

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

NUMBER 64.

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

## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1846.

### The Death of the Old Year.

BY ALBERT TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winds are wearily sighing,  
Toll ye the church bell and low  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He hath still he doth not more;  
He will not see the dawn of day,  
He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,  
And the New-year will take 'em away.  
Old year, you must not go;

So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.

He hath his bumper to the brim;  
A jillier year we shall not see;  
But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his face speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.

Old year you shall not die;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er,  
To see him die, across the waste,  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own;  
The night is stary and cold, my friend,  
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock,  
The shadows flicker to and fro  
The cricket chirps; the light-brown low  
Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,  
Alick! my friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;  
Slop from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

**THE ENGLISH PRASANT.**—There is something humbling to pride in a rustic's life. It grades against the heart to think of the tone in which we unconsciously permit ourselves to address him. We see in him humanity in its simple shape; it is a sad thought to feel that we despise it; that all we respect in our species is what has been created by art—the gaudy dress, the glittering equipage, even the cultivated intellect: the mere naked material of nature, we view with indifference or trample on with disdain. Poor child of toil, from the gray dawn to the setting sun, one long task—no idle elicits—no thought awakened beyond those that suffice to make him the machine of others—the serf of the hard soil! And then, too, mark how we crowd upon his scanty holidays, how we hedge his mirth with laws, and turn his hilarity into crime! We make the whole of the gay world, wherein we walk and take our pleasure, to him a place of snares and perils. If he leaves his labor for an instant, in that instant how many temptations spring up to him! And yet we have no mercy for his errors—the jail, transport-ship, the gallows: these are our sole lecture books, and our only method of expostulation—ah, fit to the disparities of the world! They cripple the heart, they blind the sense, they concentrate the thousand links between man and man, into the two basest of earthly ties—servility and pride. Methinks the devils laugh out when they hear us tell the poor that his soul is as glorious and eternal as our own; and yet, when in the grinding drudgery of his life, not a spark of soul can be called forth; when it sleeps, washed around in the lampish clay, from the cradle to the grave, without a dream to stir the deadness of its torpor.—*Bulwer.*

**WESTERN WOMAN.**—I saw there a couple of western beauties. The south produces elegant women, and the valley of the Mississippi splendid ones. There is an original—a raciness—among the women of the west, which is extremely attractive. They touch the confines of civilization and barbarism with such a daring grace, that the precise petits maîtres of the Atlantic are thunderstruck or thundered into gaping statures at their fascinating wildness and enchanting audacity. A western belle fresh from the woods, is a sealed book to an Atlantic dandy. He cannot understand her; he has not the key; she is beyond his vision. To know them properly, to estimate them accurately, we must have been lost on the Alleghenies, shipwrecked on a foreign coast, drank sherry with the Turk, eaten the river Jordan, or been killed and eaten by the pirates. It is quite distressing to see the Atlantic belles pick their way through the crowded drawing room. They sometimes stand on the outer edge of the crowd, and look despairingly to a friend at the other end of the room, as one would look upon the spires of Cincinnati from the pinnacles of the Alleghenies, or a traveler looks across the Arabian deserts. A western belle dashes through the crowd as she would through the river, mounted on horse-back.—Nothing imbues her. She makes manners, and controls the rulers of society as she marches through it—throwing dandies aside as she does the billows. The southern lady glides like a slyph; full of feeling and passion, which she lets to her conversation, and fire in her eyes.—*R. Portland Advertiser.*

## Wintering Stock.

Throughout a considerable portion of the country, there is a scarcity of materials on which to feed stock the coming winter. The general warmth and moisture of the atmosphere, however, since the occurrence of rains in the beginning of autumn, have much promoted the growth of grass; thus fortunately affording an opportunity for grazing up to a late period of the season. And where fields of rye have been sown for the purpose of giving late fall and early spring pasturage, the favorableness of the season has probably induced a growth which will furnish support in a great degree, to light cattle and sheep. Yearlings, calves and sheep may then be taken care of on such fields, care being taken that the bite is not too short, till snow covers the ground; and the spring growth may be available for the same purpose to a longer or shorter period, according to the necessities of the farmer, or the wants of his stock. If, while the stock is feeding on the rye, to lax a state of the bowels occurs, as is sometimes the case, owing to the succulence of the rye, the animals should be fed with some dry hay, and a little salt as a condiment, which will check the tendency to purge.

But under all circumstances, the most economical appropriation of the winter's stock of fodder, becomes an important desideratum. The great aim should be the maintenance of the stock in proper condition with the least expense. The materials at the disposal of farmers for this purpose, consist usually of hay, straw of various grain, fodder of Indian corn, different vegetables in greater or less quantities, with occasionally some meal or "Mill stuffs." A general saving of all rough fodder may be made by cutting with a cutting machine. This saving results in various ways, some of which we will specify. 1. Coarse fodder, such as rank hay, or cornstalks, are thus wrought into a more convenient form for mastication, by which animals are often induced to eat that which would otherwise be rejected, or only partially consumed. This is particularly the case with clover hay, more or less of which is almost always wasted if fed in the long state, but, when passed through a cutter, if it has been properly cured, is readily eaten perfectly clean. The same remark is applicable, though in a less degree, to straw or corn fodder. 2. By cutting, fodder of an inferior quality may be easily mixed in any desired proportions with that which is better or more palatable, and the poorer kind thus made to induce to the animals support. Cutting also affords a convenient mode of mixing meal, shorts or bran, with fodder, by which may be gained the double advantage of inducing stock to eat less palatable articles, and of so diffusing the meal that all its nutriment is appropriated by the animal. 3. Besides the advantages above mentioned, another and not less important benefit is known to be derived by laboring animals in the additional time it affords them for rest—the cutting performing in a great degree the work of chewing and preparation for digestion. This benefit is regarded as so important by those accustomed to feeding work-horses and oxen on cut food, that nothing would induce them to discontinue the practice.

There are cases, however, in which the advantages of cutting may not repay the expenses. If the food to be used is wholly dry of a very fine quality, and the stock consuming it is not required to labor, it might be so fed that no waste would accrue, or nothing be gained by cutting. But wherever a mixture of fodder would be expedient, or meal, &c., is to be used, or working animals are to be provided for, the advantages of cutting will be found to repay the expenses ten fold.

In times past, the writer has had some experience in feeding stock, and has practised various modes with a view to economizing food and cost. During seasons of scarcity of hay, a course like the following was adopted with advantage. Good hay and straw (oat and barley straw are preferable, but wheat and rye straw were often used,) were cut together in equal parts. Chaff of wheat or oats was sometimes used instead of straw. This fodder was mixed with corn meal, at the rate of two quarts of meal to the hundred of fodder. First a layer of six or seven inches of the hay and straw was thrown into a large box, spread over the bottom, and moistened with hot water—then the meal was scattered over it, and afterwards well mixed with forks. Other layers were prepared in the same way, until enough was ready for twenty head of cattle for twenty-four hours. It was made the object to give each grown animal (cow or ox) twenty-five pounds of the cut straw and hay every twelve-four hours—that is, each was allowed twenty and a half pounds of straw, the same quantity of hay, and a pint of meal per day. Younger and smaller stock was fed in proportion. Cows giving milk, and oxen when working, had the meal increased—giving in such instances, two or three quarts a day. Sometimes rye meal, shorts, and occasionally oil-cake, were used, either by themselves, or in connection with the corn-meal; endeavoring to use about the relative quantities of each which would afford the same amount of nutriment; but as we had no definite standard, we gave as nearly as practicable equal weights.

Not the least was attended this course of feeding, and we found stock to do well on it. Though not fat, they were in good trim, and their coats got into fine order, early in spring, so that they went to grass in excellent condition.

In feeding potatoes or other vegetables to stock, where the quantity does not exceed half a bushel per day to each grown cow or ox we have usually given them at one feed in the morning, after the first foddering of hay.

Col. Jaques, of Massachusetts, who is known as an economical feeder of stock, adopts the following plan, which we copied sometime since from notes furnished by him:

"For 30 cows, cut with a machine 30 bushels for one feed; one-third common or English hay, one-third salt hay, and one-third rye or barley straw; add 30 quarts of wheat-bran or shorts, and ten quarts of oats and corn meal

moistened with water. One bushel of this mixture is given to each cow in the morning, and the same quantity at noon and in the evening. In addition to this, a peck of mangold wurtzel is given to each cow per day. This mode of feeding has been found to produce nearly as much milk as the best grass feed in summer."

Stock must not be too much stunted in their food in the fore part of the winter, nor should an attempt be made to keep them at once on the poorer kind of fodder. In the coldest weather of January and February, their appetites will be sharpest, and then the poor fodder will be eaten to the best advantage. We said their food should not be stinted in the beginning; the reason is, that if they brought long in flesh in the first of winter, they cannot stand the inclemency of the weather so well, and they fall rapidly towards spring. Hence if any pinching must be done, it had better be deferred to the last end of the season of feeding, as relief may be shortly expected from the growth of grass. The greatest regularity should be observed in feeding—always giving the food as near as practical at certain fixed times. But no food should at any time given to be left—all should be eaten to the last straw which is eatable. Still, substances which are really innocuous—such as the large, scarbious roots of corn-stalks and the woody stems of large weeds and coarse herbage—should not be given to stock with the expectation that they will be eaten and benefit be derived from them.

### A Story of Pocket Picking.

The adroitness of the nimble-fingered gentry who make pocket picking their profession, is often a matter of astonishment to the unpracticed. We have heard of a case which illustrates the *legardmain* of this wide spread and dangerous species of villany more thoroughly than any we have heard of. It may be relied upon as authentic.—*Albany Citizen.*

A few weeks since, a gentleman at the Astor House, in New York, suddenly missed a gold watch, which was worth more to him than to any one else. He marvelled much at its absence, for he knew he had only been in and out of the office and reading room of that hotel since he noted the hour by it. In the hope of recovering it, he advertised his loss and offered a reward of fifty dollars. The same day he received a note, informing him that he could have his watch by calling at a certain house in an obscure part of the city. After some little hesitation he resolved to go. The watch was too valuable to him to be given up without at least this attempt to recover it. So he went. His call at the door was promptly answered by a gentlemanly looking person, who in reply to his enquiries, that he had in his possession the advertised watch, and that on payment of the offered reward he would deliver it up. The loser promised to pay the \$50, provided he was convinced the watch was his. It was exhibited and the gentleman recognized it at once, paid the reward and gladly replaced the recovered treasure in its place, in the vest-pocket. As he was turning to go away, he remarked:

"I'm glad, as you may suppose, to get my watch back again, and I should really be pleased to know how you took it from me."

"That will inform you," replied the pick-pocket. Do you remember holding an animated conversation with two other gentlemen in the reading room of the Astor House, on the morning you lost your watch?"

"I do," replied the loser.

"Well, do you not also remember that a gentleman who stood close by, left his newspaper, drew near and finally joined in the discussion?"

"Very distinctly," replied the other, "and also that he had engaged in it with much warmth!"

"Precisely," continued the narrator, "and do you not remember that he at one time, in his earnestness, tapped you two or three times on the left breast, thus?" (imitating the action to the word.)

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"Then I took your watch," said the other, and turning, shut the door and disappeared.

The gentleman returned to the Astor House, musing on this strange occurrence, and while relating it to some of his wandering friends, was astonished that his watch was again missing! When the adroit knight of the nimble fingers described to him how he had once fished from him his watch, he took it again! So the gentleman finally let his watch, after having paid to the thief the reward for its recovery.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—The fruits are to be preserved by the exercise of Economy. The man of business, must be careful always to expend less than he earns. He should be frugal, without parsimony, and never part with a dollar uselessly or extravagantly. He should in no instance purchase what he can do without, merely on the score of its cheapness, nor buy an expensive article of clothing, or household furniture, when a cheaper one would answer as well. Dr. Franklin's maxim should be always borne in mind when tempted to any trifling outlay. Not a copper should slip through his fingers, merely because of its inconsiderable value. "Take care of the pence," should be ever foremost in his mind, and he will soon find that "pence" will not be wanting to "make care of themselves." In the practice of such a system of economy, a man's earnings, however small, will go on increasing from year to year, until at last he will find himself in the possession of a fortune, and be surprised at the ease with which it has been acquired.

**FILIAL LOVE.**—Filial love should be cherished. It has, especially, a softening and ennobling effect on the masculine heart. It has been remarked, that almost all the illustrious men have been distinguished by love for their mothers. Their virtues may advise or reprimand unbefitted, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect, and deference, honored to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret, even beyond the grave. Wives may die, and we can replace them, children perish, and others may be born unto us; but who shall restore the mother when she passes away, and is seen no more?

## The Mechanic's Studio.

EXAMPLES OF SELF-INSTRUCTION.

Why may not the young artisan, who takes up this paper, become a learned man? The thing has been done before, and may be done again. Many a soul of genius is this moment buried in the shop and the factory. I shall proceed with my examples, availing myself of the authorities already mentioned.

The best beginning I can make is with the case of James Ferguson, the Scottish philosopher. James was the son of a day-laborer, and was born in 1718. Such was his early thirst for education, that he learned to read tolerably well before his father had any suspicion that he knew his letters. When about eight years of age, he began to make experiments with levers, which he called bars, and succeeded in discovering the great mechanical principle which regulates their operation. In the same manner he found out the law of the wheel and axle; being without books or teacher or any tools but his father's turning lathe, and a pocket knife. He had actually written out an account of his supposed discoveries, before he learned that the same things were contained in printed books. While employed as a Sheep-boy, he used to amuse himself, in the midst of his flock, by making models of spinning-wheels and mills; and at night he studied the starry heavens. His method was to wrap himself in a blanket, and with a lighted candle to lie for hours on his back in the open fields. "I used to stretch," says he, "a thread with small beads on it at arm's length, between my eye and the stars; and stretching the beads upon it, till they hid such a star from my eye; in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then, laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads." Mr. Gilbert, the minister of Keith, coming to the knowledge of this, furnished him with compasses, ruler, pens, ink, and paper; and set him to copying maps. His kind master often took the flail out of his hands, and worked himself, while James sat by him in the barn busy with his pen, rule and dividers. A neighboring butler gave him some hints in dialling, decimal fractions, and algebra, and lent him books. Among these was a Geography, which contained a description of a globe, but without any figure. This set Ferguson, at work, and he made a wooden ball, covered it with a map, and thus made the first artificial globe he ever saw. By the aid of this he solved problems.

Soon after this he became an invalid, and went into the service of a miller. Here he made a wooden clock, and afterwards a wooden watch, both of which kept time pretty well. From this he proceeded to take likenesses; and followed the business of a painter for six and twenty years. He may have learnt him, after saying that his numerous works on philosophical subjects are still held in high esteem.

Next I adduce the case of Thomas Simpson, the great mathematician. He was born in Leicestershire, in 1710. His father was a weaver, with whom Thomas, after learning to read imperfectly, began to learn his trade. But he loved books, and was resolved to be a scholar. This led to repeated quarrels with his father, who turned him out of doors. He found refuge in the house of a poor-widow, and here stole a little time for reading. From a fortune-telling pedlar, who pretended to astrology, he acquired some state for astronomy. Cocker's Arithmetic, and a book of Algebra, introduced him to the exact sciences. He became a schoolmaster for a time, but soon returned to the loom, still making wonderful attainments in knowledge. Having heard of the mysteries of the Differential Calculus, so procured two works on Fluxions, and not only mastered them, but qualified himself to write a book on this intricate subject, which was afterwards published, and gained great applause. After this time his mathematical publications rapidly followed one another: he became Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, and a Fellow of the Royal Society; and died in 1751.

The next example is not less instructive, though it is that of a less celebrated man.—Edmund Stone was the son of the Duke of Argyll's gardener. As the duke was walking one day in his garden, he observed a Latin copy of Newton's "Principia" lying on the grass and supposing it had been brought from his own library, called upon some one to carry it back. "Upon this" (says his biographer) "Stone, who was then in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own." "Yours?" replied the Duke: "do you understand Geometry, Latin, and Newton?" "I know a little of them," replied the young man. The Duke was surprised, and, having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician. He asked him several questions; and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candor of his answers. "But how," said the Duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?" Stone replied, "A servant taught me, ten years ago, to read. Does one need to know more than the twenty-four letters in order to learn every thing else that one wishes?" The Duke's curiosity re-doubled; he sat down on a bank, and requested a detail of the whole process by which he had become so learned.

"I first learned to read," said Stone; "the masons were then at work on your house, I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compass, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and he informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the necessary books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were books in these two sciences in Latin; I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French; I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this my lord, is what I have done. It seems to me that we may learn every thing when we know the twenty-four letters of

the alphabet." Stone also became a useful mathematical writer, and a member of the Royal Society; and though he is by no means to be compared with Simpson, yet it was one of Stone's books from which Simpson acquired his first knowledge of fluxions.

In closing this paper, let me earnestly recommend to every inquiring mechanic, a book by Professor Edwards, of Andover, entitled the "Biography of Self-Taught Men."

CHARLES QUILL.

### An Uneasy Predicament.

We are the witnesses of a ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it to be too good to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously, with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly "frightened from our property" by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, "for God's sake help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful things—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me."

We instantly rose from the chair, half frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of suspicion mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand lightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter with you?" at last asked we.

"The matter!" he exclaimed, "oh, help me! I've got something here, which just run up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't let it go! I must hold it. Ah, there!" he shrieked, "I felt it move just then! Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never have another pair open to the bottom as long as I live. Ah! I feel it again!"

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our *Corpus Christi* correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's "unmentionables," as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of old rubbish there, in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning," and he clenched his fist still more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda, we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the news boys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry, stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh! I can't sit!" said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee! If I do, it will bite or sting me; no I can't sit!"

"Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you've got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life by this time, the last effort must have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible more agitated than ever. "By heaven's!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. It's alive too! I feel it quick!—give me the knife again!" Another incision was made—in vent the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo! out came his wife's stocking.

How the stocking ever got there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh as followed, we have not heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so. Though this is all about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no "yarn."—*N. O. Picayune.*

**SEWING MACHINE.**—A most ingenious piece of mechanism has late been made known to the public in France, the inventor of which has been engaged during the last 15 years in bringing it to its present state of perfection. It is a sewing machine, plain in its details and calculated to revolutionize completely the art of sewing. It will perform 200 stitches to the minute—enlarge or contract the stitches by the simple turn of a screw—lead the needle along all the sinuities and irregularities of the stuff to be sewed, without the least danger of tearing, whatever may be the texture of the stuff, and do every part of the sewing of a coat, button hole, &c. The inventor is Mr. B. Thomineux, tailor at Ampleforth, France.

## The Life of a Newspaper.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

My life is shortly told. My first impression, was the emanation of a tremendous but short squoze, which instantly awoke me into life and thought. I was now spread out to the light, and a glow of intelligence completely pervaded me. My ideas were at first new, multitudes and confused; nations, politics, courts, speeches, merchandise, fighting, sea, deaths, marriages, duties, poetry, &c., &c., made up all my thoughts, which were various and mixed. I lay in a silent state of wonder and great amazement.

I soon found that I was but one of a very large family, that was ushered into this curious world at the same time. Out whole family was laid in regular order in a pile; my situation, being one of the first born, was particularly uneasy, damp and uncomfortable. I had a silent, intuitive, longing wish to get into the world; which was at last gratified.

Morning came, and I was carefully folded and laid, Moses like, in a basket, by a boy, who was called the carrier and borne into the street. The said carrier I soon found was an object of interest and desire. He was soon accosted by an elderly looking man, with threadbare, rusty breeches—

"Have you a spare paper, this morning, my boy?"

"No, sir," was the short reply, and he trudged on with us, muttering, "Not as you know on old gripes—you are the same chap that promised me some coppers for a paper the other morning, and hasn't paid me yet; you are too stingy to take the paper—you won't get another from me, I guess!"

My brethren were now fast leaving me, being deposited at their proper destination; at length my turn came, and I was tucked into the crevice of a shop door. The first sample of the kind was not at all alluring. I had not been long in my new situation, when a reluctantly early comer, swinging a key in his hand wistfully eyed me;—and casting a look about him, feloniously seized me, and thrust me into his pocket. My rightful owner—by virtue of advance pay, being in sight, halted and arrested the pilferer, and with threats compelled him to relinquish his prize. He entered his store and I soon found that I was the first object of his attention. After hastily drying me from the fire, in which progress I narrowly escaped conflagration, he ran over me, and fixed his eyes upon sales at auction, advertisements, &c. I was then more particularly examined and I dismissed with condemnation.

"Nothing but foreign news—Congress and Cabinet—love stories, and accidents by flood and field.—A Newspaper should be a commercial report; one side at least should be devoted to prices current." I was then petulantly thrown upon the counter, but was soon in requisition. A boy came in, with a "Please to lend me your paper a few minutes, just to look at the ship news?"

The request was reluctantly granted, with something about the plague of paper borrowing, and a determination to stop it. I was soon borne to a neighboring house. The good old woman, whose husband was at sea, eagerly sought the ship news, but was disappointed in her search.

"How negligent and careless these printers are," said she, "not a word of intelligence of the Wind Bird's report of advertisements, and poetry, and fill their papers with advertisements and that is all they care about." Miss now took her turn. She sought the stories the poetry, and anecdotes, which in half an hour were all devoured, with "the wonder that they put anything else in the paper." An elderly lady now took me, who, adjusting her spectacles, surveyed me a little while, and declared me a "terribly uninteresting paper; hardly a column of deaths and not more than fifteen or twenty murders and accidents."

In this way I passed through all the hands of the family, and after being well soiled and somewhat torn by the little ones, was sent home. For three whole days I had no rest, but was continually borrowed and abused.—At the end of this period, I was supplanted by a new face, and was then discharged and thrown aside like all sermons, when they have become useless. I was, however, again resuscitated and employed as a wrapper to some merchandise, and sent into the country. There, I again became the object of interest, went the rounds of the neighborhood, and was a "nine days wonder."

I am now quietly hanging up in a shattered condition, in a farmer's kitchen, from which I have written this brief memoir. I have seen much of the world, and learned that mankind are unreasonable and ungrateful, and that in a world of great variety of taste and wishes it is impossible to please all.

**TO PRESERVE POTATOES.**—The following simple method of preserving potatoes has been discovered by accident. A person at Annberg had a quantity of charcoal in his cellar, which he removed for the purpose of depositing a large heap of potatoes in its place, but omitted to sweep up the dust at the bottom.—At the end of the spring, when they generally begin to sprout, he found that not one of these potatoes had germinated, and that on being dressed, they retained all their original flavor.

**SCARLET FEVER.**—This terrible disease is prevailing in the town of York, Pa. to a great extent. The York Democratic Press of Wednesday last says: "There is scarcely a day passes that there are not more deaths recorded. Children are generally the victims, although there are some adults now suffering from it. In one family during the last week, three children died—a most afflicting occurrence."

**ASCARIS.**—Francis I. desirous to raise one of the learned men of the age to the highest dignities of the Church asked him if he were of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the Abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's Ark. I cannot tell positively from which I am descended."