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TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1846.

Song for the Millions.

Our God is good, his works are fair,
His gifts to man are rich and rare;
His holy presence everywhere,
O'er land and sea,
Proclaims that all should equal share
Sweet liberty.

The air with sounds of Freedom rings,
When'er the lark his carol sings,
When'er the bee bestirs his wings;
From tiny bird
And joyful twittering insect things
That sound is heard.

'Tis first of Nature's wise decrees,
It floats upon the healthful breeze,
It speaks in the rustling trees,
Without control,
It rolls o'er waves of mighty seas,
From Pole to Pole.

Where'er mortal man hath been,
In deserts wild, or paries green,
In storm, or solitaire serene,
O'er hills, or plains,
He hath in Nature's Kingdom seen
That freedom reigns.

Dear Liberty! foul Slavery's ban,
Destroy them tyrants never can,
For when the flight of time began,
God made all free;
He breathed into the soul of man,
Pure love for thee.

That love inspired great Bruce and Tell;
Behold them despoils fled and fell;
That love hath often rung the knell
Of coward knaves,
Whose powerful villainies compel
Men to be slaves.

And yet that love shall millions bless,
Its power will all their wrongs redress,
Base tyranny shall soon contend,
The rights of all;
Then was to him that date oppress
With chains and thrall.

Our God is good, his works are fair,
His gifts to man are rich and rare;
His holy presence everywhere;
O'er land and sea,
Proclaims that all should equal share
Sweet liberty.

Miscellaneous.

THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as any body ever lived."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather. "She has had much to garden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only thing she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. I like the most of her greatest poverty many were the stockings she knit, and the warm wares she made for the poor, drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks so old, and pined, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the East wind. I used to tell Mrs. Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the day, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the back. I used to tell her she would make me and just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "A good humored smile. But in justice to your Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," replied Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny has a yard, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could and I never heard of any one else but could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbor-in-law."

"Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings forming a common yard in the rear, and one coming close to a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should wash hot water, before her wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I

would try to keep everything as bright as a new five cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked with timid wisdom, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheek. She was evidently of an impressive temperament, for good or evil. "Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes ma'am, very meekly."

In the neighbor's house all went quiet otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of "mind how you do that. If you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a handy little girl you are!" Under this endearing influence, Peggy worked like a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise and mind your work." The new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the field. By and by, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out, carolling. The happy child turned up like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, she was a little afraid of the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired, by this time. We will rest awhile and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewn about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in the room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it, and explained what made the sound. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down with her finger on her lip, and answered in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly neighbor. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with the cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty; "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbor would want her service during the day. Her desire that it should be so soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into one small pile, and leave it on the frontier line of her neighbors' premises. Peggy ventured to ask whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unattended, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you that Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up. I would have her see it on any account. I told her I would try to keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dustpan, and swept quietly away the pile that was intended as a declaration of a frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat frisky little dog always ready for a caper. He took a distaste to poor poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behavior in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl, and a short sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house, with her fur all on end. If she ever ventured to doze a little on her own door step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he

would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scold him, it was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbors' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first; that he would. He could not have been more firm in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; you'll see if I don't; and I shant wait long, either. I can tell you, what you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Mrs. Turnpenny; "What do you mean by calling him poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea; I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but he won't be neighborly. I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the new ones baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste one of them."

The crabbled neighbor was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly neighbor edged in with a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable and industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't get a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they hung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something as well as turnips; and since one make the donkey stand still, the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my prescription so well, let me give you one. I am afraid they will maul before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie. "Well, Mrs. Fairweather, you are a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after a while they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly neighbor. "We will try the awhile longer, and if they persist in quarrelling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in the chair, stretched himself and yawned. His kind mistress patted him on the head. "Ah you frisky little beast," said she, "What is the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of my father's window into the barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings, when a slight tinge irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon her neighbor hit and kicked another. In five minutes, the whole herd were kicking and hooking each other, with all fury. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning.' Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon, the sunny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's room, where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Hades, on business," said she; "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. It will oblige me by letting Peggy go. I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve

of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched the soft place in Mrs. Turnpenny's heart and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she read about in the picture books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child can enjoy the country. The world seems such a place, when the fetters are off, and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of living birds and two butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstasy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be grateful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said "see how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stunted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Mrs. Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tone; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she; "and he says he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The courage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation; and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work you may go in and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless her who the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of a cudgel.

When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather bustled herself with planting roses, and vines. Mrs. Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her; and even refused to take pay from such a good neighbor. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point; but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room and will no cage." Another time she would say, "Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of lady's-delight. How bright and pretty it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy grow it, without any care, and scatter seed, that will come up in all the clinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright good natured thing. Thus by degrees the crabbled maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared of her own accord that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quiet fat and sleek, was sleeping in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was sitting at her work as blithe as a lark.

"I find her very kind and obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that a hotting enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practiced, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budged and blossomed under the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost heedless. The young music teacher thought her more than handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others; and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage on her wedding day, she threw her arms round the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear good Aunt, it thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

A LITTLE TONGUE.—A man arrested a few days since in New Orleans, for flogging his wife, asked a friend to enter bail for him. The friend addressed the bench in this strain: "I'll go his bail right off, if your honor will bind over his wife, but as long as she has a chance to talk, an angel could not keep the peace in the same house with her."

FRIENDSHIP.—When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of the maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man who hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy who hath no need of friends.

A Complacent Husband.

The following remarkable story we find in a work recently published entitled, "Travels in Southern Russia."

"A very pretty and sprightly young Polish lady was married to a man of great wealth, much older than herself, and a thorough Muscovite in coarseness of character and habits. After two or three years spent in wrangling and plaguing each other, the ill-assorted pair resolved to travel, in the hopes of escaping the intolerable sort of life they led at home. A residence in Italy, the chosen land of intrigues and illicit amours, soon settled the case. The young wife eloped with an Italian nobleman, whose passion ere long grew so intense that nothing would satisfy him short of a legal sanction of their union. Divorces, as every knows are easily obtained in the pope's dominions. Madame de K. had therefore no difficulty in causing her marriage to be annulled, especially with the help of her lord and master, who for the first time since they had come together, agreed with heart and soul. Everything was promptly arranged, and Monsieur carried his compliance so far as to be present as an official witness at Madame's wedding, doubtless for the purpose of thoroughly making sure of its validity. Three or four children were the fruit of this new union; but the lady's happiness was of short duration. Her domestic peace was destroyed by the intrigues of her second husband's family; perhaps, too, the Italian's love had cooled; be this as it may, after some months of miserable struggles and humiliations, sentence of separation was finally pronounced against her, and she found herself suddenly without fortune of protector, burdened with a young family, and weighed down with fearful anticipations of the future. Her first step was to leave a country where such cruel calamities had befallen her, and to return to Poland, the land of her birth. Hitherto her story is like hundreds of others, and I should not have thought of narrating it had it ended there; but what almost surpasses belief and gives it a stamp of originality altogether out of the common line, is the conduct of her first husband when he heard of her return. That brutal, impatient man, who had trampled on all social devoirs in attending at the marriage of his wife with another, did all in his power to induce her to return to his house. By dint of unwearied efforts and entreaties he succeeded in overcoming her scruples, and bore her home in triumph along with her children by the Italian, on whom he settled part of his fortune. From that time forth the most perfect harmony subsists between the pair, and seems likely long to continue. I saw a letter written by the lady two or three months after her return beneath the conjugal roof, it breathed the liveliest gratitude and the fondest affection for whom she called her beloved husband."

Kosciusko in America.

Kosciusko reached the new world nearly unprovided with letters of recommendation, or introduction, and nearly penniless. He, however, asked an audience with Washington to whom he had boldly presented himself.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the General with his accustomed brevity.

"I come to fight as a volunteer, for American Independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply.

"What can you do?" Washington next inquired.

To which Kosciusko, with characteristic simplicity, rejoined—

"Try me."

This was done. Occasions offered, in which his talents, science, and valor was tested, and above all, his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and in every engagement further distinguished himself. He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to show his undaunted courage as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of a company which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attack in the best of order.

"Who led the first company?" asked Lafayette of his comrades on the evening of that memorable day.

The answer was—"It was a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor—his name is Kosciusko."

The sound of the unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

Who shall describe the pleasure of the one or the surprise of the other, when the General entering the tent, saw the captain covered from head to foot with blood, dust and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting on his hand, and a map of the country spread out before him, and a pen and ink by his side? A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction, and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour.

KEEP OUT OF DAME NATURE'S DEBT.—Beautiful is the regularity, the clock-work of Nature! and certain and severe the penalty on man for playing truant with it. Though Bacchus himself, overnight, lend you his thorns, to advance the hands and push on the hours, it is ten to one that in the morning you will have a smart knock on the head for your boldness. And even if the knock be delayed—why, it is only deferred that it may pay itself with interest—all the single knocks coming down on you after years, as double ones. For time, when he trusts at all, takes huge interest of intemperance.

A SILENT WIFE.—Madame Regnier was once reproached by her husband in company. She was so inquisitive, and he checked her by saying, "Silence, Madam, you are a fool." She lived nearly thirty years afterwards, but never uttered one word, even to her children.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HERMIT.—A letter writer from New Hampton, New Hampshire, gives an account of a man who has lived for fifty years alone secluded from all others, in a small hut, above five miles from the institution at that place. A few of the students recently paid him a visit of which the writer says:—

"Finding that several of our number were studying theology, he appeared to take much satisfaction in asking them questions concerning the bible, which they were not able to answer—such as how many chapters certain books contain, &c. He said he did not lead a happy life, but seemed about as much resigned to the lot as some politicians are to the defeat of their party, with the expectation that defeat will throw off the dress. His only clothing was a coarse shirt with cotton pants and shoes. He will not read the newspapers because 'they lie so'—reads the bible and some books of history. He evinced a strong love for the bible, and acute sense of right and wrong."

He commenced this mode of life at the age of 21, and of course is now about 70, and bids fair to live many years yet. His hair was cut very short, and his beard nearly the same length. He has several outbuildings nearly filled with farming utensils, most of which are of his own rude construction. He has garnered a vast quantity of wood; which he piled in heaps some twenty feet high, on his premises. He has a stock, not even a cat or a dog for a companion. Should sickness or misfortune overtake him, he has no means of conveying any intelligence to his friends, though he has many in the vicinity. He could be brought to assign no reason for pursuing this mode of life, except that his health was not so good when he lived with others as when alone.

It is said that all important actions are decided upon by him, by casting lots—so should any anxious visitor find no admittance to his humble cot, he must charge his misfortune to the fates."

A RETORT.—We find in an exchange paper an anecdote of the late Wm. Wirt, that is too good to be lost. Wirt's life of Patrick Henry, as every reader of that biography knows, is excessive in its laudations of the great Virginia orator; in fact it may well be doubted whether the man ever lived to whom such swelling and varied strains of panegyric could be justly applied, as Wirt continually resorts to in depicting the character of Henry.

In illustration of this trait the following story, current in Eastern Virginia, said to be true to the letter, is told:

Wirt was once engaged in the trial of a cause in which one of the most material witnesses on the other side was notorious for his gullibility. By way of showing up this trait in the witness, thus impairing his testimony, Wirt asked if he had ever read Riley's Narrative, and if so whether he thought it was true?

"Oh yes," said the witness, "I've read it, and I believe every word of it."

The counsel of the other side, perceiving the advantage gained by his opponent, here interposed the question—

"Did you ever read Wirt's life of Henry, and if so, do you believe it is true?"

"I have read it," replied the simple witness, "but I can't say I believe it; no, that's more than I can swallow!"

Wirt was "essentially" floored.

A PRAIRIE.—The first view of a prairie will probably excite more surprise in the mind of a traveller in the United States than the grandest objects of nature. Riding day after day through forests, in which the cleared land is not of sufficient extent to interrupt the general aspects of wood, he breaks at once upon the view of a fine open country—he beholds extensive plains of the most soft and beautiful verdure, covered with the scent of flowers of every hue. Occasionally on the prairie, and often in the centre, are clumps of fine trees, especially of the oak and black walnut, so charmingly disposed, that the traveller can hardly believe that they have not been placed by the hand of man. The views of tracts of country of this description are in many places far more extensive than are to be met with in a country whose land has been laid out in this way artificially, with a view to its beauty, and to increase its value to its possessor. The prospect from the high grounds that often surround the prairies, comprehending verdant lawns, large forests, through which vast rivers are rolling their mighty masses of water, and fine hills in the distance, with cottages, cattle, horses, and deer, is altogether as fine as can be conceived any where.

INDUSTRY, HAPPINESS, AND HEALTH.—We were formerly struck, a few days since, with a remark made by an old and affluent citizen.—Speaking of his habits, and of his constant attention to something which occupied his mind, he said that he always felt better, physically and mentally, when employed in some useful pursuit; because, in the first place he knew he was discharging his duty as a member of society and a man; and in the second, he was prevented from indulging in painful thoughts. This is sound philosophy. The idler, whether rich or poor—young or old, is far more apt to be annoyed by disagreeable reflections—to feel moody and discontented—to be hurried on into temptation and crime, than the individual who, no matter what his condition in a pecuniary point of view, seeks to keep his mind and body feverishly employed, and thus to shut out feverish desires and nervous phantasms, which idleness is certain to call into existence. Every individual has a part to play in the drama of life; and that man is happiest, be he rich or poor, who with a proper consciousness of right and wrong, virtue and vice, keeps his body in a wholesome state of exercise—always careful to be prompted in his movements by honor, honesty, and conscientiousness.

NOT FINISHED YET.—A lady lately returned from a visit to the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, on being asked how she was pleased with the stupendous specimen of nature's handiwork, replied, "that it was a very nice bridge when it is done—but it was not quite finished when she was there."