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RACINA WOR

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1846.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.] The Greenwood Shrift.

Outstretched beneath a leafy shade Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade, A dying woman lay; Three little children round her stood.

And there went up from the greenwood A woeful wail that day. "O mother!" was the mingled cry, "O mother, mother, do not die, And leave us all alone." My blessed babes!" she tried to say, But the faint accents died away,

In a low sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death. And fast and strong she drew her breath. And up she raised her head; And peering through the deep wood maze. With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze, " Will he not come !" she said.

Just then, the parting boughs between, A little maids light form was seen. All breathless with her speed; And following close, a min came on, (A portly man to look upon,) Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried. Or e'er she reached the woman's side, And kissed her clay-cold cheek "I have not idled in the town, But long went wandering up and down The minister to seek.

"They told me here—they told me there, I think they mocked me everywhere; And when I found his home, And begged him on my bended knee. To bring his book and come with me. 'Mother, he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay And could not go in peace away Without the minister; I begged him for dear Christ, his sake. But oh! my heart was fit to break Mother, he would not stir!

"So, though my tears were blinding me, Irren back as fast as fast could be. To come again to you; And here-close by-this squire I met Who asked (so mild,) what made you fret;

And when I told him true. "I will go with you, child," he said, "God sends me to this dying bed;" Muther, he's here, hard by. While thus the little maiden spoke, The man, his back against an oak, Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck flung free. With quivering flank and trembling knee, Pressed close his bonny bay: A statelier man, a statelier steed. Never on greensward paced, I rede, Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke, The man, his back against an oak And folded arms; and in his look, Something, that like a sermon book, Preached-" All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face Furned toward him with a wishful gene He stepped to where she lay; And kneeling down, bent over her. Seing-" I am a minister-My sister ! let us pray."

And well, withouten beak er stole. (God's words were printed on his soul.) Into the dving ear.

He breathed as 'twere, an angel's strain. The things that unto life pertain. And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate, In Christ renewed-regenerate-Of God's most blest decree. That not a single soul should die Who turns repentant with the cry "Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain and toil, Endured but for a little while in penitence, faith, and love-Sure, in God's own good time, to be Exchanged for an eternity Of happiness above.

Then-as the spirit ebbed away-He raised his hands and eyes to pray That peaceful it might pass; And then—the orphan's sobs alone Were heard, as they knelt every one Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes Beheld, in heart-struck mute surprise, Who reined their coursers back, Just as they found the long astray, Who in the heat of chase that day

Had wandered from their track. But each man reined his pawing steed, And lighted down, as if agreed, In silence at his side;

And there, uncovered all they stood-It was a wholesome sight and good-That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land Was that deep-hushed, bear-headed band And central in the ring, By the dead pauper on the ground Her regged orphans clinging round;

Knelt their annointed king. The royal minister was George the Third. The anec the is related on the authority of the Rev. Geo. Crabbe the well known poet of humble life.

[From the Sunday Attles.] Too Well Played.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

"You will not sucely leave me to-night. Charlotte? I am extremely weak, and scarcely think I shall live till morning. You smile you don't believe me; or rather, you wish not to believe anything that will interfere with your pleasures. Well, go. go-perhaps I ex-aggerate my illness." The sick man looked at his beautiful wife, who had just entered the chamber, splendidly attired for a party, to " see

if he wanted anything" before she went out. " I ceally think you are looking much better to-night, and I may venture to leave you. The Arlingtons, you know, are such very partieuilar friends—they would feel positively slighted, should I refuse their pressing invitation.— I shall send up old Mary, so that you will be

"Pray send up no one-I wish to be, as I

" Well, my love, I am sorry to leave you but bless me ! the clock is striking eight, and the room. In the hall she met the physician. the room. In the hall she met the physician, one to a pensive voluptuousness. Charlotte and carelessly remarked—"Dear doctor, do was of a sanguine and enthusiastic temperago and cheer up Mr. Leslie a little. He has ment, and while she leaned out at the casement the blues horribly this evening, and I am engaged to be out. Why, what is the man star-

ing at ?"

"Engaged to be out, madem! You may be too late to close your husband's eyes; I fear he will scarcely survive the night."

" Sir, sir what mean you? Is this done to diately re-entered the room with the physician. As she passed into Leslie's chamber, he opened his dull eyes; and, seeing his wife, his countenance underwent a sudden change from pale to red, and his eye lightened as if in anger. His wife approached the bed but he motioned her away, and feebly raising himself on his elbow, said :

"I told you the truth, Charlette ; I feel that sincerely—have you aught to complain of me since I have been your husband?

She turned pale, and tremblingly sobbed, No, oh Henry, not one word-but I was about shamefully to wrong you. I will not go -1 will not go-1 will stay with you forever ! and she burst into tears.

"Madam !" he camly replied, "the dying are unnecessary. I preceive that I have thrown away my affections upon an unworthy object. I have been duped—how deeply I know not & wish not to inquire. Doctor, I call upon you to witness that she has no complaint to make me a last favor, madam, feave me to die in Charlotte could not choose but gaze. He sank back exhausted-the hetic faded from his cheek, and a slight tremor shook ed. He called old Mary, and had her remove and shows, at one brilliant moment, the sceneed quietly to her own room, where she soon ry, through the surrounding darkness. The back exhausted; and when she again looked show that I sympathize with your sorrow.—
up, she found that she was alone. She ran to Having so firmly borne my own distress, I we will leave her to her sensations, and return | Let me lead you from the hot and suffocating to the sick chambe.

"Ha, ha, ha !" laughed the doctor, re-en- shall tell me what is the matter." tering. " I think we have done the business, my dear fellow. But she must have been very blind to have mistaken you for a sick man-Why, you look as if you could enjoy a beefstake and a bottle of Madeira with the healthiest bon vivant in town. And then the manner in which you carried it off—Chippendale could not have acted it better."

"Doctor," replied Leslie, rising from the bed and adjusting his shirt-collor and cravat at the glass, .- Charlotte is a noble woman, and versation had so won upon her that she regardthis thing must not be carried too far. An unconquerable love of pleasure and society, united to her extravagence, have come near ruining me, in a pecuniary point of view, besides lowed him to lead her into the garden without totally destroying my domestic happiness. I will go to her now and confess the stratagem' have employed. She will understand my motive, and feel the necessity of reforming her having taken his departure, the husband sat habits. I have acted from a painful necessity. and I would not leave her a moment longer in course he had pursued. He loved his wife,

"You will do no such thing," said the doctor, taking him by the arm. "You are my misgivings lest he had gone too far. At length patient." continued he, smiling, "and I for his anxiety increased to such an extent, he probid you leaving the room. You must never leave the game half played out, if you wish to ed upon an ecclaircissement at once. He conquer a woman. My prescription is a hot found the door open, and Charlotte-gone ! supper and a bottle of wine, after which you More indignant than alarmed, he returned to will proceed immediately to bed. I will take

care of your wife.,
When Charlotte found that she was a prisoner in her own chamber, her first impulse was to give way to tears. She felt she had acted wrongly, and was denied the opportunity, when she wished humbly to have atoned for her misconduct. She could not believe that her husband was really in so much danger as the doctor had represented, or she surely would have heard something of it before. He had must have returned by this time. She does offering to heaven. been sad and peevish for several days, but not usually stay out till daylight, does she ? nothing more. She was a high-spirited woman, and began already to consider herself the injured party, from being denied access to her husband. Gradually her repentant feelings by a serving man of Mrs. Atlington's." melted away, and all the pride of her woman's nature was aroused. She sat brooding sadly over her contenteding emotions when her door was unlocked, and old Mary entered the

"Madam." said Mary, "I've got the key and that your hot supper and wine agreed with and thought I would bring you something warm you. and nice; and besides, madam, I think I can My story is told, and the morai is plain.—

sir. we do not," was the immediate reply.—

ATTECTIONATE.—An Irish gentlman, the opera glass of the Astor House steps, until his give you some news to," added the girl, ap- A husband may be forgiven by his wife for "Umph!" replied the smoker, removing his other day, in excess of connunial affection; ex- money rans out, when he again returns to work.

The lady started upon her feet, as if she had een stung by a serpant, exclaiming "My God! Is it possible that I have been duped thus deeply by a man! I'll teach him who he has dared to play with. Mary! here, quick! my hat and shaw! ! quick! call the carriage-

mediately surrounced her, protesting that she never looked so lovely, and that she had come in good time to save the party from ennui, as they had almost despuired of her for the even-

ing.
There was a whirl of indistinct and confused sensations in Charlotte's brain; but this welltimed flattery acted like oil thrown upon the agitated waters. Gradullay she allowed her-self to be diverted; and, pride and indignation at the conduct of her fineband coming to her aid, she determined to allow no one to believe

that she could be otherwise than happy.

'The moon had risen, and mingling with the silver light, the perfumes of the garden came it is time for me to go"-and she hurried from floating through the lattice, disposing every which overlooked the garden, and inhaled the almost spiritual beauty and fragrance of the scene, she felt her heart swell with judignation towards her husband, who had dared to play tricks with her-to treat her as a child.

" Had he reasoned with me." said she, half aloud; "nay, had he commanded me I should alarm me, or are you serious !" and she imme. have obeyed with the best grace I could. But thus to deceive me with a wellplayed farce, and then to laugh at his triumph !—I hate him, for he has made me despise myself."

" Why not revenge yourself, then, dear Charlotte !" said a soft voice. Her hand was at the same moment gently but fervently clasped, and looking up, she saw a tall, elegant young man, with a haughty brow and fiery eye, modulated to an expression of intense ten I am dying. Now snewer me, frankly and derness, bending respectfully over her. Her heart beat audibly ; for many a time had she thrilled beneath the tones of that magic voice. not dreaming the spell which was doing its work upon her.

"Francis-I mean Mr. Langham," gasped in visible alarm, " what mean you ?-How know you my thoughts? You must not -I feel you must not -know them. I dare have no sympathies but for justice. Your tears | ask for no sympathy-and especially, not for yours. Leave me, leave me, if you pity my

The young man dropped her hand, & stood erect and proud before her. Yet there was something so fascinating in his lustrous black against me. And now, if you really would do eye, and his graceful majesty of bearing, that

"Charlotte," said he, in a low, calm voice "there are moments in life when the light of his frame. The doctor heard a slight shrick, love within us breaks forth as instantaneously and turning round saw that the lady had faint- as the lightning which leaps from the clouds recovered, and begged to be allowed to go to first glance of your eyes which met mine was her husband. "He is dying, and I must be the flash which lighted up the darkness of my with him. Who, but a wife, should close her heart, and showed me the form of love and husband's eyes ? 4 must-I will see him ? He beauty that sheltered there. For months I have is curring me now—I know it—but on my fed upon my passion silently, for, so long as knees I will sue for his forgivness. He dare you were happy, I had no right to speak aught not deny at me-he cannot, Lead me to him that might disturb you. Now, you are miser--where is he? Who shall restrain me?"- able-nay deny it not; your evelids quiver She raved thus for some time, until she sank and your face is pale-and I have a right to the door-it was locked from without ! But have the stronger claim upon your confidence. air of this room into the garden, and there you

> There are moments in which nothing appears startling. Francis Langman was an imperious, haughty man whom nobody thought of approaching with anything like familiarity. Charlotte had become acquainted with him some time before, and was charmed with his genius and elegance. His standing in society was unexceptionable, and every body courted him. To her he had never been anyting but respectful in the extreme, and his brilliant, coned him with the fondness of a brother. His calm, quiet.demeanor on the present occasion, entirely threw her off her guard; and she alone word of resistance.

> Henry Leslie did not order the supper or wine prescribed by the doctor; and the latter moodily before the fire, reflecting upon the and had done it for her good. Of so much he was satisfied. Yet he could not forego his ceeded to his wife's apartment, fully determin his chamber and went to bed-but not to sleep; for, when we have torn a loved object from the

heart, the wound still bleeds. Early in the morning he called old Marv. and ordered her to request her mistress to at-

tend him. "Yes. sir." stammered the faithful creature. but mistress went out last evening, and-Mrs. Arlington's party; but I presume she

No-no-sir, but-"But what? answer me instantly." " Here is a letter, sir, that has just been left

He tore it open and read : "You attempted to deceive me. and have lost me. I know my fate, but anything is more easily borne by a woman than wounded pride I hope you have recovered from your illness,

CHARLOTTE." in her own eyes.

Boys and Girls.

TRUTH ARRAYED IN MERRY GUISE .- We

cheeked, healty, wholesome boys, and the warm. radiant sunshine of girlish faces, with step as elastic and graceful as that of a wood-nymph, with a laugh sweeter than the music of singing birds, with all their naturalness, their unaffected ease, and the beautiful confidence which is the proper heritage of early youth?

Byron might well have sung in his day-

"Sweet is the laugh of girls." It was heard then and now in the " green lanes" of merry England, on the sunny plains of France, along the vine-clad hills of Germany and elsewhere, these " celestial voices" may be they are not here. During the Revolution it was not thus. When children had to choose a round shot, it was not thus. There is no boybaby-hood manhood, womanhood, and death .--These are the epochs which divide a life that-

> hovers like a ster "Twixt night and morn, Upon the borizon's verge."

Our American boys are not well grown hoys; they are homunculi, as Carlyle would saytailed coats, or smart fruck coats, gloves, and canes, and too often brave in cigar emoke.l'heir hair, it is long and manly, their carraige address profoundly calculating, and reflecting very deep glances into that wounderful storehouse of mysteries-which the day of judgment slone will clear up—the human heart.

to give forth the impulse of their generous, sen- ter's death was daily look for, and requested pitive natures! They too, are fittle women .-They too often do not kies their manly broth- ed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bennett : ers, much less are they caressed by them .-They are little women, deep in the mysteries Eve that ever found this world unequal to her alone you will have a just conception of the of the toilet, redolent of cosmetics, perhaps vers-blossoms. She was propped up with pillows. Universe. While you are gazing upon that ed in hem-stitching and working lace; their very dolls have bustles, and they, poor things, with forms cast in a mould of Gud's own workmanship, whose every curve and every development is beauty and loveliness, must wear bustles too. Hardly do they darn their brother's stockings, or hem his handkerchiefs, or delight in the andy-work of making his linen.

When half grown they are serious, sober cry; that would relieve my poor heart. She women. They dance, and sing, and smile, and gasped for breath, and respired with difficulty. simper methodically. They walk on stilts, or "The lock of hair—quickly, while I cangee it." dance with evident constraint, and by-and-by we expect they will not dance at all. We expect soon to see the little beings, with eyes fixed alone on their neighbor's deficiencies.-Ah! how wrong to check the buoyancy, the exhiliration, the joyous outbreak of these young creatures, wether it be in romping, or runing, or dancing and whether the danneing be to the music of their own voices, of the piano, of the up for love or money.

to say more about it.

THOUGHTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS .- The perections boasted of by many consists rather in knowing no difference between good and evil. -Owen.

Prayer without faith is like shooting without bullets, it may make a great noise, but will never accomplish any thing .- Burket.

Half the follies and vanities of the world are mere contrivances to silence the troublesome monitor within .- Faber. A man may go with a beedless spirit from

ordinance to ordinance, abide all his days under the choicest teachings, and yet never be improved by them; for heart-neglect is a leak at he bottom .- Flavel.

There is no true cure for sinful. vain, and unprofitable thoughts but by the contrary, by calling up the thoughts to their proper work, and finding them more profitable employment. Baxter.

THE WASTE IN WAR .- Give me the money that has been spent in war. & I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child, in an attire that kings and queens might be proud of. I will build a school-house in every valley over the earth. I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it -a college in eve ty state, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gaspel of peace. will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morn ing the chime on one hill shall unswer to the chime on another, around the earth's bread " Well, I know she went out-she went to circumference, and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, shall ascend as one universal

> EDUCATE. To rub book leaves on the back of a child and beat in learning with a birch .-The way to educate the young ladies is, to let them know all about the ologies, the onomies. the ifice, and the tificks, the ticks and the nastics: but nothing about the ings-sewing, knitting, washing, baking. & making pudding.

"You don't like smokin', 't aint likely !" tered a room where four or five young ladies to be. were sewing, puffing a dark long nine. Well proaching her mistress and whispering in her every thing except making her contemptible eiger long enough to spit, " a good many peo claimed. " Heaven forbid. My dear, that I benefit to save enough for another "blow out." ple den't."

The Henrage May or Bustons .- There is no being in the world for whom I feel a higher, years ago a pious widow, who was reduced to moral respect and admiration, than for the upcopy the fullowing seasonable article from a right man of business. No. not for the philan late number of the Savannah Republican: thropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel Where are they? What has become of the that I could more easily be a marytr, than a man the door, and a stranger solicited a lodging and I am going out."

The orders were speedily obeyed, and in a few minutes Mrs. Leslie found her self amid the folicsome laughter, the free, unrestraction more distinctly, that it is not for general the gay throng at the Arlington party, receiving the homage of a troop of beaux, who imis not for the man who distributes extensive charities-who bestows inagnificent donations. That may all be very well. I speak not to disparage it. I wish there were more of it; and And do you offer a share to one you do not it may all consist with a want of the true lofty know? Then I never saw charity before unbending uprightness. That is not the man. But, madam, do you not wrong your children. then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands by giving a part of your last morsel to a stran-amidst all the interest and perilous exigencies ger?" "Ah," said the widow, weeping, "I of trade, firm, calm disinterested, and upright. have a boy, a starling son, somewhere on the It is the man who can see another man's distress as well so his own. It is the man, whose mind ken him away, and I only act towards you as heard, but not in matter-of-fact America. No; question between himself and his neighbor, just vide for us as he did for Israel; and how as safely as the purest magistrate upon the should I grieve if my son should be a wanderbench of justice. At ! how much richer than er destitute as you, and should find a shelter. play-ground that was secure from shells and ermine-how far nobler than the train of mag- even as poor as this, and be turned unrelieved isterial authority-how more swful than the away ?" hood nor girlhood now. There is the birth, the guarded pomp of majesty, is that simple, magnaaimous, and insjestic truth! Yes.it is the man who is true—true to himself, this neighbor, and his God—true to right, true to his conscience, and who feels that the slightest suggestion of that consience, is more to him than the chance of acquiring a hundred estates.

> THE LAST GIFT-A BEAUTIFUL STORY .-A touching and-beautiful story is told by Lieuminature men dressed up en bottes, with long tenant Parsons in his " Nelsonian Reminiscences." A young man by the name of Richard Bennett was mortally wounded in one of Nelson's great battles, and requested that a minnost particularly erect, and to stumble against lature, and a lock of hair, should be given by a curb-stone and roll in a little clean dirt would Lieut. Parsons to his aweetheart, Susette, in be a calamity. Their faces are grave and thoughtful with the throes of nascent manhood; their thus decribes the interview:
>
> tain, bless him—the insects *port in his beams
> the elephant salutes him with the rising of

> "It was at the close of day, when a bright the wisdom of the incipient man of the world. July sun was on the point of setting, that I are the thunder declares his immensity. Man as if they knew sorrow, and had taken deep, rived at the very pretty cottage of Susette's alone has said, "there is no God!" Unite in mother. I tremulously stated who I was, to thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful the most respectable looking matron I ever saw. of French extraction. In broken and bitter The girls! How many of them are allowed acents of heartfelt grief, she told me her daughtime to prepare her to seeme. At last she expressand I was admitted to the fairest daughter of fields gilded with the tints of autumn-then near the open lattice of her bedroom, that was sun which as plunging under the vaults of the clustered with roses. Her white dress, and the west, another observer admires him emerging veiled in long fringed eyelids. She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine. as I knelt to kiss it; and as she felt my tear fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the mordrop on it softly mutmured. "I wish I could She caught at it, wildly pressed it to her lips and heart, and fell back. Her mother and I thought she fainted; but the pure and innocent soul had returned to God who gave it.

> A SELF-TAUGHT SLAVE.—At a meeting of Nor Ban.—An exchange paper, we believe the Synod of Alabama, on the third week in it is the Lowell Courier, tells the following good January last, contributions were called fors to purchases colored man. a slave, of extraordinary violin, or the harp, or the tarbret, or of a Gercharacter. It was stated that he was a good kept a large family of Turkeys, perhaps sixty.
>
> man band, if providentially they might pick one classical scholar, and wholly self, taught. He is a blacksmith; and was stated on the floor great deal of her turkeys, consequently valued This is a demure, stupid, hyperitical, humof the Synod, by members and others, who
> them very highly. Opposite her door was a
> agging age, and we are going one of these days
> knew him, that he first learned the alpha"West India Goods Store." The man who bugging age, and we are going one of thesedays knew him, that he first learned the alphabet by inducing his master's children and others kept it one day emptied his casks of cherries. to make the letters, one at a time, on the door of his shop. In this way he familiarised him- lady being economical, thought it a great pity self with the letters, and their names. He then to have all these cherries wasted, and in order learned to put them together and made words, to have them saved, she would just drive over and soon was able to read. He then commenced the study of arithmetic, and then English of the day the old lady thought she would look

ed the study of the Hebrew language, but relinquished it in consequence of not having suitable books. It was stated that he studied at night thers! She must pick them. She called her till 11 or 12 o'clock, and that in conversing with daughter and picked them, intending to have him, they felt themselves in the presence of them buried in the morning. Morning came their equal. He is between 30 and 35 years of and behold there were her turkeys stalking

HUMBLE LIFE .- There is a happiness in numble life-who can doubt it? I'he man who owns but a few acres of land and raises an abundance to supply the necessary, wants of his family-can ask for no more. If he is satisfied with his condition-and there are thousands so situated who are-no man is more happy. No political movement disturb his re--no speculative mania chases the calm erenity from his mind-no schisms in the Church throw shadows beneath his golden sky. His family is the world to him; his little lot is all his care. Who sighs not for such a life of calmness and serenity? Amid the band to come down stairs and take a walk in cares and anxieties of business, who would not the garden. While there, she stooped to pluck exchange his prospects and his honors for the a flower; but her husband appeared as shough repose of him who is contented and happy on small piece of ground, far from the noise and bustle, princely luxury and squalid poverty of city life? If there is a situation congenial to ought not to think it nard in me to deny you the true spirit of man and of the growth of vir- mine." tue, it is amid the rejoicings of nature—in the calm retirement of rural life.

Non Committal. - An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones: with a very knowing look renlied : " Why. I don't want to say envihing about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones; sometimes I think, and then again I don't know -but after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to nsked a lank, free and easy Yankee, as lie en- be a good deal such a sort of a man I take him .1 .}

should ever live to see you a widow."

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER .- Some great poverty, had just placed the last smoked herring on her table to supply her hunger and that of her children, when a rap was heard at

The traveler drew near the table : but when he saw the scanty fare, filled with astonishment, he said, " And is this all your store?" And do you offer a share to one you do not know? Then I never saw charity before face of the wide world, unless Heaven has ta-

The widow stopped, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms; "God indeed, has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! O my mother !" collers

It was indeed her long-lost son, returned from India. He had chosen this way to surprise his family. But never was suprise more complete or more joyful. He was able to make the family comfortable, which he immediately cid. the mother living for some years longer in the enjoyment of plenty.

Existence of Gon .- There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mounthe elephant salutes him with the rising of the day-the bird sings him in the foliage-Unite in objects of nature : suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, all the year, a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn; a day hespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; a meadow enamelled with beauteous flowers ; forests hoary with snow and drapery of the toom, accorded with the angelic from the gilded gates of the east. By what me who turned her lustrous orbs upon me. conceivable magic does that aged stare which is sinking fatigued and burning under ... the shades of the evening, reappear at the instant. ning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising-resplendent at noon-day, and setting in the west; or rather, our sense deceives us, and there is properly speaking, no east or west to the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light, one single single substance.

An old lady resident of a neighbaring place, intending to replace them with new. The old her turkies and let them eat them. In the course grammer and geography.

It was also stated that he is now able to read

She approached the yard and lo! in one corner the Greek Testament with ease, has some know- laid her turkeys in one huge pile, dead. "Yes ledge of the Latin language, and even commence they were stone dead." What was to be

Surely the old matron could not lose the feaage, and is willing to go out as a missonary to about the yard featherless enough (as may be Africa, under the Assembly's Board. doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things, if they had said " quit" before they had begun they would not have been in this " bad fix."

We would advise all young men who are in the habit of drinking, to leave off before they get nicked; and to those who do not, let every young lady say "quit."

A Husnand.-A, lady who had lost a beloved child, was so oppressed with grief that she even secluded herself from the society of her family, and kept herself locked in her chamber; but was length prevailed on, by her hushe would hinder her. She plaintively said, "what! deny a flower!" He replied, "You have denied God your flower, and surely you

It is said the lady suitably felt the gentle reproof, and had reason to say, .. A word spoken in season, how good it is."

A Brow Our .- A little cobler of New York city is so anxious to be "up in the world," that he will work industrionaly for several weeks. until he has carned some sixty or eighty dollars, when renouncing his apron and last, he done a first rate suitand takes board at the Astor. where he may be seen strutting about with the utmost confidence, giving orders like a lord to the servant and exhibting himself with a segur as be calls it.