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TOWANDA.

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(Written for the Reporter.)

Forest Trees and Flowering Shrubs of Bradford County.

—Woodman! spare that tree!

There is an attraction in the vegetable kingdom so strong and so natural to us, that few can be found who are not susceptible of its influence. It is from this kingdom of nature that we derive, either primarily or secondarily, all our food; together with many other materials for our comfort and happiness. From it first springs the food that nourishes us, the clothing that protects us, and the fuel that warms us. This, to the economist, is sufficient to call for attention and enquiry, and is often an insurance against extermination. But along with these vegetable productions which administer immediately to our material wants, nature has grouped others, for which the economist does not call in his wants, and when he seeks to estimate them by his rule of utility, he finds them worthless. But his conceptions of value are not founded in reason nor authorized by nature.

God might have made the earth bring forth enough for great and small—
The Oak tree, and the Cedar tree,
And yet no flowers at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury and medicine.

And yet he made no flowers!

Nature has a grandeur in her most rugged aspects—
In deep bounding ocean she has written her name—
In towering cliffs and mountains with its mantle of clouds,
In rocky cliffs that seem the battlements of heaven
In majestic, on the desert plain, and in the
In the grassy slope her footsteps are seen. But in these
we look upon her with awe—her grandeur is
dimmed. Such, though in a less degree would be a land-
scape of forests without its green leaves and flowers—
When in his picture of our first mother makes her stand
nature.

How Nature paints her colors, how the bee,
In the dawn extracting liquid sweets,
In the sun she says in her lament, at leaving such
An unexpected stroke, worse than death!
Must I leave thee, Paradise?

Oh flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early vegetation and my last
At even, when I bend up with tender hand
To the first young bud, and give a name!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rye
Your tribes, and water from ambrosial fount!

Who would as it comes from the dull prison of the
Scholar, there is a healing medicine in the odor of
Flowers, and in the crown mantle of trees. Their heavy
Calyxes, and their fragrance raises his heart with
gratitude to Deity for his boundless benevolence.

We almost worship the flowers of spring in childhood—
They engage our affections the first moment we behold
them. Who does not remember his early rambles in his
childhood days, to find and pluck

—The first gift thing
That wears the trembling pearls of spring:
You see, my youth as it passes should rob us of our
flow'rs, or my manhood should value nature's
gifts as they minister to his bodily wants. I know
at manhood has stern duties, and that the sports of
childhood should give way to the business of riper years,
but would that my manhood might be like the forest
solitude in its strength—firm and unyielding in the
storm, but clothed with the same mantle of nature as in
peace, and while the violet smiles at my feet I would
remember as one baptized with the same baptism.

Among the forest trees of our County we have a number
of which some species are naturalized, and some
others are introduced. The maple is one of our
native trees, and its fruit is found in our
fields. It is a small tree, and its fruit is round and
flat. It is said that from this wild tree all
the cultivated varieties have sprung, and these vari-
eties are so multiplied, that horticulturists
can designate many hundreds. It is said
that the fine flavoured apples which we
eat are descended from a tree whose
fruit is so minute in size, and so unpleasant to the
taste as to be common only to the
birds. We have many in-
stances of this kind of great change has been ef-
fected in a few hundred years, as in the ap-
ple. The pear has since the settlement of America,
been brought in a worthless variety of wild vine, to be
cultivated in a small amount of soil, but a real Levee
tree has been discovered. Many other
varieties might be mentioned which have undergone
change. The common cultivated apple is the P. P.
varieties of which the names are named in works on
horticulture. In this genus also comes the Pear, P.
varieties which are numerous varieties, the Quince
P. P. varieties, and the numerous Crab, P. P. varieties.
These are some of the trees and shrubs belonging to the
Order of the Linnaean system.

Of the Plant P. P. varieties we have the wild meadow
P. P. varieties, growing wild along the streams
of this part of our country. It is a small tree, and
its fruit is round or oval, and is very hard, and
is very bitter. It is said that it is the largest
of any tree, and is very hard, and is very bitter.

The wild cherry flowers early in May, and its blossoms
are in clusters and hang pendulous on long common
stem, its leaves are oval, pointed, smooth on the sides,
but toothed on the edges; the fruit is about the size of a
pea and nearly black when ripe. It has a bitterish
taste, but this does not protect it from the birds, which
greedily devour it. The wood of this tree is of a dull
red tint, which deepens with its age. It is compact, fine
grained, and is susceptible of a good polish. It is much
used by cabinet makers, and in the western states is em-
ployed in the construction of boats and other purposes.
The bark of this tree is tonic, bitter, aromatic, &c., and
contains a small proportion of Prussic acid. The Choke
Cherry (C. Serotina) is another species of this genus,
that is common in the wilds of our country. It is a small
tree growing to the height of twenty feet, and flowers
like wild or black cherry. Its leaves somewhat resemble
those of the wild cherry, but they have fewer glands and
its racemes of flowers hang more pendulous. Its fruit is
very astringent, although not unpleasant to the taste.

There is another species of the cherry growing in our
swamps which is a mere shrub, growing only to the
height of three or four feet. It is the (C. Prunella).
This species has its flowers in umbels, somewhat like the
common garden cherry, but the flower stem is very short
and the leaves are long, narrow, and very pointed, and
paler beneath than above. The common garden cherry is
the (C. Cerasus) of botanists. It is too well known to
need description.

The cherry and plum both belong to the twelfth class
and 1st order of the Linnaean system, and by some botan-
ists are thought to be the same in their generic quali-
ties.

We have no species of the Peach indigenous to this
county. Our gardens abound with the peach (Amygdalus
Persica) which is a native of Persia; and among our orna-
mental shrubs we have the Flowering Almond (Amygdalus
Nana). They belong to the same order and gen-
era as the plum and the cherry.

Towanda, May 17, 1846.

I do not know how it is with others, but I
could never blame the widow Lyle and Annie
for being proud and refusing to accept aid from
strangers. They were grateful for work, but
they would not take a cent without earning it,
and those earnings were slight enough. The
widow Lyle had always been of delicate health,
and the care of her new lot soon proved too
much for her. Yet she worked and worked
night after night, she and Annie plying their
needles by candle-light, often far towards morn-
ing, until exhausted nature gave way, and she
was laid on a bed of sickness.

The winter was just opening when this took
place, the second winter after her widowhood,
and the sympathies of the people, which at first
had been so warmly in her favor, had found
time to cool. Not that any body loved her or
Annie less; but then the folks did not any longer
think of them so often, and did not any longer
go out of their way to assist Mrs. Lyle's fam-
ily. Thus Annie found herself alone, with a
long winter before her, and the necessity of
providing from day to day for all their wants.
She struggled on for a while, and then her
heart came nigh breaking for she found that
her utmost exertions failed to supply them with
fuel and bread.

Poor Annie! she was beginning to know
suffering. But where was Edmund Dale all
this while—he could have saved her from it!—
Times had changed since he used to wander
with her in the buttonwood grove, their light
laughter making the stage traveler look back
with a "God bless them!" Edmund's fam-
ily, too, had died, and died before Mr. Lyle,
and Edmund had been taken away by his guar-
dian, an uncle, in the city. He had cried all
the afternoon before he departed, and Annie
had cried too, though her little lover had wiped
the tears from her eyes with his apron and
strive to soothe her. At first they heard oc-
casionally from him, for he wrote long letters
in his boyish style, to Annie; but these gradu-
ally became scarce, and now for years Annie
had heard nothing of the absent boy.

Poor Annie! Many will not believe what I
am going to tell them, and will laugh at a child
of ten being in love; but if you put for the present
and thinking of him daily from ten to six-
teen constitutions love—and it is much more
like true love than many a thing that goes by
that name—then Annie was in love with the
laid, frank, rosy-checked boy who used to
fight her battles and bring her the first apples
and the last strawberries of the season. And
now, when reduced in fortune, and often at
the very door of want, Annie would sigh and
dream of Edmund Dale; and all her visions
of future happiness, somehow or other, had
him for a part of the picture. For Annie, I
have said, was still a girl—in innocent, trust-
ful girl—though fast learning the destiny of wo-
manhood, and growing old prematurely.

Many a wan line now began to be traced on
Annie's face; and the dimples that once sported
around her mouth like sunshine around
ripples, assumed a sad, sober expression, as if
a sorrowful angel had come from her soul and
fixed himself there to tell the world what she
was too proud to reveal, that her heart was
breaking. People at last found it out. They
began to suspect that widow Lyle's poverty
was greater than it seemed, though the chil-
dren always looked tidy, and not even they
ever complained. So a kind neighbor under-
took to find out the truth. The youngest child
was seduced into the house at dinner time,
when his wistful eyes as he looked on the
wholesome food, and his eager appetite as he
partook of it, revealed the secret.

"Poor little dear," said the kind-hearted
neighbor, "it would have made you very old
how famished he was. But what can we do
for Annie? There she sits, night after night,
straining out her eyes sewing, too independent
to ask aid, or I fear to accept it, though her
health and health both break."

Just at that time the village school mistress
got married, and some kind-hearted neighbor
proposed that Annie Lyle should take her
place. Evidently she would not have been
thought of if it had not been for the fact that
she was so young, but then all loved her; and
so it was soon settled that she should have a
trial, at least.

It was a new world to Annie, and she trem-
bled as she entered the cheerless school-room;
but her mother was sick at home, and this was
the only resource left from starvation, or what
was worse, beggary. She could do all the
work of the family after school hours, and
might snatch a moment or two at night for
sewing; so she nestled her little heart to meet
the contentions looks of the bigger boys,
and the sullen behavior of the younger pupils.
Dear Annie, had she known all she had to un-
dergo, she would never have undertaken a
school teaching.

Annie was too young for her vocation. She
meant well and went away to love her, but
there were a few untidy spirits not to be
overlooked by sweet smiles or gentleness, whose
relentless habits, were sufficient to destroy all
discipline. The elders soon found it would
not do; and poor Annie herself found it. Jaded
and fretful with the troubles of her school,
she returned home at night to wet her pillow
with tears. At length disaffection broke out
into open rebellion; and Annie, for once, tried
to enforce obedience. The result was that the
school broke up in disorder, the bigger boys
houted at their "baby mistress," as they called
her, and proclaiming a holiday in derision
from her very seat.

Poor Annie went home sobbing, for her
heart was breaking. All her little dreams of
comfort were dissipated by this rude termina-
tion of her authority, and she saw that it would
be useless to persist longer in her present vo-
cation. She had calculated the salary to a
penny and arranged how it was all to be spent;
it would just suffice, with a little more she ex-
pected to make by her needle, to carry them
through the winter. But now this bright vis-
ion was dissipated. She was in debt, too, for
relying on the salary, she had ventured to pur-
chase one or two little comforts for her mother;
and debt was new to Annie, and in her simple
heart allied with the visions of a jail. As she
turned to go homeward, one or two of the

younger children—little girls of six or seven—
came to her, and, crying as hard as her
self, yate to comfort her. So she strug-
gled to compose herself, wiped her eyes, kiss-
ed the little dears, and bade them good bye.
As she went up the road she had to pass the
farm-house where her father once lived. The
memory of the happy days, spent there, rose
up and choked her; but she resolutely went
on, keeping down her tears by a strong effort.
When she reached the main street of the
village she turned aside. It was the first time
she had ever done so, but it seemed to her as
if every body knew her disgraceful failure, and
that a hundred eyes were on her.

Poor Annie! her mother's cottage was be-
fore her, yet she dared not enter it. Should
she go home and tell how there was no refuge
for them but the poor house? She knew that
it would kill her mother, and she had not the
heart to do so. Mrs. Lyle had said all along
that Annie, she knew, would succeed as school-
mistress, and even been more fertile than her
daughter in piecing visions of returning pros-
perity. Her little brother and sister, too, they
must often again be sent suppers to bed.—
Well might Annie shrink from entering the
cottage! She turned aside, sat down on a
fallen tree, and began to weep piteously. I
am sure you would have cried yourself if you
had heard her heart breaking sobs.

It was a bright, beautiful day in February—
one of those mild, soft days when summer
seems to have come back into the lap of win-
ter—but Annie saw not, heard not the beauti-
ful things around her, and kept on crying as if
every sob would tear her young heart to pieces.
She did not even know it was the old button-
wood grove to which she had unconsciously
come. She did not see a young man who ar-
rived in the stage, and immediately went down
the village street till he reached her mother's;
she did not see him enter, and re-appear again
after an interval, taking the way that led to
the school-house; she did not see him meet some
of the little scholars who had tried to comfort
her, but who, with their tears now dried, were
having a merry slide; she did not see him
stop to speak to them, then look around, and
then retrace his steps to the village hastily,
and yet with a sad countenance. No poor
Annie, as she sat there crying bitterly, saw
none of this. She only saw the approaching
beggary of her family; so with her face buried
in her hand, and the tears trickling between
the fingers, she rocked her body to and fro.

"Oh! I wish I was dead," said she—"Ever-
body will despise me and mother, it will kill
her—oh! I wish I was dead!"
An early bird, rejoicing in the glad weather,
hopped down at her feet, and looking up as if
in sympathy, piped his little song; but Annie
heard him not—she was thinking, by some
strange whim, how even Edmund had deserted
her, and her tears and sobs came faster.

"Oh! I've not a friend in the world," she
said—"I'm all alone!"
"Nay! not all alone, Annie," said a
voice at her side, which though a strange one,
seemed yet not wholly strange. "For I have
not forgot my little wife, if she forgot me!"
Annie started to her feet, and her sobs ceased.
"She ever uttered a faint scream; for there
stood Edmund Dale, come back to claim her
as his bride. His arm was already around her
waist, and his bold and handsome face, still
the same, though older and more manly than
when she last saw it, was looking kindly at
her! Poor Annie! she had long wanted some
one to tell her griefs to; so she gave a long
look into that face, and springing sobbing into
his arms.

There was a wedding, you may be sure, at
our village that spring. Some might have
thought Annie too young to get married, but
it is strange how soon she learned dignity from
the manliness of her lover; and before the
June roses began to blow you would scarcely
have known her, so rapid was the change from
the child to the woman. Yet Annie was still
the same sweet, graceful creature as before,
only she had more self reliance, and more quiet
composure. Besides, Edmund would not listen
to the marriage being delayed. He had
come back rich, for he had inherited all the
wealth of his guardian, who had lately died;
so he had purchased the big house at the head
of the village, where old Doctor Newbury had
lived—the most aristocratic house in town,
within twenty miles—and how could he get
along in it now without a housekeeper? Mrs.
Lyle, moreover, would never get better till she
had a more healthy apartment; and the chil-
dren, it was a shame they should have no place
to play when there was such a fine lawn with
noble old cedars at Newbury Hall! So Ed-
mund's argument carried the day, and a merry
time we had, I warrant you, when little Annie
Lyle went home to the old house as mistress,
riding in her carriage, with a servant in white
favours to open the gate.

WOMAN'S SPIRIT.—The celebrated Fonten-
elle said that women have a fibre more in their
heart and a cell less in the brain than men.
Women, in the course of action, describe a
smaller circle than men, but the projection of a
single consists not in its dimensions, but in its
correctness. There may be here and there a
singing female, who looks down with disdain
upon the palmy affairs of this dim speak-
ing earth, who despises order and regular-
ity as indications of a grovelling spirit. But
a sound mind judges directly contrary. The
larger the capacity, the wider is the sweep that
it takes in. A sensible woman loves to imitate
that order which is stamped on the whole crea-
tion of God. All the operations of nature are
uniform, even in their changes, and regular in
their infinite variety.

As the dew lies longest and produces most
fertility in the shade, so women, in the shade
of domestic retirement, shade around their path
richer and more permanent blessings than man,
who is more exposed to the glare and observa-
tion of public life. Thus the humble and re-
tired often yield more valuable benefits to soci-
ety, than the noisy and bustling sateings of earth,
whose very light and uncontrolled enjoyment,
deteriorates and parches up the moral soil it
flows over.

The Mother's Faith.

"Hark how the wind is whistling, mother,
List to the driving rain;
And, alas, to think that my gentle brother,
Is tossed on the stormy main."
The mother raised her meek blue eye
From the holy book to the stormy sky.
And a moment's flush went o'er her brow
As she thought of the boiling flood below.
But she checked her human weakness well,
And sighed for the heart that would rebel;
And then she meekly spoke—"my love,
I will not fear, there is a God above."

"But I have been to the garden, mother,
And the vine is trailed and torn,
One rose tree crushed, and pale the other
Droops like a thing forlorn;
And oh! all night now the tall trees creaked,
As if some fearful war they shrieked."
Again the mother's pale cheek burned,
As she thought of him for whom she yearned;
But she spoke again in holy trust,
"The God I worship is good and just."

"But look at the tossing waves, mother,
How they dash, and foam, and roar,
And the wild winds howling almost smother
Their edgings ashore."
The mother looked to the ocean will,
And her heart grew sick for her absent child.
And the strong prayer rose from that swelling heart—
"My God, thy help and aid impart."

"Look, look to the path from the beach, mother,
Some neighbor that must be—
Oh, should he say mine only brother
Is wrecked in that stormy sea!"
But the mother's brow grew deeper flushed
And her very breath her heart has hushed,
And the light in her meek and trustful eye
Grew bright as a star in a frosty sky;

Then over the cottage floor she sprung,
And back the door on its hinges flung,
And her wet and weary boy
She flung her arms in feverish joy;
The gale's ship is all a wreck,
But she bath fallen upon his neck;
His hand earned mercy is lost and gone,
But the God of mercy hath spared her son.

AN OBLIVIOUS ROOM MATE.—An anecdote has
recently been related to us of the celebrated
Vincent De Camp, well known throughout the
South-west as the most polite man of the day,
and very correct actor. On one occasion he
had been driving hard from morning till night
over the rough roads in the neighborhood of Col-
umbia, S. C., and alighted at the only comfort-
able inn in the place, very hungry and tired.
Sticking his eye-glass to his eye, he demanded
a hot roast fowl, some good brandy, and a com-
fortable room for the night. The landlord was
exceedingly sorry, but he could not give him a
comfortable room; the only place he could sleep
would be in a double-bedded room with another
gentleman. "Ver, well," said D., "Let's
have the best you've got." After discussing
his supper he turned in, and was soon sound
asleep. His slumbers were doctored to be of short
duration, however, for before long he was awa-
kened by cries of "Sir! sir! sir!" from the
other bed.

"Bless my soul!" cried D., thrusting his
glass up to his eyes and endeavoring to peer
through the dark. "What's the matter, my
dear fellow? Is the house on fire, or are there
bugs in your bed?"
"Neither, sir; but, sir, you snore so terribly
that I can't sleep, sir—it's terrific, sir."
"Bless my soul!" repeated D., very much
shocked, "that ever I should be so rude as to
snore in a gentleman's presence! I really ask
your pardon, sir, and beg you'll overlook it; it
was intentional, I assure you."
The apology was accepted, a "good night"
was exchanged, and both parties went to sleep
again. Soon, however, a rumbling sound was
heard in D.'s bed, every moment growing louder
and louder, until at last it resembled theatrical
thunder.

The other lodger, driven almost to madness,
started up and exclaimed,
"By gracious! this is too much—I can't
stand it. Sit! sit! sit! Wake up, sir!"
"Bless my soul! What's the matter now?"
cried D., starting up in the bed; "you seem to
be very restless, sir."
"Restless, sir? I believe you," said the
disturbed one, "you've been snoring again, sir,
and I cannot get to sleep."
"You don't say so!" said D., "I have been
repeating my rudeness to you, sir; I am really
extremely sorry, my dear sir, but I was really
asleep. Good night—very sorry!" and off he
went again, and began snoring as loudly as ever,
and was again awakened by his room-mate's
complaint.

"Snoring again, have I, sir?" said D., well
the fact is, I have had a hard day's journey and
eaten a hearty supper, and if I snore I can't help
it, I have apologized to you, sir; it is sufficient—
I am now about to go to sleep again, but allow
me to inform you, sir, that if you awake me up
again, snoring or not snoring I'll just get up and
give you the worst thrashing that you ever had
in the whole course of your life! Good night,
sir." His slumbers were undisturbed.—A. O.
Picayune.

EXERCISES IN GRAMMAR.—A country school-
master summoned his grammar class to parse
the sentence, "there is a bullfrog snoring in
the pond." "Jemmy," said the pedagogue,
with a brow as severe as that of Jupiter Tonans,
"Jemmy, parse the word bullfrog." "Bull-frog
is a noun,"—but here Jemmy stuck fast.—
"What kind of a noun?" demanded the knight
of the rattan. "A Hoody noun, sir," innocently
replied the juvenile grammarian.

DEAN SWIFT.—The motto which was in-
scribed under the arms of William, Prince of
Orange, on his accession to the English crown
was "Non regni sed recti."
"I did not steal it, but I received it."
This being shown to Dean Swift, he said,
with a sarcastic smile, "The receiver is as
bad as the thief."

The American Sharp Shooter.

Forsyth, so celebrated in the last war as the
commander of a band of sharp-shooters which
harassed the enemy so much, happened in a
scouting party, to capture a British officer.—
He brought him to his camp and treated him
with every respect due to his rank. Happen-
ing to enter into conversation on the subject of
sharpshooters, the British officer observed that
Col. Forsyth's men were a terror to the British
camp—that as far as they could see they could
select the officer from the private, who of
course fell a sacrifice to their precise shooting.

Forsyth gave the wink to one of his officers,
then at hand, who departed, and instructed two
of his best marksmen belonging to the corps, to
pass by the commanding officer's quarters at
intervals. This being arranged, Col. Forsyth
informed the British officer that his wish should
be gratified, and observed he would step in
front of his tent to see whether any of his men
were near at hand. According to the arrange-
ment made, one of the best marksmen appear-
ed. The colonel ordered him to come forward,
and inquired whether his rifle was in good or-
der.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.—
He then stuck a table knife in a tree about
fifty paces distant, and ordered the man to split
his ball. He fired, and the ball was complet-
ely divided by the knife, perforating the tree on
each side. This astonished the British officer.
A propos, another soldier appeared in sight—
He was called, and ordered, at the same dis-
tance, to shoot an ace of clubs out of the card.
This was actually done. The British officer
was confounded and amazed—still more so
when the colonel informed him that four weeks
before, these men were at work in the capacity
of husbandmen.

THE CONVENT OF THE CAPUCHINS.—The
celebrated Convent of the Capuchins, about a
mile without the city of Palermo, contains no-
thing very remarkable but its burial-place,
which is a singular curiosity. This is a vast sub-
terranean apartment divided into galleries, the
walls on each side of which are hollowed into a
variety of niches, as if intended for a great col-
lection of statues. Instead of statues, these niches
are filled with dead bodies, set upright on their
legs and secured by the back to the inside of the
niche. The number of these is not less than
three thousand; and all being dressed in the
clothes they usually wore, they form a most re-
spectable and venerable assembly. The skin
and muscles, by a certain preparation, becomes
as dry and hard as a piece of stock-fish, and al-
though many of them have been here upwards
of two hundred and fifty years, yet none are re-
duced to skeletons; the "muscles, indeed, in
some, appear to be a good deal more shrunken
than in others; probably because these persons
had been more attenuated at the time of their
death. Here the people of Palermo pay daily
visits to their deceased friends, and read with
pleasure and regret the scenes of their past life;
here they familiarize themselves with their
future state, and choose the company they would
wish to keep in the other world. It is a com-
mon thing to make choice of their niche; the
bodies of the princes and first nobility are lod-
ged in handsome chests or trunks, some of them
richly adorned; these are not in the shape of
coffins, but all of one width, and about a foot
and a half or two feet deep. The keys are kept
by the nearest relations of the family, who some-
times come and drop a tear over their departed
friends.—From *Hours Sicilianae*, by Signor
Salvatore Abbate E. Migliore, in the *Democri-
tic Review*.

MOST AFFECTING.—The following story of
the beaver is reported to have been told by a
German naturalist. It is enough to make poor
human nature weep—with laughter. The
Naturalist declares that—
He saw a beaver weeping over the crown of
an old hat. Soon another beaver approached
it, and she cried more piteously than the first;
then a number of young beavers, attracted by
their sobs, came running up, and they all cried
too. He accounts for this by saying that the
hat, being made of beaver, the animals had
evidently recognized in it the skin of one of
their own kindred.

"Who can say," he asks, "whether this
very hat was not to them the sad remains of
an affectionate son—the only remembrance of
a favorite brother?"

THE OLDEN TIME.—Queer people were our
forefathers, and queer laws did they enact.—
Among the records of South Reading, Mass.,
the following entry was found under date of
1662:
"This year the town ordered that no wo-
man, maid, boy nor girl shall sit in the south
alley of the meeting-house, upon penalty of
twelve pence for each day they shall sit in
the alley after the present day. It was further or-
dered, that every dog that comes to the meet-
ing, after the present day, either of the Lord's
or lecture days, except it be their dogs that
pays for a dog whipper, the owners of these
dogs shall pay six pence for every one they
come to the meeting."

NEW PRODUCE.—A gentleman of Botany
Bay received last year from a scientific gen-
tleman in Europe several grains of wheat which
he had found in unrolling a mummy. Those
were duly sown, and the result has been
truly wonderful! On entering the field last au-
tumn, the gentleman discovered to his surprise
an abundant crop of mummies.

TERRORE.—The great turquoise mines in
the province of Khorassan, Persia, the stones
of which are the finest in size and quality in
the world—one having been found there so
large as to be made into a drinking cup—are, it
is said, about to be worked by a Russian by
permission of the Persian government.

SAFETY.—The Buffalo Express confesses
itself amused at a colliery which recently
occurred between two huggers. "Why!" said
one to the other, "don't you take a receipt
when you pay an account?" "No Sir!" he
replied, "a creditor never undertakes to col-
lect an account of the second time."