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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 15, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

MARTYRDOM OF JOHN BROWN.

[The following hymn was sung at Boston, on Sunday, 4th inst., at a meeting addressed by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. It is the production of a young gentleman of Concord. The poem which follows was written by Mr. E. and recited at the same meeting.]

To-day beside Potomac's wave,
Beneath Virginia's sky,
They slay the man who loved the slave,
And dared for him to die.

The Pilgrim Father's earnest creed,
Virginia's ancient faith,
Inspired this hero's noble deed,
And his reward is—Death!

Great Washington's indignant shade
Forever urged him on—
He heard from Monticello's glade
The voice of Jefferson.

But chiefly on the Hebrew page
He read Jehovah's law,
And thus from youth to hoary age
Obeyed with love and awe.

No selfish purpose armed his hand,
No passion aimed his blow;
How loyally he loved his land
Impartial Time shall show.

But now the faithful martyr dies,
His brave heart beats no more,
His soul ascends the equal skies,
His earthly course is o'er.

For this we mourn, but not for him,
Like him in God we trust;
And though our eyes with tears are dim,
We know that God is just.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a tombstone in his hand,
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

A thousand transformations rose
From fair to foul, from foul to fair;
The golden crown he did not spare
Nor scorn the beggar's clothes.

Of heirloom jewels prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far,
Our goods suffice us as they are,
We will not have them tried!"

But since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying "Let him test
How real 's our jail!"

But though they slew him with the sword,
And in the fire the tombstone burned,
His doings could not be overturned,
Its endowings restored.

And when to stop all future harm,
They strewed its ashes to the breeze,
The little guessed each grain of these
Conveyed the perfect charm.

Miscellaneous.

The Salt Mines of Cracow.

BY HARVARD TAYLOR.

After descending two hundred and ten feet we saw the first veins of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sandstone. Thirty feet more and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries branched off from the foot to the staircase; overhead a ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt, and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Lights glistened ahead, and on turning the corner we came upon a gang of workmen, some hacking away at the solid floor, others trundling wheelbarrows full of the precious cubes. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony, the oldest in the mines—a byzantine excavation, supported by columns with altar, crucifix, and life-size statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all as salt as Lot's wife, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the saints—Francis, especially, is running away like a dip candle, and all of his head is gone except his chin.

The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back. A Bengal light turned at the altar, brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into darkness, as if it had never been seen.

I cannot follow, step by step, our journey of two ours through the labyrinths of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases, and vaulted chambers, where one loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. Everything was solid salt, except where great piers of hewn logs had been built up to support some threatening roof, or vast chasms, left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descended to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the saline walls more pure and brilliant. One hall, one hundred and eight feet high, resembled a Grecian theater, the traces of blocks taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of the single hall one million hundred weight of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the forty million inhabitants in Austria one year.

Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit of Francis I. and his Empress in another spacious irregular vault, through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on piers of the crystalline rock. After we had descended to the bottom of the chamber, a boy ran along above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue light on the obelisks, on the scarred walls, vast arches, the

entrance to the deeper halls, and the far roof, fretted with the picks of the workmen. The effect was magical—wonderful. Even the old Prussian, who had the face of an exchange broker, exclaimed, as he pointed upwards, "It is like a sky full of lambkins." Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downward like the mouth of hell, with cavernous tunnels opening out of the further end. In these tunnels the workmen, half naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fireworks, and the firing of guns (which here so reverberate in the imprisoned air that one can feel every wave of sound,) gave a rough representation of the infernal regions, for the benefit of the crowned heads who visit the mines. The effect must be indeed diabolical. Even we, unexceptionable characters as we were, looked truly unearthly in our ghostly garments, amid the livid glare of the fireworks.

A little further, we struck upon a lake four fathoms deep, upon which we embarked in a heavy square boat and entered a gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which was inscribed in salt letters "Good luck to you!" In such a place the motto seemed ironical. "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," would have been more appropriate. Midway in the tunnel, the halls at either end were suddenly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannons bellowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water in such wise that our boat had not ceased trembling when we landed in the further hall. A tablet inscribed "Heartily welcome!" saluted us on landing. Finally, at the depth of four hundred and fifty feet, our journey ceased, although we were but half way to the bottom. The remainder is a wilderness of shafts, galleries, and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then returned through scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of gnomes, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet, and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement.

The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of one hundred weight each, in which form it is ready for sale. Those intended for Russia are rounded on the edges and corners until they acquire the shape of large coconuts, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country.

The number of workmen employed in the mines fifteen hundred, all of whom belong to the "upper crust"—that is, they live on the outside of the world. They are divided into gangs, and relieved every six hours. Each gang quarries out, on an average, a little more than one thousand hundred weight of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield four million five hundred thousand hundred weight! The men we saw were fine, muscular, healthy looking fellows, and the officer, in answer to my questions, stated that their sanitary condition was quite equal to that of the field laborers. Scarcely does occur among them, and the equality of the temperature of the mines—which stands at 54 degrees of Fahrenheit all the year around has a favorable effect upon such as are predisposed to diseases of the lungs. He was not aware of any peculiar form of disease induced by the substance in which they work, notwithstanding where the air is humid salt crystals form upon the wood work. The wood, I may here remark, never rots, and where untouched, retains its quality for centuries. The officer explicitly denied the story of men having been born in these mines, and having gone through life without ever mounting to the upper world.—So there goes another interesting fiction of our youth.

It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its solid depth six hundred feet below the surface, and is then interrupted by sandstone, such as form the peaks of the Carpathian mountains. Below this there is no probability that it again reappears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may, no doubt, push much further in that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried—and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amount to four hundred and forty miles—it is estimated that at the present rate of exploration, the known supply cannot be exhausted under three hundred years. The tripartite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the present amount—four million five hundred thousand hundred weight annually—of which she is bound to furnish thirty thousand hundred weight to Prussia, and eight hundred thousand to Russia, leaving over three million hundred weight to herself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines, of two million forins, (\$1,000,000, annually).

It is not known how this wonderful deposit—more precious than gold itself—was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the twelfth century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it giving the merit to favor saints. One, which gravely published in "The History of Cracow," states that a Polish King, who wooed a princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of Wartburg) in the tenth century asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. Something that would most benefit his people. The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wiclicaska, surveyed the ground, and after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few days they found a salt crystal, which the Queen caused to be set in her wedding ring, and wore until the day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed,

also, that stretches northward into Russian Poland. Some years ago the Bank of Warsaw expended large sums in boring for salt near the Austrian frontier. There was much excitement and speculation for a time; but although the mineral was found, the cost of quarrying it was too great, and the enterprise was dropped.

The Feet in Winter Time.

No person can be well long, whose feet are habitually cold; while securing to them dryness and warmth, is the certain means of removing a variety of annoying ailments. The feet of some are kept more comfortable in winter if cotton is worn, while woolen suits others better. The wise course, therefore, is for each one to observe for himself, and act accordingly.

Scrupulous cleanliness is essential to the healthful warmth of the feet; hence all, especially those who walk a great deal out of doors during the day it cold weather, should make it a point to dip both feet in cold water on rising every morning, and let them remain half an hour, for a minute at a time, then rub and wipe dry, dress and move about briskly to warm them up. To such as cannot well adopt this course from any cause, the next best plan is to wash them in warm water every night just before going to bed, taking the precaution to dry them by the fire most thoroughly before retiring; this, besides keeping the feet clean, preserves a natural softness to the skin, and has a tendency to prevent and cure corns. Many a troublesome throat affection, and many an annoying headache will be cured if the feet are kept always clean, warm, soft and dry.

The moment the feet are observed to be cold, the person should hold them to the fire, with the stockings off, until they feel comfortably warm. One of the several decided objections to a furnace heated house, is the want of a place to warm the feet, the registers being wholly unsuited for that purpose. Our wealthy citizens do themselves and their families a great wrong if they fail to have one room in their house, free to all, where a fire is kept burning from the first day of October until the first day of June, on a low grate, on a level with the hearth; for the closer a fire is to the hearth in a grate, or to the floor in a stove, the more comfortable is it, and the less heat is wasted.

This is one of the delights of the good old fashioned wood fires, the very thought of which carries so many of us away to the glad scenes of childhood and early home. It ought to be known in New York, where hard and anthracite coal is burned, that with one of the grates named, filled with hard coal and a few pieces of Liverpool or canal put on top, nearly all the advantages of a wood fire are secured, at least as far as cheerfulness, comfort and warmth are concerned.

Some feet are kept cold by their dampness from incessant perspiration; in such cases cork soles are injurious, because they soon become saturated, and maintain moisture for a long time. Soak a cork for a day or two in water and see. A better plan is to cut a piece of broadcloth the size of the foot, baste on it half an inch thickness of curled hair, wear it inside the stocking, the hair touching the sole; remove at night and place it before the fire to dry until morning. The hair irritates the skin, thereby warming it some, and conducts the dampness to the cloth.

Scrupulous cleanliness of feet and stockings, with hair soles, are the best means known to us of keeping the feet warm when they are not cold from decided health. A tight shoe will keep the feet "as cold as ice," when a loose fitting one will allow them to be comfortably warm. A loose woolen sock over a loose shoe will maintain more warmth than the thickest sole tight fitting boot. Never start on a journey in winter, nor any other time, with a new shoe.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LIQUOR DRINKING.—If men will drink alcohol in some shape, the least injurious time for it is during a regular meal, or within a few minutes after, for then the strength of the stimulus is expended on the digestive organs, and enables them to perform their work more thoroughly; hence an amount of brandy which would make one tipsy, on an empty stomach, would have no effect if taken during dinner.

But the amount, to be any way beneficial, must be in proportion to the fat or oil, used at the same meals; then it aids the system to appropriate the fat to itself; in other words, brandy taken with fatty food, tends to fatten quickly, but it does not give strength; fat people are not strong. On the other hand, it is a conceded fact in physiology, that alcohol in every shape impedes the digestion of the albuminous portion of our food, that is, brandy makes no flesh, make no muscles, gives no strength.

The prize fighter does not want fat; one main object in this training is to get rid of it and replace it with substantial muscle—with flesh; hence when in training he never touches liquor. The advocates of brandy triumphantly point at a ruddy faced drinker with his apparently well developed muscle and well filled skin, but fat is a disease, a puff; he has no agility of limb, or courage in his heart, for he knows, and we do too, that a lean stripping or plow boy of twenty, who was never drunk in his life, "could whip them all to pieces in five minutes."

Away then with all the nonsense about brandy strengthening anybody; it weakens the head, it covers the heart, and wastes away the whole man.

"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?"
"What part of the boat do you wish to go on, cabin or deck?" "Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana, "I live in a cabin at home; give me the best you've got."

"There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "Lo, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

A Remarkable City.

The city of Nice, so interesting to the Christian for the celebrated council once held there, and to the artist, for the beautiful fragments yet remaining of ancient splendor, now shares with many of its contemporaries the dust of oblivion. At the mandate of the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 326, there assembled within its walls a greater number of Christian ministers than the world had ever before seen together. From the splendid cities of Asia, from the caves of remote Europe, and the burning sands of Africa, three hundred and eighteen bishops, and a large number of priests, and deacons, and laymen assembled in council, upon the welfare of the Christian Church, and established the celebrated declaration of faith hence called the Nicene Creed. It is said the appearance of this city, after you ascend the hill which environ it, is of the most striking and romantic character. An extensive and beautiful plain meets the eye, mapped by streams of water, and scenery of the most pleasing aspect.

In its center the waters of the famous Lake Asencius repose—fringed with the enlivening green of the forest trees, so luxuriantly beautiful in this tropical climate. At the extremity of this lake is situated the large and beautiful city of Nice. Its walls are six miles in circumference, and are of an imposing height—from twenty five to thirty feet, and fourteen feet thick at the base—and bid fair to continue for centuries. They are mantled as usual with parapets and battlements, and the walk upon the summit is beautiful. The entrance is by three gates, the one inside the other, and richly ornamented with figures and basso relievos. The second or centre gate is of magnificent size and workmanship, with frieze cornices, and all the ornaments which mark the purity of architecture, and is in a perfect state of preservation. There is an inscription on the frieze over the gate, intimating its erection by the Emperor Hadrian. The whole exterior is imposing, and would plainly tell the most indifferent observer that he was in the neighborhood of one of the largest cities. The traveller would wonder on his approach to this spot at the circumstance of meeting none of the inhabitants of this great city without its gates. But this wonder would be changed to amazement, when, on entering its walls, he finds neither street nor house nor inhabitant, nor even the remains of either of them! The whole enclosure is one vast solitude! Of all the splendid palaces, marble fountains, paved courts, magnificent amphitheatres, temples, baths, and innumerable dwellings which once filled this great and populous city, not a vestige remains. The only trace of any buildings having existed within this large space, are the walls of the Greek chapel yet remaining, covered with tracery in Mosaic and Greek inscriptions and figures worked like embroidery in small square stones. There is also a spot on which some fragments of a large building yet remain, which is said to have been the palace of Constantine. From the fragments which yet strew the spot, little doubt can be entertained of these being the remains of the celebrated palace. Here met those holy men of Christendom, the illustrious disciples of the sainted dead; and though their declaration of faith—their creed—yet remains, their bones whiten every day—their very names are lost, and the magnificent and time-defying palaces in which they assembled has now crumbled to its native dust. Nay, even the vast and populous city in which they met has been swept away as with a besom of destruction from the face of the earth.

DECEMBER.—This last month of the twelve divisions of our year is a venerable, respectable old month, and deserves a notice, though it often greets the world a puff if not a blow on its own hook. When Romulus of old made an Almanac, he called December the tenth month, as its name implies, and devoted this period to many festivals such as Fannalia, Saturnalia, Lararia and Juvencio Ludi—at which time they are told that all were on equal footing in mirth and festivity as well as sending presents one to another. It was holiday time for old and young in the fullest sense of the term, and the same has been observed from that day to this. In the time of Aope Julian, December was made one of the twelve divisions of the year as we now have it. The Saxons called it "Winter Month," but after becoming Christians, they called it Holy Month, in commemoration of Christ's Nativity on the 25th December. The chronology of December is very interesting in the record of past events. The "Red Letter days" of this month are—6th, St. Nicholas' day; he was Archbishop of Myra in Greece, in A. D. 302, and was the patron saint of children, now known as "Santa Claus." 13th, St. Lucia's day—a good young lady of Syracuse, who died A. D. 304; 21st, St. Thomas' day; he promulgated Christianity among the Persians, Medes and Parthians, &c.; he was martyred by the Brahmins; 26th, Christmas day; 26th, St. Stephen's day—he was the first martyr of Christianity; 27th, St. John, the Evangelist, who drank poison with safety; 28th, Childermas day, in remembrance of the "Holy Innocent," or slaughter of children by Herod—(it is considered unlucky to commence any work upon this day); 31st, St. Silvester's day. He was a Pope, who died in 334, and a strict disciplinarian in church rites and ceremonies.

An anecdote, relative to the late Professor Wilson, is now circulating. When the suitor for the hand of Profes or Wilson's daughter had gained the lady's approbation, he was, of course, referred to papa. Having stated his probably, not unexpected case, the younger gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him, for review, some work, on the fly leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

The Boston Journal tells the following characteristic incident in the life of Daniel Webster.

We well remember an anecdote of Daniel Webster, related to us by a lady who passed away in the bloom of life, which disproves a very common supposition that the manner of Mr. Webster was cold and repulsive. When a child of 11 years of age, she was travelling in a stage to Concord, N. H. This was before the railroad extended to that place, and when it was a tedious day's journey from Boston. Among the passengers was Daniel Webster, who was on his way to Concord to deliver an oration on the Banker Hill Monument, which had then reached its meridian height. There was nothing about him to inspire awe, and she was on the best terms with the great statesman. He chatted with her, told her stories, joked with her, got out at the wayside taverns to procure water for her, and when she was tired, nestled her to sleep in his arms. Occasionally he would seem abstracted. His lips moved, and he was probably conning over his oration for the morrow. But a word from his young companion, who was to him but a waif on the sea of travel, would again light up his countenance with a smile. Thus they journeyed on the best of terms, until they reached Concord, when the guns spoke a welcome, and the stage was quickly surrounded by a crowd eager to catch a glimpse of the opponent of Hayne, and the statesman whose praise was upon every tongue. The young girl shrank back affrighted, and timidly inquired of Mr. Webster what the noise was about. "It is to welcome you to Concord," replied Mr. Webster, gaily, as he lifted her from the stage and bore her through the crowd to the steps of the hotel. He then turned to respond to the cheers and congratulations of his friends.

The young girl never saw Mr. Webster again. But she cherished the memory of his features with pleasure. She remembered his dark cavernous eyes, his massive brow, and his dark features, but they were remembered as possessing a gentleness and brightness that were never reproduced in any picture or bust which she afterwards saw. It is perhaps noticeable, as a coincidence, that while bells were tolling in Boston for the funeral ceremonies of Webster, and the procession of sorrowing thousands were passing through the streets, the spirit of this young girl, then a wife and a mother, took its departure, to re-appear, perhaps, in a brighter world, the acquaintance of a day which had been to her so pleasant.

A Miser.—Michael Baird, (or Bear, as he was sometimes called,) who lived near Little York, Pennsylvania, was a miserable miser. His father left a valuable farm of five hundred acres in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. He kept a tavern for a number of years—married and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate which he reserved so tenaciously that he never offered a dollar for the education of his children. He was never known to lay out one dollar in cash, for any article he might be in want of; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something he could not conveniently sell for the money. He farmed largely, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for conveyance of his whiskey and flour to Baltimore, where, when he could not sell for money at a price to suit him, he bartered for necessities for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth four hundred thousand dollars. Such was his attachment to money that he was never known to credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage or other security that could be given he would not lend a cent. He never vested one dollar in public funds, neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest, until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron-hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death his strong boxes yielded two hundred and thirty thousand dollars in gold and silver.

The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars a bushel for one hundred and ten bushels of clover seed; but he would not sell it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree. The seed was afterwards sent to Philadelphia, where it was sold for seven dollars per bushel, and brought in the whole five hundred and fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of his sale, he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave directions to his people. He then went to his wagon house and hung himself.—*Belmont Republican.*

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO A WOOD CHOPPER.—A man named Thomas Brownlow, while chopping wood last week near Cassville, Ill., met with an accident of the most serious nature. About eight o'clock in the morning he went into the woods and while cutting down a large tree, he looked up and saw that it was falling. He ran to escape injury, but his feet tripping he fell, and before he could regain his feet the tree came crashing to the ground and a large limb falling across his leg, pinned him to the earth. He lay in a most uncomfortable position for five hours, trying in every way to extricate himself but in vain. About two or three o'clock a fellow laborer passing home from his work, discovered the unfortunate man and released him from his awful situation.—The bones of his legs were so terribly crushed as to render amputation necessary.

A schoolmaster was about to log a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the lad cried out: "Oh, don't! I won't call you so any more. I'll never say what I think again in all the days of my life!"

Paul Jones.

The Virginia Index is publishing a series of interesting sketches, by Mr. Thomas Chase of Chesterfield, of "The Life and Character of Paul Jones." They throw much light on the character of Paul Jones, and give, we doubt not a most faithful account of the famous battle of his ship, the Bon Homme Richard, with the Serapis. After stating that the ships were locked together, which was effected by Jones, because he saw that to keep off at fair gunshot, with a new and strong frigate like the Serapis, would never do for such a crazy old hulk as the Bon Homme Richard, Mr. Chase proceeds:

"The working of the big guns had been suspended during the time of lashing the ships together, but was now resumed. Of course neither ship could use but her guns on one side, and these were nearly muzzle to muzzle—so near that those who handled the ramrods sometimes hit each other. 'Fair play, you damned Yankee!' an Englishman would exclaim. 'Mind your eye, John Bull, or I'll be.'"

"The firing was not rapid, particularly on John's part for it could do the ships no hurt except to knock the guns about a little, and knock off the gunwales, and occasionally raise a cloud of splinters, from each other's deck. Jones and his men kept a sharp lookout that Pearson and his men did not cut the lashings and sever the ships. Neither of these ships was damaged 'between wind and water,' nor could they now be by any use of the big guns. Both had them in the rigging doing all the mischief they could. In this kind of play, Jones had the best of it; for his men were more terrible, and his spars and yards were longer, still Pearson would not surrender, insisting that Jones ought to.

"Capt. Landis, with the Alliance, came up to help Jones, and fired a broadside; but of necessity it hurt Jones as much as it did Pearson. Jones immediately cried out 'Capt. Landis, let us alone; I can handle him.'—Both ships were often on fire and as often was the fire extinguished. Had it not been for the men in the rigging this was one of the safest sea-fights, so far as those on deck was concerned, that almost ever happened—I mean after the ships were lashed together. The flash of the guns would go clear across each deck, and the men, by keeping a good look-out, could avoid being hurt, only by stepping a little aside. Had the Bon Homme Richard been a new strong ship, as was the Serapis, both might have lain there and burned powder and thrown shot until they rotted, as to sinking either with the guns of the other. But the Bon Homme Richard was old and rotten, and was leaking badly before Jones made her fast to the Serapis; and thus fast, the strain upon her against the other ship and from the explosion of the guns made her leak worse, and it was evident that she must ere long go down.

"Some of Jones' men and one of his officers told him she must go down, and suggested a surrender. 'You never mind that, you shall have a better ship to go home in,' said Jones, pleasantly. Jones and all his men, and Pearson and his crew, very well knew that if the Bon Homme Richard was about to sink, she would capsize the Serapis, and both must go down together. It was therefore, likely to be a test between Jones and Pearson—which for the sake of saving his men from a watery grave, would strike first.

"But Jones had recourse to a stratagem, which was completely successful. He secretly sent his men below, one by one, with the strictest possible orders to be fully prepared for boarding, and at a given signal to rush on deck, and he would lead them on to the deck of the Serapis, and clear it. So Jones' men seemed to diminish, though not very fast, until only about thirty were left on deck. Pearson supposing they were killed or badly wounded, and that Jones must soon strike, was completely off his guard. This was Jones' time. Giving the signal, his men were ready in an instant, and with Jones ahead, with his deadly sword, rushed like 'hell hounds' upon the deck of the Serapis, killing everything they could reach and in a short time would have killed everything on board; but Capt. Pearson, seeing his time had come, cried with a loud voice, 'Capt. Jones, I surrender,'—at the same time taking his sword by the blade, and presenting the handle to Jones, and with the next breath ordered the colors to be taken down.

"This was in the night. The next evening the Bon Homme Richard went down head foremost. Thus terminated the strongest naval fight on record. Paul Jones took the Serapis, but Capt. Pearson sank the Bon Homme Richard."

LAND LEECHES.—The island of Ceylon is celebrated for its tropical luxuriance of animal and vegetable life. Huge elephants roam its forests in large droves, and the richest spices impart fragrance to every breeze. Yet with all its abundance it does not seem to be a very inviting country for a residence. There appears to be a better life for every sweet: poisonous serpents and noxious insects are very numerous, but the greatest pest of the whole country is the land leech. These plagues are most detested by travelers. In size they are about an inch in length and as fine as a knitting-needle, but they are capable of swelling out and distending until they are about two inches long and as thick as a writing quill.—They are so flexible that they can insinuate themselves through the meshes of the finest stocking, and ascend up the back to fasten upon the most tender parts of the body.—They are never found in ponds and moist places, but lie among the grass and fallen leaves, and such is their vigilance and instinct that they bears a man or horse at a considerable distance, when they prepare for attack with great slacity. They advance by some circular strides and lay hold of the traveler's foot, rise themselves from the ground, and ascend his dress in search of an aperture to enter for a feast. Mosquitoes, spiders, and centipedes are very troublesome pests, but they are all "gentlemen" in comparison with the land leeches of Ceylon.