

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 43.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 29, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Century.]
UNDER THE ROOF.

BY H. W.

Under the roof, by the gloomy stair,
Listening, alone in the darkness there,
Weary and sad of heart and brain,
I heard the song of the pattering rain.

Out on the moor, in the shadow night,
Are blank and pale the hills in sight;
And the leafless tree rocks to and fro,
Meaning its monody of woe.

I look not out on the desolate lands,
But bury my face in my quivering hands,
Breathing many an inward prayer,
Crouching low in the darkness there.

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves;
The parents are the cover, that
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon wriths memories,
And paints pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
O, break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

Selected Tale.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

HUSBAND AND WIFE. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I was not very much surprised to receive, one morning, a letter from my niece, Mrs. Lorimer, although she had never written to me since her marriage—nearly four years ago—nor did the contents of her letter excite much astonishment in my mind, different as it was from the undeviating accounts I had always received of her happiness and prosperity. I was unspeakably grieved, to be sure; but I had always my doubts about the sincerity of her protestations, for I knew the vain, proud heart of the girl, and that to own herself disappointed, would seem to her humiliation and defeat.

I did not overlook the remembrance that her sisters had visited her, and brought back glowing accounts of her felicity; but, then, a fine house and large establishment made up their estimate of a happy marriage; and so long as everything seemed smooth and courteous between the pair, they would never look further or deeper. Howbeit, here was Isabel's counter statement:

"Dear Aunt Sarah," ran the letter, "will you leave home, and come and stay with us for a time? The house is quiet; the summer is in its glory; and it will be such pleasure to me. Do come in spite of obstacles, for I am unhappy, and want to consult you. To whom else can I look?"

So, though I felt it rather hard to leave my pretty cottage and flower garden, at the pleasant season of the year, and still more so, to break off my old ways and habits of life, which fitted me there like a glove, I resolved to lose no time in obeying Isabel's summons, for I was very anxious about her. I thought some conjugal crisis must have occurred, or she would never have dropped the veil. I knew Mr. Lorimer so slightly that I had little ground for speculation, so far as he was personally concerned; but I knew that Isabel had married—*from respect*, she said; and I could not help remembering how, even with the solemn nuptial vows in her ear, and enunciated, too, with a tremulous passion, she had turned her graceful head from altar and priest to mark the ample flow of her satin drapery and costly veil. Some might have called it a charming *coquette*; but it did not seem so to me, nor was I one of those who fondled and praised her—her husband among the rest—for the clear calm tones in which she had spoken her own responses. I did not like it; there was depth enough in Isabel's nature to have made her forget her bridal suit, and to have stifled in whispers her bell-like voice, had her heart been true to her words. When I looked from her husband's flushed face and eyes, which glowed when they fell upon her, to her cool cheek and smiling lips, I made an old woman's inward angry of ill: "Hot love soon grows cold," said I to myself; "and she, poor child, is not in love at all. God grant the flame may never break out of bounds!" To speak truly, the last was my present fear. I was not afraid of any outward compromise of Isabel's duty, for I relied upon the self-restraint of her character and her pride of position; but had she discovered that she was capable of loving as she never had loved, and that the object of that love was not her husband?—that a blessedness once possible, was now in sight, but out of reach forever? Then, again, came back the consolatory reflection, that she would never have owned it; pride and shame would have sent her silent to the grave; and my heart ached involuntarily as I conceived that burning grief devouring her in secret.

At all events, I would go. The very same day I received Isabel's letter saw my arrangements complete, and the evening post carried her a letter stating at what hour they might send to meet me at their railway station.—Then I put on my bonnet, and made the best of my way to the city, to tell her family of my visit, and receive their commissions.

It was a sultry evening in the beginning of July, and the heat, dust, and turmoil of the metropolis struck me oppressively. The cross of St. Paul's flamed in the rays of the blazing sun; the gay display of summer fashions in the adjacent windows looked tawdry and

eclipsed in the unmitigated light; and one pat by, half in pity, half in disgust, the drooping, scentless roses thrust upon the attention by the unfortunate flower girls. I found my brother's warehouse in full activity; he himself was paying commercial court to some important customer in one of the long narrow alleys formed by bales of goods, which fronted the public door by which I had entered.—He saw me at once, and directed me to await his leisure in his private counting-house with an air of undisguised astonishment at my appearance. When he joined me, I told him briefly why I had come, for it was long since Robert and I had been on affectionate terms. He appeared highly amused at the idea of my going to Morton Leas.

"Why, what can Isabel want with you, Sarah—a quiet, dull, old soul like you? No offence, I hope; but you must wonder yourself; besides, you will be like a fish out of water in their grand house and with their fine ways. You have no notion of the style they live in?"

I said quietly: "If I had not, it was from no want of information on the subject, and that I had every confidence that I should not commit myself in his daughter's house;" and then I went up stairs to see her sisters.

It was the same story over again—unbounded surprise and witless conjecture. I had to listen for the hundredth time to a recital of "how things were done at Morton Leas," and they seemed to share their father's apprehension that I should find splendor quite too much for me. As they had no instructions to give beyond an entreaty to write and tell them "how it all struck me at first sight, and how I got on with Mr. Lorimer," I was soon back again on my homeward way.

How it all struck me at first sight I will remember! A heavy storm in the morning had cooled the air and laid the dust, and after the restraint of my journey, I enjoyed keenly the unaccustomed luxury of reclining at my ease in a luxurious carriage as it rolled rapidly over the well kept roads through the noble fir plantations I had heard were Mr. Lorimer's especial pride. How exquisitely the slender spires of the trees stood out against the roseate amber of the sky; how gratefully the eye rested on their stately layers of green shade! Now a squirrel darted into its momentary view, which was a charming vision to my citizen sight, as were also the mercurial rabbits that at every point appeared and vanished with incredible swiftness.

"You can see the house now, ma'am, thro' the trees," said the coachman, civilly turning round to indicate it. I could, and a grand old place it seemed to me—grand even than my tutored expectations. I don't know in what style or of what date it was; its ample front looked to me like the facade of a Greek temple, only the Portland stone was reddened with age, and was almost covered with a dense but close-set growth of ivy, intermingling with the graceful festoons of the Virginia creeper. On the broad terrace on which the front opened, I recognized the figures of my host and hostess, which so occupied and excited my mind, that I received but a very general impression of any other external object.

I was just conscious of green lawn stretching its velvet plain beyond my range of sight—of an antique flower-garden glowing with vivid dyes, and breathing a perfume exquisitely sweet and delicate—of the park beyond the distant fence, and the deer peeping timidly between the slender rails.

I could not help the reflection that Mr. Lorimer's mercantile connection must indeed be on a colossal and remunerative scale, to have permitted him in early life to make himself the possessor of so fine an estate.

I was so eager to get my first glimpse of Isabel, that I was on the point of overlooking the courtesy of my host, who came down the steps to hand me from the carriage. He spoke to me so kindly that I wondered at my former impression of his coldness and stiffness.

"I am so truly pleased to see you here at last," he said; "and so, you may be sure, is Isabel." Silly old woman as I was, I was looking out for some indication how matters stood between them, and I fancied I could detect a change from the cordiality of his tone the moment he mentioned his wife's name.—He led me up to where she stood smiling to receive me, and placed my hand in hers. "I hope," he added, "you will be able to enjoy yourself with us;" and then, as if he considered his duty done, he turned, and went into the house. He had not looked at Isabel as he spoke, or he could not have failed to have seen in her eyes a wistful expression, which touched me deeply, for it seemed to plead for his notice; and he went away without a word, which surely would not have been the case if cordiality and affection existed between them.

I turned and gazed at Isabel, who stood watching me attentively, and still holding my hand in hers precisely as her husband had placed it. "Why, child, how beautiful you have grown!" I said, involuntarily; "and how stately stands the queen of this fair demesne! What! not a word or a kiss for the old aunt-mother?" In a moment, her lovely arms were round my neck, and she was showering kisses upon me. I was affected by the convulsive pressure of her embrace, and the speechlessness of her emotion, and I tried to release myself playfully. "Just as of old, reckless of fiery!" I said. "Alas! for my new cloak and bonnet. Take me up stairs, my dear, and show me the children." Thereupon, suddenly composed, she drew out from behind her, with a charming gesture, a pretty snow-drop of a child, who had been clinging timidly to her dress, amid the ample folds of which she had hitherto been effectually concealed.

"Here is one of my darlings: Lily I call her, because she is so white. The other is asleep. But come; I keep you standing; we will show Aunt Sarah her room." She caught up the child in her arms—lithe and tall, the weight seemed of no account to her—and preceded me up stairs with such a firm yet light step that I followed her movements with admiration. How the promise of the girl had fulfilled itself in the woman! She had always been exquisitely pretty, but her beauty seemed

to me to have a higher character now. She had quite recovered her composure, and, staying with me while I dressed for dinner, asked me a hundred questions concerning her old home and family. I could see she was afraid of my taking the initiative, but I had no idea of being so premature.

The reader of an old woman's story will readily excuse all superfluous detail. I must not describe trifles with the minuteness of a three-volume novel. Suffice it, all around me proved that wealth and good taste had combined to give my Isabel a home that should have been elysium; and that before the first dinner-hour was over, I was convinced that Mr. Lorimer had survived his love for his wife, and regarded her no longer but as an elegant appendage to his household. I saw, too, that Isabel was miserable beneath her cold and indifferent demeanor (good Heavens! how every trace of the impulsive, self-confident girl seemed vanished); but the cause of the husband's coldness and the wife's disappointment I could guess. With whom lay the blame? We were not alone at the table. I found that Mrs. Vivian, Mr. Lorimer's only sister, was a guest as well as myself. This lady did not please me at all; her manners were at once haughty and careless, and it almost seemed to me that in her attentive solicitude for her brother, to whom all her conversation was addressed, and her measured civilities to Isabel, there was a lurking insult to the latter which must inevitably make itself felt. Mr. Lorimer himself was an admirable host, so kind, and skilful in his kindness, that even I, predisposed to nervous shyness of him, soon felt at ease. Nor must it be supposed that there was any failure of outward respect towards his wife; he never avoided addressing her, or referring to her opinion, whenever it was natural to do so; but it was the averted eye or chilling look, the tones untouched by an accent of tenderness, from which I drew my conclusions. How different from the wedding morning! I thought; ay, one part of the prophecy fulfilled—the hot love was cold enough now.

I was very glad when dinner was over, and we rose to retire to the drawing room, and still more so when Mrs. Vivian announced that she was under the painful necessity of leaving us for an hour or so, to make arrangements for her departure on the morrow.

I was very anxious now to question Isabel, but I found such was not her present intention. "Let us go to the nursery," she said, "I always see the babies put to bed."

However, when we reached the nursery, we found the children asleep, for dinner had been later on my account, and the nurse had been rigorous about extinguishing them at the appointed hour. I had feared Isabel would have been a careless mother; but as I watched her leaning over her babes, the tears gashing in her eyes as she gazed at them, I felt ashamed of my involuntary injustice. The baby lay in her bassinets—which was in that state of high toilet common now-a-days to those charming receptacles—with its cherub face flushed in healthy sleep, and one fat, rosy fist pushed against the tiny mouth. Lily, in her white bed, pale and motionless, looked like some lovely piece of monumental sculpture. I saw some deep passionate feeling was welling up in Isabel's heart as she stood by her side, and presently turning from her, she dismissed the servants down stairs, saying to me, in a forced tone of carelessness: "You and I dear aunt, will keep watch for a little while. I like sometimes to spend a quiet hour with them thus."

We were hardly alone before her self-command gave way; she sank on her knees by the child's couch, and stifled sobs shook her from head to foot. I went gently up to her, and stroked the bowed head without speaking. My heart bled for her; I felt how bitter was the long-suppressed anguish that was now finding vent.

"Come, dear child," I said, "let us sit down in this window-seat and talk your troubles over. I am sure they are not irremediable." She lifted up her wet pale face with a bitter smile. "I have but one trouble, and you have discovered it already—my husband does not love me!"

I saw she watched me feverishly, in half hope of a disclaimer, but could not give it. "There is some quarrel between you," I began soothingly—"some temporary alienation;" but she interrupted me decisively.

"Not so, Aunt Sarah—not so! It is confirmed indifference, the result, he would tell you, of my own heartlessness—hopeless indifference, for it is the hard cold of former heat!"

"Poor Isabel!" I said, "and you love him now?"

She stooped down and kissed Lily with concentrated passion. "I would give this child of my heart to win back my husband," was the answer. "I would consent to lay her in his grave, if over that grave he would look as he used to look, and speak to me as he once spoke."

But I must not go over every spoken word, but tell in brief what Isabel told me in vehement detail. It may be other young wives may learn a caution from it.

She had married with a very superficial knowledge of her husband's character, after a brief acquaintance. He courted her from a position considerably higher than her own, which dazzled her ambition, added to which he was passionately in love with her, and worshipped at her footstool. It was a dangerous incense he offered. Isabel had many fine qualities, but her education had been unfortunate; she had always been greatly flattered and indulged in her own circle, and she took her lover's devotion as a matter of course, accepting as her right all his lavish liberality, and seeming to take it for granted that nothing more was required of her than to be the gracious recipient of the tribute offered.—Worse than all, she married without love, yet deceiving Mr. Lorimer with the impression that she loved him. I rather think she deceived herself, saying she had a great respect for him; that she loved him, she supposed, as much as she could love any man. Poor girl, vain, selfish, and ignorant of the world, she

was weak enough to estimate her surrender at the exaggerated price her lover put upon it, and to believe the glamour would last!

But men soon wake up from these illusions; it is only for a time that a husband can deceive himself that he is loved, unless the wife be consummate hypocrite, or he an anxious fool. Mr. Lorimer continued to adore his beautiful young wife, until the first blindness of passion having cleared away, he began to perceive she was exacting and unresponsive.

"You cannot believe," said Isabel, "with what insane arrogance I acted. To be the supreme consideration, for my will to take precedence of his, was what I had expected and claimed, and it never occurred to me to feel grateful for his indulgence or to wonder at his forbearance; moreover, I did not love him then, and I began to weary of his attentions, to sicken of his perpetual companionship. I suppose I scarcely tried to hide my impatience, for I was so besotted that I believed he must always love me."

About this time his sister, Mrs. Vivian came to stay with us, and I doubt not she stimulated her brother's awakening. Besides, Maurice is a proud man, with a sufficient sense of his own excellence and eligibility; and it was impossible for him, when he began to reflect, not to consider how much he had bestowed upon me, and that I had not even paid him with my love! I don't know how it was I was blind to the gradual change in my husband's manner, oblivious of the influence which was working against my happiness; but it was so. It was over Lily's cradle that I first awoke to a consciousness of my position. It had been a great disappointment to both of us that she was a girl, to me, especially. One day, I was bewailing her sex very weakly, and felt surprised that he did not join in the lamentation.

"Are not you disappointed too?" I asked. "Yes," he said coldly; "but my disappointment is irremediable, and dates further back. Try and love your baby, Isabel, if you can."

"These words fell upon me like a thunderbolt; I suddenly saw my whole conduct in its true light, and in all its consequences; but it was too late! From the moment I was forced to realize the idea that he had ceased to love me, I received a vivid conviction of the value of his love. I came down from my seclusion to find him, as you see him now, coldly considerate, punctiliously attentive; but he no longer sought my society, or welcomed my coming with smiles.

I cannot tell you the effect this change had upon my wayward heart; besides, it seemed dreadful not to be loved by one's husband. In my turn, I began to love him passionately, to wait upon his words, to court his attention, even to solicit his endearments, for his coldness maddened me. Perhaps I might have succeeded if he had been left alone, but Caroline Vivian was always with us. Her presence and influence ruled everything.—Previously she had seen my husband's devotion and my neglect at his fall, and no doubt all she had said to him then of his blindness and my worthlessness, was bearing now its abundant fruit. I could not endure her to see how our position was reversed and what I was suffering. I could not see for her to see me rejected; and during the months she stayed with us, I tried to act my former part as closely as possible. So mad was I in my false pride, that I have sacrificed the happiness of all my life to it. I succeeded so well in this miserable game that I deceived both him and her.—I left them constantly to their own society, while I was thirsting for one hour of his. I rode, drove, visited, according to my own convenience and leisure. I consulted my husband's inclinations less than in former times. I justly laid myself open to Caroline's interference and reproaches, but I would not bear them. Violent scenes followed, until Maurice himself intervened. He wanted no champion of his happiness, he said; expostulation and reproach would not transform my nature, or give him the wife he had expected—no third person could lighten the lot he had to bear. The night Caroline went away, I threw myself at his feet—I besought him to love me—to believe that I loved him. Men are not impulsive, inconsistent, demonstrative, like us, and he could not understand such conduct.—He called it caprice, policy, hypocrisy—said I had worn out his regard; reminded me of this and that—craze words, selfish actions, which I had forgotten, but he had brooded over in silent bitterness and disappointment. Alas! alas! how black the catalogue appeared!

"The tale is nearly told out, Aunt Sarah. Since then things have gone on worse and worse. His propriety and coldness have been always the same, while my conduct has been actuated by passion, grief and resentment, perpetually at strife. By turns, I am neglectful and disdainful, reproachful and imploring. I love him now as he never loved me. His patience and temperance appear to me admirable in the midst of my misery, for the uncertainty of my temper, and the discomfort of our relations, embitter his life. Caroline has been once more our guest for the last week or two; and perhaps now her presence does good for it forces me to a measure of quiet and consistency.

"To-morrow my husband leaves me for Glasgow on important affairs. I have thought everything is not going right in his business connection, but he never talks on the subject, only he looks harassed beyond his wont. He said he might be a month or two absent; and so, Aunt Sarah, as my misery was getting intolerable, I thought I would send for you.—Now, what comfort have you to give me?"

Poor Isabel! I could but clasp her in my arms, and try to soothe her by my affection. What chance she had of regaining the happiness she had so recklessly squandered, I felt very incompetent to decide, owing to my slight knowledge of Mr. Lorimer's character, and his immediate departure would preclude the possibility of my forming a judgment. "But, my dearest child," I argued, "one thing appears to me absolutely certain, that a man like your husband, with quick perceptions and sensibility, can never resist the influence of your love

and duty, if you will but try and regulate their exercise. You must earn his respect, constrain his affection, and time must give you the victory. Prove yourself worthy to be loved, Isabel, and he will love you."

"I cannot wait," said Isabel, clasping her hands; "I want it at once—to-morrow—now! I shall never win it on system. But it grows dark, dear aunt; we must go down stairs.—Come with me to my dressing-room till I can find nerve and composure to meet them again."

Election of County Superintendents.

As the election of County Superintendent is to take place on the first Monday of May next, we make the following extracts from the official department of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, for March, in order that Directors may have their minds directed to the subject.

The third election of County Superintendents will take place, at the respective county seats, on the first Monday in May. There is no duty of more overshadowing importance than the one devolved upon School Directors on that occasion, and the manner in which they may perform it, will vitally effect the welfare of the school system. The law has wisely conferred this responsible duty upon the immediate representatives of the people in the respective districts, relying upon their intimate knowledge of the working and wants of the school system, their sound judgment, disinterested motives, and knowledge of the persons who might present themselves for this important office. Thus far, this responsibility has generally been met in the right spirit, and in most cases, though not always, with satisfactory results.

But there are, doubtless, errors yet to be corrected, and possible dangers avoided. The opportunity is now presented to accomplish both. The office is now permanently established, as an indispensable agency in the administration of the system; and the best efforts should be directed to the great work of making it uniformly efficient and acceptable, by the election of the right men and the best men, to fill it. If this is not done, the responsibility rests with the directors, who have been clothed with the power, under the law, to strengthen or weaken the system by their votes in convention.

The success and usefulness of the County Superintendency depends, more than any other office in the Commonwealth, upon the men who fill it. The greatest care should therefore be taken in the selection. Every competent and faithful officer, who is willing to serve, should be retained; for experience is of great value in such an office as this, and cannot be transferred to a successor. Besides, fidelity to duty is such an arduous post, should be rewarded by a continuance of public confidence and approval. Those who have proved themselves incompetent or unfaithful, have no reason to expect any further sacrifice of the public interests for their individual benefit. Care should be taken, however, to discriminate between popular dissatisfaction arising from a faithful application of the powers of the office, and that arising from incapacity or indolence. No man should be elected whose past official course or personal pledges, will not be a sufficient guaranty for the faithful devotion of his time and energies to the full and faithful performance of all the duties of the office, according to the letter and the spirit of the law. Another special danger should be guarded against with scrupulous care. It is this:—no man should be elected who wants the office as an appendage to any other interest or pursuit; least of all, one who would make the duties of the office subordinate to any interest or pursuit whatever.

The following exhibits of the requisite qualifications of County Superintendents, appeared in the editorial columns of the *Pennsylvania School Journal* for April and May, 1857.—They are so suggestive and valuable now as they were then, and are earnestly commended to the attention of directors:

"Taking it for granted, then, that experience has fully justified the wisdom of the Legislature in requiring the selection of a fit person and the payment of a sufficient salary, for this office, two questions arise for the consideration of Directors—

"1. Who is a fit person for the office?
"2. What is a sufficient salary?"

In answer to the first question, it may, in the words of the school law, be replied that fitness consists in—

"1. *Literary and scientific acquirements.*—These are both indispensable, and the degree of them should be considered. In every county, schools of every rank and grade—from the lowest primary to the high school, with its full round of branches—either are or soon must come into existence; and to discharge the office properly, the Superintendent must be qualified "to examine" all the Teachers, "to visit" them, and to "give such instructions in the Art of Teaching and the method thereof in each school" as the condition and grade of each shall require. How can this be done, except by one who is scholar enough to teach the teacher of the highest branch taught in the highest school in this county?

"2. *Skill and experience in the Art of Teaching.* is another requisite and is also exacted by the law—not only skill to know, but practice to do. It is no doubt true, that, in some instances, the office has been well filled by persons of no great, or possibly of no actual experience in the art. This is owing to the known fact, that some men have naturally in them so much of the elements of the Teacher and such a love for the work and the cause, as to supply, to a great degree, all other defects. But the exception only proves the rule; for the instances of failure for want of this element, have been too numerous to leave the question doubtful. The safer and the legal rule is, in all cases, to require this "skill and experience."

"The man, then, whom Law, Experience and the Wants of the system demand for County Superintendent, is: A practical Teacher, who is also an accomplished scholar, and

a ready public speaker; with sufficient love for it to undertake, and energy to perform, the great work before him; and the salary should be sufficient to compensate him, as far as money can, for the efficient discharge of so great a labor."

"He should have been active in the educational movements of the County. Not only is this proper as a proof that he possesses the right feeling, but it will have another good result. Such a person, being well versed in the movements and condition of the field of his labors, will be prepared, at once, to enter upon their effective discharge; whereas, an entire stranger, or one who has held aloof from the movement, will lose much valuable time in acquiring the necessary knowledge of the affairs committed to his care, and of the persons who are to be his co-workers in their management.

"He should have ability and experience in the conducting of Institutes. The Institute is the test of the County Superintendent's efficiency. Great professional knowledge, tact in management, influence upon the community, and a large fund of expedients, are indispensable to meet the various and often embarrassing requirements of these meetings. It may safely be asserted, that the Superintendency has not failed in a single county, in which the Superintendent himself has gotten up, conducted and brought to a successful conclusion, a series of annual County Institutes."

Adulteration of Liquors.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes to that paper as follows, March 5th:

"One of our Temperance Societies had engaged Dr. Hiram Cox, the Cincinnati Inspector of Liquors, to deliver a course of lectures showing up the horrors of the trade in strychnine whiskey. This gentleman was appointed by the authorities of Cincinnati to dive into the grog shops and liquor stores there, and apply chemical tests to the liquor they had on sale. Though hampered and opposed at every turn, yet he was not to be thwarted. The revelations which followed his investigation were perfectly astounding. They carried consternation even among the drunkards, and so diminished the sale of liquor by proving the nineteenth-twentieth of it was deadly poison, that numerous distilleries were closed for want of business, and the liquor dealers besought him to quit, declaring that he had cut down their sales \$1,000,000 per annum. He showed that most of the liquor sold in Cincinnati was so highly charged with deadly acids that it immediately attacked and corroded a knife blade and in some cases left on it a coating of copper as if deposited by a battery. In nearly 1,000 stores and grog shops where he applied the test, he found the liquors adulterated with poisonous ingredients. He mentions a score of young men who have been sent to their graves by less than three months' drinking of this poison. Older men have been killed off by dozens in the same way. Two-thirds of all the insane cases in Cincinnati proceed from the same cause, many of them being boys under 19 years of age. One of them became incurably insane by a single debauch on this adulterated stuff. Much of this liquor inspected contained only 17 per cent of alcohol, when it should have contained 40; the rest being represented by sulphuric acid, nitric and prussic acid, nitric ether, fusil oil, nux vomica, Guinea pepper, and other pungent poisons, to give it strength. These compounds Dr. Cox pronounced so deadly that a single pint was sufficient to cause speedy death. The vendors were accordingly prosecuted, punished, and their doggeries closed. The very few who were found to be selling pure liquor were allowed to continue. But the effect of these wholesale exposures on the traffic was most salutary. Thousands immediately quit drinking on learning that nothing but poison was dealt out to them. They will now be repeated here by Dr. Cox himself.—Our city needs a purification as much as Cincinnati, as we have thousands of doggeries in which the same rot gut compounds are sold.—Our temperance men intend applying for a law authorizing the appointment of a Chemical Inspector on the Cincinnati plan, so that if strong drink must be sold among us, it shall at least be the genuine, unadulterated article.

"Something about Kissing.—The Rev. Sidney Smith once said in writing of kissing, "we are in favor of a certain degree of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long; and when the fair one gives it should be with warmth and energy. Let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes and sighs deeply immediately after it, the effect is guaranteed. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deep but delicate."

"An Irish Excultation.—"And is it upon the oaths of them two witnesses yer honor is going to condon me?" said Pat to the Judge about to pass sentence upon him. "Certainly," said the Judge, "their testimony was able to convince the jury of your guilt." "Och, murder!" exclaimed Pat, "to condon me on the oath of two spalpeens, who swear they saw me take the goods, when I can bring a hundred who will swear they didn't see me do it."

"A lady passing through the country, observed the following notice on a board:—
"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings and six pence; short tails, two shillings." The lady asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of the price?—He answered, "you see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are tormented by them, that they can hardly eat at all."

"There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her.—Those who escape pay a bonus to the one that gets her.