The Wellsborough Advertiser.

BY WILLIAM D. BAILEY, [SELF-DEPENDENCE AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT—THE FIRST RIGHT, AND THE FIRST DUTY OF EVERY NATION.] EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. 2.—NO. 44. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1851. WHOLE NO.

Terms of Publication.

The WELLSBORO' ADVERTISER is published every Thursday morning, and furnished to subscribers at $1.50 per annum if paid in advance; or $2 if payment be delayed over the year. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months, and when for that term only, payment must be made strictly in advance or $1 will be charged. The foregoing terms will be strictly adhered to. No paper will be discontinued until paid for, unless at the option of the editor.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The circulation of the "WELLSBOROUGH ADVERTISER" is LARGER than that of any other paper in the county. It circulates extensively throughout Tioga and Potter counties. Farmers offering Farms for sale, and Merchants, Mechanics, and Business men generally, will consult their own interests by ADVERTISING in this paper, the circulation of which is already larger than that of any other in the county, and is rapidly increasing. Terms moderate.

The United States and Macedonian.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

The subjoined authentic account of the battle between the United States frigate and the British frigate Macedonian, was written by an old sailor, an Englishman, who was a boy on the British ship at the time of the battle. His name is Samuel Leech, and his simple, truthful narrative, possesses a greater degree of interest than the more labored efforts of professional authors.

The Sabbath came, and brought with it a stiff breeze. We usually made a sort of holiday of this sacred day. After breakfast, it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar deck, sometimes in blue jackets and white trowsers, or blue jackets and blue trowsers; and at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vests, and blue or white trowsers, with our bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black, glossy hats, ornamented with black ribbons, and the name of our ship painted on them. After muster we frequently had church service read by the captain; the rest of the day was devoted to idleness. But we were destined to spend the Sabbath just introduced to the reader, in a very different manner.

We had scarcely finished breakfast before the man at the mast head shouted, "Sail ho!"

The captain rushed upon the deck, exclaiming, "mast head, there!"

"Sir?"

"Where away is the sail?"

The precise answer to this question I do not recollect, but the captain proceeded to ask, "what does she look like?"

"A square rigged vessel, sir," was the reply of the look out.

After a minute the captain shouted again, "mast head, there!"

"Sir?"

"What does she look like?"

"A large ship standing towards us."

By this time most of the crew were on deck, eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain.

"Keep silent, fore and aft."

Silence being secured, he hailed the lookout. To his question of "what does she look like?" the lookout replied,

"A large frigate, bearing down upon us, sir."

A whisper ran along the crew that she was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command, "All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!"

The drum and fife beat to quarter—bulkheads were knocked away—the guns were released from their confinement—the whole dread paraphernalia of battle was produced, and after the lapse of a few minutes' hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band who, claiming exemption from the affray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen were stationed below, on the berth deck, with orders, given in our hearing, to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

Our men were all in good spirits; though they did not scruple to express the wish that the coming foe was a Frenchman rather than a Yankee. We had been told by the Americans on board, that the frigates in the American service carried more and heavier metal than ours. This, together with our consciousness of superiority over the French at sea, led us to a preference for a French antagonist.

The Americans, among our number, felt quite discouraged at the necessity which compelled them to fight against their own countrymen. One of them, named John Card, as brave a seaman as ever trod a plank, ventured to present himself to the captain, as a prisoner, frankly declaring his objections to fight. The captain, very ungenerously, ordered him to his quarters, threatening to shoot him if he made the request again. Poor fellow! he obeyed that unjust command, and was killed by a shot from his own countrymen. This fact is more disgraceful to the captain of the Macedonian, than even the loss of his ship. It was a gross and palpable violation of the rights of man.

As the approaching ship showed American colors, all doubt of her character was at an end. "We must fight her," was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could insure success, was accordingly made. The guns were shotted, the matches lighted—for although our guns were furnished with first rate locks, they were also provided with matches attached by lanyards in case the locks should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders, who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses and pistols, how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was followed by the captain, who exhorted them to fidelity and courage; urging upon their consideration the well known motto of the brave Nelson, "England expects every man to do his duty." In addition to all these preparations on deck, some men were stationed in the tops with small arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails and to use their muskets provided we came to close action. There were others also below, called sail trimmers, to assist in working the ship, should it be necessary to change her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main deck. It was my duty to supply the gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship on the side we engaged for this purpose. A wooden screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it; through which the cartridges were passed to the boys. We received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to their respective guns. These precautions are observed to prevent the powder from taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood awaiting orders in motionless suspense. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main deck; this was followed by the command,

"Cease firing; you are throwing away your shot."

Then came the orders to "wear ship," and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after I heard a firing from some other quarter, which I at first supposed to be a discharge from our quarter deck guns, though it proved to be the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise such as I never heard before next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails, just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy's shot. The firing after a few minute's cessation, recommenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shots strike the sides of our ship. The whole scene became indescribably confused and horrible—it was like some awful, tremendous thunderstorm, whose deafening roar is attended by incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath; only in our case, the scene was rendered more horrible than that, by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet as it will reveal the horrors of war, and show at what a fearful price victory is won or lost, I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of that dreadful fight.

I was busily supplying my gun with powder, when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him—the effect alone was visible—in an instant the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief round the wounded arm, and sent the groaning wretch below to the surgeon.

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright, were immediately thrown overboard. As I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the engagement, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot—he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had a grape or canister shot sent through his ancle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him in his arms and hurried him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off and thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarter deck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man who saw one of them killed, afterwards told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation the agonized boy lifted up both hands as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms, and, as he could not live, threw him overboard.

One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart; exclaiming, "O, my God!" he fell and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr. Hope, our first lieutenant was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us to fight with all our might. There was not a man in the ship but would have rejoiced had he been in the place of our master's mate, the unfortuate Nan Kivell.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might. I cheered with them, though I confess I hardly knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiriting in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction around us, it was termed the slaughter house. Not only had we several boys killed and wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. The one I belonged to, had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot had also passed through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which we passed our powder. The schoolmaster received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick bed to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper in the back stay which was shot away, when his head was smashed to pieces by a cannon ball; another man going to complete the unfinished task, was also struck down. Another midshipman also received a severe wound. The unfortunate ward room steward, who attempted to cut his throat on a former occasion was killed. A fellow named John, who for some petty offence, had been sent on board as a punishment, was carried past me wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood drops fall pat, pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

Such was the terrible scene amid which we kept on shouting and firing. Our men fought like tigers. Some of them pulled off their jackets, others their jackets and vests; while some still more determined, had taken off their shirts, and, with nothing but a hadkerchief tied around the waistbands of their trowsers, fought like heroes. I also observed a boy named Cooper, stationed at a gun some distance from the magazine. He came to and fro on a full run, and appearing to be as "merry as a cricket." The third lieutenant cheered him along occasionally, by saying, "Well done my brave boy, you are worth your weight in gold."

I have been asked what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are without thought when they stand amid the dying and the dead is too absurd an idea to be entertained a moment. We all appeared cheerful, but I know that many a serious thought ran through my mind; still what could we do but keep up a semblance, at least, of animation? To run from our quarters would have been certain death from the hands of our own officers; to give way to gloom would do no good, and might brand us with the name of cowards, and insure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation, by fighting bravely and cheerfully. I thought a great deal, however, of the other world; every groan, every falling man, told me that the next instant I might be before the Judge of all earth. For this I felt unprepared; but being without any particular knowledge of religious truth, I satisfied myself by repeating again and again the Lord's Prayer, and promising that if spared I would be more attentive to religious duties than ever before. This promise I had no doubt at the time of keeping; but I have learned since that it is easier to make promises amid the roar of battle's thunder, or in the horrors of shipwreck, than to keep them when danger is absent, and safety smiles upon our path.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my bosom, the din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were pouring through our port holes like leaden hail, carrying death in their trail. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail shaking her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrific splinters, which did more appaling work than even their own death giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of the grape and canister, when he is told that grape shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a cloth. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Canister shot is made by filling a powder canister with balls; these also scatter with direful effect when discharged. What then with splinters, cannon balls, grape and canister, poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the king of terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead for the purpose of repairing damages, for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty; while we were so cut up that we lay helpless. Our head braces were shot and main topmasts were gone; the mizzen mast hung over the stern, having carried several men over its fall; we were in a state of complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers of the quarter deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme; victory and escape were alike hopeless. Our ship was disabled; many of our men were killed and many wounded. The enemy would without doubt bear down upon us in a few moments, and as she could now choose her position, would without doubt rake us fore and aft. Any further resistance was, therefore, folly. So, in spite of the hot brained lieutenant, Mr. Hope, who advised them not to strike, but to sink alongside, it was determined to strike our bunting. This was done by the hands of a brave fellow named Watson, whose saddened brow told how severely it pained his lion heart to do it. To me it was a pleasing sight, for I had seen fighting enough for one Sunday, more than I wished to see again on a week day.

His Britannic Majesty's frigate Macedodonian, was now the prize of the American frigate, United States.

From Works of John Adams.

How Washington was made Commander in Chief.

Every post brought me letters from my friends, Dr. Winthrop, Dr. Cooper, Gen. Jas. Warren, and sometimes from Gen. Ward and his aids, and Gen. Heath and many others, urging, in pathetic terms, the impossibility of keeping their men together, without the assistance of Congress. I was daily urging all these things, but we were embarrassed with more than difficulty, not only with the party in favor of "the petition to the king, and the party who were jealous of independence, but a third party, which was a Southern party, against a Northern, and a jealousy against a New England army under the command of a New England General. Whether this jealousy was sincere, or whether it was mere pride and a haughty ambition of furnishing a southern general to command the northern army (I cannot say,) but the intention was very visible to me that Col. Washington was their object, and so many of our staunchest men were in the plan, that we could carry nothing without conceding to it. Another embarrassment, which was never publicly known, and which was carefully concealed by those who knew it, the Massachusetts and other New England delegates were divided. Mr. Hancock and Mr. Cushing hung back; Mr. Paine did not come forward, and even Mr. Samuel Adams was irresolute. Mr. Hancock himself had an ambition to be appointed commander-in-chief. Whether he thought an election a compliment due to him, and intended to have the honor of declining it, or whether he would have accepted it I know not. To the compliment he had some pretensions, for, at that time, his exertions, sacrifices, and general merits in the cause of his country had been incomparably greater than those of Col. Washington. But the delicacy of his health, and his entire want of experience in actual service, though an excellent militia officer, were decisive objections to him in my mind. In canvassing this subject, out of doors, I found too that even among the delegates of Virginia there were difficulties. The apostolical reasonings among themselves, which should be greatest, were not less energetic among the saints of the ancient dominion than they were among us of New England. In several conversations I found more than one very cool about the appointment of Washington, and particularly Mr. Pendleton was very clear and full against it.

Full of anxieties concerning these confusions, apprehending daily that we should hear very distressing news from Boston, I walked with Mr. Samuel Adams in the State House yard, for a little exercise and fresh air before the hour of Congress, and there represented to him the various dangers that surrounded us. He agreed to them all, but said—"What shall we do?" I answered him that he knew that I had taken great pains to get our colleagues to agree upon some plan, that we might be unanimous; but he knew that they would pledge themselves to nothing; but I was determined to take a step which should compel them and all the other members of Congress to declare themselves for or against something. "I am determined this morning to make a direct motion that Congress should adopt the army before Boston, and appoint Col. Washington commander of it." Mr. Adams seemed to think very seriously of it, but said nothing.

Accordingly, when Congress had assembled, I rose in my place, and in as short a speech as the subject would admit, represented the state of the colonies, the uncertainty in the minds of the people, their great expectation and anxiety, the distresses of the army, the danger of its dissolution, the difficulty of collecting another, and the probability that the British army would take advantage of our delays, march out of Boston, and spread desolation as far as they could go. I concluded with a motion, in form, that Congress would adopt the army, at Cambridge, and appoint a general; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a general, yet, as I had reason to believe this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us, and very well known to all of us, a gentleman whose experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union. Mr. Washington, who sat near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, he darted into the library room. Mr. Hancock, who was our President, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance while I was speaking on the state of the colonies, the army at Cambridge, and the enemy—heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never marked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the President's physiognomy at all. The subject came under debate, and several gentlemen declared themselves against the appointment of Mr. Washington, not on account of any personal objection against him, but because the army were all from New England, had a general of their own, appeared to be satisfied with him, and had proved themselves able to imprison the British army in Boston, which was all they expected or desired at that time.

Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, and Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, were very explicit in declaring this opinion. Mr. Cushing and several others more faintly expressed their opposition, and their fears of discontent in the army and in New England. Mr. Paine expressed a great opinion of Gen. Ward and a strong friendship for him, having been his classmate at college, or at least his cotemporary; but gave no opinion on the question. The subject was postponed to a future day. In the meantime, pains were taken out of doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were generally so clearly in favor of Washington, that the dissentient members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition, and Mr. Washington was nominated, I believe, by Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Maryland, unanimously elected, and the army adopted.

Yankee Trick on a Hoosier Landlord.

In quite a little Ohio village, many years ago, there was a tavern where the stages always *changed*, and the passengers *expected* to get breakfast. The landlord of said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travelers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his horns,) and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen," whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out and take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to fork over fifty cents! One day when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging host, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to get any breakfast.

"What? how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest."

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh, yes! they expect you to it, but not to eat it. I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and driver, that, for sundry and various drinks, &c., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"Why, what on airth are you talkin' about? Ef you calkelate I'm goin' to pay 'four nine-pences' for my breakfast and not get the valee on't you're mistakin'!" said a voice from the back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though "tew hum" they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows, I wont!"

"Well, we'll see," said the other; as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord ready to "do the hospitable," says,

"Breakfast just ready, gents. Take a wash, gents? Here's water basins, towels, and soap."

After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though "Hez" took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "Stage ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?!" inquires the host.

"*One* missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining room, he finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, "the size of a horse's lip."

"You will be left, sir! Stage is going to start!"

"Wall, I haint got nothin' to say agin it," drawls out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be gall-darned ef I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfuss! I paid for it, and I'm goin' to get the valee on't! and ef you kilkilate I aint, you're mistaken."

So the stage started, and left Hez, who continued his attack on the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, &c., disappeared rapidly, before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, 'Squire, them there cakes is [illegible] *East*—fetch us another grist on 'em. Y[illegible] (to the waiter,) "'nother cup of that co[illegible] Pass them eggs. Raise your own p[illegible] 'Squire? this is 'mazin' nice ham. I[illegible] 'bout here tolerable cheap, 'Squire? I[illegible] got much maple timber in these parts, ye? Dew right smart trade, 'Squire, calkelate don't lay your own eggs, ye?" and thus Hez kept quizzing the l[illegible] lord, until he made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conc[illegible] payin' my devower tew this ere table ef you'd jest give us a bowl of bread [illegible] milk tew sorter top off with, I'd be n[illegible] obleeged tew ye."

So out goes landlord and waiter for [illegible] bowl of bread and milk, and set them [illegible] fore him.

"Spoon tew, ef you please."

But no spoon could be found. Lan[illegible] was sure he had plenty of silver ones [illegible] ing on the table when the stage stopper[illegible]

"Say, you! dew you think them pa[illegible] gers is goin' to pay you for a breakfuss [illegible] not git *no compensashun?*"

"Ah? what! Do you think any o[illegible] passengers took them?"

"Dew I *think?* No I don't think [illegible] I'm sartin. Ef they are all as gree[illegible] yew 'bout here, I'm goin' to locate in[illegible] diately and tew wonst."

The landlord rushes out to the stable [illegible] starts a man off after the stage which [illegible] gone about three miles. The man [illegible] takes the stage and says something to [illegible] driver in a low tone. He immedi[illegible] turns back, and on arriving at the h[illegible] Hez comes out and takes his seat and sa[illegible]

"How are you gents? I'm rotted [illegible] tew see you."

"Can you point out the man you t[illegible] has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"Pint him out? Sartainly I ken. 'Squire, I paid you four ninepences [illegible] breakfuss, and I calkelate *I got the* [illegible] *on't.* You'll find them spoons in the [illegible] fee pot!"

Go ahead—ALL ABOARD, DRIVER.

Spirit of the Time.

Singular Circumstance.

Some years since a family (Mr. Ada[illegible] residing on Clarke's Bay, a small is[illegible] which then formed one of the summe[illegible] treats of the neighboring inhabitants, [illegible] ticed in one of their children a sing[illegible] habit of retiring from the table with [illegible] meals untouched, and disappearing, no[illegible] knew where, to enjoy them. This pa[illegible] without remark for some time, until its [illegible] tinuance in spite of the remonstrance of [illegible] parents, and the singular secrecy obse[illegible] by her with regard to her place of cont[illegible] ment, when questioned, aroused curio[illegible] and made them determined to watch [illegible] detect, if possible, the place and caus[illegible] her concealment. She was followed by [illegible] father, who saw her retire into the dee[illegible] recesses of the adjoining woodland, and [illegible] at a fallen tree, which was rendered c[illegible] pletely hollow from decay. This she [illegible] peatedly tapped with a small stick, wh[illegible] large rattle snake after a while appe[illegible] and glided slowly towards her. She [illegible] ded her dinner in two equal portions, [illegible] which they mutually partook, she reprov[illegible] him with a slight tap whenever he pu[illegible] his head beyond the boundary of his sh[illegible]

Alarmed at her critical situation, and [illegible] formidable nature of her quandum acqu[illegible] tance, her father approached and des[illegible] the tears and entreaties of the poor c[illegible] who bitterly wept its fate, destroyed [illegible] dangerous reptile. She was taken h[illegible] disconsolate, for some time pined, and [illegible] not long survive her unfortunate att[illegible] ment.

Whether the sad fate of this inno[illegible] child had aught to do with the singular [illegible] tachment thus formed by her to an ani[illegible] between which and our own species th[illegible] seems ever to have existed a spirit of [illegible] gust and enmity, or whether more than [illegible] common circumstances of a naturally a[illegible] dental acquaintance was involved ther[illegible] we leave to others better skilled in sup[illegible] natural lore than ourselves, to determ[illegible] But the former has ever been the impress[illegible] conveyed by the style of the narrat[illegible] which concludes with the fact that "[illegible] did not long survive it."—*Sun.*

Boys out after Night.

We have on several occasions endeavo[illegible] to impress parents and those having cha[illegible] of youth, with the importance of keep[illegible] them at home after night-fall. A few ev[illegible] ings since, in passing a group of urch[illegible] we were shocked by the obscene and p[illegible] fane expressions which fell from their li[illegible] and we think if their parents had he[illegible] their foul language, they would have [illegible] remorse for their gross neglect of their [illegible] spring. If the parents of these boys wo[illegible] exercise, not only their authority, but [illegible] love they should bear their children, th[illegible] would seek to make *home* a place of hap[illegible] ness and innocent enjoyment, instead [illegible] sending them out to grovel in gross pa[illegible] fanity, obscenity and sensuality. Furn[illegible] your children with some pleasant hom[illegible] Show them by your conduct that you fe[illegible] a deep interest in their hap[illegible] by so[illegible] sacrifice of your own time to please the[illegible] and you will soon win their affections, a[illegible] lead them to find other pleasures than th[illegible] found in lawless revels, amongst rude co[illegible] panions about the streets after night.

Meadville Gazette.

THE progress of some men is so ra[illegible] that they keep ahead of common sense.