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ADVERTISING.

A freeline inserted conspicuously inserted for $1 per year (16 lines) for three weeks 25 cents per square will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Metropolitan will be completed and opened for the [illegible]

[illegible] & Co.
PROPRIETORS. 32tf

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General Commision Merchants
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DEALERS IN
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" 80 " " 61
" 40 " " 30½
Nashua, Feb. 4, 1852.

DR MARCHISI'S
Uterine Catholicon.
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Rutland, Feb. 4, 1852. C. Burt & Son.

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MAIN STREET, RUTLAND, VERMONT.
In the Store formerly occupied by O. L. Hebard two doors north of the Court House where may be found all kinds of
BOOTS AND SHOES
of the very best materials, work &c. on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment. Call and examine. P. MYERS.
Rutland, Feb. 12, 1852. 7tf

PATENT MEDICINES
NO CURE NO PAY.
H. L. SPENCER
Has made such arrangements that he will hereafter be supplied by the Manufacturers with all the popular
PATENT MEDICINES
of the day—many of which are warranted to give satisfaction to the purchaser or the money will be refunded. ☞ Be sure and call at the "Old Patent Medicine Emporium" nearly opposite the Franklin Hotel.

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WATCHES CLOCKS, & JEWELRY
Neatly Repaired and Warranted.
RUTLAND, VT.

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A large supply of the Books recommended for use in Rutland Co. now on hand and for sale to Merchants and others, at low prices. H. L. SPENCER.

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H. L. SPENCER
IS THE ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT for this popular article. Call and see the testimonials. H. L. SPENCER.

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(The genuine article.)
From the proprietors, (Barrett & Sons) sold by SPENCER.
I ADVERTISE nothing that I do not keep. Tf

A Russian Liniment,
LINE ARTICLE.
ALSO
RUSSIA SALVE
Sole Agents and Proprietors
C. BURT & SON.
Rutland, Feb. 16, 1852.

GEORGE SCHMIDT,
Gracefull Pianist,
(Late from the city of New York)
Can be found at Pawlet, Vt.

WATER'S HAIR DY.
For sale SPENCER.

THE INITIALS
For Sale at SPENCER'S.

SPRING GOODS
April 11 1852.
C. BURT & SON
Are now receiving an enlarged stock of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES
HARDWARE & CUTLERY,
Drugs, Medicines and Dyes,
Looking Glasses
BOOTS AND SHOES
of every description.
Shoe Kit and Findings. Patent Medicines of all kinds.

Hats, Hats & Caps.
1852. SPRING STYLES 1852.
THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish his friends and customers with the most approved styles for Hats and Caps at No. 1 Russels Block, Rutland. JOHN COOK.

KOSSUTH HATS, 1852.
A LARGE assortment of regular Kossuth Hats of all qualities for sale cheap at COOK'S

READY-MADE COFFINS.
LANDON AND GRAVES'

Western Tour of Gen Scott

DEPARTURE FROM CINCINNATI—VISIT TO COVINGTON—INCIDENTS ALONG THE ROUTE TO DAYTON, ETC.

DAYTON, Ohio, Oct. 7 1852.

The Burnet House, at Cincinnati was one continued scene of excitement all the morning—visitors crowding in shoals to see Gen. Scott.

A large number of Irish citizens in all some three hundred, came in to pay their respects; they assured the General that, having heard he was not well, they would not have called, except to testify their respects, and show that they disbelieved the slanders spread abroad concerning him.

At 10 o'clock, the General visited the Mechanics' Institute Fair, and expressed himself highly pleased with the exhibition, which was really fine.

[illegible]

The Butchers' Association paraded the streets this morning—their procession was very imposing, being one hundred and eighty strong, and their horses being handsomely caparisoned. They stopped opposite the Burnet House, to salute and pay their respects to Scott.

At 11 1-2 o'clock the General visited Covington, Ky., accompanied by a committee from that city, and part of the Cincinnati committee. On landing from the ferry-boat, on the Kentucky side, the General was received by the citizens of Covington, and a processor was formed, consisting of cavalry, infantry, artillery, firemen and citizens, which paraded the principal streets, halting at the residence of Judge Kinkaid, where an address was delivered by Gov. Morehead, and responded to by Gen. Scott in a very appropriate manner. The barracks received from [illegible] was highly enthusiastic, [illegible] 10 thousand persons were assembled.

In the procession the [illegible] represented the first [illegible] the one representing Kentucky [illegible] attracted by mourning for Henry Clay.

Gen. Scott, in his speech, alluded very happily to this emblem, speaking of his high regard for the character of the great statesman, and his affection for him as a personal friend.

The procession then returned to Lancing, when the ferry boat proceeded to Newport, but owing to low water, a landing could not be effected in time to meet the engagements in Cincinnati. The General, therefore, sent an apology to the citizens, who were assembled in great numbers, and the boat returned to Cincinnati—Scott much disappointed at being prevented visiting Newport.

The special train tendered by the Cincinnati and Dayton Railroad, to convey the General and his suite to Dayton, left the city, at 2 P. M.—The entire streets, from the Burnet House to the depot, were literally thronged with people. Thousands had been gathered round the cars.—When the train left, the people sent up three deafening cheers, and Scott stepping upon the platform, bowed his acknowledgments.

At every station on the road, the people assembled, and the General had to leave the cars and show himself to the crowd. He addressed a few complimentary words to each assemblage.

On the arrival at Hamilton, the scene was very striking, the town being literally decked with flags.—About six thousand persons assembled, and formed a procession. Here also was a car containing thirty-one beautiful children dressed in white and crowned with chaplets of flowers. A large number of bouquets were bestowed upon the General here, and along the route, by ladies, to the envy of many in the company.

The procession moved to the Court House, where Major Milligan welcomed the General in a very elequent address.

Gen. Scott replied as follows:

My fellow citizens of Butler county and of Hamilton, and I hope also, I address some citizens of Roseville. The eloquent address to which I have just listened from your eloquent orator, and which has been delivered in your behalf, and with your approval: the noble crowd I see before me—the cheers which ring in my ears, convince me that I have not lived in vain. It would be gross affectation in me to say, in the face of these demonstrations, that my life had been spent in vain; but, if I should die to-morrow, it would be the last declaration of my dying lips that my country had been more than grateful—more than just, not only for what I have accomplished, but for any service I have attempted to render her. For the little I have done, what a sweet reward do I find in your gratitude, your kindness, and your cheers. I cannot forget, indeed, that I am under special obligations to your town, or, perhaps, I should say city. I was in this place that my name was first presented to my countrymen in flattering terms for the highest honor in the gift of the American people—It is not my desire, nor my intention, to touch upon any political subject, nor shall one party accent fall from my tongue. But I cannot and will not forget that it was from this place, from this beautiful spot in the West—that my name was first sent forth to the people of the Union in connection with the Presidency. The desires of my friends may be accomplished or may not, but my gratitude to Hamilton, to this assemblage, and to your eloquent orator will not be less. The remembrance of this scene will abide by me while I live. My friends, I have little more to say. I have gone through great services to-day, and am much fatigued. It is a great wear and tear upon the constitution to have [illegible] mentally excited, but I thank God I am not yet quite exhausted, but have some little strength left to thank you for the warmth of your kind welcome. Allow me to say one thing more. Your orator referred to the military services which I have been enabled to render to my country. I am not going to fight my battles over again—I am not yet old enough to slumber my faculties and tell over tales of war. I must keep something for old age, for old age requires consolation. When my eyesight becomes dim, and that great blessing the power of reading, is no longer mine—when my appetites are diminished, and I can no longer relish food—then shall I stand in need of all the consolation I can find; but this time will not come for fifteen or twenty years. I may then begin to fight my battles over, and, without intending falsehood, I shall then, doubtless, kill off more troops than Britain ever had in Canada, and slaughter more Mexicans than ever were in Mexico. I do not desire, then, to tell tales of battles, but to allude to the action of my fellow soldiers; the admirable and native citizens of the Union, who fought side by side with me, with equal patriotism and valor—without whom, indeed, none of the proud victories won by our arms would have been achieved. I feel deeply my fellow-citizens, the extent of the debt of gratitude I owe to my brother officers and soldiers, but I wish to refer to one instance in which my orders were disobeyed by a gallant American army.

We entered Mexico one pleasant morning, on the 14th of September, 1847. The Mexican government and the army fled the night previous; between twelve and one o'clock, all but three thousand of their troops, who disbanded, threw off their uniform, and resumed their arms. That dastardly government, before fleeing from the city, opened their jails and turned loose upon the community a set of robbers, convicts and villains, such as I rejoice to say, never disgraced American soil. The object of Santa Anna was to punish the citizens because they failed to accomplish his objects, and obtain from them all he desired. Joined with the disbanded troops, those villains fired upon us from the tops of the houses. The houses there are high, the streets (except the squares) are narrow, and the roofs flat. From these roofs the villainous convicts fired. I say upon American troops, in order to throw our line into confusion, that they might be enabled to continue their plunder of the city. This act, after the town had surrendered, was contrary to the laws of war and of nations, and subjected the perpetrators to instant death. I made the artillery form in the square and fire upon the tops of the houses, but in the narrow streets this was impracticable. The order was then given for the troops to force their way from out the stairs, bayonet in hand, and to put to the bayonet every miscreant who thus disgraced humanity. I also told them to bring me no prisoners. Soon, however, when in the palace, the prisoners came pouring in upon me. Every corporal—every sergeant who commanded a party, brought in five, ten to twenty prisoners. 'My God!' said I, 'Sergeants, why do you bring me these prisoners?' 'Oh, General,' cried they, as with one voice, and they dropped on their knees and begged their lives—'we have slain so many that we could not find it in our hearts to slaughter any more.'

My heart was touched. I clasped the soldiers in my arms, and said, "Soldiers I am proud of you; now indeed do I claim you as my brothers, with pride," for since the records of war began, never before has a General found it difficult to restrain the ferocity of his men, and stay the tide of carnage. Yes, I was truly proud of them; I was truly proud of the noble-hearted fellows, and I think, my friends, you ought to be proud of them too. [The General then recognized in an old friend, Mr Delorac, one of his first and firmest supporters in political life, and spoke to him in terms of kindness.] He thanked the citizens generally, and the ladies in particular, for the kind warmth of the welcome extended to him. He informed the latter that, whether an ancient fellow or not, he was ever glad to see their fair faces. They must remember that he was only sixty-six years and three months old, however he felt young at that. He wished he had the gift of bestowing blessings upon all; but he had not that power, and he could only thank them once again, heartily, with a soldier's thanks, for their kindness. He begged them to accept his sincere thanks, and he secreted to add, his soul, because so speedily, farewell.

The cheering was most vociferous when the General concluded, and a vast concourse of people accompanied the carriages to the railroad depot, and sent the cars off amidst shouts which might have been heard a considerable distance.

The Road to Dayton.

Was one scene of excitement and enthusiasm. At every village on the road where a few houses were together, fires blazed and people assembled to send their cheers after the passing train.

At Middletown, some three thousand persons were assembled, and when the cars stopped, they crowded on the rails, and would not suffer the train to proceed until Scott had got out of the cars and addressed them. Bright fires blazed from a dozen different points, and one monster pile of rails sent up a fearful flame. The Gen. the General was conducted on a flat car by torchlight, and he made a few happy remarks, which were loudly applauded. He was then conducted back to the car in which he had travelled before, and was greeted with deafening cheers as he bowed his farewell to the people.

At Carlisle, Williamsburg, and several other points, there were also spirited demonstrations.

As the train approached Dayton, a beautiful sight presented itself—the entire town was brilliantly illuminated, lights gleamed from the windows, and bonfires blazed in the streets.

The Arrival at Dayton.

The cars stopped at a point of Main street, and for dozens he street stretched a line of firemen bareheaded in uniformed and bearing torches. Hundreds of lights thus shed in the air, as the bearers waved them in welcome: and as the eye ranged along, the effect was grand and beautiful.

The line was well kept for the procession, and General Scott being conducted in a carriage, proceeded through the streets to the Phillips House. Not less than twelve thousand people were assembled, and the streets were loud and enthusiast.

The speeches were delivered from the balcony of the house—that of the General being a very happy one.

The welcoming speech, which was very appropriate, was delivered by Col. Johnston.

General Scott's Speech.

The General said:—Fellow citizens of Dayton—Had I planned a stratagem, and come among you like a thief, under cover of the night to steal away your hearts, the design would have been defeated by your illuminated windows, and the most brilliant torchlight procession I ever witnessed. (Cheers.) But I came not to steal away your hearts. I am only too happy to barter my affections for yours (Cheers.) I cannot conceal, if I would, that I have some place in your esteem—else whence comes this night's thronging—this upturned sea of speaking faces, revealed to me by the light of blazing torches and bonfires? Whence, too, this gathering of my fair country women, whose beautiful faces were partially revealed to me by the torchlight as I passed?—Could this assemblage have taken place if I had not already possessed some small place in your esteem? I thank God that it is so, because it is an acknowledgement that I have done something in the cause of my country, the memory of which you are not willing should perish—something which the voices of your children may hand down to another generation. Having, then, secured your affections, as is evidenced by this display, allow me to return you mine. But why say return you mine? You have had mine long ere now. I am not a stranger to the State of Ohio. I have travelled in this State before, and I am aware of the great services rendered by her sons to the Union in time of war. I know what great numbers of your brave citizens flocked to the standard of the gallant Harrison, in 1812. I know how many hurried to join the army of the brave Taylor, who won battles imperishable in fame, on the plains of Mexico. I also, though the last and the least of your generals, have had the valuable aid of your valiant citizens in many hard fought fields of battle. I recollect, also, fellow citizens, that I stand in the town of Dayton, at the junction of the Mad and Miami rivers. I know that your district has been represented in the councils of the nation by my own particular friends—by Judge Crane, whom I know as a member of Congress, and in private life; by Mr Schenck, now representing us in a foreign country; and lastly, by another valued friend, Hiram Bell.—These are some of the recollections which render Dayton interesting to me. Although I am not able to recognize any familiar scenes, I seem indeed to be in a magic land. This afternoon I left Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, itself a miracle, and I now stand here in Dayton, a small village when last I beheld it, and now a great centre of civilization and wealth. If by an easy motion, all the civic edifices of our country were blown out, from this place would irradiate in civilization and carriage ion enough to light up the whole West.

My friends, you could not well have heard the voice of the veteran gentleman who has addressed me on your behalf. But there are several topics brought to my recollection by his remarks, to which I desire to allude. He spoke of the unmerited fate of the State of Ohio. Allow me to relate briefly an anecdote which that allusion has recalled to my mind, and it is the first time I have ever mentioned the circumstance. Now you may get out of respect that I ever had anything to do with the credit of the State of Ohio.—Well, it is even so. It happened that I was in the city of London, the great money market of the world, where the first bonds and the first stock of the State of Ohio issued to secure the completion of your canal, and those vast internal improvements which have raised your State to her present position—were offered there for negotiation. It so chanced that I was at the table of one of the leading citizens of London, where I met three or four of the principal moneyed men in all Europe. Knowing that, like other soldiers I was not worth a cent, but thinking that I was likely to be acquainted with the resources and character of Ohio, the bankers interrogated me for money lenders are exceedingly anxious about their securities—as to the safety of the investment, the character of the people, and the prospects of the State. I answered that Ohio had more acres of arable land than any territory of a similar extent on the globe. I spoke of the natural advantages which the State derived from the Ohio on the south and east, and Lake Erie on the north of the climate, soil and productions. It was, however, an easy thing to say that the population was thrifty, enterprising and economical, but I had to prove it; so I said to them that a man travelling thro' the State would nowhere be without a school house or church of [illegible] under his eye, and where these go together, good faith and public credit are inevitable. And this is a truth which can never be too often impressed upon the mind. Without the union of education and religion, there is no faith in man; no, nor in woman either. The English capitalists said to me, "You have said enough—we will buy the stock." They did buy it, and at a good price; and in that way I materially contributed some little to the success of that negotiation. This, too, must I add in confirmation of what your orator has spoken—the people of Ohio have gloriously redeemed any little pledges in behalf of their State. The General then dwelt upon the kindness he had experienced during his present trip, and thanked the people of Dayton eloquently for the honor they had bestowed upon him.

Departure from Dayton—the excitement along the Route—Arrival at Springfield, etc.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Oct 8—2 P. M.

The excitement at Dayton was kept up the greater portion of the night, and the town was so full that visitors could not procure beds. This morning large numbers flocked to the hotel to call upon the General.

We left Dayton by the Mad River Railroad at 11 o'clock, A. M. A large number of citizens and a body of firemen accompanied Gen. Scott to this place, and the assemblage at the depot when he left was great.

At various stations between Dayton and Springfield, demonstrations of a spirited nature occurred; and at Osborne and Enon several thousand had assembled, and short addresses were delivered.

The turn out at Springfield was large some three or four hundred horsemen being in procession. Here the train remained two hours, and the procession after parading the streets, proceeded to the City Hall, where an address of welcome was delivered by S. Shellabarger, and responded to in a brief and appropriate reply by the General.

A large number of people are in town, and the ladies are out in full force. This is the banner whig county of the State, and the enthusiasm, of course, exceeds its usual bounds. We leave in a few minutes, by the same road, for Urbana.

SPEAKING OUT.—Those who have spoken in public can scarcely judge of the consternation of an old lady who *spoke out* in church. It was formerly the custom in country towns, for those who lived several miles from church, to remain during the interval between morning and evening service.

On this occasion she had taken some milk in a pitcher for the children; and in the most interesting part of the service, a dog, who had followed them into the pew, thrust his head into the pitcher. Whether his head was too large, or the pitcher too small, is not our province to determine; but having regaled himself, the pitcher still obstinately retained its position, and he was discovered barking out, with the pitcher stuck fast upon his head, and the milk streaming in every direction on his head and shoulders. 'Get out, you pop!' says the old lady.—Frightened at the sound of her own voice. "Oh, dear! I spoke out in meeting!" said she; 'there, I spoke out again. Oh, dear me! I keep talking all the time!'

Work among the New-York Poor.

We started in one of the streets leading from the Five Points, and after winding about in a maze of strange alleys and dark courts, crossed a low passage to a house back of the Old Brewery. My companion was Mr Pease, the Missionary, and as he knew the ground better, I let him lead, keeping as close behind him as possible, and it must be confessed, grasping my cane with a feeling of some satisfaction. As we groped along the dark passage, a door opened occasionally and lights gleamed out, and haggard, filthy faces looked at us, but with no especial curiosity, for no one knows or cares for any one else in these great rookeries. At length, as we turned the angle, we found ourselves in more light, and an open door showed a crowd of low women in a small dirty room gathered to great glee around some game they were playing. Scarcely glancing in, we passed, and in the next room, at the door, there stood two or three dirty children. Something in the expression of one—we have a look of such sad want—struck me, that I involuntarily stopped, and the children rushed forward, recognizing Mr Pease, and clung to his hand most affectionately. Hardly stopping, he turned down another stairway, led me through cellar of the old building then going on a few steps, knocked at the door of a room. It was opened at once, and we were welcomed by a nice young Irish girl. The place looked neat, there was a table-cloth on the table, and a candle burning in the room—and the floor was well swept. In one corner was a large bed with three children in it. The air was very damp in the room and reek with the odors from without. This young girl and her mother occupied the room. Her mother was out. Mr. P. fell at once into conversation with her. After some talk, he asked her, 'What she was working at now?' 'Plain sack shirts, sir,' she said showing them to us. 'What did she get for them?' 'Ten cents apiece,' she replied. 'How many can you do in a day?' 'Two, and sometimes three if I begin at six and work till late at night.' 'You do other work?' 'Oh yes sir, men's homes—and I can get two shillings for them, an' sometimes three and six in the day; and does anything beside—though don't often get that. When I do, I can earn a dollar a day. You know it won't do to wait for work—I must take what comes, and ladies don't like to put fine work in such places, and so I takes the [illegible] jobs.'

'So, all you make with them, is twenty to thirty cents a day?'

'Yes sir.'

'Aren't you afraid of falling behind with your rent and everything?'

'Oh, no, Sir—I always come out right.'

'You did much better with me, Jane—what did you use to earn at my work?'

'As much as shillings, Sir.'

'Well, come over to the house to-morrow and I can give you some more work!' And after a little further talk we bid her good night.

The girl was not more than twenty-two years old—with a fresh, cheerful, healthful face, which it did one good to look upon. I cannot in any way convey the healthy, hopeful tone with which she spoke of her meagre wages, and the chances of work; though none knew better than she in that foul neighborhood the terrible ale native, if she did fall behind-hand. She was out of the best class of seamstresses; yet there was to me in her clear, hearty look and her neat dress and her whole bearing, a purity which contrasted singularly with her vile quarters. Mr. Pease says he has known her for years, and has there is not a more virtuous girl in the city. As I made my way out of the filthy den, I could not but think of how differently she might be living, if she had chosen anything but an honest life. The virtue that holds out in such places, must be worth something.

Our next visit was to a needle-woman of rather better class. The house was in an alley leading out of Pearl street. We entered it by a stairway on the back side, and, it seemed to me, wound about through some half-dozen passages and up and down a half-dozen stairways, before we reached the room. Each room that we passed appeared to have a separate family in it—in one quiet, working people, cooking their supper; in another, a company of coarsely talking women, putting on their finery for their evening walks through the streets; in another some desperate looking men, whom one would rather not meet in a lonely alley of a dark night, and who glance at us suspiciously as we pass by. In general, however, we were not noticed.

The seamstress opens the door at our rap, and meets Mr P. in a very friendly manner. We are invited in, and chairs placed for us, and she introduces her aunt, with whom she occupies the room.—all done as quietly and easily as any lady would do it.

This sewing woman Mr P. had known in better days. She was the daughter of a religious man, and by his sudden death had been left to support herself with her needle.

There were some other sad things about her life, which I did not inquire particularly into—a love and promised marriage and then the affair broken off, which had all left a gloom upon her. She seemed about twenty-eight years old, in full womanhood—a striking, noble face, with black, waving hair, a rich complexion, and a full dark eye—which no lively talk caused for a moment to relieve of its sad, wearied expression. She is one of the best shirt sewers in the city. She works from *six* in the morning till *eleven at night*. Sometimes at stitching fine shirts a day, and earning usually $3.50 a week; her board and washing costing her from $2 to $2.50 per week.

We asked how she could bear such steady work. She said she had not lost a day for two years and a half.

Her aunt added to us, that she would very often sew and then go to bed because she was so weak, and then get up to sew; but sometimes *she could hardly work for crying so!*

She laughed, and said "she very often pulled herself up in her bed to work, and at one time her eyes [illegible] so that she could not see to stitch across the street, but they were better now."

I do not know, but I believe our eyes were a little dimmed, as we thought of the weary hours of toil, which must have blurred such bright eyes as hers.

Mr Pease was trying to induce her to go into an establishment he could procure her, where she could earn just as much as she earned now, without working in the evenings, and on easy days work.

She feared to change. There was always so much risk in changing.

He assured her there would be no risk; and her, if she wanted a spare day occasionally, she could have it.—No, she never wanted spare days; but he would think of it, and thanked him much.

Before we went, she told Mr P. of an employer to whom she had lately been, who doubted the testimonials of character which Mr Pease had procured her.

Her cheek flushed, and the dark eye gleamed as she spoke of the suspecting questions of the man, "and I told him I would do no work for him at any price, after such insulting questions."

[illegible] ye in the city, who [illegible] the vitals of poor girls, and squeeze the [illegible] profits from the needle-women's [illegible] that often her honor is as [illegible] her reputation as dearly beloved as that carefully cherished as that of your own wives and sisters. It is easy to drop the base, insinuating word which shall rankle in her heart more than all your legalized exactions and oppressions.

As we went out, she lighted us down through the winding staircase. "What good can we do up here in case of a fire?" said Mr P.; for it seemed a most impossible for any one to find his way out in case of any confusion. "There is a passage over to the next roof," she answered.

As we worked our way out into the cheerfully lighted streets again, I felt a sensation of relief.

"You see how a religious woman works," said Mr P. "She knows what is in her; and yet she probably never sees more than fifty cents a week, and always has the tremendous chance of sickness before her."

"But what becomes of such women?" said I.

"God only knows," he replied.—"Sometimes they marry, though usually men much lower and coarser than themselves; generally they work on. Many die young, others you find sometimes in the last destitution, in the lowest haunts of the city; and, alas! very many end in the hospital and the asylum hospital. They disappear from all knowledge of any one. God help them!"

"God help them!" say I, from my heart, for Man seldom will. C. L. S.

Take a Newspaper.

It may be laid down as an incontrovertible proposition that every family *ought* to take a newspaper. The price paid for it will be money well spent. Unfortunate indeed, must be the man who cannot give 3 cents a week, postage included, to know what is going on in the world; but still more unfortunate is he who cares not to know. In the family where a good newspaper is taken, the man of observation will at once discover a degree of intelligence which is not to be found where one is not taken. The contrast between two such families is most striking. In the first case there is a spirit of enquiry, a seeking after information, produced by the paper, which it cannot entirely satisfy. Books are sought and read, and in time the members of this family become well acquainted with men and things, and are able to converse intelligently on the various interesting topics of the day; while in the other family it is hardly known who is governor of the state or representative of the county. Such grovelling stupidity can furnish no adequate apology for itself and we fear is not to be circumvented by argument or reproof.

The delightful employment of reading ought to be encouraged in children, and as newspapers are more attractive to the young than any other description of reading, parents should supply this aliment of the mind without stint. It is poor economy to decline to take a paper because it will cost a dollar or so to pay for it. Retrench in anything else, but do not rob the mind to fill the coffers.

The India Rubber case between Goodyear and Day has been decided against Day.