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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 30, 1863.

Selected Poetry.

(From Davis' Irish Ballads.)
THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before,
And the old man who comes here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them,
Or after you've kissed them, they'll lay on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh! your steps like the rain to the summer-veiled farmer,
Or a shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the path on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Oh! shall I whisper you "Love as unchangeable beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tenderly beaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before,
And the old man who comes here the more I'll adore you,
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

Miscellaneous.

Letter from Virginia.

FALMOUTH, VA., April 4, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking that a few lines from our Skeleton Brigade would be acceptable I have sat myself down under the shelter of my little tent and I will try to express my thoughts on paper. Our camp ground is situated within a mile of Falmouth, which is a sort of half way place for the First Families as they style themselves. There is a specimen of them here on our parade ground; I have visited them seeking to learn the great secret which makes the first family but as Uncle Sammel's fare keeps a man from seeing things in the same light as the Chivalry do, you will please excuse my want of appreciation, for I can not see anything but what is sadly on the decline. The residents are dressed in a primitive style; as for furniture, the least we say the better. From this house we can see the famed city of Fredericksburg the place where so many of our gallant boys are sleeping the sleep from which there is no awakening. In the attempt to drive the Rebels from this stronghold, our Brigade, which was the second to cross the river, suffered a great deal. After we had gained a footing, we were formed in different parties and ordered to clear the town of all who we might find in arms. Our Regiment was ordered to clear the third street from the Pontoon Bridge; this was soon done; we found nearly every house deserted the citizens having fled with the first ray of light when our artillery commenced the work of destruction. After clearing the town and posting the 71st Reg. P. V. on picket, we were allowed to stack arms and make ourselves as comfortable as the hail of rebel shot and shell would allow. We spent the night examining the buildings they had left standing for our use. Morning found us all again in line ready to attack the rebels, whom we could see peeping from behind their stone breastworks, and after waiting patiently for three hours we were led on the field of battle by our gallant Brigadier General OWENS. The march from the streets where we had laid all night to the field of strife was gone over in as short a time as the nature of the ground would allow; after coming from the shelter of the city we were exposed to the fire of all the rebel batteries, as they were posted along the top of the hill while their infantry lay in the ravines formed by a small rise in the ground just in front of their artillery. Proceeding along we came to a canal—we started to cross the slender bridge when they opened on us from all directions having a cross fire on us from this time till we had gained our point and laid down, which we had to do on account of reinforcements not coming up. We were laying ready to spring up in line of battle—the sixty-ninth was on the right, the seventy-second on the left, while our regiment came in on the left. Throughout the whole of the three days of shelling, our boys proved themselves worthy of the name Veterans, which our late brave commander, BURNS, styled us.

A LA RAPPANNOCK.

WOOD PAPER.—There is an establishment at Royer's Ford, Mont. Co., carried on by Walsh & Co., which manufactures paper from wood. Any kind of white wood is used. From five to six cords are consumed each day. About two and a half tons of paper are manufactured per day, running day and night. Over fifty hands are employed, and the paper is used by a number of our leading newspapers. The experiments of making white paper out of wood is decidedly a novelty, and is well worth the attention of the curious.

Extract of a Letter from Fort Denelson.

FORT DENELSON, March 28, 1863.

DEAR ONES AT HOME:—To-day finds me on board the boat Fanny McBurnie, now lying near Fort Denelson, awaiting the soon expected arrival of a Gunboat, to accompany her on to Nashville, as the rest of the voyage is more or less dangerous without the assistance of such a boat—it would, therefore, be imprudent to leave this point without some means of defence to accompany us to our destination. There are, also, a good many soldiers aboard without arms, beside many valuable articles belonging to Uncle Sam. It would be quite a handsome little prize for the rebels to crow over, besides some little loss to the Government.—There are also five other boats under the same circumstances, awaiting the motion of a Gunboat. The Captain of the boat is well aware of the danger that is before us; he says he will lay here till the boat rots before he will leave without they give the crew arms or the aid of a Gunboat. In fact it is not safe to stay here, for the place is threatened every day. The rebels made a desperate attack on this place about three weeks ago, 5000 strong—there were only 500 Federals, but they held the place.

Our trip from Camp Chase, Ohio, was pleasant, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to make it as agreeable as possible. The following song, which is very popular among the boys, may hit hard on

YE COPPERHEADS.

BY ONE OF ABRAHAM'S CHOSEN CHILDREN.

Fellow soldiers of the Cumberland, loyal, brave and true,
Who have left your northern brethren southern traitors to subdue—
Let's send home for a Copperhead, a regular blatant cuss,
And the beauties of a soldier's life make him share with us.

We'll put him in a "pup" tent, with the cold ground for his bed,
With no rubber-blanket underneath, no Government over head;

Let him shiver there till morning, sleepless and in pain,
And can't succeeding night the same thing do again.
At breakfast time no dainty dish his appetite w'd tempt,
For from such little business most soldiers are exempt—
Poor bacon should be breakfast on, rusty, poor and black
Accompanied by coffee weak, and miserable hard tack.

Then preparations quickly make, get everything in trim,
March him off on picket, and may insects pick at him;
May every bush a rebel seem, strange sounds salute his ears,
And all he sees and all he hears but serve to 'wake his fears.

Let him slish 'round shoeless in the mud, into puddles fall,
And always late at dinner be, also at bugle call,
While shivering 'round the camp-fire may he burn his boots and clothes,
May the smoke blow always in his eyes and go tingling up his nose.

May he six months without money be and no trusting sutler 'bout,
And should he get his canteen filled may it somehow all leak out!

May he never have a postage stamp, and for his aching jaw,
Oh tobacco, not quite half enough, for even half a chew,
Forced marches may he have to make, in rain, and snow, and mud,
The driving rain his clothing soak, the chill wind freeze his blood—

And that the beauties of a march he might the better see
Rheumatic twinges all day, have and the chronic diarrhoea;
From Nashville down to Huntsville, and the coming summer days,
Let him hoof it on the dusty pike beneath the sun's hot rays—

His feet with blisters covered; his limbs all weak and lame,
And I guess he'll think a soldier's life is any thing but tame.

Infested may his clothing be with all the little fry,
That the soil of Alabama can so abundantly supply;
Have all his dirty shirts to wash in water scant and black
Shirts and dirty wicks to go, no clean rags for his back.

And when the conflict rages fierce, keep him always in the front,
Let him feel beside exposure the battle's fiercest brunt;
Let minnie whistle round his head, shrieking shell burst near,
Let him keenly feel the agonies which alone the guilty fear.

And finally in a hospital, minus a leg or so,
Somewhat emaciated, and most dreadfully low,
We'll lay what's left of Copperhead upon a dirty bunk,
To regain his wasted energies on weak tea and tough chunk.

To the call of Uncle Abraham we cheerfully all flew,
Severed the ties that bound our hearts, bade cherished ones adieu—
And we will not brook the insults which are heaped upon our heads,
By the traitorous Northern cowards, the sily Copper-head.

GEO. L. COVERT,
Co. C. 7th Pa. Vol.

Letter from Denver City.

DENVER CITY, March 27, 1863.

E. O. GOODRICH, Esq.—Dear Sir:—To-day chance placed in my way a BRADFORD REPORTER. I was much pleased to see yourself still occupying the "tripod." Many pleasant recollections were called up at the sight of the familiar names in it. 'Tis seven years since I left honest old Bradford: I have all this time been sojourning in the great West, and have for the last three years dwelt in the goodly city of Denver, county of Arapahoe, and Territory of Colorado. This last city of four years, contains about five thousand inhabitants, fifty acres, the same number of drinking saloons, four banks, four good houses—and some second class—three theatres, four churches, Episcopal, Catholic, Methodist and Presbyterian, a few doctors, some lawyers and

a few gay gamblers, and their attendants.—But on the whole Denver is quite a Christian city. In '60 matters looked blue. Shooting was one of the polite amusements, but now we have a Mayor, Common Council, &c., and if any one kills a man now he is called upon to show cause. The buildings are largely constructed of wood, though many fine bricks are completed. Business is very good. Climate the best I ever saw. The story of stock doing well in winter, which I would not believe when I was in the East, I will not ask you to believe now, yet it is a fact. Cattle fatten rapidly here through the winter, yet they should be fed. Snow lays several days sometimes. Farmers generally do not feed any stock, except it is worked. The fattest beef I ever saw, was taken from the grass in February, and killed with no feed except what they gathered themselves from the grass.—Wheat of the finest quality is produced here though we have no rain generally from May to February. All kinds of produce flourish fine. A beet weighed 26 3/4 lbs.; a potato 5 1/4 oz.; 4 to 9 turnips 25 to 40. Have seen potatoes sell at 25 cts. per lb., and now they are one cent. Butter has been one dollar, now 50 cts. Flour has been \$25 here, \$75 in the mountains, 35 miles west, per cwt., now from \$6 to \$9, as good as can be, is made here. Our market affords 12 to 15 varieties of fresh meats. Gold, silver, lead, iron, coal, coal oil, soda, salt, pepper, salt, all, abound in this country. Denver is fifteen miles from the base of the mountains, and rather the largest city entire in the territory. About the Oregon mines is perhaps more inhabitants on a given space, but there are several cities termed Nevada, Central Missouri, &c. All together about 60 quartz mines in these mining works more prosperous now than heretofore. Many claims have been copped over and consequently not remunerative while being sunk through. Forgot to tell you we have two daily and two weekly papers here, will at a future day send a more comprehensive account of this country.

Ever yours,
OMER O. KENT.

How TURPENTINE AND TAR ARE MADE.—The immense forests in North Carolina, which cover the sandy ridges, between the swamps and the water courses, consists almost wholly of the long leaved pine the *Pinus palustris* of the Southern States. From them is gathered one of the great staples of North Carolina—the turpentine. These trees at maturity are seventy or eighty feet high, and trunks eighteen or twenty feet in diameter near the base.—They grow close together, very straight and without branches to two thirds their height.—Overhead their interlocking crowns form a continuous shady canopy; while beneath, the ground is covered with a thick, yellow matting of pine straw—clean, dry, level and unbroken by undergrowth. The privilege of tapping the trees is generally farmed out by the land owner, at a stated price per thousand, about from twenty to thirty dollars. Under this privilege the laborer commences his operations. During the winter he chops deep notches into the base of the tree, a few inches from the ground, and slanting inward. Above, to the height of two or three feet, the face is scarified by chipping off the bark and outer wood.

From this surface the resinous sap begins to flow about the middle of March, at first very slow, but more rapidly during the heat of the summer, and slowly again as winter approaches. The liquid turpentine runs into the notches or boxes, as they are technically called, each holding from a quart to a half gallon.—This, as it gathers is dipped out with a wooden spoon, barrelled and carried to market, where it commands the highest price. That which oozes out and hardens upon the scarified surface of the tree, is scraped down with an iron instrument into a hod, and is sold at an inferior price. Every year the process of scarifying is carried two or three feet up the trunk, until it reaches as high as a man can conveniently handle with his long handled cutter. When this ceases to yield, the same process is commenced on the opposite side of the trunk. An average annual yield is about twenty five barrels of turpentine from a thousand trees, and it is estimated that one man will dip ten thousand boxes.

The trees at length die under these repeated operations. They are then felled, split and burned for tar. The dead trees are preferred for this purpose, because when life ceases, the resinous matter concentrates in the interior layers of wood. In building a tar kiln, a small circular mound of earth is first raised, declining from the circumference to the center, where a cavity is formed, communicating by a conduit with a shallow ditch surrounding the mound. Upon this foundation the split sticks are stacked to the height of ten or twelve feet. The stack is then covered with earth as in making charcoal, and the fire applied through an opening in the top. As this continues to burn with a smouldering heat, the wood is charred and tar flows into the cavity in the center, and then by the conduit into the vessels sunk to receive it.

ENGLISH BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—In the year 1862 there were 711,891 children born in England and Wales, the largest number ever born in this kingdom in a year, and amounting to no less than 1,856 a day, 426,613 persons died, 1,196 a day, a number which, as the smaller population, was exceeded in 1854, 1853 and 1859. The number of the year may be approximately stated: Anglo Saxons 10,000; Irish 215,000; and 260 new Irish made their appearance. The most prolific population is found in the east producing districts of the North, in Staffordshire, and in the thriving ports on the Tyne and Wear.

Our Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

It is not generally known that a Hospital Directory has been established in connection with the Sanitary Commission, by which the relatives of the sick and wounded soldier may learn where to find him. "By application at New York, Philadelphia, Washington or Louisville, news of every man in the hospitals may be obtained. Its loving care, hand in hand with the Government, following him to the field, and does not lose sight of him even when discharged; for it volunteers to collect his pay, and, in fact, puts him through in whichever direction destiny points. If the public and the press would continue to the Commission the constant love which the Commission bears to the soldier, its supplies would not run so low. How little is now in reserve for the next battle! With what remorse will every man and woman regret the indifference of the present hour, when garments and various comforts are suddenly required! Heretofore, hundreds of boxes were always ready for shipment—now everything is lacking." The great rise in the price of material is one cause of this falling off; and this should render more imperative the duty of concentrating and sending through the most efficient channel all the stores which our loyal women furnish. If the various Aid Societies would unite in making the Commission almoner of their supplies, how grand would be the result! They would then be able to meet every demand made upon them; and there is no estimating the amount of suffering they could relieve, for their stores would be almost exhausted.

Another cause of this fall off is in the weariness consequent upon this protracted war. But in the language of the President of the Commission, "As long as the men fight the women must knit and sew, and the friends at home furnish means to alleviate the sorrows and wants of the camps and hospitals. Whatever you may have heretofore been doing, from this time consider how you can best and most surely reach the suffering soldier, where he is most exposed and most forgotten. Do not delay, and do not abandon your efforts after a short time. You must enlist in the work for the war. It is the woman's part in the patriotic struggle we are in. I can only invoke the hospital aid of the men and the supply of Hospital clothing from the women—sure that this is the most direct, humane, efficient and fixed channel through which the good will and Christian care of the people can flow to sick and wounded patriots in the field."

Again, "Nothing short of the free contributions of every family, hamlet, village, church and community throughout the loyal states, continued as long as the war continues, can avail to meet this never ending, always increasing drain. It is the little spring of fire side labor oozing into the rills of village industry, these again uniting in the streams of country beneficence, and these in state or larger movements, flowing together into the rivers which directly empty into one great national reservoir of supplies, which could alone render possible the vast outflow of assistance which the Sanitary Commission is lending our sick and wounded soldiers."

The objection has been brought against this Commission that its work is "purely philanthropic." The President says, "I hope this objection is well founded. We want to keep the souls of the soldiers in their bodies, that we may send them safe and in sound homes to their Christian friends and their familiar pastors. We do lose no opportunity of circulating good reading, religious and otherwise, and I believe our work, though not missionary, is done in the Christian spirit, from Christian impulse and with a Christian interest. I suspect we reach the souls of the soldiers (certainly their hearts) by their earnest, patient, self-sacrificing care we exhibit for their bodily comfort and solace. My own impression is that War, the Camp and the Hospital afford very imperfect opportunities for a purely spiritual work. It requires a very wise head to influence them religiously—except by a good Christian example. This, we mean always to give them, and as much more as we can. None who know our work, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, zeal and tenderness in which it is carried on by our agents—all carefully selected Christian men—could for an instant think of stigmatizing it as wanting a religious character. We will try to show our faith by our works—and when the war is over, it may safely be left to the nation and the world to say, which exerted the best total influence on the army, those who aimed at their souls direct, or those who aimed at their souls through their bodies."

In connection with this reply we give a portion of a letter written by one of the volunteer agents of the Commission, who went out to the relief of the wounded after a battle, Mr. Wm. H. Hague:—
"I held service last Sabbath between the two rows of tents, where most could see and hear. It was very welcome to them. The Bible and prayer-book can now be found in nearly every tent. On the hill-side, across the road may be seen a long row of graves of those who have died here. A little board, with the name, regiment and state, of the occupant of each grave, is at the head. Nearly every day one is carried there, adding continually to the number of those who have given to their country their most precious offering—life.
"To-day I have to write to a poor mother far away on the hills of New England, and give her the information that her boy has gone to his resting place. Like most every soldier he had but two or three things to send her. His little pocket Bible, with his mother's likeness sealed to the cover, his comb, three letters, the medal of his regiment. These were all the remembrances left for her.
And now, if the women of Pennsylvania respond as nobly to the call made upon them by the Sanitary Commission, as the women of Philadelphia have done, their stores will be speedily and amply replenished.

A Printer out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who has his ink in the hub of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

Marvels of Man.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living hand; but at the moment of death, it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on the sea and land, in the valley and on the mountain top;—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisome dungeon and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer so secret as to escape its presence. Every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye; and yet that eye is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads it over the surface of the ball, at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not that along the edges of them, there are little oil manufactory, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs, has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to re-breathe it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while, if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the moment it escapes the lips and nostrils, it ascends to higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends, is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes of it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, and the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body a circle, making the navel the center, will just take in the head, the finger ends and the feet. "The distance from 'top to toe'" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers, when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot; while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these, seven are metallic.—Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole eighty-two, of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon—representing the more familiar names of fire, water, salt, sulphur and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of the earth—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gun powder, an atom of charcoal!

But, looking at him in another direction, these elements shadow forth the higher qualities of a divine nature, of an immortal existence. In that spark is the caloric which speaks of irrepresible activity; in that drop is the water which speaks of purity; in that grain is the force by which he subdues all things himself, makes the wide creation the supplier of his wants, and the servitor of his pleasures; while in that small atom of charcoal there is a diamond, which speaks at once of light and purity, of indestructibility, and of resistless progress. There is nothing which outshines it; it is purer than the dew drop. "Moist and rust" corrupt it not, nor can ordinary fires destroy it; while it cuts its way alike through brass and adamant, and hardest steel. In that light we see an eternal progression toward omniscience; in that purity, the goodness of divine nature; in that indestructibility, an immortal existence; in that progress, a steady accession toward the home and bosom of God—Hall's Journal of Health.

EARNESTNESS OF WOMAN'S LOVE.—It was the wife of Senator ANDREW JOHNSON, who taught him to read, and thus started him in his career of greatness and usefulness: what a good wife is that!—But a still more touching proof of the holy love of the true woman, is that related of the wife of a soldier in a New England State. She could not read, formerly, and while in his society thought little of it.—But when he went forth to defend her and his children from the wrath of the slave despotism, her woman's heart impelled her to learn to read and write, so that she might see and understand with her own eyes what he said, and also so that no prying unfeeling eye should interpose between her and her husband. Precious boon! she can now write to him, and can read his writing without any interpreter. Is not the latter the most beautiful illustration of woman's devotion?

[We add another proof. A lady friend, traveling from Elmira to Williamsport, made the acquaintance of a soldier's wife, going to visit him at Washington, in his sickness, and denying herself food on the way, lest her money should not hold out. Three ladies learning the fact persuaded her to receive some assistance, which sent her rejoicing on her way.]

The man who moved an amendment injured his eyes by the operation.

Leaves that are least becoming to a warrior's brow—leaves of absence.

The child who cried for an "other" didn't get it!

THE EXECUTION AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The

first execution which occurred in the capital since the accession of the present Sultan took place at the Stamboul end of the Kara Keul bridge. The sufferer was a Kurd, named Sofu Ibrahim from Mousch, near Van, and his crime had been the double murder of his master, one Talcat Effendi, and a white slave, some ten months ago, at Belbeck. The circumstances of the case merit more than the mere record of their tragical result. He was condemned to death, nearly six weeks ago, since which no effort of the Minister of Police could find an executioner, till after hard bargaining the services of a gypsy were secured. The fellow asked 1,000p.; for the job, and the Minister of Police offered 500p.; after much haggling the contracting parties split the difference, and 750p. were paid over to the Zingari Calcraft. Notice of his fate had been given to the murderer, and when, at sunrise on Monday morning, he was roused out of his cell at the Zipteh, he was told he was to be sent forthwith on board a steamer for Trebizond. Accordingly he was marched down towards the bridge between a couple of policemen. On coming within sight of the bridge-end, he saw a strong picket of policemen drawn up, and rising slightly above their heads, the rude gallows of three upright poles and a transverse. He then struggled violently, and had to be dragged by main force to the gallowsfoot. There he asked time to say his *namaz* (prayer), but the gipsy finisher of the law, considering that he had a clear six weeks for devotion, refused grace; and, whilst a couple of policemen held him down, threw his waist-belt round the wretch's neck and strangled him into insensibility as he lay. He then looped a rope round the neck of his victim, and hauling him up with this to the cross-beam of the gallows, tugged at his legs till the work of death was done. The body remained dangling within a foot of the ground for several hours, in charge of a solitary policeman, when it was cut down and huddled away in a bag for dishonorable burial outside the walls. When the execution took place there were not a dozen of people present besides the police, nor did a score at any one time later in the morning stop to look at the apparatus of death and its ghastly freight.

ESQUIMAUX ARCHITECTURE.—As the days lengthen, the villages are emptied of their inhabitants, who move seaward on the ice to the seal hunt. Then comes into use a marvelous system of architecture, unknown among the rest of the American nations. The fine, pure snow has by that time acquired, under the action of strong winds and hard frosts, sufficient coherence to form an admirable light building material, with which the Esquimaux master-mason erects most comfortable dome shaped houses. A circle is first traced on the smooth surface of the snow, and the slabs for raising the walls are cut from within, so as to clear a space down to the ice, which is to form the floor of the dwelling, and whose evenness was previously ascertained by probing. The slabs requisite to complete the dome, after the interior of the circle is exhausted, are cut from some neighboring spot. Each slab is neatly fitted to its place by a flinching knife along the joint, when it instantly freezes to the wall, the cold atmosphere forming a most excellent cement. Crickets are plugged up, and seams accurately closed by throwing a few shovelfuls of loose snow on the fabric. Two men generally work together in raising a house, and the one who is stationed within cuts a low door, and creeps out when his task is over. The walls being only three or four inches thick are sufficiently translucent to admit a very agreeable light, which serves for ordinary domestic purposes; but if more be required, a window is cut, and the aperture is fitted with pieces of transparent ice. The proper thickness of the wall is of some importance.

A few inches excludes the wind, yet keeps down the temperature so as to prevent dripping from the interior. The furniture—such as seats, tables, and sleeping places—is also formed of snow, and a covering of folded reindeer skin or seal skin renders them comfortable to the inmates. By means of ante-chambers and porches, in the form of long, low galleries, with their openings turned to leeward, warmth is insured in the interior; and social intercourse is promoted by building the houses contiguous, and cutting doors of communication between them or by creating covered passages. Storehouses, kitchens, and other accessory buildings, may be constructed in the same manner, and a degree of convenience gained which would be attempted in vain with a less plastic material. These houses are durable; and the wind has little effect on them, and they resist the thaw till the sun acquires very considerable power.—Sir John Richardson.

MALE DRESSMAKER.—The Rev. A. A. Stern, an Abyssinian missionary, writes—"Fond as the Abyssinian women are of embroidered garments and other fineries, it is strange that they should never try to gain even a slight acquaintance with the use of the needle. High and low alike depend upon their male friends for every stitch in their dress. Tastes, of course, vary in different countries; but I confess that it always provoked me to see a tall, bearded fellow acting the dressmaker, and a slender girl performing the functions of the groom."

ROME AT NOON.—The spring deepens into summer, and before the last days of June have come the city is empty, silent and Roman. The sun bakes all day on the lava pavement, and they who are in the streets at noon creep slowly along in the shadows, clinging closely to the walls. The shops are all shut for two hours, and the city goes to sleep. The splash of fountains sound loud and cool in the squares; but were it not for the barking sun and the hiss of the steam from the pavement, you might fancy you were in a city rather than in Rome.—Story's Italy & Rome.

What is the most objectionable on board a ship? A leak.