

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 51.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 24, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

(From the Century.)

REST.

I.
Down in the sunlight,
Silent, serene,
Sleeping in quietude,
Stretches the green—

Valleys successively
Stretching away,
Hazy and dreamily
Blossomed in May.

All o'er the glad hills
Peaceful and fair,
Gushes the sunlight
Boys and rare.

Gently each loving breeze
Quivers the aspen leaves,
Murmuring sweet
And low, plaintive caress.

II.

Bathed in the balmy air,
Bosomed so gently there,
Deep in the vale,
Lo! the old house appears—
Home of my boyhood years—
Peaceful and dear.

Oh! how my heart is filled!
How its sad depths are thrilled—
Palsied and drear!
Fond hopes it cherished, fled;
Withered its love, and dead—

Withered and dead!
Back from the restless tide,
O'er life's ocean wide,
Sungling across,
Wearily the hands of men,
Home I am come again,
Hallowed and blest!

III.

Welcome! The joyous sound
Echoes on hill and dale;
Echoes in hearts around—
Hearts of the vale.

Peace in the slumorous haze;
Peace in the dreamy days,
Gliding away—
Wreath in the summer maze,
Rest in its tender gaze!

H. W.

Trials of Early Methodism.

[We have marked several passages for quotation from the late work of Dr. Peck, "Early Methodism." The following is an interesting sketch of an adventurous trip of the Rev. G. Harmon, Presiding Elder, in 1812.]

The Rev. George Harmon took charge of the Susquehanna district in 1812, and traveled upon it three years. The following incidents and adventures we have taken from "a short sketch" of the life and labors of Mr. Harmon, written by himself, from the papers of his daughter, the late Hester Ann Harmon, and from Mr. Harmon's mouth on a late visit at Camillus.

In relation to his district Mr. Harmon says: "I commenced on the south end, about one hundred miles north of Baltimore. It extended north to within twenty miles of Utica, in the State of New York, and from the Delaware River on the east, to the Genesee on the west. It was at least one thousand miles around it. Such roads! such hills! such mountains! I broke down several horses during my term of service on this district."

The great point of adventure and romance in real life was the Lycoming route, between Western New York and Williamsport, on the west branch. Towanda Creek, Sugar Creek, and Lycoming head near together; the two former emptying into the north branch below Tioga, and the latter into the west branch near Williamsport. From the head of the Lycoming to its mouth is about thirty miles, and in passing down it had to be forded thirty-four times. It is a deep and rapid stream, upon which small rafts of lumber were run in the spring. One of Mr. Harmon's perilous trips through this route he gives as follows:

"I held a quarterly meeting on the north part of the district, my next being on the south part. I had to pass through the sixty mile wilderness. I took what was called the Lycoming route. It was in the winter, the snow between two and three feet deep. I lodged all night at Spalding's tavern, near the head of the Towanda. I started early the next morning and rode some eight miles to Brother Soper's, on the Lycoming, and took breakfast. I then set out for Williamsport. When I came to what was considered the most dangerous crossing place on the route, I found the river frozen over about one-third of the way on each side. The snow, as above stated, was from two to three feet deep, and no one had passed to open the road. I paused for a minute. I could not go back to Brother Soper's, some ten or fifteen miles, the last horse I had passed; the sun had gone down. If I could cross there was a log tavern within about one mile. I knew the greatest danger would be in getting on the ice on the other side, for should the ice break I and my horse would go under. I must venture it. I saw no other course. I was on a very spirited and powerful horse. I urged him forward, and when his feet touched the bottom his head went under water. As he rose on his hind feet I put both spurs into his flanks and he at once bounded off into the river. The water was so deep that it ran over the tops of my boots as I sat upon his back. I got through without further difficulty."

"When I reached the tavern my first care was to have my horse attended to. But when I attempted to take off my boots they were frozen to my stockings. I succeeded after a while in removing them. I had, not long before, read Dr. Rush on the use of spirituous liquors. That great man acknowledged they had their use in certain cases, but there could be no use in which it would not be better to pour them in the swill-pail, and put both feet in

them, than to drink them. I bought half a pint of rum and bathed myself in it. I slept comfortably and took no cold. But my poor horse! the fatigue of worrying through the snow, and so often fording the river, so affected his limbs that I had to part with him at a great sacrifice."

The next spring Mr. Harmon held a quarterly meeting for Canisteo circuit at Squire Buckley's on the Cownskey. He says: "My next meeting being at or near Williamsport, I resolved to take a new route through the wilderness. I passed through what is now called Wellsborough, a flourishing village and county seat, but at that time the enterprising pioneers were just commencing their settlements. When I reached the last house in the settlement it was about one o'clock. I took some refreshments and fed my horse. The family told me it was doubtful whether I could get through, it being in the spring, and there being nothing to guide me but marked trees. Not even a footman had been through since the last autumn, and it was probable the path would be blocked up with fallen trees."

"Being on an excellent horse I ventured on, but had not gone far before my difficulties commenced. Trees were blown down, and the path, at best a blind one, was blocked up. In some places I had to ride ten or fifteen rods around to get through, and then work my way on to find the path again. At length it began to get dark, and in a short time I could not see the path or the marked trees. My horse seemed bewildered. In the midst of my perplexity I thought I heard the sound of an axe. I started for it as straight as possible, and soon saw a light and a man chopping. He had taken up a lot in the wilderness, there being no house within six or eight miles. He had built a large fire and was chopping by its light. As soon as I thought I was near enough to make him hear me I hailed him. He was astonished to hear a human voice at that distance in the wilderness, and told me to stop immediately, as I must be on the brink of a precipice. There was a gulf between us and he would try to get to me with a torch light. Of course I came to a full stop. When he reached the place I was astonished to find that not more than a rod before me there was a yawning gulf, and a steep pitch of some fifteen or twenty feet down. The cold chills ran through me. The good woodsman hunted around and found the path if I could have crossed the gulf with my horse I should have stayed with the man in the woods, but that could not be done, and it was unsafe to leave my horse alone, as he might be devoured by the panthers, wolves, and bears. So I concluded to try to get to the black house, some six miles ahead. The black house was a mere whiskey shanty."

"When I reached the desired house, behold! the family had deserted it, and I had no alternative but to push ahead. Some six or eight miles further across Laurel Mountain I found a stopping place. Here I found a comfortable log tavern, with good accommodations for man and beast. It was then about eleven o'clock. I had my horse taken care of, eat a good supper, prayed with the family, went to bed, and had a refreshing night's rest. The rest of the route was more pleasant, and I reached Williamsport in safety."

LORENZO DOW.

The eccentric Lorenzo Dow commenced traveling and preaching in 1798, being then but eighteen years of age. He was appointed to Cambridge circuit with Timothy Dewey. In 1799 he was appointed to Essex, but soon left his circuit under a strong impression that he had a special mission to Ireland. Away he went across the ocean, and for some time attracted considerable attention in Ireland and England. He was dropped by the conference, and never again connected himself with the itinerancy in the regular way, but traveled and preached independently, being responsible to no ecclesiastical body. Still Dow was a Methodist in doctrine and in feeling, and often rendered valuable service to the Methodist Episcopal Church in various ways.

When Colbert heard him at the Union meeting it had not been long since his return from Europe, and he was now rambling up and down the country and attracting vast crowds of earnest and astonished listeners. He often preached with great power, and was the means of many awakenings and conversions. He was zealous, shrewd, often witty, evangelical, bold, and eccentric. He was an original. There was never but one Lorenzo Dow. He found a congenial spirit in "Peggy," whom he married, and who traveled with him over the continent, sharing, as far as possible, in his labors and privations. He spent years in the south among the planters and the slaves, but rested at no point for any considerable time. He often traveled through our territories, preaching as he went to vast multitudes. We heard him for the first time in Cazenovia, in 1816. He stood in the piazza of the old Madison County House, on the second story, and addressed thousands who stood on the green. He drove his own carriage, rode sometimes at the rate of forty to fifty miles a day, and preached four or five times. He passed on west about four weeks previously, and addressed all who could be hurried together without previous notice, and left an appointment for a particular day, and hour on his return, which he promptly met, and then disappeared. Of course horse flesh suffered sadly under Dow's hands. On being once rebuked by a friend for a want of mercy to his beast, he replied: "Souls are worth more than old horses."

He was stoop-shouldered, a confirmed asthmatic, breathing and speaking apparently with great difficulty. His voice was harsh, being worn threadbare by constant use; his shoulders throbbing convulsively up and down, as he worked his vocal organs as laboriously as a man would work at a dry pump, although with a little more success. He never shaved; his hair hung negligently down his back and over his shoulders in long, undressed twists. He seemed to have as little to do with soap and water as with a razor. All this helped to make up a character such as no one had ever seen before.

Lorenzo was a brave polemic. He assailed the issue with unmerciful severity. In many of his sermons he undertook a complete refutation of Atheism, Deism, Universalism, and Calvinism. He figured considerably as a writer. We have before us a copy of his "Polemical works; New York, printed and sold by J. C. Totten, 9 Bowry, 1814;" a 12 mo. of 300 pages. His Journals, and those of his wife "Peggy," are quite voluminous. His writings have passed through various editions, and have been extensively circulated and read. Most of them are quite readable; some of them instructive. His mode of reasoning may be seen in his "Chain of five Links, two Hooks, and a Swivel." He often reasons consecutively and logically, and not unfrequently deals in aphorisms and sarcasms, which are more telling upon common minds than the severest logic. "A double L does not spell a part;" and, "You can and you cant, you shall and you shan't; you'll be damned if you do, and you'll be damned if you don't," announced and reiterated in the hearing of thousands, were often more terrible blows inflicted upon the Calvinistic doctrines of limited atonement and the decree of reprobation than the most learned and ingenious reasoning.

Dow held himself bound by no conventional laws of society. He feared nobody, and cared for nothing beyond the simple claims of conscience. He was just as likely to open his batteries against Calvinism in a Presbyterian church as anywhere else. The fear of man was not a snare to this singular character; nor was he very much restrained by the common laws of courtesy. He seemed to take it for granted, that when he was invited to a pulpit, he entered it by common consent, eccentricities and all.

He was deeply interested in New England politics at the time the question of Church and State was agitated, and contributed his full share in the reduction of "the standing order" to a level with other denominations. He often rallied vast assemblies, and held them for three, and even four hours together, upon the impolicy and the vices of religious establishments, or the support of a particular denomination by law, and the support of the ministry by taxation. In those discourses the most terrible facts came out without the least mitigation—such as selling a poor man's cow at auction to pay the minister. And there was no use in murmurs of dissatisfaction. The more "the galled jade minched" the heavier the burden was heaped upon his back. It was Lorenzo Dow, and there was no use in saying a word. Every effort in the way of trying to sustain the old order of things really, as he used to say, only made a bad matter worse.

Dow performed many curious antics, which were published in the papers and rehearsed everywhere until they became familiar as household words. As a specimen, the story of his raising the devil may suffice. Dow put up at a tavern in the South, and soon discovered that the landlord was absent from home, and that there was so unusual intimacy between the landlady and a gentleman visitor. The landlord returned in the evening, as it would seem, unexpectedly, and put his good lady and her friend in a panic. Under the directions of the lady the terrified visitor jumped into an empty hoghead and the lady covered him with cotton. The landlord came in half drunk, but was most affectionately received by his good wife. Upon finding Dow in the house, he very unceremoniously demanded that he should raise the devil from him, alleging that he had often heard that he could do it. Dow declined, but the landlord insisted. "You will be frightened when you see him," said Dow. "No I shan't," added the brave man. "Well," said Dow, "if I must raise the devil I must;" and taking the candle in his hand, he said, "Follow me." Passing into the back room, and coming up to the hoghead, he adroitly lighted the cotton with the candle, and, sure enough, up came the devil enveloped in a blaze! Not a word did his satanic majesty say, but instantly disappeared. The fellow was completely deceived, and the next day went before a magistrate and made oath that Dow really raised the devil in his house, and he saw him. The matter being likely to call for a repetition of the miracle, and it not being probable that he would meet with the concurrence of the same favorable circumstances, Dow was obliged to make a public explanation.

Dow's last special mission was to expose the Jesuits. He lectured long and loud upon the wiles of the disciples of Loyola; showed up their eternal intermeddling with politics, and their designs upon the free institutions of this country. He expounded the prophecies, quoted history, poured out a flood of invective and warned the nation most solemnly of the perils which were impending. On his way to Washington, for the purpose of enlightening and awakening the government upon the subject he passed through Wyoming. He delivered several powerful discourses in the old church in Kingston, and passed on South. In one of his discourses, he said the Jesuits were watching him, and would kill him if they dare, but knowing that if he should be missing they would be suspected, they dare not molest him. He went on to Washington, and there died suddenly a few weeks after this. Some surmised that he was poisoned by the Jesuits; whether this was so, or whether he died of organic affection of the heart, or from some other cause, we know not.

Lorenzo Dow was a strange specimen of humanity. He was called, and often called himself, "crazy Dow." He was not a lunatic, nor was he a monomaniac for if he was insane on one point, he was equally so on many—He was so eccentric as to the border on insanity in everything. His conduct could not with justice be judged of by the ordinary laws of social or conventional propriety. Upon the whole, we always had a very high opinion of his piety and his integrity. He was a strange good man—a man of rare natural endowments but with an intellect of so peculiar a cast as to constitute him a great oddity, and in some respects an enigma. In his day he did much good and some harm. His influence upon the mind of the public, fairly entitles him to a

place in the history of the Church and of the times in which he lived.

Amputating a Limb under Chloroform.

We will take a quiet post of observation in the area of the operating theatre at one of our metropolitan hospitals, in this year of our Lord 1860. Notice is posted that amputation of the thigh will be performed at two o'clock, p. m., and we occupy our seat ten minutes before the hour.

The area itself is small, of a horse shoe form, and surrounded by seats rising on a steep incline one above another, to the number of eight or nine tiers. From 100 to 150 students occupy these, and pack pretty closely, especially on the lower rows, whence the best view is obtained. For an assemblage of youths between eighteen and twenty-five years, who have nothing to do but to wait, they are tolerably well behaved and quiet. Three or four practical jokers, however, it is evident, are distributed among them, and so the time passes all the quicker for the rest.

The clock had not long struck two when the folding-doors open, and in walk two or three of the leading surgeons of the hospital, followed by a staff of dressers, and a few professional lookers-on, the latter being confined to seats reserved for them on the lower and innermost tier. A small table, covered with instruments, occupies a place on one of the area; water, sponges, towels and lint are placed on the opposite. The surgeon who is about to operate rapidly glances over the table, and see that all his instruments are there and in readiness. He requests a colleague to take charge of the tourniquet, and with a word puts one assistant to "take the flaps," another to hold the limb, a third to hand the instruments, and the last to take charge of the sponges.

This done, and while the patient is inhaling the chloroform in an adjoining apartment, under the care of a gentleman who makes that his special duty, the operator gives to the act of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles, that the blind saw, the dumb spoke, the dead reappeared, the ocean moderated its clashing tide; and the very thunders articulated, he is the Son of God. Envy assailed him to death. Slowly, and thickly girded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned on his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

THE ISOLATION OF SICKNESS.—I see spring budding, flowering, leaf-starting, and verdure brightening, in wondrous beauty out-of-doors—but within me! I am left behind while this gay procession is gliding past me! We are no less isolated on our sick-bed because we are tenderly watched and kindly administered to. It is across a gulf that they reach to us—they with whom we no longer sit down to eat, or go forth to walk, or converse carelessly and gaily. The mail comes in as usual with its news, but from a world with which my pulses are not in tune. The sun rises over familiar rivers and mountains that I cannot now travel, on well-remembered labor and pleasure that I cannot share. Children come in to see me, but not their usual frolicsomeness and freedom. Their voices are subdued with a vague awe of the paler face and the invalid surroundings. Of what I know as "the world," I am no longer a part—no longer necessary to its present day's doings and competences. And, strangely enough, there is no pain in this conscious dismemberment from the life around. As to the mere instinct, it is like undressing for sleep when weary—laying off the clothes that to wear with comfort we must be strong and wakeful.

BETTER IN THEORY THAN IN PRACTICE.—Not many years ago two young Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, the other poor and penniless—occupied by chance the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning, the seedy one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:—"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!" The other passenger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold;" he quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vanished, after locking the door on the outside. Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very vague aspect, one night contrived to room with a tall rawboned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free of his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike," awaking, discovered his room mate standing over him with a pistol leveled at his own forehead, and evidently quaking with agitation. "What in—are you standing there for in the cold?" asked Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul. "I am desperate!" was the reply; "you give me one hundred dollar or I blow out mine brains!" "Well then, blow and be damned!" replied Pike turning over. "Bote you will be arrested for ze murder," persisted Gaul, earnestly—"Eh what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see!"—and suddenly drawing a revolver and a large Bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright. "A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly shouted; and at the word he started for the Gaul, but the latter was too nimble—the "hoss pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase. A proof that what may suit one latitude will not always answer for another.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Get a piece of catlico that will wash.

Half an hour hence that patient will regain consciousness, and probably the first observation he makes will be, "I am quite ready for the operation, when is it going to begin?"—And it takes no little repetition of the assurance that all is over to make him realize the happy truth.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recess of his chamber.

But a dark night was abroad upon the earth. A mortal darkness involved the nations in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and insufficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of ethereal mould hovered around the land of God's chosen people. They seemed like sister angels sent to earth on some embassy of love.

The one of majestic stature and well formed limb, which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm extended in an impressive gesture upwards where height appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while on the left reclined her delicate companion; in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like a flower when moistened with refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with ardent, but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles, that the blind saw, the dumb spoke, the dead reappeared, the ocean moderated its clashing tide; and the very thunders articulated, he is the Son of God. Envy assailed him to death. Slowly, and thickly girded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned on his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

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The Cattle Disease in Massachusetts.

This terrible epidemic, by its continuous spreading, threatens to become one of the greatest scourges that has ever visited our country. The imagination is appalled at the contemplation of the thousands of herds from Maine to Texas being visited by this wasting and fatal malady. The suffering and anxiety from the loss of property and from the dread of its loss among the agricultural community, and the fear of diseased meat in all our cities, may be partly conceived but cannot be fully realized. It seems that the Legislature of the State has been aroused to the importance of the matter. A law has been passed for the appointment of three commissioners to investigate the subject, and authority has been given to have slaughtered, at the expense of the State, all the cattle that are sick or that have been exposed to contagion, to have their bodies buried and the barns purified—even burning the hay if the commissioners think it necessary.

The commissioners are Richard S. Fay, of Lynn, Paul Lathrop, of South Hadley, and Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield. They have caused fourteen animals to be killed, that they might trace the progress and character of the disease in all its stages. It is purely a disease of the lungs, affecting the animal in no other organ, and seems to be certainly contagious. A cow that died before the commissioners arrived was examined, and both her lungs were a mass of frothy, cheesy corruption. One cow that was taken sick so long ago as the 1st of January, and seemed to be recovering, appearing bright and healthy, was slaughtered; and left lobe of the lungs was sound but from the right was taken a mass of pus, looking like rotten cheese, of more than a pint in measurement. She might possibly have thrown off the disease and lived, had she not been killed. Another cow in the same herd, and showing stronger signs of the disease, had a similar but greater mass of pus in the lungs, and with it a large amount of watery fluid.—An ox that looked bright and well, and ate and chewed his cud as if in a healthy condition was among the slain, and one of his lungs was a mass of corruption. Another singular case was that of a cow that calved some ten days ago; one lung was healthy, but in the other the disease was developing itself in scattered balls or masses of pus, looking like liver on the outside, but, on cutting, like rotten cheese; and her calf was found to have the disease in precisely a similar stage. The presence of the disease is detected by the breathing of the animal, which makes a croaky noise like breathing through a quill.

It is to be hoped that these energetic measures are not too late, and it is especially to be desired that the commissioners will allow no childish weakness to prevent the thorough and efficient discharge of their momentous duties. Contagion is so subtle in its nature, and is scattered abroad by such widely pervading agencies that we shall be agreeably disappointed if any human power is able to arrest the spread of this deadly pestilence.—N. Y. Scientific American.

SLEEPING UNDER THE CLOTHES.—There is reason to believe, (says Miss Florence Nightingale,) that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under the bed clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit; and it often happens that the bed clothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from the skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation. It may be worth while to remark that when there is any danger of bed-sores, a blanket should never be placed under the patient. It retains damp and acts like a poultice. Never use anything but light Whitney blankets as bed covering for the sick. The heavy impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps in the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak persons are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents getting any sound sleep whatever.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.—An exchange has the following reasonable advice on gardening for ladies: Make up your beds early in the morning, so buttons on your husbands' shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully root out all angry feelings and expect a good crop of happiness.

THE Anglo Saxon elbows his way sharply through the world; he has thrust his blessings at the needy, sometimes on the point of a sword, and sent the Gospel by a swift leaden messenger; he likes harmony, if he can give the pitch, and so he is for "pitching in."

WAR is a game in which kings or governments seldom win, the people never. To be defended is almost as great an evil as to be attacked; and the common people have often found the shield of a protector no less oppressive than the sword of an invader.

Some men seem born to be lucky; whatever they touch turns to gold—their path is paved with the philosopher's stone. At games of chance they have no chance, but, what is better a certainty, they hold four suits of trumps; they get "windfalls" without a breath stirring.

A ton of perfect pain can be more easily found than an ounce of perfect happiness; he knows little of himself or of the world, who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow.

Be upon your guard against treachery. Remember, that when men and women laugh most, they must show their teeth.