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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 29, 1845.

NO. 98.

Winter is Here.

BY D. C. GOLESWORTHY. Vinter is here cold and drear,-See the poor around ! when the wrathful storms career. And snow despreads the ground, Vill you not take them by the hand, On to the hovel go, nd round the dying embers stand: And wipe the tears that flow !

linter is here—hear ye not The mother's earnest cry ! or dark and dreary is her lot-No real friend is nigh. or wood and bread she asketh now, Oh shall she ask in vain ? ce sorrow stamped upon her brow, And mark the orphan train.

Winter is here-every drawer Should be unlocked to day; Shom do you keep that clothing for ? Why not give it away? ome, pull it out-a cloak-a vest-Whatever you can give, Vrapped snugly round the orphan's breast, Will make the dying live.

he closet search-a pair of shoes Half worn-and here's a cap, bich you perhaps may never use-A hat with scarce a nappair of pants-a rusty coat-O give them to the poor! What is worth to you a groat, May health and warmth secure.

What's in your garret ? Have the moths For months been busy there ! they have quite destroyed the cloth You saved with with prudent care. ome, pull them out; perhaps we may Find something that will make poor man rich, if given to day, And bless the hearts that ache.

Vinter is here; give, oh give Whatever ye can spare; mite will make the wretched live. And smooth the brow of care, hen plenty smiles around your door, And comfort smiles within. fyou forget the worthy poor, Twill be a grevious sin.

> [From the Opal, for 1845.] To Children. -

weet things! blest things! to look on you? Eyes that are in their wane frow bright-and hearts at ebb of age. Fill with life's tides again.

And you not age, nor death should touch, If human love might save; But stronger is the love which blights And gathers to the grave.

We know that you the angels love-(They love all gentle things) ind often o'er you fondly stoop And spread their viewless wings.

and tenderly their starry eyes Watch you by night and day, and sweetly as they smile on you, So you, on us, alway.

And oh! should be who smiles on all, And loves both young and oldhould the dear shepherd take his lambs, And bear them to his fold.

hould he gave these buds of love-Who gives—and maketh lorn eaves us like withered stems till eve.

And take them in the morn, We still, oh! God, would trust his love Who once, in form like them, Slept on a woman's yearning breast,

A babe in Bethlehem. Who writes, in flowers, upon the earth, And stars, in Heav'n above, And smiles and tear in human souls,

Blest characters of love.

Who Hope hath given to Death—as dawn The thickest dark he gave; and caused that still the new year's flowers | cries. Grow on the old year's grave.

Who joy can bring from grief, as calm Succeeds the winds fierce warss winter's tears bring summer leaves,

And night the joy of stars! Who from these children's steps, the thorn Of grief, and doubt, and care, an kindly take-or for their peace

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As kindly plant them there. hio' regions sad with weeping storms, Dark wood, and frowning bill, r valley bright as angel dreams, Can guide them at his wil!

ad lead them on in peace, with joy And singing on their way; fill at the last, their shining path le lost in perfect day.

Bessie's New Bonnet.

A CAPITAL STORY.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

The stage-coach, which three times a week traversed the roads between New York and the village of B., stood at the hotel door in one of the great thoroughfares of our city, about to start for its usual journeying. The neighboring clocks were striking seven, and as the last note rang over the busy streets the coachman appeared beside his vehicle. He drew forth with an air of some importance his silver timepiece, put it to his ear for a moment, deliberately reset it, compared it with the gold repe ter of an old gentleman at hand, and called aloud as he looked into the inn-yard-"Horses, boys, horses! time the Blue-Bird was off."

This summons was immediately responded to, the ostlers led out and arranged the harness of four grays, who ers. a bandbox.

"Pass that ere box up this way, had mounted to his seat and was ar-"there's no room for sich baggage in-

it, "I'm very particular about it."

slips in betwixt the old gentleman's va-lise and this 'ere carpet bag, as slick as can be."

of her companion.

" Good-bye, Cousin Robert." have a pleasant ride, love to all the stores, and where the greatest bargains friends.

"I am much obliged to you for carrving my box, and I hope you'll come and untiring industry, every thing she to B., this summer."

tell-think of going to the springs or chased, one of the prettiest straw cot-Niagara. Now let me help you in," tages that ever shaded a blooming cheek, and in a few minutes every body was trummed with a pure white ribbon, seated, and Bessie, ensconcing her trim which every body said was becoming, little person in the smallest possible and Bessie's looking-glass said so too, corner, nodded once more to Cousin and she was now returning home again, got it safely home at last." Robert, and they drove off.

It was a lovely morning in the early sie loved the country, not merely bepart of June, the sun shone brightly on every object, the streets were thronged with people. and to the quiet folks in | glowed in her pure and gentle heart a the stage coach, who were most of them returning to the stillness of a country life, it seemed a scene of bewilderment. Every one was hastening along, as if every thing depended upon the speed of his own movements; carts, omnibus- and gazed with delight upon the rising es and carriages passed in constant and or the setting sun, and although she rapid succession; sweeps were giving might have expressed her admiration out their melodious notes, and radish- in homely phrase, she felt with the though the good old soul had not been the lost hat. One thought the boys girls and match-boys awakening the most refined lover of Nature, echos with their shrill and discordant

As they ratiled over the stones, the din of revolving wheels precluded the ed her, sat musing on a variety of pleasant things.

pretty, and even Cousin Robert, with for her new bonnet. all his high notions of beauty and fashcountry relative, and thought there was and adjusted the curtains. many a showy Broadway belle who would give much for such a cheek of the reply, and again they rattled on. " nature's pure carnation," or an eye

so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." Bessie's wants, fortunately for herbeen that of a new bonnet. She had a plate of crackers. The baby opened were to travel the first stage of twelve worn her old one three summers, it had its eyes and sat erect, astonished at the miles; passengers came out from the become far too small for her, and was strange place in which it had awakenbreakfast-room of the hotel and gave moreover so faded that all her ingenuidirections about the stowing of their ty in turning and twisting-and Bessie, the window, and looking up espied the luggage, while the coachman smoothed in common with most of her sex, poshis new beaver, and drawing on his sessed no little knack at such workgloves-for our Jehu of the Blue Bird availed not to hide the blemishes was a gentleman of ton among his Time had touched the poor hat with brethren-stepped forward to announce his destroying finger, and, after much that all was ready. The male passen- consultation, Mrs. Bond had decided gers were already on the door-steps, that "Bessie must go to town and buy impatient to be off, and, after a few mo- a new one." An extra number of eggs ment's delay, came forth the females. were accordingly sent to market, and First, an elderly Quakeress, in her Bessie made up her butter in the pretneat unsoiled attire, then a young mo- tiest forms, to ensure a rapid sale, so ther with her infant in her arms, who, that by the time she was ready to set being disturbed in its morning slumbers, out, the money had been collected, and gave strong indications of being rather put carefully by in a silken purse, very noisy traveller, and then followed a rarely in use, to purchase the wished modest-looking country girl, attended for bonnet. What a long list of comby a spruce city youngster. She car- missions, too, there was to be executed; ried in her own hand a light wicker- what pairs of gloves, and papers of pins, basket, of no very large dimensions, and tapes and buttons to be bought, while her companion bore to the edge how many ear-rings and breast-pins to of the side-walk that horror of all travel- be mended, and how many said, "Bessie Bond is going to town, you had better send by her for what you want, young man," said the coachman, who it's such a good chance." Then there were grandmother's spectacles, they ranging a variety of parcels on the top, must by no means be forgotten, for she wanted them mended sadly, and mother's shawl to be taken to the dyer's, "Will it go safely there, sir?" asked and the oceans of love to carry to every the young girl, looking up anxiously member of Cousin Bartlett's family, as the box was lifted with a swing and where Bessie was to stay, so that the laconic reply. thrown down in the place prepared for poor girl seemed in danger of forgetting even the main object of her jour-"Couldn't ride safer no where, ma'- ney, in the multiplicity of affairs she side. am," replied the coachman; "just was called on to attend to by her neigh-

The day at last came round that bore the fimid country girl to the home of who was an experienced hand in shop- this spring." ping, immediately offered to chaperone "Good-bye. Bessie, hope you'll her, and she knew all the cheapest were to be made, so that at the end of a week, by dint of great perseverance had to buy was bought, and every "Thank you-should like it-can't trust fulfilled, and the new bonnet purquite happy that all was over, for Bescause it was her home, but for the love of nature and of nature's works. There a love for all created things, and the brightest plumed bird or the meanest crawling worm called forth alike her kindly feelings. She saw and appre- warm greetings with all. ciated the charms of natural scener

"The charm of hill and vale and babbling brook. The golden sunshine, and the pleasant breeze

Swaying the tree-tops." But Bessie's heart was not with Napossibility of anything like conversa- ture now, she leaned back in the coach, sure to be which are first wanted, and keress herself; while the third protion, and each one made his own com- and her eye caught the familiar objects ments on the scenes around them, but as they seemed to fly past, but she out, that the paper might be forthcom- mysterious affair she had ever heard of. as they advanced into the country, leave heeded them not, she was recalling one ling, they were seized on by ready The farmer, in the mean while, had ing the busy town behind them, the of the incidents of her visit-"It will females began to use their tongues a please grandmother to hear of this," little, and the men became talkative in and "Father will be glad to know that," due proportion. The mother of the and "I must not forget Cousin Bartbaby, having lulled its wailing, enter- lett's message about the cape." Then an hour. tained the Quakeress with a long ac- came thoughts of home-who would count of measles, whooppingcough, be the first to meet her-if they would see," said the old lady, peering through and spotless successor. etc., particularly dwelling on the baby's not all be glad to see her again-if they her recovered glasses at the box which last sickness, and describing minutely would admire her new honnet, and if Tom had placed upon the table. the delicate operation of lancing its Harry Davis would not think she look- "Yes, I brought it quite safely, behind the hills, warned Mrs. Bond that gums. Two old gentlemen on the ed well in it, and with the name of though it came upon the top of the the hour for supper drew near. 'The front seat discussed meanwhile the re- Harry Davis came up a score of pleas- coach," said Bessie smiling, "and it is table was set out, the family assembled,

long nose and brown wig, talked of the last met, and how he happened to be at see it, so if you will please take it out, races with a fat fellow opposite him; his own gate just at the very minute the I can put up these things again." two little boys, returning to school after stage passed the morning she came a fortnight's vacation, were staring out away, and half unconsciously the little at the window and munching biscuits | maiden's heart whispered, that if Harand gingerbread; while our friend ry Davis should ask her to be his wife, Bessie, quite alone, for no one address- perhaps, if father and mother did not object, she might say "yes."

The stopping of the coach to take up Bessie was a farmer's daughter, and a passenger from a farm house broke her face was her fortune," or very in upon these reflections. The new nearly so, and a pretty face it was, for comer was a fanciful looking lady, with blue eyes, white teeth, and rosy cheeks, an infinite quantity of luggage, and as with a gentle, good-humored expres- the coachman threw parcel after parcel sion diffused over them, are always to the roof of the coach Bessie trembled

"I hope my box is quite safe, sir?" ion, could not but admire his simple she said, as the man fastened the door,

"All in prime order, ma'am," was

At the first watering-place the gentlemen left their seats, and the ladies brushed the dust off their dresses, and self, were few, but among them had called for several glasses of water, and ed, while Bessie put her head out of edge of her new bandbox in its calico cover, and felt quite comfortable to know that it was so far free from harm. During the next stage, the fanciful lady became extremely talkative, and she and Bessie being seated vis a vis, she addressed most of her conversation to our little friend, so that time flew by unheeded, and the lady expressed great regret that they must part so soon, when, at the entrance of a green lane, the horses drew up, and two stout lads came out to welcome their sister, who joyfully prepared to alight.

"You must be right careful of this, young mister," said the coachman, as he handed the important box to the foremost of the boys, "for I guess it holds something wonderous fine, the young lady scemed so scared about it."

" Rather think it does," replied Tom, laughing, and slinging it on his arm, while his brother taking the basket from his sister's hand, the trio paid their rustic adieus to those they were leaving; and as the horses dashed onward were lost in the windings of the lane.

"All well at home, Tom?" was Bessie's first question. "Just as you left us," was Tom's

this your new hat?" The girl gazed a moment wistfully her city relations, where she was most hope you will all like it; Cousin Bart-doubted honesty. The coachman deather box, and then turned to take leave kindly welcomed. Cousin Bartlett, lett said she had n't seen such a beauty clared loudly that he had never left his

"Which, you or the hat?" "Othe hat, to be sure," said his sister half blushing.

"There can't be many furbelows about it," said Tom, raising it a little as he spoke, "for it's as light as a feather.

"O it is a straw one, you know; mother thought it would be prettiest; I fastened it carefully in the box, to keep it from shaking about, and this morning to the farm. Cousin Bartlett tied it in that nice cover, and I'm as glad as can be that I've

mother, and, Annie on the porch," said Sam, as a turn in the lane brought them | and packing of the luckless bonnet was in view of a neat substantial, low-built recounting afresh, and Bessie was not farm-house, and Bessie, quickening her sorry that Harry wished them an early pace, crossed with light foot the shining brook, bounded through the white gate, and in a moment was exchanging sleep.

"So you got your new bonnet, I

Mrs. Bond eagerly accepted the office of exhibitor, and while grandmother, Annie and the boys gathered round her, proceeded to take off and fold up the covering, observing that it must be washed and sent home to Cousin Bartlett by the first chance. She then deliberately united the tape which fastened the lid, and gently raised it, each leaning forward over the table to catch the first glimpse, when lo! the box was

group called Bessie from her occupation of folding ribbons and picking up find it?" buttons, and, pale with dismay and disappointment, she sat down in the nearest chair. "And I took all that trouble with an empty box," was all she could say as the tears started into at supper the previous evening, a sudher eyes.

Tom, "I'll ride after the coach and see about it."

"Yes, it must have been stolen, incannot think. There was a strange- tlett's as soon as it was possible to looking man, I remember, on the top gain admittance, where he told the with the driver."

"And he has got it, child, you may be sure," said her grandmother, "for thieves always take the top of the coach.

"And are you sure this is your box?" said Sam.

"Quite, quite sure of it, there is blue rabbit on the lid." "Exactly so," said Sam, taking it

from the table. Mrs. Bond involuntarily re-examined the box, observing " there is five dollars

lose no time. we'll be off at once," said the farmer, said more than words could have done. and here is Harry Davis coming up

gone," and telling Tom he had better

the lane, he'll go too, I promise." Harry dismounted and was met at Sam.

"How is that dandy chap, Bob Bart- stopping-place, about three miles dislett?" inquired Sam, from the other tant, but no tidings were to be gained of the missing treasure. All the pas-"Did you get all those things on sengers were there, and even the your list, Bess?" asked Tom, "and is strange-looking man who had occupied party adjourned to the porch, till at last "Yes, that is my new hat, and I smoking his eigar with a face of unhorses except for about fifteen minutes, when they dined, and, if stolen at all, it must have been stolen then. At any rate, all baggage with him was taken at the risk of the owners, and he should not consider himself accountable for any lost property. Nothing further could therefore be done at present; it was finally settled that Farmer Bond should ride to W., the next morning, to make inquiries, and they all returned slowly

Poor Bessie's chagrin was scarcely to be concealed even before Harry Davis. who came in with Tom, and was pur-"Look, there is mother and grand- suaded to stay to supper, at which time every circumstance of the purchasing good-night, as she longed to forget her sorrow and her weariness in quiet

The next morning a number of the Of course every one asked fifty ques- neighboring dames came in to hear tions at once, and grandmother was what news, and to see what finery Besimpatient for her speciacles, which sie had brought home with her, and all she said she had missed all the week, with one voice lamented and bewailed able to use them for a month before; ought to be sent out to search the roads, and father said if she had happened to and another declared if it were hers, bring a newspaper he should be glad she would have every one of the pasto see it, and that was at the very bot- sengers arrested and examined before a tom of the basket, as those things are magistrate, not excepting the old Quaas one article after another was taken nounced it the most wonderful and hands, and the prices asked, and the gone over to W., where the coach stopquality examined, and little Annie was ped for dinner, but had returned withtrying on a pair of new green gloves out success, and Bessie once more set before her sister had been at home half about brushing and trimming the discarded silk, with secret assurance that she should never see again its beautiful

Thus the day wore on, till the long shadows on the grass, as the sun sunk lative merits of favorite candidates for ant recollections that held her a willing all trimmed ready to wear at church oy the old farmer just asked a blessing, and the shadow is worth more than the office; a tall man, with an extremely captive—what he had said when they Sunday. I suppose you all want to was bidding Bessie cheer up. for they substance.

would send an advertisement to the paper, and maybe something lucky would yet come to pass, when who should come trudging up to the kitchen door but Harry Darvis, bearing in his hand a band-box.

"Oh! the hat! you've found Bessie's hat, I know you have, for you smile," cried Anne, springing from her seat and running toward him.

"Why, Harry!" exclaimed both the boys in breath.

"Why, Harry !" was echoed by the farmer and his wife, while Bessie has-The exclamations of the astonished | tened to take the box from him, saying joyfully, "Where on earth did you

Harry came in and took the chair that was handed to him by the old lady herself, and then proceeded to tell, that while they were all wondering about it den thought had struck him, which he "Somebody has stolen it," cried immediately decided to act upon .-That, as the nights were fine, he had set off instantly, changed his horse upon the road, and reached the city at deed," said poor Bessie, "but how, I daybreak and repaired to Mrs. Barstory of the stolen hat without loss of time. That the good lady was much astonished, and how she went up stairs and found, to her still greater surprise, that she had in haste tied up the wrong box, and that the new bonnet was safe in the closet; how he had staid to breakfast, and then jogged home again, and was very glad if Miss Bessie was pleased with what he had done.

Every body was loud in their thanks, except the person who ought to have been the most obliged, but Harry seemed quite satisfied with the few words she offered him, accompanied as they "Ave, saddle the horses, boys, and were by a smile and a blush, which

The boys now demanded to see the mighty affair that had occasioned all this fuss; so the box was opened, and the door by Tom, who, in a few words, there, sure enough, was the prettiest told the story of the stolen bonnet. The straw hat in the world, with its white young man instantly offered to accom- ribbon outside, and its neat pink flowpany, or rather to precede them, as his ers within. Then the farmer desired was already saddled. Tom had, how- Bessie to put it on, for it was the face, ever, been most expeditious, and in a he said, that set off the bonnet after all, few moments the two were seen gallop- and when she had placed it lightly over ing down the lane, and were followed her smooth brown hair, and looked soon after by the farmer and his son round with heightened color, Harry Davis was a lost man.

Supper was a merry meal that night at Farmer Bond's, and after it was over, Harry had a long message for Bessie from Cousin Bartlett, but as the kitchen was rather warm, the whole a part of the driver's seat was calmly the farmer went off to bed, for he had been hard at work all day, and Mrs. Bond walked away to look after her dairy, and Tom and Sam, two as cute boys as ever lived, began to think from certain signs, that they were no longer wanted, and so Harry soon had a clear coast. And then came the important question, "Could she be happy with an honest man who loved her?" And Bessie, blushing ten times more than ever, thought she might, and so, to make a long story short, the little maiden really promised to become Mrs. Harry Davis, and to wear her new bonnet for the first time as his bride. The wedding and the merry making came off in due time, and not a few of the wise ones declared they had always said it would be a match, and doubted that Bessie Bond went to New York, on purpose to buy her wedding finery. - Graham's Magazine.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

A poor country girl traveled from Geq. Cross, near Manchester, to London, during the troubles in the time of Charles the First to seek a place as servant -Failing in this object of her ambition. she engaged herself as, what was called tub-woman to a brewer-that is, she carried out the beer from the brew house. Pleased with her healthy, handsome face, the brewer raised her to the position of his servant—then to that of his wife—filnally, to that of a widow, with a handsome dowry. She engaged Mr. Hide. then celebrated as a clever lawyer, to settle some puzzling money matters for her, and, as his own money matters happened to be, not only puzzling, but in a hopeless state just then, he proposed to the rich widow, and married her. Mr. H. became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon. The only daughter of the marriage became wife of James II, and mother to the Princessess Mary and Ann; and so the poor tub-woman ended her life as Countess of Claredon, wife to the Lord Chancellor of England, and mother to one, and grandmother to two Queens of England.

Hope is like a rock in a hot climate-