

the pocket of a servant, would deserve and receive the severe rebuke of every honest heart.

Yet how many take from those in their employ, without a thought of wrong, that which is more valuable than silver or gold, their hours of leisure and enjoyment by useless and selfish exactions, wound their feelings without a cause, and humble and embarrass them with thoughtless impertinence; which pierces as deeply and painfully the heart on which it is laid, as the like treatment from a superior would their own. Many a servant girl is superior to her mistress, has more true refinement of feeling, more generous impulse, more purity of heart, all uncultivated though she may be. It should be the constant effort of those whom fortune has favored, to note every spark of intellect, and warm and cheer it into life, that the world may have the benefit of its light and truth. For that which is but a glow-worm speck to-day, may be a brilliant star to-morrow; growing brighter and brighter and holier, as the years roll on through all the ages of eternity.

History of Reporting.

Although the debates in the British Houses of Parliament are reported at greater length and more systematically than any other proceedings which transpire in the United Kingdom, the statute which requires the parliamentary debates to be held with closed doors, and by which a printed report becomes illegal, is still unrepealed! The published debate is only an accession to the public demand, but that which was reluctantly granted as a privilege, is now demanded as a right.

The early struggle of the London press to secure for its patrons the record of what transpired in the Legislature are given in Mr. Hunt's interesting work, entitled "The Fourth Estate." From it we learn that from 1743 to 1766 no one appears to have been able enough to attend a regular report of the debates, but that in the latter year Mr. Almon commenced to publish brief reports of some important proceedings of the time; they are, however, very imperfect as historical records. In 1774 this gentleman began to publish regular reports of both houses in his "Parliamentary Register," and from that time to the present the records of the British Legislature are tolerably complete. After the famous struggle with public opinion, and the imprisonment of Lord Mayor Croshy, (as related in one of our editorials last week,) a reluctant permission was granted, but though reporters and publishers were no longer persecuted, no facilities were offered for taking a report. Whoever attempted to preserve a record of the debates had to sit in the strangers' gallery, and often to wait for hours on the stairs before admission was granted even then.

When in the House no note-book dared to be exhibited, and hence the only man to report at all was one with a good memory. The most celebrated of these early reporters was Mr. William Woodfall. His method of reporting was very different from that adopted at the present day, and when the difficulties he had to contend with are presented, the results he secured are surprising. His custom was to sit through an entire debate, making here and there a secret memorandum, and then when the house was up he went off to write out his report, which occupied him sometimes till nearly noon of the next day, the paper containing the debate being published in the evening. His reputation, however, spread far and wide, and when strangers visited the House of Commons their first inquiry often was, "Which is the Speaker?" their next, "Which is Mr. Woodfall?" It is said that he would sit for very many hours without any refreshment whatever, but when hungry and faint with his long task would draw a hard boiled egg from his pocket, take off the shell in his hat, and stooping down, make a meal on the indigestible dainty in haste, lest the sergeant-at-arms should witness the infraction of the rules of the house. Woodfall is said to have been very dignified, and not very fond of the society of his fellow-reporters; and a gallery tradition declares that one day the hard eggs were filched from his pockets by some rival, and unboiled ones put in their place, to the great discomfort of the victim of the practical joke. Woodfall is described as the intimate of Garrick, Goldsmith, and all the actors and dramatists of repute in his day. Mr. Woodfall's first reports were made for the London Packet, from which he transferred his services to the Morning Chronicle, and it was with his leaving that paper some years after that Mr. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, commenced the present successful system of reporting; a system supported not by man of remarkable powers, but by a succession of skilful men, each taking notes for a fixed period, and then writing them out for the press. Mr. Perry was the first man who was able to print the debates of one night in a paper of the next morning. While Woodfall was laboriously working out his report, assisted by notes from some of the speakers, for publication in the evening, Perry's version of the debate was being circulated and read all over the city. The result was, that Woodfall's paper failed while Perry made a fortune.

Several members of Perry's corps of Parliamentary reporters were men remarkable for talent and wit, and from that day to the present the gallery has held a number of distinguished men. Among the more recent literary instances the names of Hazlitt and Charles Dickens are often quoted. The latter is described by his old colleagues as having been as excellent in this, his first literary attempt, as he has since proved himself to be in the higher walks wherein he won his fame.

Members have sometimes complained of the way in which their harangues are reported, but in truth the speakers owe a debt of gratitude to those who place their speeches before the public dressed in all the graces of oratory and grammar. The words as they are uttered, and the same as they are printed, are often a curious improvement

one upon another. All the stutterings, the hesitations, and the repetitions are omitted; the argument, the illustrations, and the facts being alone preserved.

When the New Times was started, a part of their plan was to report the Parliamentary debates verbatim; this was commenced, but it is said that within a week the proprietors were threatened with actions for burlesquing the speeches of honorable M. P.'s. The printing of harangues as they were spoken rather than as they were intended to have been spoken, was unendurable, and verbatim reports were abandoned.—[Ex.]

Iron and Steel Manufactures.

We collect from our foreign papers the following paragraphs respecting manufacture of iron, and the improvements therein:

Prof. Frederick Crace Calvert, of Manchester, has patented an invention, the object of which is to obtain a better quality of cast and malleable iron from certain iron slags or cinders, known by the names of puddling, refinery, and heating slags or cinders, than is effected at the present day. The way of applying these slags or cinders on a blast furnace, consists in adding them, either alone or mixed with ironstone, without submitting them to any previous preparation, except sometimes burning them in a heap. The consequence is that as they descend in the furnace they are soon carried to a bright red heat and fused, and get mixed with the various materials which compose the charge of a blast furnace. A portion of these slags or cinders falling on mine or coke, is not fluxed, and thus gradually finds its way into that part of the furnace where cast iron is being produced, and uniting with it, descends into the cupola or the blast furnace. It is easy to understand how the above iron slags or cinders are chiefly composed of silicate, sulphure phosphuret of iron, which act most injuriously on the quality of the cast and malleable iron.

The mode of operating, so as to effect the complete fixing of the above slags or cinders, and thus prevent the silica, sulphur and phosphorus arriving in contact with the cast iron which is being produced, is as follows:—The first process consists in reducing the above puddling, refinery, and heating furnace slags or cinders into coarse powder which is done by any of the ordinary mill and grinding apparatus now in use, and then adding to them about one half their weight of slacked lime, made into a thin paste. They are well mixed together, and the mass is made into lumps or bricks of convenient size which are dried or not, according to circumstances, previously to adding them at the top of the blast furnace; or the dried lumps of lime or slag or cinders may be calcined in a separate furnace, and afterwards introduced with ordinary mine, at the top of the blast furnace; or the mass of lime and slag may be mixed with coal, coke, or charcoal, and calcined in a furnace, or introduced into crucibles and thus separate the iron it contains previously to its addition on the blast furnace. The patentee remarks, that heating slags or cinders generally do not require roasting, but that refinery and puddling slags often do.

The second process consists in roasting or oxidizing the iron slags or cinders before they are mixed with slacked lime. To oxidize these slags or cinders two different processes are adopted. The slags are reduced to fine powder, and introduced into an oxidizing furnace, such as is used for roasting ores; and while the powder is carried to a dull red heat, it is well stirred, so as to transform the iron or the protoxide of iron it contains into peroxide, the silicium into silica, the phosphorus into phosphates, and the sulphur into sulphuric acid. When the powder has assumed a bright red color, and no more sulphurous acid is produced, it is taken out of the furnace and mixed with slacked lime, and applied as above described.

The third process to which the patentee submits puddling, refinery or heating slags or cinders, is to reduce them into a powder, and introduce them into furnaces which communicate with the blast furnace by means of long flues into which the volatile products given off from the mouths of the blast furnace or of the coke oven are passed. When the powdered slags or cinders are not sufficiently heated by the gases for those to act upon the component parts of the slags or cinders, a gentle heat is applied so as to carry them to a dull red heat; then the silicate of protoxide of iron are decomposed and metallic iron is produced. When the operation is completed they are taken out and allowed to cool. Such reduced slags or cinders having been made into powder, are to be treated with slacked lime, in manner before described.

The patentee claims the use of hydrate of lime, or slacked lime, in combination or intimately mixed with heating, puddling, and refinery iron, slags or cinders, both before and after calcining the latter.—[U. S. Mining Journal.]

PHILOSOPHY AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—In the different squares of our city, it is really distressing sometimes of an afternoon, to witness the effect produced by nurses vying with each other in decorating their poor little infant charges so as to make them look genteel. Go to a fashionable watering place, and the cases worse; parents and sisters also feel their credit at stake, in producing the best dressed little responsibilities. In the country, properly so called, how different! These children are allowed to kick off shoes and stockings, if they please, in hot weather, and to run about at and where they choose. The effect is that they grow up robust and strong, with healthy minds and healthy bodies.

The effect of these city fashions, pushed to the extremes they are, upon health, is not easily to be estimated. A child dressed up in fine clothes, cannot take proper hearty exercise. Its movements are all watched and constrained by the nurse. It never moves without the fear of being

scolded by one, for disarranging its curls or soiling its clean dress. How miserable all this restraint upon its freedom. Those ringlets so carefully arranged, what a source of misery and often sickness. Long hair will absorb as much of a child's strength in a season, as would give it an inch of growth. Now it tickles the neck, now it increases the warmth, and now it is wet and gives the child a perpetual cold and sore throat.—This fine dressing must be a source of countless irritations. The nurse acquires the habit of perpetually snapping, interfering, watching and checking all the free motions of childhood, and the little one learns to believe that to sit still, and take these lectures meekly, is the very essence of being a good child. Its spirit is broken in, and it becomes a docile suppliant, instead of a free, bold, and vigorous child. No wonder its cheeks are pale, and the doctor is constantly needed, or that it grows up nervous, irritable and peevish.

The direct cost of all this is no trifle. It may gratify a parent's taste for the moment, gratify that kind of affection which loves to bestow costly tokens of regard, however useless or injurious; but where is the prudent mother who would not better show her kindness by creating a little fund, saving all these superfluous expenses for its use at a future day? The extra cost for this curling, making and washing fine dresses of two such little ones, is not less than equal the time of a maid servant, or \$250 beyond what is requisite in attention for their best health and greatest enjoyment.

There is a telegraph stock in the city where every \$250 thus saved would increase in eight years to \$750. The habits of infancy form the tastes of youth, and the passion for finery is easily cherished. But what man of moderate means can afford to marry one of these young lilies of the valley, 'who tell not, neither do they spin,' while arrayed more gorgeously than Solomon in all his glory.

Life itself is often put in jeopardy by all this. A thin, fine dress has given many a child the croup; a low bare neck has enlarged the tonsils, and contracted the chest of many a pretty little one. We ourselves have very lively recollections of chilled and aching feet, chilblains and innumerable other evils, through the thin, pretty but light shoes into which the feet of our childhood were crammed, even in winter, on a Sunday, that we might appear respectable at church.

A child just beginning to walk, climbs up to the top of a pair of stairs, step by step alone.—Its feet get entangled in its dress, it pitches headlong down to the bottom, and its brain is injured for life, or it dies, and the father finds the hopes and toils of a life frustrated. What has caused it? Some feeble lace insertings at the bottom of its dress, through which its little foot has naturally caught, torn the lace and tripped it up.—Would that father but take a pen-knife and cut away the whole of such dangerous finery, it would be no small kindness to the child, nurses to the contrary notwithstanding.—[Phil. Ledger.]

WHAT CONSTITUTES RICHES.—"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, "Requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor; and, as the necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions is the richer." To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote:—"While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?' I replied that that was my name. 'Bill Marcy?' said he. I nodded assent. 'Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?' I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at. 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force; 'I told 'em you was the same old Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport, but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you, Bill?' I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me, I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name. 'My name is Jack Smith,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red school house in old Southport. Well, times has changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose?' I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in. 'Oh! yes you are; I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was Comptroller for—for a long time, and the next we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something.' I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?' 'Oh! yes,' said he; 'I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State.' And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth? I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his. 'Well,' he replied, 'I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (s'rightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clean

cash!' And he was rich; for he was satisfied.—[The Knickerbocker.]

THE TRUE WIFE.—She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity, who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd along his path. Then is the time for trial and her gentleness, then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with a transient light, or like the steady glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she then smiles just as charming? Does she say, "Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love?" Does she try, by happy little inventions, to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought?

There are wives—nay, there are beings who, when dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding—thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife—as if all the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light; our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fullness and beauty.

"Is that all?" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of destruction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life! But, says Irving's beautiful story, "a friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids until he had unfolded to her all his hapless case."

"And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—Is that all? I feared by your sadness that it was worse. Let those beautiful things be taken—all this splendor, let it go; I care not for it—I only care for my husband's love and confidence.—You shall forget in my affection that you were ever in prosperity—only still love me, and I will aid you to bear the little reverses with cheerfulness."

Still love her!—[Ex.]

FENCING.—A NEW BOOK WANTED.—Who will write it? Every young farmer in these United States and Territories very much needs, and would be very glad to buy, a complete treatise on Fencing. A small 12-mo manual or hand-book, with 150 or 200 pages, which could be sold for 25 cents, would be the right size and shape to put it in. The work should cover the whole ground, embracing all the varieties of live fences, hedges, useful and ornamental, evergreens and annuals, showing what varieties are adapted to all the different latitudes, longitudes, climates of our great country, with full and explicit instruction for their culture, including directions for planting, trimming, and general treatment, summer and winter.

Engraved views of all the the different styles of fences should also be given. Sections of post and rail fences, board fences stone-wall, gravel-wall or concrete, iron or wire. How, where, and when to build them—all might easily be illustrated with out-line engravings, followed with all the necessary information in regard to the comparative cost of building in different sections of the country.

We have no doubt such a book, if properly made, would save millions of dollars to the country, and hundreds to the individual farmers. Besides, if the importance of good fences were made clear to all, we should very soon see a great improvement in all our highways and byways, and fewer unruly cattle.

The Horticulturist for August has a useful and discriminating article on hedges, which might be incorporated into such a treatise as we propose. Then all our agricultural journals for ten or twenty years back might be sifted, and much important matter on the point gleaned therefrom.—But we want a consecutive chain, historical and practical, in which every farmer may find a model to copy after.—[Life Illustrated.]

APPLES WITHOUT CORES OR SEEDS.—I am led to some remarks upon raising apples without seeds or cores. Extraordinary as this may appear, it can be successfully done, and by a very simple process—by merely reversing the usual order of growth in the tree, and causing the sap to flow in the opposite direction, and the limbs to grow where the roots usually do, and vice versa. In illustration, I saw a few years ago, in the Saturday Evening Post, an account where some mischievous students at a country school, one day in a freak dug up an old apple-tree that did not bear, and planted it with the top in the ground and the roots where that ought to be. To their surprise it put out limbs from the roots, which bore apples without cores or seeds! Shortly afterward I saw a letter in the same paper, from a gentleman in Ohio, who stated that he had several such trees in his orchard, and that his method of producing them was to bury the ends of limbs low enough to reach the ground in it (or turn down down the top of a scion) let a scion or scions spring up from it, then cut away the limb, and take up and plant the scion afterward. In this way he had produced them, and in this way they may be produced from any tree where the limbs can be made to reach the ground.—[Life Illustrated.]

PADUCAH, KY.

H.

DRYING PUMPKINS AND MAKING PIES.—Cut them up and stew them till they are soft and dry; pound and strain them through a cullender; then grease pie pans, and spread it on a quarter of an inch thick and dry it; roll it up, and put it away in a tight box or bag from the insects. Every one of these rolls will make a pie. It is very easy now to make a pie. Put it in sweet milk, and let it soak about two hours; put in an egg, a table-spoonful of sugar, a ten-spoonful of ginger, and one of allspice; and if you are lovers of pumpkin pie, as we are, you will pronounce it good.—[Ohio Farmer.]