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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

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(Written for the Bradford Reporter.)

## Forest Trees and Flowering Shrubs of Bradford County.

"Woodman! spare that tree."

Masses of errors.—In presenting you with a few sketches of the Forest Trees and Flowering Shrubs of Bradford County, I shall not aim so much at originality, as to a full description of the kinds that we find in our forest; together with their use, quality and time of flowering. Whoever has paid the least attention to the variety and beauty of our native forests as they are seen in the freshness of spring, the deep verdure of summer, or the golden hue of autumn, must have been struck with the beauty of a landscape so adorned by nature.—But while there is so much to charm the eye that is pleased with beauty, so much to fill the heart with delight and call up all the noble sentiments of the soul in a woodland scene, our noble forests are doomed to be measured by the board man's rule, and to be valued only by their cubic contents.

If there are a shrub or tree of lesser growth is found, it is to be cut down as a lumber of the ground, to give its place to the broad fields the farmer covets as he roams to wealth. I would not wish that all our fields were woods, nor that the woodman's axe in the march of improvement; but when I see the young farmer selecting his forest home, and with an unsparring hand cut down every tree for many acres around his house, regardless of their beauty, their cooling summer shade, their protection against the winds of winter, I am led to say

"Man's warfare on the trees is terrible!" To replace what has been so barbarously destroyed, we soon see a row of stunted maples, stuck like bean poles in the ground, to render nature back some satisfaction for the havoc he has made.

"No, he, nor yet his children's children shall behold such trees as he destroyed."

I recollect having asked the advice of a friend concerning the thinning out of some native trees that stood near his house, and he told me "never to cut one till it had been tried and condemned by a jury of its peers." I followed his direction, and have not cause to regret it.—It is true that in retaining original forest trees around our home, we cannot at all times consult our choice in the kind of trees we wish, but it matters little as to their size, shape, or situation. No art can ever equal the beautiful diversity which nature gives them in form, or relative position, and few can improve them by pruning them of a single branch.

I was a few months ago looking at three or four tall tall pine trees that stood in the back grounds of a gentleman's residence who has a fine taste for the beautiful, and observing that their conical trunks showed the marks of the axe on nearly every foot of their length to near their apex, which when thus shorn of its beauty, was a little bit of green more than fifty feet from the ground. I asked him why he trimmed those trees so high? He replied that it was done before he became the purchaser, and that he thought of placing a card on each one of them, stating that he *never trimmed them*. I shall never forget the spirit with which he disclaimed the outrage on the trees, nor praise a tree without thinking whether its future possessor will put a mark upon it so discreditably to his taste.

In the forests of our country, the deep evergreens of winter contrast strongly with leafless branches of deciduous trees; but the return of spring half robs our evergreens of their distinction and our whole forest will soon be arrayed in all their beauty and magnificence. With some the leaf will shoot out and expand itself before the sun is seen, while others are already in bloom.

"While winter fingers in the lap of spring."

Of these early flowers, a few species of the *salix* or willow; the *populus tremuloides*, or American aspen; the *ulmus americana* or white elm; the *acer barbatum* or hairy maple; a *rubrum* or soft maple; and the *alnus* or hazel of two or three species are now in bloom.

Of the *ulmus* or elm we have at least two species in our country, the *ulmus americana* or white elm, and the *ulmus glaberrimus* or slippery elm. These are now in bloom as their blossoms appear before their leaves. The blossom of the *ulmus* is bell form, with a border 4 or 5 cleft, and the lower but one sepal, which is contained in a single appendage. It is of the 5th class, and 2d order of the Linnaean system. All of its species are tonics, and the *ulmus* is mucilaginous.

In point of beauty and magnificence we have but few trees that surpass the elm. In many sections of the United States, they hold the first rank among ornamental trees. The public squares of New Haven City attest the admiration of all strangers by their majestic Elms.—These are all the growth of cultivation and stand as a monument of the public taste of a past generation. One of the noblest trees then growing was brought from the West and planted in front of a house there being erected by the pious pilgrims for their pastor, the man being too poor to bring a costlier gift. The magnificence of others has gone to decay, but this tree still stands and will long flourish as a monument of its donor, giving its shade and beauty to the citizens and to the stranger.

It was under the shade of one of these broad spreading trees which gave so much beauty to Susquehanna scenery that Wm. Penn held his celebrated treaty with the Indians.

Numerous legends of the Elm are still preserved in the history of past ages, and it has been immortalized by poets for its beauty, and renowned by historians for its connections with past events in all countries where it is found.

Towanda, April 5th, 1846.

### WOMEN IN BATTLE.

It appears from the report of the defence of the Parana, that the Amazons of South America sustained the ancient glory and renown of their country women. Many of them fell dead in defending the Republic against the allied English and French forces. And this is the country that England and France hope to subdue! A country in which the women are soldiers! Vain hope. But if the poor Argentinians can do such execution with light artillery—if their little hule guns sustain a contest of nine hours 35 hule guns against 113 heavy pieces—what could North America do?—*Boston Times.*

[From the St. Louis Reveille.]  
A Post-Master General in Disguise.

BY SOL SMITH.

On my way to the North in 1835, in company with several gentlemen of New Orleans, it happened that the stage in which we were passengers stopped for supper at a small village, situated between the towns of Columbus and Zanesville, on the Cumberland road, in the State of Ohio.

There was a great gathering of militia Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, Sergeants and Corporals, with a considerable sprinkling of privates all of whom had been exhibiting their patriotism during the day, by marching up and down the road, shouldering arms, carrying arms, and charging bayonets, preparatory to intended hostile operations against the neighboring State of Michigan, the authorities of which and those of the State of Ohio were at open war—almost, about boundary.

For the purpose of amusement, it had been agreed that the stage driver should be informed, confidentially, that I was Amos Kendall, Postmaster General of the United States, travelling in disguise, and assuming the very common name of Smith, in order to discover abuses in the transporting department.—With many mysterious hints, and under strict charges of secrecy, Jehu was made acquainted with the awful fact, that he was actually driving the important individual above named. The reins almost fell from his hands! "What Mr. Kindel! Axos Kindel!" exclaimed the astonished driver—"it can't be possible!" "It is possible," answered the gentleman, who was imparting the information, and who was enjoying an outside seat; "and it is his wish to be entirely private, in order to avoid the attention that would otherwise be lavished upon him." The driver promised the most inviolable secrecy, and proceeded to curdy down his horses.

We had not been long in the Hotel where our supper was being prepared, before it was plainly perceptible that something was going on—curious glances were thrown into the bar-room where we were sitting—militia officers fitted about or collected into groups—the landlord and his family began to spruce up; in brief, it was evident our secret had been confidentially imparted to half the village.

The first demonstration that was made, consisted of an invitation to my friends and myself to accept the use of a private parlor.—This being at once agreed to, the landlord ventured to suggest that, if not disagreeable to me, my fellow-citizens of the village would like to pay their respects to me and TAKE BY THE HAND.

"No objections in the world," said I; "let the worthy citizens come in." Then followed a scene of the richest kind of fun—but Dickens has described a similar adventure, and I pass on.

Supper was announced. I was placed at the head of table—the richest viands and preserved fruits were set in profusion before us.—We feasted—and during the operation numerous female heads—rather, heads of females—were continuously popping in at the windows or open doors, while the piazza, was filled with boys of all sizes, who amused themselves by firing off Chinese crackers, sending up young rockets, and shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" and his cabinet!"

Supper over, we retired to the bar, and demanded our bill of expense. The landlord smilingly answered, that he was too happy to entertain us without compensation—he felt honored by my sitting at his board, and my friends were equally welcome. After much urging, I consented to receive his hospitality gratuitously, since he insisted on it, but my friends, I would not consent that they should feast at his expense—oh, no! They must be allowed to pay for their splendid supper.—Well, if I insisted, he would take pay from them—and he did.

"Could I say two or three words with you in private?" asked the landlord, in a low voice, as he walked by my side towards the coach, which was waiting.

"By all means," I replied; and he led me a little to one side, into a dark part of the piazza. After two or three hints to clear his throat, the landlord commenced:

"Whatever others may think of you, sir, I consider you an honest man."

"Sir, I feel very much obliged by the favorable estimate you have formed of me."

"Yes, sir, let the opposition say what they please, I believe you to be a conscientious individual—*do*."

"Well, sir, I consider this is the first time we have ever met, I must say your liberality is extraordinary; but I thank you for your good opinion."

"Ah, sir, though we have never met, I knew you well—we all know you for a most efficient, and deserving man."

"It is true I am tolerably well known in the Western and Southern country, and, as for my efficiency, I believe I do push ahead about as hard as a man conveniently can."

"That you do—all parties most acknowledge it. You have effected many improvements in your department."

"Yes, I flatter myself in the stage department I have made some improvements."

"Your removals have met with general approval in this part of the country."

"Removals?—Oh yes—I do travel a great deal."

"Yes, you do, and to some purpose. Now I intended to speak to you about our Postmaster here."

"Would you accept the appointment?"  
"Most willingly, if you should think me worthy."

"Well, I'll tell you what you'd better do.—Write on to the department—state the matter as you've stated it to me, and perhaps—"

"If you would just make a memorandum, it would be sufficient."

"My dear sir, don't depend on anything that passes between us here—here I am Sol Smith, as you may see by the way-bill; but at Washington—you understand."

"Yes, I understand. Then I'll write on to the department."

"Yes—write."

"Sir, I shall depend on your good offices."

"Sir, you may—your supper was excellent—your attentions shall not be forgotten—farewell—write on to the department, by all means."

The worthy aspirant to the Postmastership of the village, accompanied me to the coach, carefully turned up the steps when I had entered, and then joined his fellow-citizens in the three loud cheers with which our departure was honored.

### A KENTUCKIAN CLAIMING PRECEDENCE OF A COUNT.

We were yesterday shown a letter from a young gentleman—a native of Kentucky who is now in Rome—the Eternal City—to his friends in this state. He gives a graphic description of his journey from Paris thither, and recites one amusing incident of travel, which is worth transcribing. He states that in the boat in which he travelled on the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon, he was half famished with cold, and nearly wholly starved with hunger. He tried a bribe with the cook, and entreaty with the captain—but neither availed him in obtaining a dinner. After pacing the deck for some time, mentally calling anathemas on the heads of all Frenchmen in general, and the surly boat-captain in particular, whose passenger he was, he hurried down to the cabin, for the purpose of getting a seegar and puffing it instead of blowing up the captain. There, to his astonishment, and not without exciting his envy, he found a tall-faced Russian Count—Count Orloff—discussing a very fine dinner; the obsequious captain standing behind his chair apparently honored with being permitted to act as his waiter.

"I thought," said the young Kentuckian, casting a scorn at the captain, who understood and could speak a little broken English—"I thought you had told me that you did not furnish your passengers with dinner!"

"Pardonnez, monsieur; die he not one ebery body passenger; he one gran' Russian Count."

"And what the h—l if he be?" said the Kentuckian, who was as ardent as a Western son could make him—"If he be a Count, I'm a Kentuckian; I'd like to know which should rank higher?"

"Pardonnez, monsieur," said the Captain—"You be a Kent—what?—dat be title of one nobleman Anglaise, eh?"

"No," said the Kentuckian, bluntly—"that is the title of an American sovereign!"

"Ah," said the little French captain, shrugging up his shoulders, and bowing down his head—"ah, excusez, monsieur—pardonnez. I did not know you be one gran' nobleman; but now I get you dinner, *toute suite*!" and in due time the dinner was brought—to which a bottle of sparkling hock, the young Kentuckian did ample justice. He says he says he has never known so agreeable an instance of the respect which the name inspires abroad, as that occasion afforded him.—*N. O. Delta.*

### REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

It stirs one's blood, in these latter days, to recall the speeches and the records of the actions of those who lived in the days of the revolution. When the news of the fall of Timmerdon reached the capital of New Hampshire, John Langdon who was speaker of the Provincial Legislature, seeing the public credit exhausted, and his friends discouraged, rose and said:

"I have \$3,000 hard money; I will pledge my plate for \$3,000 more. I have 70 hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defeating our enemies and our enemies, I may be remunerated. If we do not, the property will be of no value. Our old friend Starke, who so nobly maintained the honor of our State at Bunker Hill, may safely be entrusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and we will cheer the proceedings of Burgoyne."

These were the days of patriotism! The offer was accepted, the money paid, the plate hypothecated, and the rum converted into cash. A corps of mountaineers was soon raised and placed under the command of Starke. When he came in sight of the enemy at Bennington, he said:

"Boys, there are the Red Coats. We must beat them, or this night Molly Starke will be a widow!" He did beat them. The tide of war was turned—the firesides and hearths of our fathers preserved; but whether old John Langdon ever got back his plate, except in continental rags, we do not know. There are many who lost every thing in the service of their country, made advances and sacrificed estate, whose descendants are now poor.

### GEN ARABIC.

In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is, after the rainy season, which begins early in July, a juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow, down which it runs, either in a semicircular (or worm) shape, or more commonly assuming the form of round and oval tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg of different colors, as they belong to the white or red gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the border of the forest, and the harvest lasts six weeks. The gum is packed in very large sacks of tanned leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. Gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of the harvest, of the journey, and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it; and experience has proved that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man during twenty-four hours.

## Spring Work.

There is no season of the year in which energy, activity, and good calculation is more requisite than the present. Animals of all kinds, young and old, and particularly those intended for labor, demand increased care and attention. March is one of the most trying months for animals, as they are, as the saying is, "between hay and grass," and too often the supply of either they can obtain, is barely sufficient to support life. If farmers would consider the much greater quantity of milk a cow will yield in a season that is in good condition in the spring, than one that has "been on lift" through March or April, we are confident there would not be so many skeleton cows on our farms as there now is. If, too, they would for one moment reflect that a large part of an animal's power of draft lies in his weight, and that where this is wanting, and the whole is thrown on muscular exertion, the animal must soon give way, they would feel the necessity of having their work stock horses or cattle, at this season, in good heart, their flesh sound and durable, and we should be spared the mortification of seeing so many poor and miserable teams in the field, at a time when all should be life and activity.

To work well, an animal must be kept well; and the work, in nine cases out of ten will be found best done, where the teams are in the best condition. You might as well expect that an Asiatic team, of a jackass and a woman yoked together, would break up the ground to the proper depth, as that a pair of scateerwag hobs or oxen can do it. Never undertake to see on how little food your teams can subsist.—No better criterion is needed of the nature of a man's cultivation of ground, than is afforded by his animals; and he who starves them, will soon find his land will starve him. At this season of the year sleep requires much attention, and will repay it. Sheep are among our most profitable animals, and on the whole; require less care than most others; if the little they demand is given at the proper time. Look out for the lambs and the weak ones of the flock; and do not suffer a drove of hardy weather to pick over and trample upon the fodder, before the ewes and lambs can get a taste.

It is an important point in commencing work in the spring, that every implement necessary should be at hand, and in first rate condition, when wanted. The good farmer has his house for his farm implement, as well as for himself and his stock, and is careful that all shall be put in their place, as fast as the season throws them out of use. In the winter, all are carefully examined, and the necessary repairs are made. The farmer who permits this work to pass until the implements are wanted in the field, will find he must lose many valuable hours, if not days, at a time when one, if lost, is with difficulty overtaken.

There is a very great fault among farmers, and we feel justified in reproaching it in strong terms, because we have been sometimes guilty of it ourselves; and that is, laying out more work than can be done by the force on the farm, timely and properly; and experience has convinced us that if work cannot be done as it should be, it is better not to meddle with it at all. Never is this fault more observable, or more injurious, than in putting in the crops of the season. There are some cultivated plants, in which we may be certain will not mature unless the seeds are in the ground at about such a time;—time, it is true, varying in different latitudes, but generally well understood at any given place; yet we find some farmers so negligent, and what is worse, making an assumed trust in providence an excuse for their laziness, as to be weeks behind the proper time of getting in the seed. Indian corn and generally spring wheat, barley, or oats may serve as an example of such plants. As if the sowing of them from any cause, is delayed beyond the proper time, although by chance, a pretty fair crop, so far as regards blishes, may be produced, yet the quality will be found inferior, the grain light, and the danger from blight, or rust, greatly increased.

Do not entertain the idea that your farm work can go on successfully, unless you give it your personal supervision. The merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, must attend to these business personally, or all will go wrong, and it is not less so with the farmer. Poor Richard never drew from his stores of wisdom a better maxim than that "he who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive."—Laborers may be faithful and careful, but they cannot enter fully into all the intentions and plans of the farmer; and he must be the guiding and directing head of the whole, of much ill directed effort will take place. The good farmer will be in the field with his laborers. He never says to them go, but come; and he knows that in the management of a farm, example is far better than precept.

It would do well if every farmer would, in arranging his business for the year, determine every season to make one or more experiments in some branch of husbandry, that would lead to some important result; either in determining the best method of procedure in regard to some crop, or bring new evidence towards settling some controverted point in agriculture. When we recollect how many millions there are in husbandry about which good farmers are not agreed, such as *testis* to the growing of crops; times and methods of seeding, preparation of soil, rearing and fattening of animals, &c. &c., it is not a little surprising that more carefully conducted experiments not made, do throw new light upon them. There is not a farmer, who might not in this way, by well conducted experiment, and the communication of the results to some agricultural journal, do much towards introducing more correct notions and better methods of farming than now exist.

The introduction and propagation of good fruit, is one of the many things that must not be overlooked in any estimate of spring labor.—The man who neglects to plant fruit trees, when he has a rod of ground to plant them on, avows his intention of becoming a nuisance to his neighbors; for depend upon it, the man who is too lazy to plant, will not be too proud to beg, or above allowing his children to steal the fruit of

his more industrious and careful neighbor.—Every man who has cultivated a fruit garden is well aware of this state of things; and has found that the coming into bearing of a new, and delicate fruit, instead of adding to his enjoyment, as it should, has only served as a signal of gathering; to these illomened plunderers. The only remedy is for every farmer to endeavor to make the best fruits abundant; to plant enough for himself, and some to spare.

But whatever may be the nature of the labor to be done, there should be no haphazard work; nothing that has not entered into the plan of the farmer, either as principal or contingent, and be provided for accordingly. Every movement in managing a farm should be the result of reflection, of preconcerted arrangement, and directed to a certain and definite end. Were such always the case, we should see fewer badly cultivated farms, fewer pieces of work unfinished for want of time, and fewer farmers "coming out at the little end of the horn," the result of bad calculations and unthriftiness.

### ANECDOTE OF FATHER TAYLOR.

While Father Taylor was delivering one of his powerful discourses at the Seaman's Bethel, and when in the middle of one of his most terrible pictures, an old rusty-looking salt got up, and was walking towards the door, when the parson sung out, "the enemy flies, he flies, our fire is too hot for him—we have knocked his top hammer down, and now he is crawling off under his lower mat."—All eyes (the church was crowded as it always is when he preaches) were turned round, and looking him in the face, said in a pretty loud voice, "you're mistaken, old cock, if your shot has made this craft haul off; you never saw the day when you could make die a story lower. I'm just going to get a glass of grog and if you'll take a turn there till I come back, I'll let you see how I can stand your broadsides."—"Good," cried half a dozen other sailors; "go it Jack," cried others, "you'll make a first rate parson, try again;" and other expressions followed. The whole audience was in an uproar, some laughing, others more pious, hushing and endeavoring to restore order. When all was quiet again, Father Taylor, by no means disconcerted—having apparently enjoyed the joke himself—said that is a tough sinner; but we have hulled him—he has got hot and heavy between wind and water, and unless he hauls into the Gospel dock, he'll go down all standing; pumping can't save him now. The sailor returned, and Father Taylor resumed his discourse; and it is a remarkable fact that he never lost sight of the old sailor until he succeeded in converting him. The sailor is now a very respectable man and would blush to his eyes if any one would allude to this circumstance.

### Insects in Grass.

At one of the agricultural meetings in Albany, last winter, Hon. Mr. Rhoades observed that an insect similar to that found in wheat, sometimes called the *worm*, had been seen in grass. We have this season discovered in the spear grass, or Kentucky blue grass, (*Poa pratensis*) what we suppose to be the insect referred to, it is, however, of the same class as the wheat insect—it more nearly resembles in character the *spindle worm* of Indian corn, classed by Dr. Harris under the name *Nourgridae*. The insect, in the larva state; may be found around the sheath of the grass above the upper joint. It is so small that it is not readily seen by the naked eye, except when nearly full grown. We have not yet discovered it in the perfect or fly state. The period of its attacks on the grass, is soon after the third of March its appearance, and judging from what we have this year seen) continues but a few days—their ravages having ceased before the grass comes into bloom. The effects of the insect are easily seen by the dead grass. The egg from which it proceeds, seems to be deposited between the stem and leaf; (or sheath) and the larva preys on the juices and tender part of the stem, which soon causes it to die and turn white down to the first joint. We have noticed on some fields where the kinds of grass mentioned prevail, that nearly all the heads were dead. We have not seen it on any other kinds of grass than that mentioned. We should not suppose that it would occasion much damage, as it only attacks the stalk in the manner described, and the variety of grass to which it seems to be confined is chiefly valued for its leaves, which are not injured, and probably not lessened in quantity.

### DELIRIUM.

Never was drunk but once in my life," said a chap once in my hearing, "and I never mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my feet at every step as if I was getting up stairs. Several cartwheels were making revolutions in my brain, and at one time I fancied my head was a large cartwheel and turning establishment, the fates of which I was keeping in motion with my own feet. I couldn't conceive what was the reason the town had turned into such an enormous hill; and what made it worse was, that it seemed all the time to be growing higher and threatened to pitch over on me. Stop, stop, said I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least, I shan't head me. I turned round to go down and get at the bottom; tell me! if the town didn't turn right round with me; heading me all the time, and presenting the high bluff in front of me. Well sure enough; the ground flew up and struck me on the forehead; and as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hands and knees. The next thing I saw was a big brick house coming full split round a corner, and I believe it run right over me; for I don't remember any more."

### STORIED SIZED CORN.

I wish to remind your readers that if they would save their corn next spring from the depredations of the squirrels, mice, birds, &c., to prepare for smoking their seed, according to the following recipe:—Leave a few husks on the seed ears, so that they can be hung up in the smoke-house and smoked with the hams; or hang them up in dry places, and before planting, dip the end of a stick in tar set fire to it and holding it under the corn, give it a thorough smoking. I have tried this for three years, and have saved many times my subscription to the paper by it.

## The Actor's Child.

"Shade of Keble!" exclaimed Ward, at that time manager for Jefferson & Mackenzie, in Baltimore, "here it is past seven o'clock, and crook'd back'd Richard' not in his dressing room."

"My dear sir," said the most original of all men, the imperturbable Thomas V. Gainer, "do not be so precipitate. When the late Daniel Reed—"

"An you love me Hal," interrupted the stage manager, "go to the—!" and then the poor manager chattered, as was his wont, with his hands clasped in agony, from one side of Holiday street stage to the other.

"Ring in first music, sir!" inquired the call boy, who scratched his head and seemed to enjoy the despair of his manager.

"Ring, you red-headed imp of Satan—you juvenile Cuban get out of my sight, or I'll ring your neck off!"

Away went the call boy, and away went the manager. Ward watched every barroom in the vicinity of the theatre, for the great tragedian, but all in vain. At last a little boy came running to him, almost breathless with fatigue, and told him that Mr. Booth was in a hay-loft in front street. The manager found a crowd of people gathered around the building in question, and he had some difficulty in edging himself through the dense mass. Climbing up a rough ladder, he cautiously raised his head above the floor of the second story, and there saw the object of his search, on a sofa, with a wreath of straw about his temples in imitation of a crown.

"Booth," said the manager, impudently, "for Heaven's sake, come down! It's nearly eight o'clock, and the audience will pull the theatre to pieces."

The tragedian fixed his dark eye on the intruder, and raising his right arm majestically, he thundered forth:

"I am seated on my throne!  
As proud a one, as you disdain to mount,  
Where the sun makes his last stand!"

Come, my dear fellow, let's go—we'll have a glass of brandy, and a supper, and all that.—Come, please come."

He descended gracefully from his yellow pine throne, and kissing the tip end of his fingers, replied with a smile, "I attend you with all becoming grace. Lead on, my lord of Essex.—To the Tower—to the Tower."

After a little persuasion, Ward led the tragedian to the theatre, got him dressed, the curtain rose, and the play went on. Just as the second act was announced to commence, a messenger, covered with dust, rushed behind the stage, and before he could be stopped, was in earnest conversation with the tragedian.

"What?" said Booth, as he pressed his long fingers on his broad white temples, "as though he tried to clutch the brain beneath, 'deed, say you I died—and buried; My poor little child—my loved—my beautiful one! And then seeing the curtain rise he rushed on, exclaiming—"

"She has health to progress far as Chertsey, Though not to bear the sight of me," &c.

The beautiful scene between Anna and Gloriosa was never better played. The actor, the most of all, when he chose to be, gave the words of the bard with thrilling effect; but there was a strange calmness about his manner, that told his mind was not upon the character. Still the multitude applauded until the old roof rang again, and there behind the scenes stood breathless with eager delight. The third act came on—but Booth was nowhere to be found.

It was a bitter cold night, and the farmer as he drove saw his horseman wrapped in a large cloak, which as it opened disclosed a glittering dress beneath, ride rapidly past him. It was Booth in his Richard costume. Madness had seized him, and regardless of everything, at the still hours of midnight, he was going to pay a visit to his dead child. Drawing his flint sword, and throwing his jewelled cap from his head, he dashed his horse's flanks with the bare weapon until the animal started in pain. The tall dark trees on each side of him touched his heated brow with their silver frosted branches, and thinking they were men in pursuit, the mad actor cut at them with his sword; and cased them as he flew rapidly by.

At last, a gallant ride of two hours, the horseman came in sight of a country graveyard, and as he saw the white tops of the monuments peeping through the dark foliage, like snowy crests upon the bosom of a black billow, he raised a shout wild enough to scare the ghost from their silent graves. He dismounted, and away sped the riderless horse over hill and dale. It was the work of a moment, (and the insane eye cunning beyond all) to wrench the door from the vault containing the dead boy's coffin. He seized the tiny coffin in his arms, with the strong arm of a desperate man he tore open the lid, and in a moment more the cold blue lips of the dead child were glued to the mad actor's.

The next morning some of the tragedians family heard a wild strain of laughter that seemed to proceed from his sleeping room. The door was forced open and Booth was discovered lying on his bed, gibbering in idiotic madness, and kissing the corpse of his little one.—*New Orleans Crescent City.*

### PLANTING TREES.

A very poor and aged man, busied in planting apple trees, was lately asked, "Why do you plant trees, who can not hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and leaning on his spine, replied, "Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

### WORKING WOMEN IN LONDON.

Working women in London save themselves from starving during the winter, by mortgaging their summer earnings.—Many of the laborers of that "merry" country declared at a recent meeting, that they knew meat only by name.

### WHAT IS GOOD FARMING.

The best and most dithy definition we ever heard of good farming, was given by Mr. Kane at a late agricultural meeting in Dorchester, England. He said, he fed his land before hungry, rested it before weary, and weeded it before foul.