The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1856.

HENRY HAYS, WIEN FORNEY, } EDITORS.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN BELLEFONTE, EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY HENRY HAYS,

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ADVERTISEMENTS and Business Notices inserted at the usual rates, and every description of

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Democratic State Central COMMITTEE.

At a Meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, held November 1st, 1855, at the Merchant's Hotel Philadelphia, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Democratic State Convention of 1856, be held on the 4th day of March next, in Harrisburg, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

In pursuance of the above Resolution the Convention will assemble at Harrisburg, for the purpose of selecting Delegates to the Democratic National Convention, and nominating a candidate for Canal Commissioner, Auditor General and Surveyor General.

JAMES F. JOHNSTON
Chairman State Central Committee.

H. A. GILDEA, JACOB ZIEGLER, } Secretaries.

Preachers turned Politicians.

One of the deplorable effects of the spread of Know-Nothingism—and which has been a source of regret among the virtuous and [illegible] certain denominations, have deserted the pulpit for the political arena, where, stripped of their sacradotal robes, they appear, with gladiatorial challenges for not only those agreeing with them in religion, but for all who hold different opinions. The spectacle is both dangerous and disgusting. It arouses our fears for that morality which clings around the pulpit, because it affords those who are religiously sceptical, the power to ridicule the divine calling, and thus bring disgrace upon the church. We have instances in our mind, where these politico-preachers have stooped to defamation and falsehood, in order to destroy a foe, or elevate a friend. Take as example the conduct of the Rev. John J. Pearce—take the Reverend gentlemen who have the control of Know-Nothing journals in this State. Pearce was in the habit of preaching and praying, after which he perambulated the country, slandering his neighbors and falsifying his opponents. He would leave the sacred desk for a participation in the councils of a secret oath bound cabal. He is now in Congress, the boon companion of the worst politicians—the trained huckster of political knaves, and the willing tool of the most depraved demagoguism! Who does not blush, while contemplating his position? and how much religion has suffered by the load of his accumulating odium, we are almost afraid to calculate. Religion which imparts to us charity and truth—religion which teaches her votaries meekness—that religion, of all others, which is reflected in the character of its advocates, revolts at the consciousness of the baseness which thus insults her holy mission. But this is not the only case. The House of Representatives contains many more such characters, who have left the altar to serve the behests of Know-Nothingism. They went there bound by an oath which exonerates them from all acts. An oath which is regarded as more binding than that which they are called on to take to support the constitution. They are there pledged to dissolution—instructed to use every effort to destroy the religious and the political rights of the adopted citizen. God and man cannot fail to become indignant at such conduct—and the whole people, already disgusted with this scene, when the proper time comes, will hurl these Reverend renegades from power, and spurn them from the pulpits they have disgraced.

The other dangerous evil deserving of being abated, is the fact of preachers controlling and conducting Know Nothing papers. Their prejudices are displayed in their columns by abuse, falsehood, and defamation. Often these journals find their way into the hands of the unsuspecting and honest, who are poluted by the argument of plausable piety, and misled by the never-varying cry "beware of foreign influence." Ay, we say beware of foreign influence, but it is the foreign influence of preacher editors, who are flooding the country with a literature more baneful than that which emenates from the Tom Paine school. We say to the people, beware of these divine demagogues. Either reclaim them from their fanaticism, or banish them altogether from society.

The License Laws.

The present Legislature have before them an important question in the revision of the license laws. There is no doubt that the present Jug Law will be repealed. The vote at the last election indicated that the people are opposed to the stringent provisions of the late law. A bill has already been offered for its repeal. The *Pittsburg Post* referring to this subject, says that while a large majority are in favor of a repeal, they are divided in opinion as to whether they shall repeal the present law without providing a substitute in the form of a remodel and stringent license law. Some contend for the immediate repeal as the first step, and then take time to frame or consider a proper license law afterwards. Others insist that both steps should be taken simultaneously. While this is a subject of discussion in the House, Judge Wilkins, from the Committee of the Senate, has reported a bill to do both acts at once.

Tavern keepers are divided into two classes—one to sell all kinds of liquors—the other to sell cider, beer, ale, porter and malt liquors. The price for licenses is high, and the party licensed must give bond in one thousand dollars, with sureties, conditioned for the strict observance of all the provisions of the law. The Sunday law, and the laws against selling to minors, or to habitually intemperate persons are not repealed or modified. One peculiarity of the bill is that those licensed are only authorised to sell to travelers and guests, and not to casual callers who call for the mere purpose of drinking.

Some portions of this bill will meet with general approbation, while others are liable to objections. It is at any rate an improvement on the old license law, and we presume it will be more satisfactory and useful than the law of the last session. Many of the former friends of prohibition express the opinion that it as stringent a law as can be obtained and made permanent in this State.

In regard to the question of providing a substitute at the same time that the present law is repealed, we believe that it should be done, and that both should be done soon. Let all parties know at as early a day as possible what they have to depend on in future; and if possible give us such a law as can be permanent. It need not take much time to perfect and pass such a bill. The Legislature at this session has given some examples of promptness in the dispatch of business that give promise that this vexed question of a license or liquor law will not be permitted to drag on for months undecided. The wants, interests and opinions of the great mass of the people are now pretty well understood on this subject; and there is no occasion for delay further than is necessary to frame such a law as may be permanent.

We agree with the *Post*, that many will be opposed to this law, owing to its too stringent provisions. The framer of the bill, doubtless was unaware that the distinction he makes will meet with as much opposition, as did the evil which the law that he wishes to have repealed. Judge Wilkins offers to designate who should, and who should not engage in this traffic—because he has classified the trade by the amount of wealth of the seller—which completely excludes a large portion of respectable men from engaging in a business which they would make profitable to commerce and enervating to trade.

It is doubtful whether this bill will pass. We trust that it will be carefully amended and considered. It is abstruse and voluminous—and a shorter bill, with less classification, will meet with more favor.

WISHES.

We wish that President Pierce may continue to act as a patriot and a statesman.

We wish that the Pope may rest easy under the thunder from Centre county.

We wish that the young ladies of Bellefonte may all get good husbands before the expiration of the year; and we also wish the married folks all the sober and intoxicating joys which are supposed to belong exclusively to the votaries of Hymen.

We wish the mechanics good jobs; the merchants quick cash returns; the lawyers plenty of clients; the doctors a living number of patients; the parsons devout and attentive congregations; and the farmers good crops and high prices.

We wish that all young ladies who dress slatternly through the day—to form a greater contrast to their evening toilets—may speedily change their *habits*.

We wish that a total reformation may be speedily effected in our social relations; that candor may take the place of deceit; truth, falsehood; honor, rascality; generosity, selfishness; and that the tribe of loafers, hypocrites, knaves, slanderers, vagabonds, and rascals, of all shapes and sizes, of all shades and complexions, that infest every community—their pestilential influence felt but not seen—may either turn from their evil ways, or be sent to Texas, or even some *warmer* place.

And, finally, we wish that we may be literally over run with advertisements and job work; and that the circulation of the *Democratic Watchman* may increase to such an alarming extent, that we will be compelled to limit the number of our subscribers.

DEAD!—The Know-Nothing Councils of Lancaster City have given public notice of the fact that they have disbanded, and propose selling the furniture, fixtures, &c., of their several council rooms. In other words, Know-Nothingism is dead for want of breath in the City of Lancaster. Peace to its ashes!

Original Poetry.

Written for the Democratic Watchman.

TO A SISTER IN DISTRESS.

BY JULES JANIN, JR.

"Two of my children died very suddenly. A week ago I kissed their ruby lips, and gazed with love into their healthful sparkling eyes. Yesterday I saw them in the cold embraces of death! Weep with me, brother, for my loss is more than overwhelming."

Not all are lost—some fondly dear
Yet grace the fire-side of home.
The cherish'd ones may disappear,
But they to mem'ry ever come
Thus I have seen the lov'd and bless'd,
Depart before my tearful eyes—
The very babe that I've caress'd,
Now sings beyond a winter sky,
Sweet Alice, she will swell that hymn
Around a great Redeemer's shrine—
And Mary will be lov'd by Him,
Though fondly once you claim'd her thine.

Why should I weep?—are they not gone,
Peace emblems of parental love?
They've pass'd old Jordan's stormy bourn,
That leads to endless bliss above.
E'en now, 'mid a seraphic band,
I hear their shouts of glee, which raise
The flowery zephyrs of a land,
Where Jesus smiles to angel's praise.
Weep! but the tear which I have shed,
And the deep sigh my bosom toss'd—
Were given for the early dead—
Are given for the love I've lost.

And is not love a fragile weed,
That lacks perfume to please the sense?
That's ever absent when in need—
When gone, wither none knows whence.
The summer sky may blaze with light,
And birds may warble music's strain—
E'en then there comes stern winter's night,
To blast the verdure of the plain.
Thus was it with the babes who sang
In innocence around your hearth.
The winter wind a requiem rang
As they were rudely claim'd by death.

Miscellaneous.

THE "POOR RELATION."

I have heard and read of many unkind sneers at my poor relations. But I never respected the authors of such unhappy sentiments. "Poor relations" generally carry as pure and generous hearts under their jackets and thin shawls, as the richest who are hypocritically respected by those who are wishing them to die.

In 1827 I was apprenticed to Mr. Joel Scott, a stone-mason. He was then fifty-one years of age, and was quite wealthy. He was penurious, and continued his business for further worldly gains, though his constitution was much shattered by previous toil. He required unreasonable days' work of his laborers. He was not satisfied with a fair service of ten hours at study labor. He demanded twelve hours, and usually contrived to get thirteen. He was a schemer and a skin flint. He once passed a $3 bank-note to me that was fifteen per cent. below par, but he would not pay me the 45 cents which I lost on it, because I could not bring proof that I had received the note of him. I afterwards learned that he received it of an honest old farmer for $2 50, or near nearly 17 per cent. discount. Still, he was scrupulously pious.

I believe he never missed a Conference meeting or an evening lecture, and he was the first to enter church upon the Sabbath; at evening meetings he usually prayed, and never occupied less than half an hour. He denounced "all uncharitableness" in severe though rather coarse terms. He was quite rich, partly owing to the sudden rise of a tract of real estate which he purchased several years before at a low price, and contrived to slip out of his obligation to pay for a good portion of it, on the death of the man who sold it to him. The widow and children suffered for want of their just dues; but Scott had a peculiar faculty of getting rid of debts without paying them. I hardly know how he did it, but am satisfied that he accomplished the feat on more than one occasion. He was so pious, however, that few persons in the village dared lisp a word of insinuation that he was dishonest.

But rich as he was, he never gave away a penny, unless it was to some far off missionary society, that has a great many officers and hired assistants, who publish to the world the names of those who give their money to them. I saw him, however, kick a poor little, ragged and sickly boy, of about eight years of age, so that he fell down a flight of six steps in the rear of the house. It was a Sabbath morning; the boy had a little basket on his arm, and meekly begged for some victuals. This was his offence. His mother was wretchedly poor and intemperate; but was the child to blame for that? That evening I heard him pray against the "sin of uncharitableness!"

Scott had a niece. She was thirteen years of age, the daughter of his sister. Her father died the year that I was apprenticed. He was an Italian; by trade a musical instrument maker; rather impetuous, but generous and high-minded. He was intelligent, and, in personal appearance a splendid pattern of a man. Minnie was his only child, and when her father died, she was truly an orphan, for her mother was an invalid and penniless. The poor woman did not survive long. But she persuaded her brother, Scott, to take little Minnie into his family. She was rather small of her age, or, rather, she appeared to be; and she seemed smaller than she really was; and I have noticed the same peculiarity in Powers' Greek Slave. Perhaps it is so with all beautifully formed men and women, and animals. Minnie was beautiful. Her hair was of raven blackness. Her skin was not the very whitest, but it was remarkably smooth and clear, and her cheeks were peach red. The most intelligent, innocent, lovely eye that ever glistened under a female brow, was Minnie's. Her teeth, so regular and so white, were ornamental, if such features could be so called. She had a broad, intellectual forehead, and her face ever wore a sweet smile. I have never seen so pretty a girl nor one so lovely in every respect.

But her uncle made a slave of her. She never complained, but was very attentive from four o'clock in the morning, the time that she daily rose to make the fire and prepare the breakfast, till ten at night, when she had liberty to retire. What a surprising amount of work that little girl did! It was enough to bring down a stout woman. But she always did it well. She was so neat, so quick—and always so cheerful. I could never be sad when Minnie was near: her good conduct and happy influence seemed to spread to all around her, and penetrate every soul, except her coarse old uncle's. I never missed an opportunity to bring a bucket of water for her, and an armful of wood, and to do many little things to lighten the heavy burden of her task. Her mild, sweet little "Thank you, Charlie; you are so kind!" always more than paid me for my trouble.

How often have I wondered that her uncle did not provide her with better clothing—why did not he permit her to attend some parties in the village, and afford her more comforts. But she received no such kindness from him. On one occasion I heard him say, in her presence, that "she was a poor relation," and he wondered "if every body who had earned a little something by hard work, had to support poor cousins and nieces." Minnie looked sad enough, and quickly left the room. I soon followed her, and saw her wiping away a tear that was stealing down her cheek. She did not think I noticed it, and, summoning resolution, she turned and smiled sweetly as she made some pleasant remarks to turn the unhappy thought of her uncle's harshness from her mind. That evening I thought her more of an angel than ever. She triumphed over ill-usage, and preserved her happy temper. She rose above the severe trial, and the uniform harmony of mind was still apparent.

I ventured a word of encouragement. She replied: "It is all for the best; have confidence in the future." Her uncle never tried to give her an education; but he could not keep it from her. [illegible] village, in all the departments of their studies. Her superior intellect did more for her than careful instruction.

I had been with Mr. Scott three years. I was eighteen years of age and a little over; Minnie was sixteen. We had always been good friends; we were both poor, and sympathised with each other. She would sit up till midnight, in spite of my remonstrances, to hem a handkerchief for me, or to mend my clothing. At this time I met with a severe accident. A heavy window-cap fell upon my arm, crashing it from the elbow to wrist. I was carried home, and remained there for six months. At one time the surgeons were about to cut it off, and were consulting about it for a few days, when they saw signs of improvement. I never saw a happier expression than that which lighted up Minnie's face, when I told her my arm would probably be saved. and for the second time since my acquaintance with her, I saw a little tear stream down her check. Indeed, I believe that it was Minnie's kindness and constant attention that saved my arm. No one could bandage it so carefully as she; no one could hit so many little contrivances to make it comfortable. The surgeons said she made good poultices, and applied them in the best manner. Twenty times a day she would run to my room with a little gruel, "something nice," as a relish, a poultice, or a wash. I can never forget how many little kindnesses soothed my racking pains, and gave me hope. I must confess that I began to think this "poor relation" would be a very rich and happy relation to me, could I always have her by my side. I had reason to believe, too, that she cared something for me, as she repeatedly remarked that since her mother's death she had no other friend—no one except myself who seemed to care for her, or to speak kindly to her.

I had been confined with my mutilated arm for six long, tedious months. The surgeon then told me that I could resume my work, as my arm was nearly as strong as it ever was. I needed some comfortable clothing, and I ventured to ask Mr. Scott for an order. He replied gruffly that he could not give it; that my board, surgeon's bills, and extra help of the *hired girl*, had used up all my wages, and run me in debt to the amount of $70. I felt sick at heart. I had been hurt in the service of this miserable man; I had ever served him faithfully, working over hours, and earning journeyman's wages for a long time. I thought his requirements unjust, and resolved not to abide by them. That night I had a long talk with Minnie; *it was an outpouring of each other's hearts.* My clothing was very poor—so was her's. I had just 87½ cents in cash. She had no money. I told her that at daylight the next morning I should leave that village for a neighboring city, "for good." Her smile was gone, and she really looked sad. I added: "If it does not displease you, Minnie, I will send for you when I get money enough to make it safe, and then you shall be protected." She fell upon my neck and cried like a child. She could not speak—nor could I; but I left her in tears, well knowing her true feelings.

I did not wait for daylight, but started for the city on foot. My legs and 87½ cents, with such kindness as I met with on the road, carried me through in safety. I had no difficulty in getting work and good wages. *Every week I wrote to Minnie, and never* failed to receive an answer in return. At the end of six months I had $212 in cash in my pocket. I had lived with the strictest economy. I enclosed $10 to Minnie, telling her to take a certain conveyance, and that I would meet her on her arrival. Four days after this, as the afternoon boat came in, I was on the wharf, and as the steamer came up, the first face that I saw was that of the smiling beautiful girl who held my heart entirely. There she was, and she never looked more beautiful than when stepping gracefully upon the wharf, she took hold of my arm as if she would pull it off. She had no luggage—no change of dress even—nothing but a little, close, brown hood, a sixpenny calico frock, rather short, a checked apron tied round with white tape, a little work-pocket, with a cotton handkerchief, thimble, and some other trifling articles in it. She had a pair of coarse brogans, and no stockings. And yet, Minnie, with her dark flowing hair around her shoulders, was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. Indeed, her rare perfections of face and figure evidently attracted the attention of all who passed us in the street. She wore away all the clothing she had, and her uncle did not know that she was about to leave him. She did not condescend to tell him a word about it, nor to ask any more favors of him than she had from the first day she was placed under his protection.

"Where are you going?" Minnie inquired, as we passed up the street; and she smiled in my face so sweetly that I thought she could not really be "a little lower than the angels."

"Why, we are now going to the house of the Rev, Mr. ——, to be married," said I.

"What! in these old clothes, and so soon?" eagerly inquired Minnie.

"Certainly," said I; "why delay?"

She hung her head thoughtfully, and replied: "I could go out to work and earn some decent clothes."

"I will do the work," said I, "and you must go up to our little cottage, and get my breakfast, dinner and supper, and not work very hard either; and we will have some new [illegible] *home.*"

Minnie could hardly stand up against this. A new life was opening before her. She was no longer a slave, but about to act for herself, and she was overcome. We stopped and rested in the Park till she became more composed, and then we found the good minister and were married. I had previously got it all arranged with him. We walked directly home to the neat little cottage, which I had hired and comfortably furnished—and here was Minnie's home! She was seventeen, and I was nineteen years of age. We were both happy as two mortals could possibly be. In a few days she had tidy clothing prepared, and everything was just as we could wish it to be. Her uncle found out all our arrangements, and came to take Minnie, his "poor relation," back by force. But I objected, and Minnie did too. It was quite too late; so, he gave it up.

We lived along, the happiest creatures on earth; and we were prosperous. Everything I touched seemed to turn to money. I took jobs on my own account, and every one proved profitable. I purchased real estate, and it rose in value. When I was twenty-nine years old, I found that I was worth a comfortable fortune, and owed no man a dollar. My success was no less surprising to myself than to others. About this time I also learned that my old master, Scott, had been unfortunate, and lost his entire property. He was poor, and had even asked for charity. Minnie and I concluded to go and see him. He burst into tears as she came into his presence. He acknowledged that he had treated her improperly; but she begged that he would not say a word about it. I paid him the old debt of $70 with compound interest, and added enough to make him comfortable. Poverty had made the old man tender-hearted, and he seemed truly to realize that a "poor relation" was not so bad a being as he once supposed.

But it was really hard for him to comprehend how Minnie could be so kind and generous to him in his affliction. She occasionally visited him, and always carried him some little things of comfort, and had a cheering word for the old man, whose harsh treatment of her when she was a helpless orphan she purposely forgot.

"How is this, Minnie?" said he one day, as she entered his humble abode with an armful of things for him. "How can you be so kind to me, when I have reason to expect nothing better than coldness and neglect from you? How can you forget the treatment of former years?"

"O, never mind the bad deeds of the past, Uncle," replied Minnie, "but you must repent for them, and do better in the present and future. We will harbor no ill will; and I have no heart to treat my 'poor relation' except with kindness." The old man could make no response, but covered his face and sobbed aloud.

On one occasion we found him upon his knees in prayer, alone and quite happy; but he had lost his passion for long public prayers charging home upon "uncharitableness." Indeed, he almost daily shared his plain fare with some very poor families in the neighborhood, and never lost an opportunity to do good, though his means were limited. Adversity, the experience of poverty, had come home to his own soul, and had really made a new and better man of him. He died a true Christian, though he belonged to no sect, save the great congregation of the world—"the children of God."

Minnie is as fresh and beautiful as ever, and quite as lovely. She has two children, a boy and a girl, and happily, they take after their mother strongly, but are in some danger of being injured by over-indulgence.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Mark the golden grains that pass,
Brightly through the crystal glass;
Measuring, by their ceaseless fall,
Heaven's most precious gift to all!
Pauseless till the sand be done,
See the silent current run
Till its inward treasure shed,
When another hour is fled.
Its task performed—its travail past,
Like mortal man it rests at last;
Yet let some hand invert its frame,
And all its powers return the same;
For all the golden grains remain,
To work their little hour again.
But who shall turn the glass for men,
From which the golden current ran;
Collect again the precious sand
Which Time hast scatter'd with his hand;
Bring back life's stream with vital power,
And bid it run another hour?
A thousand years of toil were vain,
To gather up one single grain!

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

The editor of the Chicago *Times*, having been on the north side of that city to see a friend, was recently prevented from reaching his office, in consequence of a steam-tug having passed up the river with a small fleet of *vessels in tow, one of which had been cast* off and hauled in just west of the bridge, leaving the "draw" still open. While waiting he witnessed the following scene:

The vessel we have mentioned had been moored, or made fast outside of several canal boats: and as we stood looking at the men upon her, one of them approached a female, who had been crouched upon the deck, and addressing her, pointed to the shore, then to the bridge, and then down towards the thronged and busy streets of living, moving, headlong Chicago. She rose, picked up a small bundle, from which she drew forth a coin, which she tendered to the hardy sailor. He refused it, whatever it was, and lending [illegible] dock, and from the dock up to the bridge. By this time a large crowd of persons thronged the north end of where the bridge would be, if it was always a bridge; and in contemplating the new faces, and the representatives of the various classes there assembled, we had almost forgotten the incident we have related. Our attention was called from a vain endeavor to discover some hope of a cessation of tugs going up and down, and schooners and brigs passing in and out, by hearing a most audible sob from some one near us. It was not the sob of childhood, caused by some sudden change from gayety to grief; it was the sob of some maturer breast, filled with a sense of loneliness and despair. It reached other ears than ours.

A lady, dressed in a manner which bespoke a wealth that could gratify taste and elegance, and who, like ourselves, was detained at that place, so near, accompanied by three children, whose desire to get to the extreme edge of the platform she with difficulty repressed. With a woman's tenderness her heart recognized the stifled ebullition of sorrow, and approaching the person from whom it came, who was none other than the woman we had *just seen land from the* vessel, she quietly, and in that soft, sweet voice of woman, which none can resist, inquired if she stood in need, or was she ill, or was her sorrow such that she could not be relieved? A portion of the railing near us was vacant, and towards that, and almost at our side, these two women came to converse. The stranger was a fair, handsome girl, of about seventeen years; neatly, but coarsely dressed, with shoes not only well worn, but heavy, and unsuited as much for her sex as for the season. The poor girl, in honest simplicity, and with an earnestness which despair alone could impart, related her history, uninterrupted by a single observation from her companion, but often accompanied by the tears of both. We have not space for it at length, but we will give it, changing its order just enough to enable us to state it briefly.

She said that she was born in Boston; she had no brother or sister now; she remembered that she had a sister, the oldest, whose name was Lizzie; that sister, years ago, against her father's will, had married, and with her husband, having been banished her father's sight, had gone off, and had not been heard of since—no doubt was dead. At the time of her sister's marriage her parents were wealthy: the pride which drove away Lizzie had brought silent regrets, and after a while came melancholy complainings by the mother sighing for the embrace of her first-born. These soon led to anger and criminations at home and dissipation by the father abroad. Losses came upon them and at last, gathering the few worldly goods they possessed, they left the proud city of their birth, and settled five years ago upon land purchased of the government in Wisconsin. Her brothers, some older and some younger than herself, one by one drooped and died and soon the mother, calling in agony upon her long exiled daughter, joined her boys in a happier clime. None were now left but the father of this poor girl. He too was humbled and stricken by the slow but certain disease which lights up the cheek, and fires the eye with the brilliancy of health, even when its victim is on the confines of eternity. He would sit and tell to his surviving child the acts of winning love and sacrificing devotion which made his Lizzie the very object of his life. He would talk of her sweet smiles and her happy disposition until memory would lead him to the hour when he bid her to depart, and not let him see her face again. His decline was rapid, and this lone child saw the first flowers which the warmth of spring had called from the soil of her mother's grave disturbed, uprooted and thrown aside, that his ashes might mingle with those of the mother of his children.

At his death he charged her to pay off, as far as she might be able, the debts incurred to procure the necessaries of life. The land, which, for want of culture, had not increased in value, was sold, and left her but a few dollars. These she expended in rearing some boards to mark the spot where she had seen buried, one after another, her beloved kindred. She had heard of Chicago. She had heard that in this city there were offices where strangers wishing employment could find work. She had on foot travelled many miles, until she reached Milwaukee, and thence by the kindness of a poor sailor, who had seen her day after day on the dock, watching the steamers depart, had inquired and ascertained that she wished to come hither, but had not the money. He brought her to Chicago on his own vessel, and had told her that by crossing the bridge she could find one of those places where situations were given to worthy applicants.

Such was her story. She had mentioned no name except that of father, mother, and the endearing appellations of brother George, Willie, &c. Both of the women were crying bitterly. The fashionably dressed lady turned her face towards the river, that her tears, at such a crowded and unusual place, might not be observed. She requested us to take her two boys—George and Willie, she called them—by the hand, to keep them from danger, and then putting her hand around the neck of the poor, friendless, wandering orphan stranger, said—"You are my own sister. I am Lizzie!"

These two beings, children of the same parents, how different have been their paths, and how deep their sufferings! We have seen them together in "Lizzie's" carriage, driving along Lake street.—They are doubtless as happy as their bereavements [illegible] performed, can permit. But while the suffering of that father and mother may be faintly known from the story of the daughter, what must have been the mental agony of that other daughter, unkindly banished from her mother's side, and driven out into the world without a father's blessing? What must have been her grief when her letters, written from a prosperous city, from the house of her wealthy and kind husband, telling them of her success, and of the birth of her children, were unnoticed and unanswered? She must have felt indeed that the hearts of that father and mother, her sister and brothers, must have been hardened against her. We will say no more. That scene will live in our memory while we can remember the holy love of father, mother, and kindred.

OPEN QUESTIONS AMONG FARMERS.

It is yet an open question among farmers, whether the *Ayrshire*, or the *Devons*, or the *Durhams*, or the *Herefords*, or even the *natives*, are the best cows for milking purposes.

It is an open question among them, whether the *Suffolks*, or the *Essex*, or a mixture of breeds make the most profitable swine.

It is an open question what kind of potatoes it is best to cultivate, and whether the seed should be large or small, and whether it should be cut or uncut.

It is an open question whether corn should be topped or cut up by the roots.

It is an open question whether common ploughing or deep ploughing is, on the whole the best.

It is an open question whether sward-land, intended for corn the next year, should be ploughed in the fall or not, or whether it should be ploughed twice in the spring.

It is an open question, whether corn-stalks should be taken into the barn before the juices are entirely evaporated, or whether they should remain in the field, exposed to all the rains of autumn, till they are "done up brown."

It is an open question whether potatoes liable to disease should be dug early or late in the fall.

It is an open question, whether manure should be kept under cover, that its ammonia may be retained, or thrown out to the action of the sun and rain, that those powerful disinfectants may deprive it of its offensive odors.

It is an open question, whether it is best to have a drain running from the barn-yard into the road.

It is an open question, whether green or dry wood makes the best fire; but when the mercury is ten degrees below zero in the morning there is little doubt in the mind of the "hired girl" who is compelled to make it, which she had rather have provided.

It is an open question, whether it will pay to dig and cart meadow mud, and compost it with stable manure for the crops next spring.

It is an open question, whether guano or artificial manure at their present high prices can be profitably used in New England.—*New England Farmer, Dec. 29.*

☞ Dickens has received over $50,000 for "Bleak House."