

Swaying in amaranth and borrowed pride;
Upon Judean plains, the olive tree
Stands tremulous amid its sisterhood,
Whose deeply rooted fibers scarcely head
The flight of thousand years, or Time's decay.
Oh, land of Promise! rear thy fallen head,
Drooping beneath Asia's veridic sun, and smile
Upon thy time-clad fane.

Judean morn,
Exhilarating and voluptuous,
Reveals the thousand treasures scattered o'er
Land of the vine: Thy mountain steep and plain
Bathed in the sunlight smile through midnight tears
While the aspiling palm sprinkles the earth,
As freely as the night its dew.

Up, up!
The marble steps of Parian purity,
Leading unto stern Pilate's judgment hall,
There, with the swarthy brow and visage grim
Judea's lawgivers decide his fate.

Their blood is heated to incense glow
By the fierce glazing of a tropic sun.
Dark-browed and savage looking men,
With faces that unconsciously betray
Exhaustless fountains of brutality.
Cry out in tumult wild—"Away with him!"
And then "mid shouts of the exulting throng,
They lead the God away."

"T were not indeed
Had savage hordes, barbarians deep-dyed
With crime, or such as owned Attilla king,
Derisively command him save himself!
Others he cannot save—had unknown tongues
With idiot wail exclaimed—"His blood on us
And on our children be!"

Alas!
The wandering tribes of Israel's tent,
Owned not their Lord, Proudly the Mosaic flag,
The badge of Mahomet, swayed o'er his tomb,
The sepulcher redeemed.

Bending beneath
The awful weight of base ingratitude,
And the whole mocking brood of Sorrows train,
He bears the ponderous cross up Calvary,
And there beneath the oriental sun,
With zephyr's breath, soft as the hisping of
Bosphorus silvery waves upon the shore;
Or the low cadence through Gethsemane,
They crucified the Lord.

Earth trembles:
The lightning's massy bars withdraw
The glorious sun that blesses all the earth
Refuses now its light: "T was there
The plumed crown, the thorny diadem,
The pierced nap his radiant brow: "T was there
The cruel nails and glistening spear their work
Inhuman did."
M. A. S.

SPIRITUALISM

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN OHIO.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

Six: Sunday evening, 27th May last, at Dover, Athens Co., Ohio, I walked some three miles through a wood over a very poor road, in the direction of what is called the Spirit-rooms of Jonathan Koons. I noticed at the foot of a hill several carriages by the roadside, and horses tied to the fence and trees; and on reaching the place, I observed from thirty to fifty men sitting on stones, logs and benches, around a dimly lit log cabin. The men looked respectable, and their deportment and conversation bore the impress of a religious meeting. I inquired who lived there, and was informed that Jonathan Koons lived in that house, (pointing to the cabin,) and that (pointing to a small one near by) is the Spirit's room. I inquired what Spiritists lived there, and was told that it was the room where people go in to talk with their Spirit-friends who have gone out of their earthly tabernacle. On inquiry as to what this gathering was for, I was informed that these people had come to talk with their Spirit-friends and to witness Spirit manifestations. I was informed that I might go in—that everybody was free to enter and examine the room, and to attend the circle. I selected a good "soft" stone, and sat me down, a perfect stranger, with the other disciples. I scrutinized the people closely, and listened to their conversation without joining in it. I overheard one say that Mr. Koons was in his house. In the course of half an hour a man came out, whom several persons addressed as Mr. Koons; he glanced his eyes over the congregation; presently two men drove up, who, as I subsequently learned, came from Amesville, some ten miles distant; they were entire strangers to me and I to them; they looked around, spoke with some persons, and then with Mr. Koons, asking him whom he had there, &c., and finally asked him who I was, pointing me out to Mr. Koons. Mr. Koons observed that he had not learned my name, that I had just come, but was impressed by Spirit to say "His name is Charles Partridge of New York." Soon after one of these men approached me, and asked if I was Mr. Partridge from New York. I answered in the affirmative "Charles Partridge." "Yes," "Well," said he, "the Spirit told Mr. Koons who you were." I had not overheard their conversation, but such was the result of one of Mr. Koons' tests as to the Spirit-origins of these manifestations.

Mr. Koons and one of his children (a medium) went into the Spirit-room alone, as is their custom before forming the public circle, to receive such instructions from the presiding Spirit (King) as he might wish to communicate. There are often more persons present desiring to obtain admittance than the room will hold. In such cases the Spirit usually directs Mr. Koons specially to invite those in who have come the longest distance, and such as cannot remain there for another opportunity; usually calling the names of the parties and leaving out the neighbors and those who can make it convenient to be present on subsequent occasions. At one of these preliminary interviews I was invited in by Mr. Koons. Immediately on closing the door the Spirit took up the trumpet, (described in my last communication,) and spoke through it audibly and distinctly, saying, "Good evening, friends!" to which we responded in like manner. The Spirit then addressed me by name, and observed, to substance, that although they were strangers to me I was not a stranger to them; they had been cognizant of my thoughts, desires and efforts in behalf of Spiritualism from the time my attention was first called to the subject. They spoke in very flattering terms of myself and others who had been bold to testify to the Spiritual manifestations witnessed in the early times, and during the severer trials and opposition. They had watched The Telegraph with anxious solicitude and with eminent satisfaction. They closed in a fervent benediction and consecration to further and greater good and uses.

After which this Spirit (King) said to Mr. Koons that they could not hold a public circle that evening, as he was elsewhere engaged. Mr. Koons expressed much regret at this announcement, and said he felt much embarrassed and mortified, because several

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persons were there who had come a long way; some from New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Canada, and other distant places. The Spirit said he was sorry, but he had engaged to attend a circle elsewhere (naming the place—a long distance away) and he must be there in fifteen minutes. Mr. Koons would not be satisfied with any excuses, but insisted that he (King) had agreed to preside over his circle and meet the company who came there, and rather than be made the instrument of apology to others for the disappointment in the performances he would abandon it altogether, etc. King said: "Wait a few moments, and I will go and see if arrangements can be made." He thereupon laid down the trumpet, and to all appearances left us, and we could get no further replies for four or five minutes, when the trumpet was again taken up, and King spoke through it, saying he had arranged the matter by deputizing a portion of his band to fill his engagement, and they would therefore hold a circle in that place, commencing the performance in fifteen minutes, but perhaps they would not be able to make so good music, or have the full complement of the manifestations. Thus ended this preliminary interview, which sufficiently indicates the character of all similar ones.

I attended three public circles in the Spirit-house of Mr. Koons, and three in the Spirit-house of Mr. John Tiptoe; they are situated about three miles apart; the rooms and manifestations are very similar, although the electrical tables, so called, differ somewhat in their construction; the presiding spirits are of the same name, King; they claim to be father and son.

These rooms will seat about twenty-five or thirty persons each, and are usually full. Many times while I was there, more persons desired to go in than the house would hold, and some of them had to remain outside. They could hear the noise and the Spirit's conversation just as well, and they had only to forego being touched by spirits and seeing them. The music is heard, under favorable circumstances, at the distance of one mile, or as far as any band of martial music can be heard. After the circle is formed the doors and windows are shut, the light is usually extinguished, and almost instantaneously a tremendous blow by the large drum-stick is struck on the table, when immediately the bass and tenor drums are beaten rapidly, like calling the roll on the muster field, making a thousand echoes. The rapid and tremulous blows on these drums are really frightful to many persons. The beating of the drums continued five minutes or more, and when ended, King usually takes up the trumpet and salutes us with "Good evening, friends," or something like it, and often asks what particular manifestations are desired. If none are specially asked for, King often asks Mr. Koons to play on the violin, the spirit-band playing at the same time on the drum, triangle, tambourine, harp, accordeon, harmonica, etc.; upon these the spirits perform scientifically, in very quick and perfect time. They commence upon each instrument at one instant, and in full blast, and stop suddenly after sounding the full note, showing that they have some more perfect method than we have of notifying each performer of the instant to start and stop.

After the introductory piece on the instruments, the spirits often sing. I heard them sing. The Spirit spoke to us, requesting us to remain perfectly silent. Presently we heard human voices singing, apparently in the distance, so as to be scarcely distinguishable; the sounds gradually increased, each part relatively, until it appeared as if a full choir of human voices were in our small room singing most exquisitely. I think I never heard such perfect harmony; each part was performed with strict attention to its relative degree of sound or force. There was none of that flopping, floundering, ranting and shrieking which constitute the staple of what is latterly called music; harmony rather than noise seemed to constitute the Spirit's song. So captivating was it that the heart-strings seemed to relax or to increase their tension to accord with the heavenly harmony. It seems to me that no person could sit in that sanctuary without feeling the song of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to man," spontaneously rising in the bosom and finding expression on the lip. I don't know that the spirits attempted to utter words with their song; if they did they succeeded in this particular no better than modern singers. But it was hardly necessary for the spirits to articulate, for every strain and modulation seemed pregnant with holy sentiments, and language could scarcely signify more. After this vocal performance several pieces of quick music were performed by spirits on the several instruments. They play faster than mortals usually do and in most perfect time throughout. If any instrument gets out of chord they tune; they tuned the violin in my presence and did it rapidly and skillfully.

Spirits reconstruct their physical bodies, or portions of them, from similar elements apparently as those which constitute our mortal bodies. Spirits' hands and arms were reorganized in our presence on several of these occasions; and that we might see them more distinctly they sometimes wet their hands with a weak solution of phosphorus, (which Mr. Koons prepared some time previous by their request) which emits a light so that their hands can be almost as distinctly seen in a dark room as they could be if the room were light. At one of these circles which I attended there were three bands which had been covered with this solution of phosphorus, and we all saw them passing swiftly around the room, over our heads, carrying the instruments, and playing upon the violin, accordeon, triangle, harmonica and tambourine, and all keeping perfect time. These

instruments were moved so swiftly and near the faces of the audience—our own among them—that we felt the cool atmospheric current as distinctly as we do that produced by a fan. Several of the company in different parts of the room remarked that they not only felt this disturbance of the air, but heard it, and distinctly saw the hand and instrument pass close to their faces. Several of us requested the spirits to place these instruments in our hands, or touch us on our heads or other parts of our bodies, and in most cases this was instantly done. I held up my hands and requested the spirits to beat time with the tambourine on my hands. They did so, and gave me more than I asked for, by striking my knees, hands and head in a similar manner. I have seen the tambourine players in the minstrel bands in New York; I have seen the best performers in the country; but they cannot perform equal to these spirits. The perfect time and the rapidity with which they beat are truly surprising.

Spirit-hands with phosphorus upon them passed around the room, opening and shutting, and exhibiting them in various ways and positions which no mortal could assume or occupy—demonstrating them to be veritable spirit-hands physically organized. The phosphorescent illumination from these hands was so distinct, that it occurred to me I could see to read by it; and I took a pamphlet from my pocket and asked the spirit to place the hand over it, that I might see if I could read by the light. The spirit did so, when I at once perceived that I held the pamphlet wrong end up. I turned it, and could read. The members of the circle remarked that they could see very plainly my hands, face and the pamphlet I held, and as distinctly could see the spirit's hand and a portion of the arm. I then put out my hands and asked the spirits to shake hands with me; they did so almost instantly. I then asked them to let me examine their hands, and they placed them in mine, and I looked at them and felt them until I was entirely satisfied. Others asked the same favor and it was readily granted them. These spirit-hands appeared to be reorganized from the same elements that our hands are; and, except that they had a kind of tremulous motion, and some of them being cold and death-like, we could not by our senses distinguish them from hands of persons living in the form.

This spirit-hand took a pen and we all distinctly saw it write on paper which was lying on the table; the writing was executed much more rapidly than I ever saw mortal hand perform; the paper was then handed to me by the spirit, and I still retain it in my possession. At the close of the session the spirit of King, as is his custom, took up the trumpet and gave a short lecture through it—speaking audibly and distinctly, presenting the benefits to be derived both in time and eternity from intercourse with spirits, and exhorting us to be discreet and bold in speech, diligent in our investigations, faithful to the responsibilities which these privileges impose, charitable toward those who are in ignorance and error, tempering our zeal with wisdom; and finally closing with a benediction.

I am aware that these facts so much transcend the ordinary experience of mortals that few persons can accept them as true on any amount of human testimony. I believe the addresses of the following named persons, and hope they will excuse me for the liberty I take in referring to them in this connection, for the confirmation of my statements. They were present at some or all the circles which I attended, when these manifestations occurred: R. J. Butterfield, Cleveland, Ohio; William D. Young, Covington, Ind.; David Edger and daughter, Mercer Co., Pa.; S. Van Sickle, Delaware, O.; S. T. Dean, Andrew Ogg, and Geo. Walker and son, Amesville, O.; Axel Johnson, Milford, O.; W. S. Watkins, New York; Thomas Morris and wife Dover, O.; Dr. Geo. Carpenter, Athens, O.; Thomas White, Mount Pleasant, O. Many other persons were present, whose names I did not learn. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said a judicious parent.

"But ma, I like her, and she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as I do; and she has lots of toys."

"I cannot help that my dear," responded the anti-American, "her father is a shoemaker."

One day, a little girl, about five years old, heard a preacher of a certain denomination, praying most justly, until the roof rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered—"Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God, he would have to talk so loud?" Such a question is worthy a volume on "elocution in prayer."

ECONOMICAL.—"My lad," said a traveler to a little fellow whom he met, clothed in pants and a small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"Mammy's washing it."

"Have you no other?"

"No other!" exclaimed the boy in surprise, "would you want a boy to have a thousand shirts?"

A DOMESTIC STORY.

THE TWO DAGUERRETYPEES.

OR, HOW JIM SCROGGINS WAS REFORMED.

CHAPTER I.

Jim Scroggins, though in the main an honest, peaceable, quiet, harmless fellow, had a beset habit of getting drunk whenever a fit opportunity presented itself; and, unfortunately, because "where there's a will there's a way," the opportunities were both fit and frequent. Jim owned a comfortable homestead that he had almost paid for. Mrs. Scroggins was a "real worker," and no doubt did her full share in buying the homestead. She was endowed, with a great deal of energy and good judgment, and people were so malicious as to say that she was the smartest man of the town.

Be this as it may, Mrs. Scroggins was an industrious woman, and took a good deal of pride in the little place which had been bought by their mutual industry—and the thought of having it wrested from them by a cold-hearted creditor, was in the highest degree disagreeable; but to such a calamity her husband's infirmity, as the good minister of the village called it, seemed to point.

The habit grew upon him, as it almost always does upon those who are in the habit of imbibing too freely. The miseries of the drunkard's wife had been too often presented to the good woman's understanding to be regarded as simply creations of imagination, and she looked forward with alarm to the little place. But what could be done? She had exhausted her eloquence upon the infatuated man, without producing anything but a temporary effect. She pointed out to him kindly the inevitable effect of his indulgence, and Jim proposed to do better; but, alas for the vanity of human expectations! he got tipsy the very next day. Then she appealed to his love for money—to his satisfaction in being the owner of a cottage and ten acres of land—and, warming up with the importance of the subject, declared that she would not enslave herself any longer to pay for the place and then have it taken away from them to pay a rum-bill. Jim listened to the good dame's eloquence, and, as usual, promised to better; but also, as usual, he came into the house, the very next day, tight as a fiddle-string.

Mrs. Scroggins was in despair; "what do she didn't know," as she expressed it to Parson Allwise who was a sympathizer with her in distress. She had entreated, she had pleaded, she had begged, she had prayed, she had wept, she had fasted, she had done all that a body do." Parson Allwise himself, though he made it a point not to interfere in the domestic affairs of his parishioners, was at last moved to try his powers of persuasion on the poor fellow. But Jim, unfortunately for the success of his appeal, had but a poor opinion of ministers in general, and Parson Allwise in particular; and as good as told the worthy pastor that he had better mind his own business.

Mrs. Scroggins was shocked at the boldness of her spouse in answering a minister of the gospel in such a pointed manner, and was led to believe that the case was now hopeless indeed. But woman's wits are equal to almost any emergency; and though she had confessedly given him over to the tender mercies of the devil, she could not help thinking it would be a good thing; if he could only be saved from himself. One day, a circumstance seemed to conspire in favor of an experiment which had suggested itself to her fertile brain, and she immediately carried it into effect, with the most happy success, as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER II.

Jim had been cleaning out the pig-pen, and, as the operation was rather a disagreeable one, he had fortified his olfactory organs by drinking an inordinate quantity of the vile New England rum. The filthy stuff, happily, did not take effect on his brain till the job was done. The pig-pen was cleaned out but Jim was in a condition which better fitted him to occupy it than the neat, white doored kitchen of his cottage. But Jim did not realize this unpleasant truth, and leaving his shovel and hoe in the sty, staggered to the house.

"He was a sight to behold," as Mrs. Scroggins told the minister. The job he had just completed was essentially a dirty one, and Jim, as we have remarked, being prudent, he had prepared himself to perform it without any detriment to the neat garments he ordinarily wore. He was dressed in a ragged suit of clothes, and on his head rested a shocking bed hat, with the crown stove in, and the brim half torn off. As the liquor began to fuddle him, he moved it over from its perpendicular position, so that it rested quite jauntily on one side of his head.

Jim settled himself heavily in a chair by the cooking stove, looked silly, and seemed disposed to address himself to slumber, his usual resort when inebriated. Mrs. Scroggins was mad at first, for it was only the day before that Jim, for the hundredth time, had promised never to drink another drop, not even in case of sickness. But what was the use of getting mad with such a poor, silly, imbecile thing as he was at that moment. He was not in a condition to appreciate a regular matrimonial blow up, and she wisely resolved to reserve the vials of her wrath to be poured out at a more convenient season. She looked at him, and thought of losing the little place—a penury, degradation, and the pig-pen. A lucky thought arose, like the Rhexip from the flames, out of the contemplation of the dark future; and after a few moments deliberation, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and hurried over to the village not half a mile distant. For a week previous, a young daguerreotypist, with a portable saloon

—a kind of overgrown omnibus—had been delighting the villagers by giving them the resemblance of their faces, at prices varying from nine shillings to three dollars a head, depending on the value of the case. All the people of the town had been daguerretyped, and the omnibus man was the most popular man in the village. All the dames and maidens had been taken, and every Jonathan and Jebial who could boast of Susan, a Ruth, or a Sally, was taken with her by his side in the picture, his arm thrown lovingly around her neck, and looking unutterably affectionate.

But Mrs. Scroggins was not sentimental; she had got over all that long before Jim took to drinking. She proposed to put the skill of the daguerreotypist to a more practical use than that of getting the good will of a lover. She entered the saloon; and, though her heart did beat a little at the degradation of exposing her domestic matters to an entire stranger, she demeaned herself with all the firmness becoming the trying occasion. Fortunately for her all the people in the town had "been taken," and it was dry time with the artist. In a few words as possible she stated the case to him, and the young gentleman readily promised co-operation. Taking his apparatus under his arm, he accompanied Mrs. Scroggins to the cottage where Jim was sleeping off the effects of the villainous "New England." The inebriate sat in precisely the same position in which his wife had left him. He was asleep in a high-backed chair, which kept his head up, so that everything was favorable to the sitting.

In a trice Jim Scroggins' old hat, ragged clothes, long beard, dozing, drunken expression, and all, were transferred to the plate. But the picture did not suit the artist; he thought one taken when the sitter was awake would be a more correct representation. Mrs. Scroggins thought so too, and when the daguerreotypist had put in a new plate she waked Jim up.

"What d'ye want?" asked Jim, with a yaw.

"Wake up!" and the lady gave him a smart pinch, which opened his eyes, giving out the true expression of the drunkard.

The artist was prompt, and in an instant a second edition of Jim Scroggins was on the plate. The original, not being required for further use, was suffered to sink away and complete his nap. The pictures were put in to a frame, and Mrs. Scroggins produced her money.

"Nothing, ma'am! I shall not charge you anything."

"But, sir, I am able to pay."

The artist shook his head, resolutely refusing to touch her money. Of course, Mrs. Scroggins was grateful, and gave the artist an invitation to take tea with her, which he accepted. In the course of the meal, the daguerreotypist told the story of his life—how he had been brought up in the midst of intemperance, and knew all about it. His father had died a drunkard, and leaving his mother penniless, he had supported her from the profits of his portable saloon. Mrs. Scroggins, of course, sympathized with the young man, and readily understood why he would not take pay for the pictures.

But, what was better than all, the young artist took quite a fancy to Jim's only daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen; and, after tea, insisted on taking her daguerreotype. And the silly rogue pretended that the first was not a good one, and took another—one of which he took away with him. The tea things were cleared away, and when he did go, the poor girl's heart followed him and half the night she laid awake to think of him.

CHAPTER III.

Jim Scroggins recovered from his debauch, but the first thing he saw when he came into the kitchen in the morning was two daguerreotypes, which lay upon the table. He picked up one of them and started back in confusion, when he recognized his own distorted features. He examined the other. It was the countenance of the first, with open eyes, and looking ten times more hideous than the sleeping picture.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed he, "did I ever look so infernal homely as that?" and he proceeded to scrutinize the pictures a second time.

"Blame me! if I thought I ever looked so confounded mean as that! I'd go down and jump into the river."

Jim stopped to think. He fully resolved never again to be the loathsome being they represented him to be. Taking the black bottle, he went to the door with it, and with a right good will hurled it on the door-stone, where it was dashed into a thousand fragments, and the delectable stuff irretrievably lost.

"Hallo, what are you about?" said a young man just entering the yard.

"Smashing my rum bottle," said Jim, with admirable coolness. "You are the dogtype man ain't you?"

"I am."

"Walk in, if you please," said Jim, ushering Mr. Shadow into the sitting-room, where his wife and daughter were.

"Wife," said he, "you had the pictures taken."

"I did, James."

"I've broke the bottle, and as to looking like them things again, I never will."

"Here is the pledge," said Mr. Shadow, who was a temperance man in practice as well as in principle.

"I'll sign it, by mighty!" and Jim did sign it.

"Now, wife, will you rub them things out?"

"Certainly, James," and Mrs. S. went for the pictures.

"And now," said the young man, "Mr. Scroggins if you will walk over to my saloon, I shall be happy to take the real man, as God made him."

"I'll do it; and Betsy shall come to, and Susy."

Susy went with her father and mother, though her picture had been taken. On the way Mr. Shadow walked by her side, and said a great many silly things. The daguerreotypes were taken, and Jim was surprised to see the difference between the picture of a drunken man and that of a sober one. He drank no more liquor, and though this incident happened three years ago, he is still a sober, reputable man in the village. The little place is all paid for, and Mrs. S. is superlatively happy. Susan, in less than a year, becomes the wife of Mr. Shadow, who, notwithstanding his name, is a man of substance, and loves his wife all the more because he was instrumental in saving her from the degradation of being a drunkard's daughter.

Manufacture of Ordnance.

A correspondent of the Charleston (Mass.) Standard writes as follows respecting the manufacture of ordnance and ammunition at Washington:

Perhaps one of the most interesting places to a landsman at least, about Washington, is the Navy Yard. Investigations and improvements are carried on there, apart from the affairs of common life, which are curious and important, and which are little noticed at the time.

The cutting of bullets from the bars of lead, instead of the old way of moulding them, has been practiced elsewhere perhaps but I never saw the process in operation before. They are chopped off as rapidly as the punch can be made by steam to fall upon the bar, and they possess an advantage over the mould bullet, in the fact that the weight of the ball is better distributed—no one part is heavier than the other.

The Percussion Cap manufactory is also curious. Thin strip of brass or copper, as thin as a deed paper, is put into the machine; a plug, in shape like a club spot on the common playing card, is punched out; this driven by a punch into a socket, is thumped off the end of the punch by a spring which is worked by the same machinery, and falls into a hopper a perfect cap. This is filled by machinery equally simple and as inexplicable as the cap seems to one who does not understand the process of its construction. An intelligent lad of about twelve years old, who is instructed in the operation would manufacture a peck of them in an hour.—This also, I presume, is not uncommon; but the matter in which I found the greatest interest was in the ordnance department. A series of experiments are being made, which must ultimately prove of exceeding value.—Guns are cast in any shape that may be suggested by the process of investigation, then fired to test their projectile force then fired until they burst; and when the result has been attained, with every care to determine the causes and conditions of the experiment, sections of the broken metal are carefully drilled out from different parts of the piece, from the muzzle and the breech, and the inside and the outside, and each piece is subjected to a strain to test its tensile strength. To apply this strain one end is fastened to a frame, and the other is taken hold of by machinery, and the power is so magnified that the iron is obliged to part. In the process these experiments, one fact has become pretty well established which rather contradicts received opinion. It has been supposed that the cannon, always, cooling from without and the outside contracting, therefore, around the inside still extend by heat, would become more brittle, but this, in such tests as have been used, would not seem to have been the case. A bar cut from the outside of the cannon will generally part with about the amount of extension as a bar cut from the inside, whether it be taken from a longitudinal or vertical section of the gun. Another fact of some importance however, has been established. It is found that the strength of the gun may be much increased by taking this weight of metal from the muzzle and casting it around the breech. A gun for instance, had been cast with a view to this experiment, which was much thinner at the muzzle than cannons usually are, but which was so much thicker at the breech, where the charge explodes. It was fired some 1200 times under every conceivable condition likely to insure explosion and when it did burst, the fracture occurred at the breech as is usually the case with cannons.

"I hate to hear people talk behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable called, "stop thief?"

Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only reveal the propriety that compelled the loan.

No one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

Bacon says: "The debauches of youth are so many conspiracies against old age."