his room, or goes to a restaurant, as best suits his fancy.

Every street contains several houses of this kind, which are in fact nothing else than small hotels, containing from four to ten rooms.—Here you enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of a home, after a week's residence you become better satisfied and more contented than you could be in an American hotel.

ENGLISH ETIQUETTE.

The English waiter is a peculiar character; courteous, kind, obliging, and of every indefinite answers to your interrogations, capable of laughing at any joke, very attentive and obedient without being servile, and with a very agreeable person to have at hand. You always find him in a dress coat, and the remainder of his suit to match, while the gentleman more frequently dresses in a roughest kind of clothes, and never wears a dress coat except when in the presence of his superiors, or at a dinner or dress party. You are not allowed formally in the presence of any of the Royal Family without the dress coat. For the same reason, servants are not allowed to appear before their superiors, except in full dress. One would be frequently puzzled to know which was the master and which the servant, were it not for the dress coat. Servants must always wear white gloves when on duty, though this rule does not apply to servants in restaurants or hotels. This appears singular to Americans, who permit everybody to dress as they please, but it arises from the custom which requires the inferior, no matter who he is, to appear before his superior in full dress.

In order to appear before the Queen, it is necessary to wear a court dress, similar in many respects to a military uniform. There are numerous places in London where court suits may be hired at any time, at a moderate charge, and during the proper season this becomes a very lucrative business.

HAVE A PURPOSE.—Having once chosen that calling which, then, becomes your main object in life, cling to it firmly—bring to bear upon it all your energies, all the information you have variously collected. All are not born with genius, but every one can acquire purpose; and purpose is the backbone and marrow of genius—may, I can scarcely distinguish one from the other. For what is genius? It is not an impassioned predilection from some definite art or study to which the mind converges all its energies, each thought or image that is suggested by nature or learning, softude or converse, being added. That is genius, and this is purpose—the one makes the great artist or poet, the other the great actor. And with purpose comes the grand secret of worldly success, which some call earnestness. If I were asked, from my experience of life, to say what attribute most impressed the minds of others, or most commended fortune, I should say "earnestness."

Earnestness and truth go together. Never affect to be other than what you are—neither richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it—I cannot afford to waste an hour in idleness to which you invite me—I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away."

Once establish yourself and your mode of life as to what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over the precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another—learn to say "No," with decision, "Yes," with caution. No with decision, whenever it resists temptation; Yes with caution, whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable.

EDITORIAL LIFE.—But few readers ever think of the labor and care devolving upon an editor—one who vastly feels his responsibility. Capt. Maryatt says: "I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing, the labor is not manifest; nor is it in the labor; it is in the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One week's paper is no sooner corrected and printed than comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil and constant weight upon the intellect and spirits, and demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time you are compelled to the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery."

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE.

—Once on a time there was a man so surly and cross, he never thought his wife did any thing right in the house. So one evening, in haying time, he came home, scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth, and making a dust.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his goody; "to-morrow let's change our work, I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her neck and went out into the hayfield with the mowers, and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned awhile, he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had knocked in the bung and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig lest it should upset the churn; but when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting amongst the cream, which was running all over the floor, he was so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could. He caught it, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered that he had the tap in his hand, but when he got down to the cellar every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went to the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and had't a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just get her on the house top—for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there.—now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he had laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child is sure to upset it." So he took the churn on his back and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream run out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied it around his own thigh, and he had to make haste for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away, but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house top after all, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get down or up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breaths for her husband to come and call her home to dinner, but never a call they had. At last, she thought she'd waited long enough and went home. But when she got there she saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope with her scythe. But as she did this down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head on the porridge pot.—*Dansen's Tales from the Norse.*

SPRINK WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every house with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burning flows from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like fool fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others.—Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves.—This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

Deacon Jones has always been remarkable for his meekness and uniform propriety of conduct. On the occasion of a "militia muster" the spirit of the day produced such an influence on the worthy deacon that it attracted the attention of the pastor and some of his brethren. The Pastor expressed his astonishment, and asked the cause.

"Why, Pastor," replied the deacon, "you see I've been instant in season and out of season, serving the Lord for the last twenty years, and I thought, that just for once, I'd take a day to myself."

From Russia to Pekin.

A French traveler communicates to the North China Herald a rambling account of an overland trip from the Russian frontier to the city of Pekin, in China, which furnishes some interesting, though not altogether satisfactory, information concerning that region of country and the great Chinese capital. The writer selected Kihkat, which lies due south from Lake Balkal, in Russia, for his point of departure, instead of Nertchinsk, some distance to the northeast, where the postal road from St. Petersburg terminates, but for what reason does not appear. From Kikat to Urga the capital of the Chinese province to Mongolia, and which is located near the northern border of that province, the country is very mountainous; from Urga to the frontier of China proper is a level, hard, sandy desert, without a drop of water, or a house, but peopled by hospitable Mongols, who live in tents, furnish horses, camels, mutton, and water preserved in cisterns, and will divide all they have with the weary traveler. Here the cold in winter is terrific, the wind blowing in hurricanes, while during the short summer the heat is quite African, and the sand storms will tear the skin off and blind the traveler. Of the way thenceforward to the imperial city, and of the city itself, we have the following animated sketch:

At the frontier of China proper, 900 miles from Kiakta, the desert stops short in such an extraordinary manner as to make this one of the most remarkable spots on the earth. After a gradual ascent of 2000 feet from Urga it is a suddenly broken like cliff facing the south; an immense amphitheatre of mountains, rivers, trees, and farm houses suddenly bursts upon the view, all bathed in sunlight, and smoking, as it were, with heat; at a great depth below, the twenty miles off and not yet visible, lies the great town of Ciouan Huation called "Callagan" by the Russians, and beyond it bounding the horizon on the south, a four-fold range of precipitous mountains rise far into the air; the first range of a chocolate color, the two next a blue and violet and scarlet hue, and the last scarcely visible, and overhanging the plain of Pekin on the north, is of a light and hazy blue. Here, where we now stand, is a large wall built of loose stones, and a kind of monument which marks the actual frontier of China, and this is most erroneously marked upon all maps as the "great wall," although the latter is one hundred miles further south and is crossed at twenty-five miles from Pekin. From Callagan to Pekin the country may be called a chaos of mountains, and wherever a house can stand, an agglomeration of towns, all surrounded by high walls, some of which have begun to yield under the weight of twenty centuries, and others have been buried to the top under the sand of the Mongolian desert.

After passing under the Great Wall, whence the view is truly magnificent, the road suddenly goes down into a deep and narrow gorge, all choked with huge blocks of granite fallen from the broken mountains above, and here the descent for eight miles is so precipitous that the Mongols themselves have to dismount. Five or six minor walls are now passed, and they might equally be called a work of giants for no matter what the slopes of the mountains may be, they rise from the bottom of precipices to their very summits, and are still fastened to them like so many serpents. When the traveler emerges from this gloomy defile, his heart must beat within him as he directs his eyes towards the great and mysterious city of Pekin; but there he will see nothing but a boundless plain of sand, with a few scattered farms, woods of cypress, little rivers and not a patch of green, whilst every other point of the horizon is shut up by an unbroken and majestic range of blue and dreary peaks, rising like a barrier between two worlds, to the height of five thousand feet. However, as you approach the city, of which nothing at all can be seen until you have passed under its very wall, the buzzing, hissing, moaning of men, asses, camels, gongs, and birds of prey, of monster kites, and pigeons with melodious instruments attached to them, and carrying back to heaven the extravagant inspirations of Chinese musicians; in fact all the noises and smells that come floating upon the wind over this great wall, as if all the animal creation were breathing within it, are things so strange to a traveler, just arrived from Paris, that he cannot describe them.

Once he has passed under the ponderous northern gate, measured the thickness of the stupendous wall, and is fairly in Pekin, he will be entirely bewildered; all before him is a confused and dusty mass of colors, men, mules, camels, hundreds of camels, with the weary Mongols in their once red gown, enthroned and fast asleep on their highest summit; and immensity of wide, perfectly straight, and endless streets; a living ocean of the most degraded beggars, of cooks, barbers, blind men beating upon kittle-drums, brilliant shops, cafes and hotels, surmounted by long poles of all colors, wooden walls beautifully carved and gilt all over; in fact, it is a scene so unique in the world, that no dream could ever be so eccentric.

After traveling due south for four miles, leaving on the left the splendid Tien-Tsin street and its noble gate, towering like another Babel in the misty horizon, and on the right the eastern wall of the Imperial city, shutting it out from profane eyes, but over which the imperial hills, lakes, kiosques, temples and cedars may be seen at intervals, we come at length to the northern limit of the Chinese town.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of contained therein.

Give a man brains and riches and he is a king; give him brains without riches and he is a slave; give him riches without brains and of course he is a fool.

A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed: "Now I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

CURING, SMOKING AND KEEPING HAMS.

Formerly I tried keeping hams, and shoulders in salt, and also in grain, but they would dissolve the salt or mould in the grain. I then tried keeping them in pounded charcoal with no better effect. I next tried dry ashes, but unless hams were very dry when put up they would taste of the ashes. I then tried sewing them up in coarse cloth and white washing them several times over, as I had seen them in that condition in market; but they did not keep well—would either mould or the lime would crack and the flies get in.

For a number of years I have adopted a new method and never failed to keep them sweet and free from mould or flies. I prepare a sack for each ham. A yard square of good sheeting is sufficient for a good sized ham. After the hams are smoked, and before any flies have infected them, I put them up, one in a sack. I take sweet hay, and cut it (in a cutting-box about one inch long, and fill in the sack and around the ham, so that the ham cannot touch the bag. Tie a cord around the open end and hang them up in the smoke-house or some cool, dry place, and they can be kept any length of time; the bag and hay will keep away the flies and allow the moisture to escape so they will not mould.

Hams should always be well cured before they are smoked. I have seen several good recipes in the Rural for curing hams. The following is my method, and I have often been asked how I could keep them through the summer and have them of so fine a flavor:

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and a half pounds of good salt, one half pound of sugar, and half an ounce ounce saltpetre—to be increased in this ratio to any quantity required to cover the hams.—As soon as your pork is cold cut out the hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately, and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the hams. It will be necessary, perhaps, to add a little salt on top of the hams; sometimes, if they are very large, they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two, and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much, as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, and but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top, and the hams should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never have failed to keep hams sweet.

HOW TO MAKE A SMOKE-HOUSE.—Having given you my method for curing and keeping hams, let me add my plan for a smoke-house. No farmer should be without a good smoke-house, and such a one as will be fire proof and tolerably secure from thieves. Fifty hams can be smoked at one time in a smoke-house seven by eight feet apart. Mine is six by seven and is large enough for most farmers. I first dug all the ground out below where the frost would reach, and filled it up to the surface with small stones. On this I laid my brick floor, in lime mortar. The walls are brick, eight inches thick and seven feet high, with a door on one side two feet wide. The door should be made of wood and lined with sheet iron.—For the top I put on joice two by four, set up edgewise and eight and a half inches from centre to centre, covered with brick, and put on a heavy coat of mortar. I built a small chimney on the top in the centre, arching it over and covering it with a single roof in the usual way. An arch should be built on the outside, with a small iron door to shut it up, similar to a stove door, with a hole from the arch through the wall of the smoke-house and an iron grate over it. The arch is much more convenient and better to put the fire in than to build a fire inside the smoke-house, and the chimney causes a draft through into the smoke house. Good corn cobs or hickory wood are the best materials to make a smoke for hams. The cost of such a smoke-house as I have described is about twenty dollars. ALEX. BROOKS, Factoryville, Tioga county, New York, October, 1859.—*Rural New Yorker.*

OLD HUNDRED.—You may fill your choir with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost most as much—but give us the spirit of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together. Mothers have hallowed it; it has gone up from the bed of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation have worshipped, and where many scores of the dead have been carried and laid before the altar, where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top; the air is haunted with its spirit. Think a moment of the assembled company, who have at different times and at different places joined in the familiar tune. Throng upon throng—the strong, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, the rapt faces all beaming with inspiration of the heavenly of melodious sounds, "Old Hundred!" King of the sacred band of "ancient airs!" Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongue of singing thee. And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumph strains that welcome us may be—

"Be thou, O God! exalted high."

IXE came home from school very much agitated, because he could not understand the principles of Allegation, as laid down in Greenleaf. "There dear," said Mrs. Partington, "don't fret about it; you must tell the teacher that you ain't no alligator, and I know he'll relinquish you." The lad was comforted accordingly.

Hours are like sponges—they wipe out good resolutions.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly the character of a man as lord of an animated world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the center to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which winds through the meadow. Through the fields lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest; and when his time has come, he shall be laid down by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; they flow out of the deepest fountain of the heart; they are the life-springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.—*Everett.*

HINTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—If any young woman wastes in trivial amusements the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and, above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct or assist the pursuits of their children they find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let this animate their industry, and let a modest opinion of their capacities be an encouragement to them in their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well-directed application, will go much further than a lively genius, if attended with impatience and inattention, which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling, insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement. By this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasures which would remain when almost every other forsakes them—of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.—*Mrs. Chapman.*

THE NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was for a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in raptures.—The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and several other nations acknowledged that their ancestors were without the use of fire; and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pomponius, Mehl, Plutarch, and other ancient authors, speak of nations who at the time they wrote knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was an astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw it on the descent of Magellan in one of their islands. At first they believed it to be some kind of animal that fixed to feed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our own day, some nations in this deplorable state.

DURABILITY OF TIMBER.—The piles under the London Bridge have been driven 500 years, and on examining them in 1845, they were found to be little decayed. They are principally elm. Old Savoy-place, in the city of London, was built 650 years ago, and the wooden piles consisting of oak, elm, beech, and chestnut, were found, upon recent examination, to be perfectly sound. Of the durability of timber in a wet state, the piles of the bridge built by the Emperor Trajan over the Danube afford a striking example. One of these piles were taken up, and found to be petrified to the depth of three-quarters of an inch; but the rest of the wood was not different from its former state, though it had been driven 1,600 years.

EDWARD BATES ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—A special dispatch of the Cincinnati Gazette, dated St. Louis, Nov. 8, says an important document has been prepared for the press, and published here to day, presenting an authoritative exposition of the views of Hon. Edward Bates on the Slavery question. It is of a radical Republican character. He believes that Slavery is not beneficial either in a political, social or religious sense, and he is unalterably opposed to its extension into Free territory. He favors the colonization of the free blacks. It is a powerful article, and will produce a sensation.

The meanest man in the world lives in London. He buttons his shirt with wafers, and looks at his money through a magnifying glass.

A young lady, when told to exercise for her health, said she would jump at a offer, and run her own risk.