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

TOWAYDA8

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1846.

Fremont's Exploring Expedition.

We are indepted to Hon. D. WILNOT, for a copy of Fremonts Exploring tour to Oregon and North Califorma from which we promise our readers many an interesnog extract. We have heretofore given that part relaung to his perilous passage of the Sierra Nevada; and below we extract the following brave adventere performed by two of his party, which will give come idea of the character of his party and the scenes and adventures every where presenting themselves :

Partie; had lost half of their animals, stolen by Indians, he takes it as and now sought my camp for aid. Carson and Godey, w, of my men, volunteered to pursue them, with the and, but Curson and Godey had continued the pur-

In the afternoon of the next day, a warhoop was such as Indians make when returning from a victions enterprise; and soon, Carson and Godey appeartriving before them a band of horses, recognized by centus to be a part of those they had lost. Two bloody eaps langled from the end of Godey's gun, announced ed blossoms or indifferent looks. of they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave beauties of our native forest, er, and they followed the trail by moonlight, until late | Among the trees of our forests which are conspicuous these of the numbers which the four lodges might Lionean system. sum. Indians received them with a flight af arrows e inghtful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our bark is very bitter and has been used in medicine. we for a rendezvous, and the celebration of such orgies | red rod. the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and serat baskets containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, en or con thing else of the savage character, by ches, and is classed with herbs instead of shrubs. then my his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon r found he was not to be killed, but only ned as a

Carte object accomplished our men gathered up al e sa ving horses, fitteen in number, returned uponl in trut, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon the some day. They had rode about 100 miles in the but and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, ere and number considered, this expedition of Carson r i Goley may be considered among the boldest and and disinterested which the animals of Western advenfull of daring deeds, can present. Two men in 1.1133e wilderness; pursue day and night an unknown is of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mounthe stack them on sight without counting numbers, 155 defeat them in an instant-and for what ! To punthe rubbers of the desert, and revenge the wrongs of M-richas whom they did not know. I repeated, it was even and Goley who did this-the former an Amerian born in Boonslick County, Missouri; the latter a enchman, born in St. Louis, and both trained to Wesben enterprise from early life."

[Written for the Bradford Reporter.] farest Trees and Flowering Shrubs of Bradford County.

" Woodman! spare that tree." MESSRS. EDITORS.—In presenting you with sketches of our forest trees, and the attractions of woodland enery, the humble wild flowers that bloom in every Lak and grove about us, are not unworthy of a passing naice. We may admire the oak for its grandeur, the be for its stately green, and every tree of lesser growth s its form, its shade, or its blossom; but the summer enchantment of our forests is in part in the lowly flower that carpets every grove, and smiles by every foot path. So strong and universal has been the admiration of fowers, that each has been thought to be a silent monitir, and to each has been appropriated a language or entiment, expressive of its influence on the imagination of the beholder. The custom of associating with them some sentiment or emetion of the mind, is at least as ancient as the palmy days of Greece, for they were enthusastic in their love of flowers, and lavish in the use of them. With them they decorated their temples, and they offered them on the altars of their deities. The conqueror as he returned from battle was crowned with garlands, and fair hands scattered flowers along his path-They were used, too, by the Jews on days of featurity, for Solomon says, " Let us fill ourselves with coatly wine, and let no flowers of the Spring pass by us-

In all ages and among all nations they have been conidered the poetry of nature, the symbols of beauty, or the emblems of fragility. Man is compared to "the grass that withereth, and the flower that fadeth;"-and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a lilly of val, who has followed the forest chase from his the field. Flowers are born of the sunshine,—they are youth. In 1807, he was on a trapping expedibaptised with the dews of Heaven, and though

- "They blush unseen, And waste their fragrance on the desert air." yet they still show the perfection of Deity, and receiv the admiration of unseen intelligencies-for " Millions of Spiritual creatures walk the earth

Both when we wake and when we sleep. Flowers too, have ever been the emblems of love; and man has chosen them as fittest gifts for her who is While encamped on the 24th of April, at a spring more beautiful than they. With them he speaks his Real the Spanish trail, we were surprised by the sudden flattery so bewitchingly, that it would win an Angel's and only wounded the animal in the side, but it and only wounded the animal in the side, out a the name of the man was Andreas Fuentas, and in accents so soft, that the ear of Heaven might stoop in soon laid down. This was about noon, when that of the boy (a handsome lad II years old) Pablo vain to listen. Yet woman's heart is quick to read such the animal having again grazed, was resting himilemandey. With a cavalcade of about thirty horses, language. Man gives the Myrtle as the emblem of his self in a cool place. Percival now crossed the men had come out from Puebla de los Angelas, near the love, and if the red Pink is given by fair hands in return, river in his canoe, and got into the woods, which

> "A token of all the heart can keep Of holy love, in its fountain deep.

M-tican; and, well mounted, the three set off on the If he ventures to speak his love but timidly, he gives the In the evening Fuentas returned, his horse having rose-bud with its blushing beauty half concealed; she assures him of her friendship with the Acacia, her confidence with the Polyanthus, or coquets with the Geranium.

Woman's heart with all its purity, is ever a mystery; and whether it speaks its language on the "face divine," or tells its thoughts in flowers, man reads with hope what blushing beauty gives, or feels dispair with wither-

But Messrs. Editors, I will hasten from this unnavier had continued the pursuit alone after Fuentas had gable stream where so many have been drowned, to the The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got withthem, and towards nightfull entered the mountains safer task of describing to you some of the inanimate in filty yards of him, watching an opportunity

the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was for their blossoms, is the Box tree, of the genus Cornus. firult to follow. Here they lay from midnight to No trees of this genus attain much size—the largest in ming. At Jaylight they resumed the pursuit, and our county being the common Box that flowers in May wante discovered the horses; and immediately dis- with its large white blossoms, and it embraces many through the bult's nose; but seeing the temper aring and tying up their own, they crept cautiously species of smaller size, down to the low Cornel, which is he was in, and knowing what a serious antagarising ground which intervened, from the crest of an herb but six or eight inches high. The genus may onist he was when on the offensive, he also, they perceived the encampment of four lodges easily be distinguished by its showy white flowers which They proceeded quietly, and had got within consist of many minute florets, with their organs distinct or forty vards of their object, when a movement and perfect, and the whole being surrounded by a large out the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giv. white floral appendage, called the involucrum. The There was a tree not far from him of abut eighthe war shout they instantly charged into the camp, | genus belongs to the fourth class and first order of the | teen inches diameter, and every thing seemed to

from their long bows, one of which passed through, botanists. It grows plenufully in the upland woods of fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightby shirt collar, barely missing the neck. Our men our county, and is showy white, and blooms in May.— It grows to the height of twenty or sometimes even the tree, upon which all the chance he had of Two were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced thirty feet-has a rough ragged bark, with smallish leaves in tollers; the rest fled, except a lad who was cap- which are oval and pointed. The leaves do not begin this tree grew a sapling about four or five inch-The scales of the fallen were instantly stripped to expand till its white blossoms are fully perfected.— es in diameter, a most fortunate circumstance This tree is of slow growth, and the wood is very hard! for the hunter, as it contributed materially to and his body, sprang to his feet, the blood streaming and compact, and is often used for mill cogs, small pin-1 save his life. The buffalo now doggedly folmbs skinned head, and uttered a hideous how !- ions and other work where friction is required. Its lowed up his purpose of destroying his adversa-

a masters of the camp, which was a pretty little re- a shrub of the height of ten or twelve feet, has white suing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar in the mountains, with a fine spring, and apparent- flowers, with an involucrum, and bears a blue berry. safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been Its leaves are like the Box in shape, but they are silky and for feasting a large party, for it was a very proper and brownish beneath. This tree is sometimes called self round it with greater tapidity that the ani-

best horses had been killed, skinned and cut up-for longs to this genus. This grows to about the size of his hands became so sore with rubbing against ladians living in the mountains, and only coming the swamp dog-wood-has straight branches-ovate the rough bank of the oak tree, and his limbs to the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of | leaves, colored alike on both sides, and has dark brown than to cat them. Large earthern vessels were berries. It flowers earlier than the swamp dog-wood.

There are perhaps other species of the Cornus in our county, but I am not familiar with any of them, except which is an annual the presence or expectation of a large party. the low Cornel (C. Canadensis) which is an annual ev teleard the boy, who gave strong evidence of the plant growing in wet thickets to the height of eight in-

> Many species of the Box are handsome ornamental trees, and are well adapted to shady situations. The trees, though of slow growth, are long lived. Towanda, May 28, 1846.

> > The Flag of the Union.

BY MRS. E. L. SCHERMERHORN.

Oh! rend it not-still let it wave, That star-gemmed flag, o'er land and sea, The cherished signal of the brave, The glorious banner of the free; Still let its eagle soar on high, Its stripes still fresh, its stars still bright. No tempest in the smiling sky, No gathering cloud to quench their light. Oh! plant it on each glorious spot,

Unfurl it wide, but rend it not,

There comes a voice from every plain. From every mount of strife and glory, Where valor's blood has left a stain. Or history found a theme for story : From Bunker Hill, from Bennington, From glorious York the cry is heard; From vale to mount the sound rolls on. And e'en the ocean-depths are stirred : From fame-remembered spot The cry is heard, Oh! rend it not

Oh! by the chiefs whose awful forms Are bending from the starry sky. Who bore that flag through war's wild storms And proud and glorious bade it fly. Their blood-bought gift do not despise, I he proudest gift a nation knows-A flag, bright, streaming to the skies, That droops not to its vaunting foes. Oh! be the treasure ne'er forgot-Unfurl it wide, but rend it not.

Oh! ye, the sons of noble sires, Who bravely struggled side by side, Where blazed the tented field's watch fires Or navies pressed the surging tide; Shall petty bickerings rend the tie, The oath fraternal sealed with blood !-Shall that proud banner cease to fly, A victor flag o'er field and flood? No! be the Union ne'er forgot-Unfurl it wide, but rend it not.

"One extreme follows the other," as the Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be little dog slily remarked when he flew around after is own tail.

A Hunter in Extreme Peril.

The most interesting hunter's story I have ever heard was told me by our host, Mr. Percilarger game, and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat for about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espide a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly through a corn-brake, which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, were there very open and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land, a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull, being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred ouffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he therefore, followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. to strike him mortally; but the beast, seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore feet, as it is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball immediately, turned and fled.

In running down a short hill some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun depend upon his reaching it; but, as he rose to The common Tree Box, is the Cornus Florida of make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the preserving his life rested. A very few feet from ry, and a system of attack and defence com-We have besides the swamp dog-wood (C. Sericea) menced that, perhaps, is without a parallel.—
which grows in our swamps, and flowers in June. It is

The buffalo went round and round the tree purmanner of that animal, every time he thought there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, flung himmal could follow him. In this manner the buf-The common Dog-wood (C. Sanguinea) also be falo harassed him more than four hours, until so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree, the buffalo would the distance between them was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he, therefore, frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Pergival—it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours' fruitless labor, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigor, and he became slower in his motions. He would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals, and, even then, he jumpe doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side .-It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does honor to the reasoning powers of the butfalo family. He made his start as usual, and, when Percival swung himself round, the bull. instead aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to the side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded : Percival only just saved his head, and received a severe confusion on his arm, which was paralyzed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him; he thought the buffalo would wear him out, and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himslf from pain and anxiety

that were intolerable. But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence, and when the bull, hav ing rested awhile recommenced his old rounds Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and, using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half an hour, to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loos of blood, and, although he continued to walk round the tree, made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of this unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight. He bellowed he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out eign of conscious ruin and unmitigable fury .-

his head against the tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himtion, with two companions, on the Washita, it over his back. He then, after resting him when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the self a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his cance, made a fire, broiled and ate it .- Fatherstonhaugh.

> A CUTE YANKEE .- A correspondent of the Beston Star tells the following good story: Early one morning, the scholars of one of our district schools were agreeably surprised to find written upon the outside door, " No School;' and the most of them immediately made preparations to enjoy the holiday-not dreaming but that it was a genuine order. It appeared, however, that a roguish youth, a lover of mischief more than his books, had written in large letters the joyful news. No Scule was pasted up; the idea was understood, but the spelling was bad. The afternoon brought all together, and in the stern visage of the master enough was

He soon ordered the boys to appear before his presence, and one by one, criticised our spelling, as far as the word school was concerned. They stood the test, until the here, with his comic phiz, made his appearance, who, with confidence, distinctly said "S-c-u-l-e," school. The master took him by the collar, and with a joyful expression at the success of his ruse, laid on the birch right merrily.

seen to convince us that all was not right. He

had been oùt-witted, and now came the tug of

PICTURE OF A MEAN MAN .-- My friends, too many of you, (city folks, especially, are over inclined to meanness—I know some who are vastly little-if I may be allowed to use the term—that when they are brushed from earth into the devil's dust pan, the old chap will have to put on double magnifying spectacles, and poke for a long while, among the rubbish of morality, before he can find them. There is neighbor Tightfist, in some respects a worthy member of my congregation, and yet, I regret to say, he is mean enough to chase a fat musquito through a five mile swamp, for the sake of his suet. To his credit however, he once made a sacrifice for the good cause by putting an unfortunate looking penny in the box, and going supperless to bed. And neighbor Stickn-the-mud, too, if he had the power, and could enrich himself thereby, would brush the silver stars from the fimament, snatch the golden sun from the sky, and sell the moon for brass and if sixpence was required at the gate of heaven rather than pay his fee, he would rise from his resting place at midnight, and pick the lock with a tenpenny nail. - Dow, Jr.

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE .- A poor taitor, being released from this world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been in

"No," said the tailor, "but I have been married?

"Oh!" said Peter, "that is all the same. The tailor had scarcely got in, before a fat, turtle-eating alderman came puffing and blow-

Purgatory.

ing.
"Hallo! you fellow," said he, "open the door."

"Not so fast," said Peter, "have you ever

to the purpose! You let that poor half starved ported into this country (England), in such sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but tailor in, and he has no more been in Purgatory than myself." " But he has been married," said Peter.

" Married !" exclaimed the alderman, " why 've been married twice.'' "Then please go back again," said Peter,

Paradise is not the place for fools."

this city, a gentleman having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal The most important are, 1st, the Common and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked, on leading her to a seat, if he might have the pleasure of reeing her on the following day?

you when you can see me." "I shall be most happy," exclaimed the

stricken swain. "Well, on Saturday night," resumed the

lady, "you can see me at Fulton Market, selling cabbages."

If the young man is wise he'll be there tonight certain, for that girl will make him an excellent wife.

A WIFE .- When a man of sense comes to marry it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort & counsel him, who can reason and reflect and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his hopes, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing room, and attract the admiration of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a helpmate to a man, and to "train up a child in the way he should go.''

Home.-The ordination of Providence, says distinguished writer, is, that home should form our character. The first objects of parents should be to make home interesting. It is a bad sign when childern have to wander from the parental roof for amusement. A love of them." of home is one of the strongest safeguards against vice-not to childern only, but to men. Men who delight in their own firesides, are never seen lounging about bar-rooms and oyster saloons. Make home attractive to your children-so that they will leave it with regret and return to it with joy-for this is a mighty preservative against vice.

" Mike, why don't you fire at them ere ducks, boy! don't you see you've got the whole of 'em | "kept before the people" some two years, through their before your gun ?" "Yes, but jist as I gets application to the New York Legislature for a divorce He leaned against the sapling for support, and aim at one, another swims right 'twixt him which has been refused, were on Sunday evening martwice knocked himself down by rushing with and me."

The Hamlet.

AN ODE: BY DR. WARTON.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild, Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main, For splendid care, and guilty gain! When morning's twilight-tinetured beam Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam, They rove abroad in ether blue, To dip the scythe in fragrant dew; The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,

That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear, Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear : On green untrodden banks they view The hyacinth's neglected hue: In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds They spy the squirrel's airy bounds; And startle from her ashen apray. Across the glen, the screaming isv: Each native charm their steps explore Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray Mounts, to illume their homeward way Their weary spirits to relieve, The meadows incense breathe at eve. No riot mars the simple fare, That o'er a glimmering hearth they share: But when the curfew's measured roar Duly, the darkening valleys o'er, Has echoed from the distant town, They wish no beds of cygnet-down, No trophied canopies, to close Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom Of health around the clay-built room, Or through the primrosed coppice stray, Or gambol in the new-mown hay; Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine, Or drive afield the tardy kine; Or hasten from the sultry hill, To loiter at the shady rill; Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest, To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honey'd flowers The curling woodbine's shade embowers: From the small gardens thymy mound Their bees in busy swarms resound: Nor fell Disease, before his time. Hastes to consume life's golden prime: But when their temples long have wore The silver crown of tresses hoar; As studious still calm peace to keep, Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

The Orange.

As this is a favorite fruit in our countryand, s probably much prized and admired by many who would like to know more of its nature. may be well to give some : count of it. The following facts and remarks are taken from Burnet's Outlines of Botany.

The Orange is a tree or shrub, with almost always smooth stems and branches. Its juice is balsamic, and the plants are covered with leaves, flowers and fruit, with receptacles of essential oil. The flowers are regular and united, color white, red or yellow, and very fragrant.

originally a tropical plant. "No," said the alderman, "but what is that cultivated in the temperate latitudes, and imabundance as to vie in plenty and cheapness with our native fruits,

The Orange has been believed, by some classical commentators, to be the golden apple of Hesperides.

Citrus Aurantium is the Orange or Golden Apple. This is the sweet orange, too well known to need description, and too highly SHORT ACQUAINTANCE .- At a late ball in estimated to admit of praise. Its varieties, like those of most cultivated fruits, are many. Sweet Orange, 2d, the China, 3d, the Majorca, 4th, the Nice, 5th the Geneva, 6th the Thickrineded Portugal 7th, the Teat-Fruited, 8th. the Double Flowered, 9th, the Ribbed, 10th, "Why, no sir," replied the fair one, "I the Malta or Blood juiced, 11th, the St. Mishall be engaged to-morrow evening, but I'll tell chael's, and 12th, the Oporto, or Pipeless pot Oranges.

Citrus Vulgaris is the bitter or Seville Orange; of which, like the preceding, there are severifarieties. But they are less cultivated, se, although preferred for medicine, they are less palatable for food.

Citrus Decumana is the Shaddock, so called after the captain who first introduced it to handsome fruit, but not so pleasant in its flavor as the orange. It will, however, keep fresh and good longer at sea, and hence is valuable. There are several other species of as the C. Nobilis; both the rind and pulp of which are eatable. This latter is called in China the Mandarin, and is considered the most delicate of the whole." D. B. E.

A GENTLE HINT .- A spruce young beau, gallanting his intended, a few evenings since was conversing upon the late turn out at Lowell, able to maintain all the factory girls in Lowell for six months. He would do it to prevent their returning to the mills."

His fair one, who had till now been a silent listener to his patriotic discourse, replied with

"Ah, I wish you were able to maintain one

A TOLERABLE HARD HIT .- Archdescon Fisher having preached an old sermon once, down directly." which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, asked him how he liked it:-"Very much indeed. Fisher," replied Constable ; " I always did like that sermon."

YIELDING TO CIRCUMSTANCES .- Mr. Hall and Miss Lillie, the story of whose "marriage in fun" has been [From the Uncle Sam-] The Weeping wife.

When feyther talked with old Zeke Butters about my havin' his daughter, he took to it very kind. So when I went over to see her, they let down the bars for me, and I went in to her. She knewed what I had come arter, and to as we sot before the old folks, and I was swinging my hat in my hand between my knees, she snickered and I snickered, and then she blushe l, and I blushed, and so we kept it up till ten time. We had toost and sausage for tea; but I couldn't eat a mouthful; so Thankful put a sausage into her bosom to keep it warm for me till the courtin' begun. When the old folks had gone to bed I talked to Thankful. She was as tender-hearted as a weeping willow, and whenever I said anything fine shewould shed tears like a rain-waterspout. So I thought she would be easy managed. Finally we got published, and then we got married. So, one day I come home and finds the dinner wasn't done, and I just said " it was a great pity, as I was very hungry, and in a great hurry to-I was cradling oats.' that, if you'd seed how the tears began to run, and how she put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and come and puther arms round my neck. and said she was so sorry to think she had 'cas ioned me a minnit's pain, and I was so struck all of a heap that, I swow, I thought I should have cried too. So I took the bellusses to blow the fire. At last I got it to burnin' and finally we had dinner, but I lost an arternoon's work by this job. When I went to go to bed at night, the bed wan't made, but I couldn't bear to say nothing, for fear I should hurt the feelings of the tender-hearted critter. So I went to bed just as 'twas, and slept so bad my bones aked all the nixt day. She didn't get up time enuff for breakfast, and I jest insinnivated when she got down to table arter I had got the meal reddy, that I should be glad she would try to get up a leetle arlier. Then she began to cry agin, and such a dolerous fuss she made with her handkercher, and begging my pardon and all that, that I intarmined never to say the like again as long as I lived. So I let everything go, and I thought I wouldn't say nothin', till one Sabbath day, I went to pull on my new trousers, and found a hole in 'em, that I'd told Thankful to mend a week before. So I seed I couldn't go to meetin', and then I did jest say, 'I'm sorry for this, Thankful—it's too bad, by Gosh?'' Then she looked right at me and busted into tears like a melted snowball; and says she-"Oh! my dear! how sorry I am that you should be offended with me" and she came and threw her arms around me, and her hands had just been among the pots, and she blacked my clean starched collar all over. Then I did feel worse than ever, and before I thought, I ripped out: "Dam it! stand off! see what you've done !" When I said that-all of a sudden she left off crying, and I seed there wasn't a tear in her eyes, but they looked like two cat's eyes glaring at me, and says she: "who cares for your old collar ? I'll have you know I didn't come here to be your slave, and I've got a fa-ther's house that I can go to if I like, as my sister did before me, when her husband told her she was too extravagant. Heigh dey! it's pretty work if I come here to be jawed and dogged round by one of your sect !" All this time she looked at me like a wild cow when she is pointing her horns to run you through the gizzard.-My stars! how 'stonished I was to see this tender-hearted critter changed so, all of a sudden I stepped b shut the door, for I couldn't say a word. So, a day or two afterwards I found fault with somethin', and she begun her crying, and being sorry. and putting her arms around me, and so she kept it up-sometimes calling me all the hard names that the old Scratch is called by, and

About a week afterward I came home and found her setting down and reading a book. while the house laid all sixes and sevens, and not a breakfast dish had been washed, and I slipped down in a puddle of greasy water. So I jest said it was too bad, and then she began to shed tears and be flaterin' like-but I said I'd rather she'd wash the dishes than talk soft speeches to me; and then she flew out like a tiger, and begun to call me a brute and a hog, and all that air compliments.

sometimes having her cryings, just as suited

So I waited till she got done, and then I turns to her and says: " Now, Thankful, I've got a word to say to you, and in right down arnest-so mind me. You must jest do one thing or the other, hereafter. You must either fight with your tongue or your tears, for I won't be fout with two weppons. So you needn't never cry to me any more; but you the West Indies from China. It is a large may scold and I will scold. But I can't have both, bekase that makes us oneven. If enny one can jaw like you, they needn't cry tooand if they cry, they musn't jaw.

So I cured her of cryin' for she seed she was Citrus, whose fruits from pleasant food ; such found out, and we've lived as peaceable as two cats in a bag ever sense.

Confidence.-How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with a mutual confidence, freedom courtesy, and complaisance! How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, when he remarked that "he wished he was how contentful the whole life, of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself.

IRISH BLUNDERS .- " Well. Patrick." asked the doctor, "how do you do to day?"

"Oh dear, doctor, I enjoy very bad health intirely. This rheumetis is very distressing indade. When I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toe is swelled up as big as a goose's hen's egg, so whin I stand up, I fall

- Husbandry .- A man with eleven daughters was complaining to a friend that he found it "You must husband your time," said the

other, "and then you'll do well enough." "I could do much better." was the reply. if I could husband my daughters."

A country paper speaking of a blind woodsawver, says, Although he can't see, he can saw.