The Vermont Phœnix.

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The Vermont Phœnix.

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SOUTHERN MAILS.

	Close. A.M.	Close. P.M.	Open. A.M.	Open. P.M.
New York and Southern States,	8:15	2:45	11:30	5:15
Albany and Western States,	8:15	2:45	11:30	5:15
Stations bet. Bratt'o & N. York,	8:15	2:45	11:30	5:15
Ashuelot R.R.,	8:15	2:45		5:15
New London Northern R.R.,		2:45	11:30	

EASTERN MAILS.

Boston, Rhode Island, Eastern Mass., Me. & S. E. New Hamp.,	8:15	1:15 and 2:45	11:30	5:15
Vt. & Mass. R.R.,	8:15	1:15		1:00 and 5:15
Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg R.R.		1:15		1:00

NORTHERN MAILS.

Vermont, Western New Hampshire & Northern N.Y.		10:15		4:00
Dummerston, W. Chesterfield, N. H., Putney, Cornish, Bellows Falls, Charlestown, N.H., Springfield, Claremont, N.H., Windsor, Woodstock, Northfield, Montpelier, Bethel, W.R. Junc. & towns on West Vt. R.R.		4:00	9:15	
Keene, N. H.,		10:15	2:45	1:00
STAGE MAILS.				and 5:15
W. Brattleboro,		10:30	4:00	8:30
Townshend, Williamsville, Fayetteville and Jamaica,			4:00	8:30
Wardsboro (close Tu., Th. & Sat., open Mon., Wed. & Fri.,)			4:00	8:30
Dover, Tu., Th. & Sat.,			4:00	8:30
Heanington way,			4:00	8:00
North Adams way,			4:00	8:30
Chesterfield & C. Factory, Mon., Wed. & Fri.,			1:45	9:30
California, overland, daily,			2:45	5:15

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E. J. CARPENTER, Dealer in Toys, Fancy Goods, Books, Stationery, Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals. Subscriptions received for the principal Newspapers and Magazines, and forwarded by mail or otherwise. *Simonds' Block, Elliot Street.*

DR. O. R. POST

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June 9, 1870 1y34

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☞ Orders promptly attended to.

West Brattleboro, Vt., May 1870.—3y19

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DEAR SIR, I beg leave to inform you that I have disposed of my business as Planing Machine Manufacturer, to C. J. WELD, to whom I would refer you, trusting the favors so liberally bestowed upon me will be extended to him.

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Address CALVIN J. WELD, BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Sept. 24th, 1869.—1y20

Poetry.

NIGHT-FALL.

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in clouds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper, rest,
Underneath and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man
As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

BONGFELLOW.

General Literature.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" The shrill alarm rang out on the evening air, and multitudes followed the rattling engines to the scene of conflagration—a block of small buildings in the most densely populated part of the city. Despite the exertions of the firemen, the flames continued to spread, until it was evident that the entire block would be destroyed. The occupants were persons in moderate circumstances, who now stood watching the progress of the surging flames with intense anxiety, yet powerless to avert what to some of the number would be utter ruin.

"Take care of your pocket-book, Maury, one of our neighbors has just been relieved of the burden of his," said one of the crowd addressing an elderly man, who, with his wife clinging to his arm, was silently gazing at one of the burning houses. He turned as the words reached his ear, and with a faint smile of mournful significance, replied,

"Thank you for the warning, friend Thomas, but that is a matter on which I have no fears. The only thieves I fear are the flames, and against them I cannot guard."

He turned away as he spoke, and his troubled glance met that of his wife, over whose pale cheeks tears were quickly falling.

The attention of many spectators had been drawn to them, and a young man who stood at some little distance, riveted his eyes upon the sorrowing couple with an expression of something more than mere curiosity or compassion. He then spoke to Mr. Thomas.

"I believe you called that gentleman Maury?"

"Yes. William Maury is his name," was the reply.

"Did he not formerly keep a trimming store in Second street?"

"Yes, for many years; but the march of improvement crowded him and other small dealers out, to make room for large establishments, and some time ago he came up here. His case is a sad one. All his means were invested in his goods and he has not a dollar of insurance, and as his house was next to the one in which the fire broke out, he has saved nothing. In one respect he is fortunate; he has no family, only himself and wife; but they will be entirely destitute."

The young man bowed his thanks to his informant, and pushed his way through the crowd till he stood beside the object of his inquiries whom he accosted in a tone of respectful familiarity.

"Pardon the liberty I am about taking sir, we are old friends, though I fear you do not remember me. Will not Mrs. Maury's health suffer by being exposed to the night air?"

"I am afraid that it will," replied Mr. Maury looking anxiously at his wife.

"I do not feel the cold," she said quietly.

"No anxiety renders you insensible to it; but that does not lessen your danger. Indeed you should not remain longer," said the stranger with an air of deep interest.

"Alas! where shall we go?" half sighed the spirit-saddened man, gazing wistfully on his once comfortable home.

"Allow me, sir, to claim the privilege of friendship, and conduct you to my house. Remain here for a moment and I will return."

With these words the young man hastened away, but presently reappeared and conducted the Maurys to a cab, in which all three took their places, and were soon driven to a distant part of the city, where the vehicle stopped before a neat two-story building. The young man who had meanwhile given his name to his companions as Richard Davis, assisted them to alight, and discharging the cab led the way through a small store to a comfortably furnished sitting room, where requesting them to take seats and make themselves at home, he left them speculating on the cause of the great interest he seemed to take in their affairs.

They had little time however, to interchange expressions of wonder, ere their host reappeared with a pleasant looking woman, whom he introduced as his wife, and who greeted them with such frank, earnest cordiality as tended to increase their astonishment. The young man laughed gaily as he saw their surprise.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I see I have raised your curiosity, so I must not longer delay to gratify it. Let me ask you in the first place Mr. Maury, if you have any recollection of a poor boy, who some fifteen years ago attracted your benevolent notice, and whom you started in life with a stock of trimmings that to him seemed almost inexhaustible?"

Mr. Maury slowly shook his head, while he gazed upon his host with increased wonder.

"No!" resumed Richard. "How should one amongst numberless kindred deeds remain in the memory of the generous benefactor? But it has remained, and ever will remain impressed on my mind for I was the unfortunate child thus bountifully assisted. I was alone in the world with no relations or acquaintances even, save a poor family of the name of Conner who had known my deceased mother, and for her sake gave an humble shelter to her destitute orphan. What with selling chips, running carands now and then, and so on, I earned a trifle occasionally which was useful to those with whom I lived, for they had a large family, and could but ill afford the additional expense of supporting me.

After awhile I found that errand boys and girls who lived near us were getting along first rate, as they said, by disposing of candy and cake, which a woman in our neighborhood supplied them with at a very low price, and I adopted this mode of making a living, which, though toilsome, I found equal to my humble expectations, and I continued it for a long time.

One day, however, I was very unfortunate. I had taken a new route, and wandered on hour after hour without making any sale; and it was nearly dark when I turned to go home, more completely downhearted than I had ever been before. I was going on slowly, holding out my little basket of confectionary to the few passers-by, when a boy coming by gave a tip to my basket, which upset its contents into the gutter. This was the finishing stroke to the day's calamities, and as the fellow ran off laughing heartily at my doleful looks, I sat down on a step and began to cry in utter despair; for I remembered that I had nothing to begin the next day with and no money to replace my little stock.

But it happened that it was near your store that this disaster occurred. You had seen it all and called me to you. Very soon you were made acquainted with my story, and you not only gave me a quarter of a dollar, which amply covered my loss, but stocked my basket with various little articles of trimming, which you said I could take about with the candies, and when I could find no sale for the one, I might for the other. I recollect how frightened I was when I saw you putting in so many things, for the candy woman was always particular about the price of every cake and stick of candy, and I did not dream that you intended giving me so much without payment. But when I asked about it you only laughed and told me to take them for nothing, and when they were all sold if I wanted more, to come back and you would sell me whatever I wanted very low and some day I might have a store of my own. While you were talking your wife came down stairs, and after looking at me a moment, went up again and brought me two big buns, which I eat as I went home. Never did food taste to me so delicious, for I had eaten nothing since breakfast; and after all the trouble I had had through the day, I was now completely happy.

On reaching home another piece of good luck awaited me. I found a pedler (an old acquaintance of Connor's) at supper with them, and after I had related all that passed to my good friends, who were surprised at the sight of a basket full of trimmings, the pedler proposed to take me with him in his journeyings. This appeared to all a fine chance for me, as he intended as soon as he could realize sufficient means to open a store in some western town, and promised to give me, should I prove worthy a liberal share in the profits.

I thankfully accepted his offer, and it was decided that on the following day we should depart. The only thing that troubled me was that the hour for starting was to be so early that I could not go to my generous benefactor, whose kindness was the commencement of my good fortune, and inform him of my project. This at first grieved me very much, but as one of the children, from the description I gave of the store, was positive that the sign bore the name of William Murray, I contented myself with resolving that as soon as the pedler, (Uncle Rogers as he told me to call him) would fulfil his promise of teaching me to write I would send a letter from whatever part of the country I might chance to be which should assure you of my lasting gratitude, and detail my situation and prospects. It was full two years before I was able to act on that resolution, and as I had not learned your name correctly, of course my letter failed to reach you.

But I must hasten with my story, leaving particulars to a more seasonable time. My little stock was carefully deposited in uncle Rogers' covered wagon, and having, as he termed it, formed a co-partnership, we pursued our wanderings for sometime with success, and at last opened a small store in Cincinnati. As years passed by, our business continued to flourish beyond our most sanguine expectations. Uncle Rogers faithfully fulfilled his promises in my regard, and when at length I became the husband of Susie," he glanced pleasantly at his blushing wife as he spoke, "I found myself at the summit of earthly happiness. Uncle Rogers' delight in our union was scarcely less, I believe, than my own; but the good old man did not live long to witness our felicity, and his death to both of us was a sad affliction. Nor did the last token of his attachment, his bequest to me of all the little property he possessed, tend to decrease my sorrow.

After his death Cincinnati became distasteful to me. I longed to behold my native city again, and as Susie had no ties to render her reluctant to depart, we soon made arrangements for coming thither.

During all the period of my absence I had retained a lively recollection of the events of the day preceding my departure; and on my arrival, as soon as I had found a boarding-house, and conveyed Susie and our baggage to it, I hastened to Second street. I had not thought of the changes fifteen years make in a thriving city. The entire street looked to me unfamiliar, and I walked square after square, looking intently at every trimming store, making inquiries at several; and at last remembering the directory I consulted it in eager anticipation; all in vain. Tired, disappointed, and a good deal out of humor I returned to my wife, acquainting her with the ill success of my search.

She, to whom I had often related the unlooked for bounty that made the name of Maury a sacred word to me, sympathized in my disappointment, but encouraged me to hope that on the morrow I might be more successful. But the morrow brought only a similar result. As for the Connors, after whom I next sought, I easily found their former residence, and learned that they had all gone to the west several years previous.

Today a lucky chance led me to the fire. I had been but a few moments there when your neighbor warned you against pickpockets. The name struck me as being so much like the one that was haunting my memory, that I leaned forward eagerly to see the person he addressed, and when I beheld your face, and heard the well remembered voice, my heart leaped with the conviction that I at last beheld my benefactor. A few inquiries satisfied me that I was correct, and after being induced to almost despair of ever meeting you again, you may imagine that I delayed not an instant to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded of addressing you.

And now my dear friends," continued the young man, taking a hand of each and pressing them warmly between his own, "let us end this long recital by requesting you henceforth to consider this house your home. Nay, no refusal!" he added in a tone of entreaty as Mr. Maury was about to speak. "I had intended when I left Cincinnati to see if we could not become partners in our business; now I insist upon it, for I am sure the connection will prove both pleasant and profitable. Come, Susie, and tell our friends, that my chief inducement to return to my native place arose from the hope of again seeing them, and being honored with their friendship."

The young wife readily corroborated her husband's words, and assured them of the pleasure it would likewise afford her to have them remain, who seemed like old friends, she had heard them spoken of so often. The aged couple were at first silent from excess of emotion, but Mrs. Maury folded her arms lovingly around Susie, while her husband, pressing Richard's hand in grateful acceptance of his offer, in tremulous accents besought heaven's blessing on the home that afforded shelter to the friendless. There were tears in every eye in that group, but tears of sweet and happy feelings, and when they separated to seek their tranquil repose, the hearts of the young people were full of the pleasurable emotions that ever wait on a generous deed; while their guests with mingled feelings of awe, love, and gratitude, gave thanks to Him who had thus fulfilled for them the gracious promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days thou shalt find it again."

THE MAD STONE:

A HUNTER'S STORY OF ITS CURE OF A RATTLESNAKE BITE.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

When I first went into the West I lived on a fine farm of my own in the heart of the Wisconsin hunting grounds. One day a young friend—a boy about seventeen years old—accompanied me on a hunting excursion, and one of my dogs, an old retriever, was an awful enemy to snakes; especially to rattlesnakes. The whirr of these "critters" rings seemed to madden him, and I never knew him to leave one of them without making a corpse of him.

On this occasion as we were crossing one of the home fields, the old dog stopped suddenly nearly against a heap of faggots and dry grass, and began to bark furiously. At first I thought he had got a rabbit, or some other like vermin; but as we drew nearer we saw, at one corner of the rubbish heap, the tall, sleek body of a rattlesnake, standing up distinct and dark against the sky, on the tip of his tail, and shooting fire from his infernal eyes, and angrily darting his tongue out of his evil jaws every second. I called the dog off, fearing lest he should get bitten by the snake, who stood there "curled up like a cork screw," and evidently meaning venom. As the dog was very much excited, according to his wont over such matters, I was about to put the couples on him and run him off with one of my beautiful lemon and white setters, when the boy said, "Hold on, I'll soon kill him, if I can but get hold of a stick."

I remonstrated with him, and would fain have shot the snake at once and ended the row, but he was headstrong and wanted the fun. So he got it. He went deliberately up to the reptile within the length of his stick, perhaps a yard long, and began to plague him by poking the end in his mouth. This got him "awful mad," and he leaped at his persecutor, meaning to dart that forked fiery tongue into his flesh, and so get himself revenged. But he fell short, and as the lad sprang back he trod upon the slut setter, and trying to get from her he unconsciously and most wofully got into the range of the snake, which hissed and rattled, and finally (all done in a second, as it were,) the beast bit him.

I shall never forget his face the longest day I live. The *Pallida mors* of Virgil, was just the color of it. I up gun and shot the snake in a moment, and then looked at his hand. Two tiny punctures were there, and no more; but now what was to be done? "My boy," said I, "let's hurry home; I am afraid this wound is mortal; but keep your heart up, and there may be hope. We turned back instantly, and on the way I gathered some leaves of a plant called by the country folks "rattle snake plant;" this I chewed at my own risk and made into a poultice and applied it to the wound. It had already begun to look inflamed and angry, and he felt scintillations of pain, like the stings of sudden electric shocks, all up the arm. When we got inside the house I poured a half pint of whiskey, made on the farm, into a basin and made him drink it as fast as he could. In the meantime Crooked Bob, an ancient servant of the place, whom I found on the estate and bought with it, as I used to tell him, ran out of doors the moment he heard what was up, and was seen trudging down the croft to a neighbor's hunting box-a large log cabin—kept by WILLIAM SYKES, his dam and his frow.

WILLIAM was at the house long before Crooked Bob, as he had nimbler legs; and as he rushed in at the open door he exclaimed:—Here it is Master GEORDIE! Just put it against the wound, and we will see a sight!"

"What is the matter?" said I, rather irritably, I fear.

"It is the Mad Stone, Master GEORDIE," he replied. "Bless us! didn't ye never hear of BILL SYKES' Mad Stone?"

I said nothing, but took it from his hand, a stone as large as an orange, only square and smooth, and of a light green color. It had not been in contact with the flesh more than two minutes, during which time I held it in my hand, when I felt a tingling sensation of my arm, such as he complained of; also a numbness and tightness of the blood vessels that was most painful. Stranger still, however, the green color of the stone deepened gradually, as if it had been absorbing a liquid; in ten minutes, it was fairly saturated with moisture, when BILL asked for a bowl of old milk, and began to wash the stone in it,—the patient feeling very considerably relieved. The stone was porous, and clung to the flesh like a leather sucker, such as boys use attached to a string, with which to pull up large rocks.

As soon as the stone was freed from its impurities it was put to it again; and no leech could have done its work better. It sucked away like a regular seasoned old malt-worm, and drew all the poison out of the blood, along with a good deal of blood also. In half an hour the wound was healed, the inflammation and the swelling had gone down, and there were no more bad symptoms.

I tried to buy the stone when I came away, but BILL wouldn't sell it for the Captain's homestead, he said, where he lived. Nor could I make out to what formation of rocks it belonged.

That nature contains, in some one or other of her dumb creatures, of plants, or rocks, the specific for every disease that exists, I make no manner of doubt. All nature waits on man, if he did but know how and where to find his servants; just as nature represent the thoughts, feelings, emotions and passions of the mind, as well as the physical organism; represents and confirms them by her loving illustrations.

A GEM OF THE SEA.

CORAL AND ITS ORIGIN.

In the last number of Chambers' Journal a writer on coral says:

"As to fashion or taste for coral, who can trace it to its origin. The Greek name *korallion*, "sea-ornament," denotes at once an admiration for it; but they were wofully at issue about the nature and origin of the substance. The ancients used coral as amulets, as an ornament for bucklers and helmets, as a charm to protect infants from disease, and (treated in many ways) as a medicine against fever, opthalmia, and other maladies. During the middle ages, coral was very seldom mentioned by writers, and is supposed to have been but little used. Francis the first gave a start to the use of this pretty substance for ornamental purposes; and it has remained in favor ever since. It is now made into negligees, beads, bulls, boutons, bracelets, brooches, earrings, tiaras, combs, hair pins, links, studs, scarf pins, charms, settings for rings, parasol garnitures, cameos, etc. The 'irrepressible nigger' is said to be very fond of coral ornaments; and we shall perhaps not be very uncharitable if we suppose that he is occasionally an unsuspecting purchaser of false or imitation coral; such sophistication is known to be practised by the use of cinnabar and other red and pink coloring substances. With regard to India, as the Hindoos are often buried with their personal ornaments on them, and these ornaments often include coral, there is here a commercial source of exhaustion, which encourages a commercial increase of supply.

But the really grand growths of coral are almost distinct from those formations which are found in the Mediterranean, and which supply the ornamental specimens. These grand growths are the coral reefs. M. Darwin, some years ago, prepared a map in which were put down all the reefs of coral which surround the numerous islands in the Pacific. In one almost straight line of ten thousand miles from Pilcairn Island to China, those reefs stud the vast ocean. The reefs are classified for convenience into three groups: 1. The *atoll* reef is a circular or curved ridge of coral, visible at low water, but nearly covered at high water, and having a tranquil lake in the centre. The diameter varies from one mile to sixty miles, in different examples; and the shape is usually an irregular oval. There is generally a profound depth of ocean at a very short distance from the atoll. In one case the depth is a thousand feet, at a distance of a quarter of a mile; but far more noteworthy than this, there is one atoll at two hundred feet from which no soundings could be found with twelve hundred feet of line; and another, where seven thousand feet found no bottom at a mile and a quarter distance! The interior lake or lagoon is never profoundly deep. We may therefore picture to ourselves an atoll as the top of a steep conical submarine mountain, with a kind of crater at the summit. 2. The barrier reef differs from an atoll in having one or more islands within it; it forms, in fact, a barrier around an island or islands, at some considerable distance, and separated by a moat of very deep water. Some of them run along parallel to the shore; in some the islands have joined to form a continuous strip of dry land; while in many instances the island forms a very lofty mountain. 3. The shore reef resembles a barrier reef in having land within or near it; but the dry land is very near, and the intervening water very shallow; while in most instances there are no islands or islets, the whole reef being submerged at high water. In all the three kinds—atoll, barrier and shore—the reef has been formed by countless myriads of coral insects, working at the construction of their hollow dwellings. Mr. Darwin, by tracing a local connection between volcanos and reefs, arrived at a conclusion that wherever an atoll or a barrier reef has been formed, the bed of the ocean had subsided; while at the spots where shore reefs occur, the bed of the sea is either uprising or stationary. Islands and mountains in the Pacific have been submerged by the subsidence of the ocean bed; and when the subsidence had taken place to a certain extent, coral insects set to work at their busy labors; for, whether in the Pacific or the Mediterranean, the insect always works in the water, but at no great depth below the surface. All three kinds are satisfactorily accounted for on this view, as being in three stages of development. The shore reefs are formed first as a fringe of coral around the coast of an island; by further subsidence each becomes in time a barrier reef; and each of the latter develops into an atoll reef, by the insects constantly building at the top of it. The Pacific coral is doubtless as beautiful as that of the Mediterranean; but being more remote from inhabited countries, it has not so much chance of being worked.

WEALTH FROM NEWSPAPERS.

Henry J. Raymond at the time of his death was worth $300,000, and made every cent of it out of the Times.

James and Erastus Brooks have estates valued at more than $150,000 each, all made from their earnings as owners of the Express.

James Gordon Bennett, who began the Herald with $200 or $300 borrowed money, in an Ann street cellar, writing on a board, is now worth over $5,000,000.

Henry C. Bowen, after failing as a merchant, turned his entire attention to the publication and management of the Independent, and realizes $90,000 to $100,000 a year from it.

Manton Marble, who ten years ago was a task writer on the Evening Post at $25 per week, is at present sole owner of the World, valued at least at $500,000, and has an income of some $75,000 a year.

Horace Greeley, with all his carelessness of, and sovereign indifference to, money, could be sold out for $150,000, though he made his entry into the metropolis a poor printer's boy, with all his fortune in a small bundle of clothes swung on a stick.

Robert Bonner, not long since a printer at the case, making with very hard work $30 a week, boasts of possessing $200,000 worth of horses; has an annual income from the Ledger of nearly $100,000, and would not sell his popular weekly for $1,000,000.

As to men of letters purely rather than journalists, Wm. Cullen Bryant's estate is estimated at $600,000 or $700,000.

Bayard Taylor, who made his first journey over Europe on foot, because he could not afford to travel otherwise, has long been in comfortable circumstances from the proceeds of his writings. He is not rich, for he lives generously; but he may be set down at $70,000 to $75,000.

George William Curtis, who was a silent partner with Putnam when the house failed years ago, and lost all he had, resolved to pay certain debts, though not legally bound for them, like the high-minded, honorable gentleman he is. It is only two or three years since he discharged the last of these obligations. He now has a salary of $10,000 from the Harpers for writing editorials for the Weekly, the Easy Chair for the Monthly, and other literary work, and is at least pecuniarily independent.—*Corres. Chicago Republican.*

THE CHINESE.

We have no sympathy whatever with any man or class of men who would monopolize the privilege to labor in this country or object to freedom of individual choice of the kind of labor one would pursue. Nor have we any sympathy with those who would exclude any man or class of men from the broad fields which this country offers to honest industry and enterprise. We except no nationality; we would shut the doors of the nation to none except criminals. We know, and every one knows, that there are acres enough to be tilled and corresponding and related vocations in which capital and labor must be employed ample enough to give every man opportunity for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, although the influx of foreign population be ten millions annually. So let the Chinese come.

1. Because they are industrious, peaceable, reliable, and are needed—needed because every year increases the proportion of consumers to producers more rapidly than any but foreign reinforcements can balance.

2. Because there is a cry for help from the fields and kitchens of the country which is not supplied by any other class of immigrants.

3. Because, in proportion as the producing power of a people is increased, the masses—and especially the poor—are benefited.

4. Because every added laborer is an added consumer. And his wants cannot be altogether supplied by himself. The dollars he earns in one department of industry must be spent to the profit of some other department; for men buy what they do not produce.

5. Because every added dollar's worth of manufactured goods, implements, luxuries and food produced and consumed in this country adds to the general wealth and thrift of the people; adds to the general wealth and thrift of the people; adds to the strength of the government, and to the skill, intelligence and independence of our population.

6. Because such added labor will increase the diversity and perfection of our products, and correct oppressions, exactions and abuses among all classes growing out of labor monopolies.

7. Because our undeveloped resources are so much unemployed wealth; and every added laborer increases their development and adds to the general prosperity; for if one trade or profession is over-supplied with capital and labor, the surplus is sure to overflow into undeveloped, uncultivated fields. If the flood overflows the river's banks, and sweeps away a few tenements and destroys a few fences, it also irrigates the bottom lands and renders them more productive. If this country were so densely populated that there was excuse for idleness, the case would be different. But ten millions increase of industrious immigrants per year, for fifty years, will only add to our general prosperity, without in anywise embarassing, except temporarily and in isolated localities, those engaged in any specific employment.

Do not, therefore, let us forget the general good that is to result from an influx of population; nor the past era of national prosperity born of steadily increasing importations of muscle, brains, and skill; nor the future needs of the Republic, with its tremendous war debt and increasing expenditures, which must be paid from our products. Welcome every producer. Welcome every laborer. Welcome every dollar every immigrant brings hither and prevents going out of the country in exchange for the products of other countries. No farmer can get rich with a big farm on his hands upon which to pay taxes, with no labor to render its resources available, and who is compelled to buy his food of his neighbor. So no country can prosper which does not support its own population from its own resources and export more than it imports.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THOUGHTFUL PARAGRAPHS.

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.—*Locke.*

There is nothing that can pay one for that valuable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine, groundless hopes, and that lively vanity which make up all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification, I find myself growing wiser and wiser every day.—*Lady Montague.*

"Oh," says the person proud of blood, "it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen. But what would others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings.—*William Penn.*

Truth-telling, in its highest sense, requires a well-balanced mind. For instance, much exaggeration, perhaps the most, is occasioned by an impatient and easily-moved temperament, which longs to convey its own vivid impressions to other minds, and seeks by amplifying to gain the full measure of their sympathy. But a true man does not think what his hearers are feeling, but what he is saying.—*Helps.*

If you are so niggardly that you cannot teach your child to become generous, you need not be mean enough to make it become stingy; if you are so avaricious that you cannot allow those virtues to grow up in its heart, whose beauty and fruitage shall gladden and bless mankind, you need not work so diligently for Satan as to plant therein that "love of money," which is the "root of all evil."

POPULAR EDUCATION.—Guizot, minister of public instruction in France, said: Universal education is henceforth one of the guarantees of liberty and social stability. As every principle of our government is founded on justice and reason, to diffuse education among the people, to develop their understandings, and enlighten their minds, is to strengthen their constitutional government, and secure its stability.

Horace Mann, the great apostle of popular education in this country, says: For augmenting the aggregate amount of intelligence and mental power in any community, the grandest instrumentality ever yet devised is the institution of common schools. The common school realizes all the facts or fables, whichever they may be, of the divining rod. It tries its experiments over the whole surface of society, and wherever a buried fountain of genius is flowing in the darkness below, it brings it above and pours out its waters to fertilize the earth. Under the magic touch of the common school, Shermans rise from the shoemaker's bench, Beechers from the blacksmith's anvil, Bowditchs and Franklins from the soap chandler's and tallow chandler's shops, and a new galaxy shines forth over all the firmament of genius.

HUMORS OF THE CENSUS.—The taking of the census is beginning to develop curiosities. A nationalized German in one of the most densely populated districts in the 17th ward of New York city, displayed a profound ignorance in regard to geographical matters and to the country of his birth. On being asked if he was of American birth, he said: "Nein, nein; I beese a Pennsylvania Dutchman." Another sovereign of the soil also answered negatively to the question as to his American birthright, saying that he was born in Connecticut. A mulatto asserted that he was bred in Jamaica, West Indies, in the State of Long Island. Several old married couples have found it impossible to state when they became husbands and wives, and were not able to furnish information about how many sons and daughters they had who were alive, and how many who were dead, until after a good deal of reckoning. A woman in New Hampshire gave the census enumerator her age as thirty years, and insisted upon the truth of her statement when the officer expressed surprise. Soon after, the age of her youngest son was asked for, and stated to be 26, while that of her eldest son was given at 28! However, she might have been only a step-mother.

WANTED.—A few living samples of the following articles:—

Ten men who will do just as they agree, provided subsequent events after making their promises, should show something to their interest to violate their word.

Ten persons who will plainly and fearlessly speak and act for the right, regardless of what others say or do.

Ten persons who believe, and will show by their actions that a legal enactment cannot cancel a moral obligation, and that the taking the bankrupt act does not pay for value received.

Ten persons whose religious life shall so permeate all of their life and business transactions that evil speaking, gossiping, tattling, etc., shall not be found in them, "Israelites indeed."

Any community having these articles to spare will oblige us by reporting soon, as this, and some other places that we know of, are greatly in need of them.—*Milwaukee Index.*

MR. OWEN visited Alexander Campbell at Bethany, to make arrangements for their discussion on the evidences of Christianity. In one of the excursions about the farm they came to Mr. Campbell's family burial ground, when Mr. Owen stopped, and, addressing himself to Mr. Campbell, said: "There is one advantage I have over the Christian; I am not afraid to die. Most Christians have fear in death; but if some few items of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment." "Well," answered Mr. Campbell, "you say you have no fear in death; have you any hope in death?" After a solemn pause, "No," said Mr. Owen. "Then," rejoined Mr. Campbell, (pointing to an ox standing near,) "you are on a level with that brute. He has fed until he is satisfied, and now stands in the shade whisking off the flies. He also has neither hope nor fear in death."

THE ENGINEER.—And who of those who ride ever think of the engineer, with his oily clothes, his keen eye, his well-trained hand, his advanced position, and his responsibility? Too few of us, we fear. We chat with the conductor, we tell him stories, and say he is a good fellow, as he is, but there is another on the train in whose keeping we are when we are rushing over the rails, and that is the engineer. Thank God they are brave, sober, earnest men. They are undervalued, overworked and underpaid; they are not noticed because they do not dress well; they are seldom thought or spoken of, because they are workingmen or "mechanics," but who of us all are better, braver, or more deserving than the railroad engineers of America?

QUESTIONS TO SOMEBODY.—"Call again!" Why? Don't you owe this bill? You do? Then why not pay it? Do you say it is not convenient? Why then contract the debt? What right have you to buy when you cannot pay? Do you say you can pay, but don't like to spare the money? Isn't your course, then a little thievish? What right have you to keep another man's or woman's money in your pocket? Only a seamstress, a washerwoman, and laborer, you say? Are you not mean then as well as thievish? Because the creditor is poor or weak, and afraid to push you, you carelessly put him off, do you? Are you a man, a woman or worse than a heathen, which? Or are you simply thoughtless? Is not the present a good time for repentance and amendment?

—When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is wrung for dinner.

—A ray that always lights up a woman's despair—Rai-ment.

—Society is said to be nothing but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries.

—Why is the figure nine like a peacock? Because it's nothing without its tail.

—In pocket-picking, as in almost everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.

—"Oh, Emma, don't laugh so hard," said a younger sister of five years, "you'll break a blood steamer!"

—There is nothing better for the health than fresh laughter, but it is seldom produced by stale jokes.

—It is said that everything finds its proper element, but when a man drinks like a fish he seldom takes to water.

—"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

—The Russian minister of finance authorizes the employment of women as bookk