

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 82.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. & H. P. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1846.

"THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD."—The following is a copy of an advertisement taken from the door of a grist-mill, in York County, Pa., by a friend, written by the Town School Master. It is a literal copy, taken on the spot:

"DUBLIG SALE"
Will b. Halt one Saturday they 23d day of March next at ten O'clock in Honor Winson 1 Horse and Gains 1 Cow and 1 Bull Haron Wool Laters wagon Bales and boxes and Curdan backs and One shingles, and Hay & Straw from an oats by they Bushal and they Crain in the Crown Jacob Crosby
February the 26th 1844

(From the St. Louis Evening Gazette.)
Twenty Years Ago.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, which
Sheltered you and me.
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green
Some twenty years ago.
The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-
footed boys at play,
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the Master sleeps upon the hill,
Which coated o'er with snow,
Afored us a sliding-place, just
Twenty years ago.
The old school-house is altered
Some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our
Pen-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro,
Its music is just the same, dear Tom,
It was twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old
Game, beneath that same old tree:
I do forget the name just now—you've
Played the same with me.
On that same spot; 'twas played with
Knives, by throwing so and so,
The lower had a task to do—there,
Twenty years ago.
The river's running just as still,
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the
Stream appears less wide;
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now
Where once we played the beat,
And among our sweethearts—pretty girls—
Full twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high that we
Could almost reach—
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear
Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I have changed
Since twenty years ago.
Near by the spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and
You did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the
Bark; 'twas dying, sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died
Twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but
Tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those
Early broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard, and took
Some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some
Twenty years ago.
Some are in the church-yard laid, some
Sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting
You and me.
And when our time has come, Tom, and
We are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played
Just twenty years ago.

MISSES' EDU.—Seeing the following beautiful and
impressive passage lately quoted by the North American,
I take the liberty of asking a place for it in your paper.
It is a gem of the first water in literature, and not of any
lower quality in practical Theology. If the reader will
substitute earthly affections and passions, in general, for
the single one to which the writer distinctly refers, he
will see with what more "loud sighings of an eastern
wind," he must contend in his upward flight, and judge
whether it is policy to increase the storm by fresh in-
congruities of folly.
Truly yours,
C.

ON PRAYER.—Prayer is the peace of our
spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the even-
ness of recollection; the seat of meditation, the
rest of our cares, and the calm of our temper;
prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled
thoughts, it is the daughter of charity and
sister of meekness; and he that prays to God
with an angry, that is, with a troubled or dis-
composed spirit, is like him that retires into a
battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in
the out-quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect
alienation of the mind from prayer, and
therefore is contrary to that attention, which
prayer in a right line to God—
For so have I seen a hawk rising from his bed
of grass, and soaring upwards as he rises,
and hurls to get to heaven, and climb over
the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten
back with the loud sighings of an eastern
wind, and his motion made irregular and in-
constant, descending more at every breath of
the tempest, than it could recover by the libra-
tion and frequent weighing of his wings; till
the little creature was forced to sit down and
pant, and stay till the storm was over, and
then made a prosperous flight, and did rise
and sing as if it had learned music and motion
from an angel, as he passed sometimes through

the air about his ministries here below: so is
the prayer of a good man.
Prayers are but the body of the bird: de-
sires are its angel's wings.—BISHOP TAYLOR.

Fanny McDermot.—A Tale of Sorrow.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

Sickenng with fatigue and disappointment,
Fanny, helped on her way by an omnibus, re-
turned to the intelligence-office, where she had
left her bundle. The official gentlemen there,
on hearing her failure, said—"We'll, it's no fault
of mine—you can't expect a good place without
a good reference."
"Oh, I expect nothing," replied Fanny; "I
hope for nothing but that my baby and I may
die soon—very soon, if I please God!"
"I am sorry for you, I declare I am," said
the man, who, though his sensibility was pretty
much worn away by daily attention, could not
look without pity upon this pale, beautiful
young creature, humble and gentle and trem-
bling in every fibre with exhaustion and despair.
"You are tired out," he said, "and your
baby wants taking care of. There's a decent
lodging-house in the next street, number 55,
where you may get a night's lodging for a shil-
ling. To-morrow morning you'll feel better—
the world will look brighter after a night's sleep.
Come back to me in the morning, and I will
give you some more chances. I won't go ac-
cording to rule with you."

Fanny thanked him, kissed her baby, and
again, with trembling, wavering steps, went
forth. She had just returned to the corner, when
overcome by faintness, she sat down on a door-
step. As she did so, a woman, coming from
the pump, turned to go down into the area of a
basement-room. She rested her pail on the
step, and cast her eye inquisitively at Fanny.
"God save us!" she cried. "Fanny McDermot,
darling! I've found you at last—just as I
expected. God punish them that wronged
you! Can't you speak to me, darling! Don't
you know Biddy O'Rourke?"

"Oh, yes," replied Fanny, faintly; "my
only friend in this world.—Indeed, I do know
you."
"And, indeed—and, indeed, you're welcome
as if you were my own to everything I have
in the world. Rise up, my darling; give me
the baby. God's pity on it, poor bird!"
and taking the infant in one arm, and supporting
nearly carrying the mother with the other, she
conducted Fanny down the steps and laid her
on her bed. With discreet and delicate kind-
ness she obtained, for the present, from farther
inquiries, and contented herself with nursing the
baby, and now and then an irrepressible over-
flow of her heart in expression of pity and
love to Fanny, and indignation and wrath against
"bad creatures, that had neither soul nor feel-
ings, nor any such thing in them!" In the
course of the day, Fanny so far recovered as to
tell her friend her short, sad story, and to learn
that affairs had ended with the O'Rourke's
that the drunken husband was dead, Pat and
Eileen were out at service, and that the good
mother, with a little help from them, and by
selling apples and now and then a windfall, got
bread for herself and three little, noisy, thriving
children. "The scantiness of her land was only
betrayed by her repeated assurances to Fanny
that she had plenty—plenty, and to spare—
oceans, oceans!" and when Fanny, the next
morning, manifested her intention of going out
again to seek a place, she said—"No, no, my
darling; it's not yet time to stir. I am, my
darling; 'twas my duty to be after. Is not the
bit-place big enough for us all? It's but little
ye're wanting to stir. Wait, any way, till yee's
stronger and the baby is big enough to wane,
and I will look to get the baby and Peggy."
Fanny looked round upon the "bit-place,"
and it must be confessed, that she sickened at
the thought of living in it, even with the sunny
kindness of its inmates, or leaving her little
snow-drop of a baby there. The windows were
dirt with dirt; the floor was unwhashed; a heap
of kindlings were in one corner, potatoes in an-
other, and coals under a bed none of the tidiest.
Broken earthen and broken victuals stood on
the table, and all contrasted to strongly with the
glossy neatness of her aunt's apartment. Surely,
Fanny was not fastidious.

"Oh, no, Mrs. O'Rourke," she said, "I can
never—never leave my baby. I am better; and
you are so kind to me. I'll wait till to-morrow."
And she did wait another day, but no persua-
sion of Mrs. O'Rourke, could induce her to
leave her infant. She insisted that she did not
feel its weight, and that "looking on it was all
that gave her courage to go among strangers,"
and "that now she felt easier, knowing she had
such a kind friend to take care of it."
Finding Fanny resolved, Mrs. O'Rourke
said—"Now, don't be after telling them your
misfortunes; just send them to me for your
character. It's ten to one if they'll not take the
trouble to come; and if they do, I'll satisfy them
completely."
"And how?" asked Fanny, with a faint
smile.

"Why, won't I be after telling 'em just the
truth—how the good old lady brought you up
like a nun, out of sunshine and herbs' way;
how you were always working with your needle,
and quiet-like and dove-like; and how the
old lady doated on you, and that you were the
best and beautifullest that ever crossed a door-
sill!"
"But, oh, dear Mrs. O'Rourke, with all this,
how will you ever come to the dreadful truth!"
"And I'll not be after just that. If they bother
with questions, can't I answer them civilly, Fanny
McDermot? How will it harm a body in all
the world just to be told that yees married your
cousin what died with consumption or the like
of that?"

Fanny shook her head.
"Now, what's the use, Fanny McDermot,"
continued Mrs. O'Rourke, "of a tongue, if we
can't serve a friend with it? Leave all to me,
darling. You know I would not tell a lie to
wrong one of God's creatures. Would I be af-
ter giving you a character if you did not deserve
it?"
"I know how kind and good you are to me,
Mrs. O'Rourke," said Fanny, "but I pray you
to say nothing for me but the truth. I have ask-

ed God's forgiveness and blessing on me, and my
my baby, and we must try to earn it. Promise
me, will you?"
"Oh, be easy; darlint, be easy, and I'll be
after doing what you wish." She wrapped the
baby in its blanket, carried it up the steps and
put it in the mother's arms. "I here, God
guide you, Fanny McDermot. The truth!"
continued Mrs. O'Rourke, as her streaming eyes
followed Fanny; "and what's the truth good
for but to serve the like of her that's been
wronged by a false-hearted villian, bad luck to
him!"

It would take a very nice casuist to analyze
the national moral sense of good Mrs. O'Rourke.
The unscrupulous flexibility of the Irish tongue
is in curious contrast with the truth of the Irish
heart—a heart overflowing with enthusiasm,
generosity, gratitude, and all the emotions be-
longing to the best truth of life.
"I am thinking," said the master of the in-
telligence-office, as he was doing out to two or
three references to Fanny, to families residing
in different and distant parts of the city. "I am
thinking you don't know much of the world,
young woman!"
"I do not," replied Fanny, mournfully.
"Well, then, I do; and I'll give you a hint
or two. It's a world, child, that's looking out
pretty sharp for number one—where each shows
their fairest side and looks all round their fellow
creatures; where them that have the upper hand
—you understand, them what employs others—
thinks they have a right to require that they
shall be honest and true and faithful and so on
to the end of the chapter, of what they call
"good character," and not only that they be so
all their lives. The man that holds the purse,
mind you, my dear, may snap his fingers, and
be and do what he likes. Now, there can't be
friendship in this trade, so what can the weak
party do but to make fight the best way they can.
But I see you don't altogether take my ideas."
He continued, perceiving Fanny was but half at-
tentive, and replacing his spectacles, which he
had taken off in beginning his lecture on the so-
cial system; "but you'll see my meaning in the
application. Now, I've asked no questions
and you've told me no lies," as the saying is,
but I know pretty much what's come and gone
by your beauty, by your cast down eye, with
the tears standing on the eaves; by the lips
that smile, though as if they would never smile
again; by the—"

"Oh, please, sir, give me the papers and let
me go."
"Wait—I have not come to it. I feel like a
father to your child—I do. Now, my advice is,
hold up your head; you've as much right and
a fine house. Look straight forward; speak
cheerily, and say you're a widow."
Fanny looked up, with a glance that came
from a conscience yet void of offence; and he
added, with a slight stammer—
"Why should not you say so? You are left
—and that is the main part of being a widow—
left to provide for yourself and your young one;
and that's the sorrowfullest part of being one—
and every body pities the widow and orphan.
And I should like to have any body tell me
which is most a widow, a woman whose hus-
band is dead or you?—which the completest
orphan, a child whose father lies under ground
or yours?"

Fanny stretched out her hand to true refer-
ences and took them in silence, but when she
reached the door, she turned and said, with a
voice so sweet and penetrating that it was oil
to the wounded vanity of the man—"I thank
you, sir, for wishing to help us; but, baby,"
she added, mentally, straining her little burden
to her bosom, "we will be true—we will keep
our vow to God, won't we? He is merciful!
Jesus was merciful, even to that poor woman
that was brought before him by cruel men;
and if nobody will take us in error, God
may take us to himself—and I think he will,
soon."

She walked on slowly and perseveringly,
turning many streets, till she reached the first
address to which she had been referred. There
she was received and dismissed as she had been
on the previous day, and she went to look for
the next; but she soon began to feel sensations
she had never felt before—a pain and giddiness
in the head and general trembling. She drag-
ged on a little way, and then sat down. Grad-
ually her mind became confused, and she de-
termined to turn back at once and make the
best of her way to Mrs. O'Rourke, but to her
dismay, she could not remember the name of
the street where she lived, nor that of the in-
telligence office. "Oh, I am going mad," she
thought, "and they will take my baby from
me!" and making an effort to compose herself,
she sat down on a door step, and to test her
mind, she counted the panes in the windows
opposite. "All is right yet," she thought, as
she went steadily on and finished her task;
"but why cannot I remember that name? Do
you know," she asked, timidly, of a man who
was passing, and who looked line one of those
people who know every thing of the sort—"do
you know any street beginning with Van!"
"Bless me, yes—fitzy. There's Vandam
and Vandewater; and—"

"Oh, stop there—it's one of those. Are
they near together?"
"As near as east and west—one is one side
of the city, and one the other," and he passed
briskly on.
Poor Fanny sat down, and repeated to
herself the names till she was more at a loss
than ever. The passers by looked curi-
ously at her, and two or three addressing in-
sensibly to her, she could endure it no longer,
and she resolved to go to Vandam street,
hoping it might be the right one. Her head
throbed violently, and she felt that her lips
were parched, and her pulse beating quick and
hard. Her baby began to cry for food, and
seeing some boards resting against a house, she
crept under them to be sheltered from obser-
vation while she supplied her child's wants.—
There was too little girls there before her, eat-
ing merrily and voraciously from an almost
basket.

"Oh, my baby," said Fanny, aloud, "I am
afraid this is the last time you will ever find
any milk in your mother's breast!"
The little beggar-girls looked at her pitiful-
ly, and offered her bread and meat.
"Oh, thank you," she said, "but I cannot
eat. If you would only get me a drink of cold
water."
"Oh, that we can, as easy as not," said one
of them; and fishing up a broken tescup from
the bottom of her basket, she ran to a pump
and filled it—and again and again filled it, as
Fanny drank it or emptied it on her burning,
throbbing head.
"It's beginning to rain," said one of the girls,
"and I guess we had all better go home. You
look sick; we'll carry your baby for you if
your home is our way."
"My home! No, thank you; my home is
not your way."
The children went away, talking in a low
voice, and feeling as they had never quite felt
before.

It was early in February, and the days, of
course, yet very short. The weather had been
soft and bright, but as the evening approached,
the sky became clouded and a chilling rain be-
gan. Fanny crept out of her place of shelter,
after most anxiously wrapping up her baby,
and, at first, stimulated by the fever, she walk-
ed rapidly on. Now and then she sat down,
where an arched doorway offered a shelter, and
remained half oblivious till urged on again by
her baby's cries.
It was eleven o'clock, when she was pass-
ing before a brilliantly lighted house. There
was music within, and a line of carriages with-
out. A gentleman was at this moment alight-
ing from his carriage. Fanny shrunk back and
leaned against the area-railing till he should
pass. He sprang quickly up the step to avoid
the dropping eaves, and when in the doorway,
turned so say, "Be punctual at twelve." She
looked up; the light from the bright gas light
beside the door shined in the speaker's face.
"Oh, mercy, it is he!" she exclaimed, and
darted forward and muffled the step. It was
he, Sydney. He left the door ajar as he en-
tered, and Fanny followed in; and as she en-
tered, she saw Sydney turn the landing of the
staircase. Above was the mingled din of voices
and music. Fanny instinctively shrunk
from proceeding. Through an open door she
saw the ruddy glow of the fire in the ladies'
cloak-room. It was vacant. I might warm
my poor baby there," she thought; "and it's
possible—it is possible I may speak with him
when he comes down,"—and she obeyed the
impulse to enter. Her reason was now too
weak to aid her, or she would not have placed
herself in a position so exposed to observation
and suspicion. When she had entered she
saw, to her great relief, a screen that divided a
small portion of the room from the rest. She
crept behind it and seated herself on a cushion
that had been placed there for the convenience
of the ladies changing their shoes. "How
very fast you are sleeping, my baby," she said;
"and yet," she added, shivering herself, "how
very cold you are!" and twining round it a
velvet mantle that had fallen over the screen,
she leaned her head against the wall, and, par-
tly supported by the change to the warm apart-
ment, and partly from exhaustion, she fell
asleep. What a contrast was she, in her silent
lively desolation, with fever in her veins, and
in her cold, drenched, dripping garments, to
the gay young creatures above—thoughtless
of any evil in life more serious than not having
a partner for the next waltz! She homeless,
friendless wanderer; they passed from room
to room amidst the rustling of satins and soft
pressure of velvets, and flowing of gossamer
draperies, with the luxury of delicious music
and atmosphere of the costliest exotics, and
tables preparing for them where Epicures
might have banqueted. And such contrasts,
and more frightful, are there nightly in our city,
separated, perhaps, by a wall, a street or a
square; and knowing this, we sleep quietly in
our beds, and spend our days in securing more
comforts and planning more pleasures for our-
selves—and, perhaps, complaining of our lot!

More than an hour had passed away, when
Fanny was awakened to imperfect consciousness
by the murmuring of two female voices outside
the screen. Two ladies stood there, in their
cloaks, waiting.
"How in the world," asked one, "did you
contrive to make her dance with him?"
"By getting her into a dilemma. She could
not refuse without rudeness to her hostess."
"And you made her ride with him yester-
day. And so you hope to decoy her into an
engagement with him?"
"No—no. I merely mean to decoy her—
if you choose that word—into an intimacy, and
then I will leave them to make out the rest be-
tween them. He is very irresistible. Stan-
ford Smith's wife was over head and ears in
love with him; and you know poor Ellen Cra-
ven made no secret of her attachment to him."
"Why did she not marry him?"
"Lord knows," replied the lady, shrugging
her shoulders. "She did not play her cards
well; and, I believe the truth is, he has been a
sad fellow."
"Do you imagine there was any truth in
that girl's story yesterday?"
"Very likely; pretty girls in her station are
apt to go astray, you know. But here is Au-
gusta. Come in, Mr. Sydney; there is no one
here but us. Are you going so early?"
"Yes. After seeing you to your carriage, I
have no desire to stay."
There was a slight movement behind the
screen, but apparently not noticed by the par-
ties outside.
"Oh, Miss Emily, allow me," he said, drop-
ping on his knee before Augusta, who, the
dressing-maid not being at her post, was at-
tempting to button her overshoe—"allow
me."
"No, thank you; I always do these things
for myself."
"But I insist!" and Augusta Emily sprang
behind the screen.
Sydney, with a sort of playful gallantry,
followed her. Between them both, the screen
fell, and they all stood silent and agitated, as if
the earth had opened before them. There still
sat Fanny, beautiful as the most beautiful of
Murrillo's peasant mothers. The fever had

left her cheek—it was as colorless as marble;
her lips were red, her eyes beaming with a su-
pernatural light, and her dark hair hung in
matted masses of ringlets in her waist. She
cast one bewildered glance around her, and
then fixing her eyes on Sydney, she sprang to
him and laid her hand on his arm, exclaiming,
"Stafford! Stafford!" in a voice that vibrat-
ed on the ears of all those who heard her, long
after it was silent forever.
Mrs. Emly locked the door! Truly, the
children of this world are wise in their genera-
tion.

Sydney disengaged his arm, and said, in a
scarcely audible voice—for his false words
choked him as he uttered them—"Who do
you take me for? The woman is mad!"
"No—I am not mad yet; but—oh, my
head, it aches so—it is so giddy. Feel how it
beats, Stafford. Oh, don't pull away your
hand from me. How many times you have
kissed these temples and the curls that hung
over them, and talked about their beauty.—
What are they now? What will they soon
be? You feel it throbb, don't you? Stafford,
I am not going to blame you now; I have for-
given you—I have prayed to God to forgive
you. Oh, how deadly pale you are now,
Stafford. Now you feel for us. Now, look
at our poor little child!"

The uncovered infant, and raised it more
from stupor than sleep. The half-finished
little thing uttered a feeble, sickly moan.
"Oh, God—oh, God, she is dying! Is not
she dying?" She grasped Augusta Emily's
arm.—"Can't something be done for it! I have
killed her—I have killed my baby. It was
you that were kind to us yesterday—yea, it
was you—I don't know where it was. Oh,
my head—my head!"
"For God's sake, mamma, let us take her
home with us," cried Augusta, and she rushed
to the door to look for her servant. As she
opened it, voices and footsteps were heard de-
scending the stairs. She heeded them not—
her mother did.

"Go now—instantly, Sydney," she said.
"Oh, no—no, do not go!" cried Fanny, at-
tempting to grasp him—but he eluded her, and
unnoticed by them, passed through the throng
of servants at the door, threw himself into the
first hackney coach he saw, and was driven
away. Fanny uttered one piercing shriek,
looked wildly round her, and darting through
the cluster of ladies pressing into the cloak-
room, she passed, unobserved by her; behind
Miss Emly, who stood regardless of the pour-
ing rain, on the door-step, ordering her coach-
man to drive nearer to the door. When she
returned to the cloak-room, it was filled with
ladies; and in the confusion of the shawling,
there was much talk among them of the strange
apparition that had glided out of the room as
they entered.

Mrs. Emly threw a cloak round her daugh-
ter. "Saying nothing, Augusta," she whis-
pered, imperatively; "they are both gone."
"Gone together!"
Mrs. Emly did not, or affected not to hear
her.
The next morning Miss Emly was twice
summoned to breakfast before she appeared.
She had passed a sleepless and wretched night
thinking of that helpless young sufferer,
ruined by the sin, and in her extreme mis-
ery, driven forth to the stormy elements by the
pride of her fellow creatures.
"There is not a sadder moment in life than
that in which a young, hopeful, generous crea-
ture, discovers unsoundness, worldliness and
heartlessness in those to whom nature has
most closely bound her—than that, when, in
the freedom of her own purity and love, of
her own purity and love of goodness and faith
in truth, she discovers the compromising self-
ishness, the conventional falsehood of the world.
Happy for her, if in misanthropic disgust, she
does not turn away from it; happy if she does
not bring her to stoop from her high position
—most happy, if like Him who came to the
sick, she fulfil her mission and remain in the
world, though not of it!"

Augusta went through the form of breakfast,
and taking up the morning paper and passing
her eye listlessly over it, her attention was fixed
by the following paragraph:
"Committee at the Tombs.—Fanny Mc-
Dermot, a young woman so calling herself, was
taken up by a watchman during the violence
of the storm, with a dead infant in her arms.
A rich velvet mantle, lined with fur, was wrap-
ped around the child. Nothing but woollen
could be extracted from the woman. She was
committed for stealing the mantle. A jury of
inquest is called to sit upon the child, which,
they have not yet been able to force from the
mother's arms."
"Good Heavens, Augusta, what is the mat-
ter. Are you faint?" asked the mother.
Augusta shook her head, and rang the bell,
while she gave Mrs. Emly the paragraph to
read. "Daniel," she said, to the servant who
answered the bell, "go to Dr. Edmunds and
ask him to come to me immediately. Stop,
Daniel—ask Gray to go along to send me a
carriage direct."

"What now, Miss Emly. Are you going to
the Tombs?"
"Yes."
"Not with my permission."
"Without it then, ma'am unless you bolt
the doors upon me. I have sent to my cousin,
and he will go with me. There is no improp-
riety and no Quixotism in my going, and I
shall never be happy again if I do not go. Oh,
my dear mother," she continued, bursting into
tears, "I have suffered agonies this night,
thinking of that poor young woman; but they
are nothing—nothing to the misery of hearing
you, last night, defend that bad man, and bring
me reason upon reason why 'it was to be ex-
pected,' and what often happened, and what
no one thought of condemning a man for; that
that he, loaded with God's good gifts, should
make a prey and victim of a trusting, loving,
defenceless woman, and she, therefore, should
be cast out of the pale of humanity—turned
from our doors—driven forth to perish in the
storm. Oh, it is monstrous—monstrous!"
Augusta was strong for her mother—

She did not oppose, but merely murmured, in a
voice that did not reach her ear—"There does
seem to be an insistency, but different when
one knows the world."
The door of Fanny McDermot's cell was
opened by the turnkey, and Miss Emly and
her cousin, the physician, admitted. It was
a room twice the size of those allotted to single
occupants, and there were two women of the
most hardened character in it, besides a
young girl, not sixteen, committed for infanti-
cide. She, her eyes filled with tears, was bath-
ing Fanny's head with cold water, while the
women, looking like two furies, were accusing
one of having stolen from Fanny, the one a
handkerchief, the other a ring.

Fanny's dead infant was on her arm, while
she, half raised on her elbow, bent over it.—
She had wrapped her cloak and the only blan-
ket on the bed around it. "It is so cold," she
said, "I have tried all night to warm it. It
grows colder and colder."
"Cannot this young woman be moved to a
more decent apartment?" asked Miss Emly of
the turnkey.
Fanny looked up at the sound of her voice.
"Oh, you have come—I thought you would,"
she said. "You will warm my baby, won't
you?"
"Yes—indeed I will. Let me take it."
"Take it—away! No—I can't. I shall
never see her again. They tried to pull her
away from me, but they could not—we grow
together. Bring me a little warm milk for her.
She has not sucked since yesterday morning,
and then my milk was so hot, that I think it
scalded her. I am sure it did not agree with
her."
"Oh, pray," said Augusta, to the turnkey,
who had replied to her inquiry "that the next
room was just vacated and could be made quite
comfortable,"—"pray, procure a bed and
blankets, and whatever will be of any use to
her. I will pay you for all expense and trou-
ble."

"Nothing can be of use," said the physi-
cian, whose fingers were on Fanny's pulse;
"her heart is fluttering with its last beat."
"Thank God!" murmured Augusta.
"Put your hand on her head. Did you ever
feel such a heat?"
"Oh, dear—dear; it was that dreadful heat
she felt in all her mental misery last night."
A quick step was heard along the passage;
a sobbing voice addressed the turnkey, and in
rushed Mrs. O'Rourke. She did not, as her
people commonly do at the sight of a dying
creature, set up a howl, but she sunk on her
knees and pressed her hand to her lips as if to
hold in the words that were leaping from her
heart.

Fanny looked at her for a moment in silence,
then, with a faint smile on her quivering lips,
she stretched her hand to her. "You have
found me. I could not find you—I walked
and walked." She closed her eyes and sunk
back on her pillow; her face became calmer,
and when she opened her eye, it was more
quiet. "Mrs. O'Rourke," she said, quite
distinctly, directing her eye to Augusta, "this
kind lady believed me; tell her about me."
"Oh, I will—I will—I will!"
"Hush—not now. Come here—my baby
is—dead. I—God is good—I forgive—
God—Heaven is love. My baby—yes—
God—is good."
In that unfeeling goodness the mother and
the child reposed forever.

FILIAL GRATITUDE.—Gratitude is a princi-
pal ingredient in filial affection. It often re-
veals itself in a most striking manner, when
parents mouler in the dust. It induces obedi-
ence to their precepts, and tender love for
the memory. A little boy was once passing
the ornamental garden of a rich man. He was
observed to look earnestly and wishfully at
some sprouts that were germinating on the
trunk of an old poplar. On being asked what
he wanted, he said, "my mother loved flowers,
and every green looking thing. She had been
dead two years, yet I have never planted one
where she sleeps. I was just thinking how
pretty one of these would look by her grave."
The gentleman kindly gave him a rose bush,
and a fresh wand of weeping willow. Then
the poor little fellow lifted up his streaming
eyes, and gave thanks in a broken voice for
himself, and for his dear, dead mother.

A CLIMAX.—"What are doing, my son?"
said a farmer to his boy Billy.
"Smoking a sweet fern segar, father; I
made it."
"Throw it away this minute, don't you
know that a boy who smokes sweet fern will
smoke tobacco, and if he smokes tobacco he
will drink rum, and if he drinks rum he will
lie, and if he lies he will steal, and if he steals
he will murder, and if he murders he will be
—acquitted."

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—Gentlemen of the
jury, said a western lawyer, would you set a
trap to catch a bear? would you made a
fals of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a buf-
falo with a knitting-needle? No, gentlemen,
I know you would not; then how can you be
guilty of the absurdity of finding my client gui-
ty of man-slaughter for taking the life of a wom-
an?

DOMESTICS.—Children should be required to
treat domestics with propriety. Those, on
whom the comforts of a family so essentially de-
pend, are entitled to kindness and sympathy.
The theory that industry and good conduct
are worthy of respect, in whatever rank they
may be found, cannot be too early illustrated and
enforced on the members of a household.

A GOOD WIFE.—Andrew Johnson, a mem-
ber of the House of Representatives from
Tennessee, we see it stated in an ex-
change paper, was taught to read after his mar-
riage. He is a tailor by trade.
AN EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.—Lydia H.
Sigourney, the great American poetess, took
the prize at the late Fair of the American In-
stitutus for the best pair of silk stockings.