

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VII.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

NUMBER 60.

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

TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1847.

THE MINIATURE.

A Sketch of the Sons of Temperance.

BY DANIEL STROCK, JR.

In taking a ramble lately, through the lower part of our city, we passed at a little hotel, in which we had several times accompanied a friend. It was the residence of an unfortunate being, whom, all effort to reclaim from the habit of intemperance, had hitherto been unavailing. Formerly in extensive business, he had occupied an influential position in society; and even when ruin had reduced him to poverty, the pride imbibed in his former condition remained. Hence he regarded the Temperance Societies as assemblies of the low and vulgar portion of the community, and considered it insulting to be requested to join them; and thus fortified by a contemptible pride, his evil habit resisted all the entreaties of his friends, the advantages of business, or the tears of his family.

As we stood debating whether or not to enter, a sound of lamentation issued from the apartment, which, growing more audible, we could distinctly recognize as the voice of supplication, frequently interrupted by the overflowings of sorrow. It was the wife and daughter of the drunkard, bent in bitter agony before the throne of God; and although we could define no words, we well knew the burden of their petition, nor could we refrain from mingling our own earnest prayer that it might be answered.

A good intention will excuse seemingly awkward actions, and after much hesitancy we knocked at the door. To our satisfaction we were recognized and cordially welcomed. It were useless to add another to the many descriptions of the abode of the drunkard's family—the abode of desolation, loathsomeness and sorrow—but we were shocked with the appearance of the inmates, consisting of the mother, her daughter, apparently about nineteen years old, and a son of five. Tamed by fear and hunger, the little fellow approached and hid his face on our breast, while tears coursed down his cheeks. His sister was the personification of famine. Her cheeks were yellow and sunken, her eyes low, and her every limb like that of a skeleton; the fine elastic step, and upright gait of youth were gone, and she appeared as though unable to sustain her tottering frame. Yet even amid this wreck of youth, the passive loveliness of her countenance, her smooth dark hair, and her open brow, testified to the beauty which had once made her an object of deep and affectionate regard—and once, when she raised her eye, we thought we perceived in its sudden flash the index of a mind, glowing for an opportunity to soar from the accumulations which were crushing it, to that position for which it had been created.

Her history, with which we were partially acquainted, caused us to gaze upon her with the deepest emotion. The shameful conduct of the father had entailed shame and affliction upon his child, and the one whom she had long and ardently loved, rejected her with the cruel reflection, that she was a drunkard's daughter. That expression sunk at once into her soul, and she withdrew from society to drag out her existence in hopeless misery.

The pause which ensued at our entering, did not long continue. The mother's mind seemed to be laboring under an amount of grief, too great to be contained; and amid many interruptions she confided to me her tale of sorrow. It was mingled with the remorse of being in part its instrument—for, on the night which made her a bride, she filled the first glass of wine, and offered it to her husband.

"Oh! sir," she exclaimed, "the memory of that, haunts me by day and by night. He was then all that youth, and health, and hope could make me; admired by friends, and courted even by the envious. How little did I think that that one act, would be the origin of this misery—would deprive him of all his honors, all his happiness! and that when I would implore him with bitter weeping to reform, it would rise in shame and despair, to choke the utterance of my words."

His downward course, had been gradual. Gay company, the ruin of the young husband, had operated so powerfully upon him, that to gratify his passion for it, he would frequently spend the entire night, after the fatigues of business, in dissipation and revelry. Even in the counting house, much time was spent with idle friends, and consequently his business began to decay. From the social party he was led to the ball room, from that to the theatre, and lastly the tavern. But by a happy coincidence, in his very first exit from the latter place, while shouting with his boisterous companions, his eye met the searching gaze of a friend, for whom he had entertained the greatest deference; his voice immediately sunk to silence, and he stole home overcome with shame and conviction. The incident was useful, leading him calmly to compare his course and prospects with those of other days; and a reformation ensued which continued more than a year. But where avarice or selfishness are the motives to action, no permanent good can be effected. In proportion as his business revived, fear of the cause which had injured it decreased, until at length he began to smile complacently at the morality which had so long barred him from his highest enjoyment; he returned to his former course—but again he reformed; and thus long continued, alternately changing, sometimes abstaining even for years from intoxicating drink, and then plunging into their vortex deeper after each successive reform, till, in the struggle, his business was ruined, his credit and influence gone, and himself the consumption of all wickedness—a drunkard, penniless, diseased, loathsome. All his natural pride had not yet forsaken him, though it proved a curse rather than a blessing. He would not sign the pledge of abstinence,

because he considered himself as possessed of sufficient moral strength to do as he pleased; nor join a Temperance Society, because the company would be vulgar. Thus, ruled by the giant impulse of an evil passion, aided by a contemptible pride, he sunk, as we have seen, lower and lower in the grades of wretchedness.

It is a strange feature of human nature, that a slight incident has often more effect to rouse the mind by reviving old associations, than a powerful train of present circumstances. Hence past life appears a dream of sunshine, whose walking is a stormy scene that surrounds us; and hence, though we may be surrounded by friends and admirers, the transient remembrance of one being whom we formerly loved, can throw a gloom over society, and make us lonely amid a crowd. Such an incident occurred in the family of which we are speaking—and what honor, and wealth, and shame, and the ties of affection had vainly demanded, was effected by a seeming trifle.

As is usual with the inebriate, all that could be exchanged for money had long since disappeared from the house of William A. One little article alone remained sacred. It was his own miniature, and the circumstances connected with it were affecting. It had been given to the now miserable wife, sometime before marriage, and when in consequence of leaving the city on account of his health, he had but faint expectations of again seeing her. The bright sunshine of that lovely period still danced before him; and drunken and degraded as he was, he had long regarded that object as a talisman to hallow his polluting touch. But now he must have; there was no way of obtaining it but through the picture, and though at first he was shocked with the idea of sacrificing so dear an article, yet from each successive temptation his scruples grew weaker, until on the morning of our visit, he went to the spot where lay the last relic of his prosperity—but it was not there. The wife had ever clung to it as to a child, and hoping he would not demand it of her, she had concealed it about her person. But she was mistaken—at seeing it removed from where it had always been, he immediately guessed the reason, and reckless through despair and passion, he rushed before her and demanded it. A thunderbolt could not have been more dreadful. She pleaded, wept, and conjured up all those phantoms of memory, that so often bind the heart in their spell—but in vain; threats and personal violence caused her to deliver it. But one look at those young noble features and then at his, and her feelings overpowered her; she hid her face in her tattered garment, and faltered while sobs choked her utterance. "William, William, the night I received this you whispered, 'Let no hand take it but the hand of death.'"

"Oh, never," she added to us, in conclusion, "never could I think that he would deprive me of that one object. I have wept over it, and cherished it until it has become like one of my own children—I have shown it to them that they might see what their father once was; and shamefully and foolishly I have long hoped that I might see him as a man, what he was when a youth—but this morning has torn from me the last hope that was left for this desolate home."

She sank upon a chair with exertion, the daughter left the room, and my little companion screamed in terror at the scene he could scarcely understand. A painful silence ensued. Suddenly the door opened, and to our utter dismay the husband and father entered.—Ragged and miserable he was, but a glance at his face convinced us that he had not been drinking, and hope for himself and his family dissipated the first emotion of terror. When near the middle of the room, he paused, turned round, and immediately recognized us; and before we had time to rise, or even speak, had seized our hand, with frantic energy, and exclaimed:

"Sir, you have known me hitherto as a brutal wretch; you have pleaded with me, and reasoned in vain. But this happy day has burst the bands of my slavery, and to-night enroll me in the ranks of the Sons of Temperance. See their Constitution," and he drew one from his pocket. "I have read it again and again, they are a noble band, and in a week I will be one of them."

He could say no more, for his wife rushed to his arms, and the daughter who had heard his exclamation, hurried wildly into the room. We rejoiced as one of the family, for it was one of those events for which every temperance man, however humbled, has by his influence contributed a portion.

"Mary," he suddenly exclaimed, drawing something from his pocket. "take this, I have brought it home, and let no hand deprive you of it but the hand of death."

On leaving that morning, A. hurriedly proceeded towards the tavern, but his feelings were so acute, that although no stranger to evil actions, the performance of his present one required his will had acquiesced, yet the reaction of conscience, aided by the last scene at home, almost maddened him. He reached the tavern door, but the giant spell of a power hitherto unseen, drew him from the threshold. Three times he vainly attempted to enter, until at last, with a desperate plunge, he leaped upon the floor, and from that to the bar, where he demanded his usual morning draught.

"Have you the 'tin'?" sneeringly inquired the bar-keeper. He made no reply.

"Then, as we don't want drunks here, you can go about your business."

A, with a strong effort, plunged his hand into his pocket, and producing the miniature, glittering with gold and jewels, asked its value.

"A little over the old score," replied the crafty knave, brightening with the hope of such a bargain; and with hypocritical civility he handed to his victim the now full glass.

"Shall we come to a settlement?"

"Never," shouted A. "I know too well the value of this picture for it ever to grace your hands."

"Stop, stop," cried the disappointed, but

rushed through the door, and was soon out of sight. After roaming about for a long time, it occurred to him, that by taking the miniature to a jeweller, whom he had known from a boy, he might obtain for it something like its real value. He immediately hastened to the place. Like himself, this individual had been a drunkard; but on entering, he was astonished to observe the neatness and regularity which reigned around. His friend was in conversation with two gentlemen; but at the entrance of A. he arose, and slightly nodded.

With evident shame and embarrassment, he approached the counter, and exclaimed—"I have come, sir, on a strange errand."

"Ah! what is it?"

"Can you tell me the value of this likeness?"

"You wish to sell it?"

"I do."

"Then I cannot buy it, because, A. I fear that as soon as you will have received the money, you will exchange it for liquor. But I can do you a much greater favor."

"What is it?"

"Persuade you to join the Sons of Temperance. I know that likeness. We started in life together; we came drunks, miserable outcasts together—but I received an invitation to join the Order; I accepted, and it has made me a man again."

"But they are a secret society?"

"A—if you were to build a house would you invite the robber to examine every door, and lock, and stairway, and inlet, until they became so familiar that he could find his way through them in the darkest night?"

"No, I would not. But what has that to do with the Sons of Temperance?"

"The Order possesses just enough secrecy to guard it from the spy and the impostor. It is a moral edifice, possessing a perfect right to conceal every item of its plan, from the robber who might otherwise enter, as he has in common societies, and overturn or derange every thing fair and lovely. Here, the mechanic, the scholar, the gentleman, the rich and the learned, meet in one great brotherhood; our badge is universal benevolence. I was once like yourself, but am now reclaimed; many of my acquaintances are reformed, and thousands and tens of thousands, are pressing on to join this Fraternity of Love. They are the honorable of the land, and wherever one is seen, his friends point to him with pride, and exclaim, 'Behold a Son of Temperance!'"

"Here is a Constitution," said one of the gentlemen we have before noticed, "you can read it for yourself."

With a throbbing hope, A. sat down to its perusal. The result is known, and he now lives to cheer his renovated family and to bless the "Sons of Temperance."

**Battle of Hohenlieden.**

The Isar and the Inn as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart. As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one elevated pine forest; crossed by two roads only; while the mere country paths that wind through it here and there, give no space to marching columns. Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the 1st of Dec. he was attacked and forced to retrace his steps, and take up his position on the farther side, at the village of Hohenlieden. Here, where one of the great roads debouched from the woods, he placed Ney and Gouchy.

The Austrians, in four massive columns plunged into this gloomy wilderness, designed to meet in the open plain of Hohenlieden; the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side made their way through amid the trees as they best could.

It was a stormy December morning when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlieden. She day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snow storm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white unbroken surface.—The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead drooped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers as the artillery wheels smote against their trunks. It was strange spectacle, those long dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forest by themselves; while the falling snow, sifting over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the rumbling of the artillery and ammunition and baggage wagons gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The central column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind these were five hundred wagons; the whole closed up by the slowly moving cavalry. Thus marching, it came, about 9 o'clock, upon Hohenlieden, and attempted to debouch into the plain, when Gouchy fell upon it with such fury, that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illumined with the blaze of artillery. Gouchy, and Ney, put forth incredible efforts, to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground, and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's line, the storm was so thick, yet they too, saw at the flashes that issued from the wood, and thus the two armies fought. The pine trees were cut in two like reeds by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fresh falling snow turned red with the flowing blood. In the meantime Richepanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave general continued to advance and with only three thousand men fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest and saw the alarm it created amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Gouchy to charge full on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, that broken column

was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell, the poet, stood in a tower, and gazed on this terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight composed, in part, that striking ode which is known wherever our language is spoken.

"The depth of the dark forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight, but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells, mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowds of fugitives into the woods; the artillerymen cut their traces, and leaving guns behind, mounted their horses and galloped away; and that magnificent column, as rent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine trees again stood calm and silent in the wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction; sufferers answering sufferers as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriage and wagons, and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around."

**First Love.**

First Love is like the little bloom  
Which first in Spring is cast;  
Chilled Love is like that little bud,  
When bitten by the blast.

The first it throws its perfume round.  
Its golden fruit is shed—  
The last falls withered to the ground,  
Its germ forever dead.

First Love is like the little rill,  
Which first in Spring doth run—  
It winds along the sunny hill,  
And dances in the sun.

Chilled Love is like that little stream,  
In midsummer's hot ray—  
Its turbid tides no longer gleam,  
But dwindle fast away.

May ours be like the vernal bloom,  
And share its happiest part,  
And like it, may we never know  
The blighting of the heart.

**The Fall of the Leaves.**

The progressive decay of leaves, which had begun about the end of the last month, proceeds with steady pace, and their vital actions and properties have been wrought upon, so as to cause the changes of color and shrivelled aspect observable in the foliage of most of our trees.—It is supposed that plants, in autumn, continue to absorb oxygen during the night, but lose the power of giving it out again, and restoring it to the atmosphere during the day, and that in this way some of the juices become so acid as to change the color of the leaf.

This may be the case to a certain extent, and in some trees; but it does not appear to apply to all. Those leaves which become red—such as the cherry—may be affected in this way; but this is far from being the general color.—The plane tree acquires a tawny color; the oak, a yellowish green; the hazel, a yellow; the sycamore, a dirty brown; while the maple becomes pale yellow; the hawthorn, it turns horn-brown; a bright yellow; the ash, a fine lemon; and the elm, an orange.

These varied hues give to woodland scenery, at this season of the year, its gorgeous appearance. He who now looks upon what he sees taking place before him, not merely with a painter's or a poet's eye, but with the spirit of a philosopher, has ample room for inquiry and investigation into the causes which enable some trees to retain unchanged their leafy honors, while others are compelled to resign them to become the sport and plaything of the wintry blast.

What intimated the fall of the leaf has been the subject of numerous speculations and hypotheses, all alike unfounded and unsatisfactory. It strikes us that the most universal and efficient, as well as most simple cause of this set has been overlooked. What we are about to state refers merely to the fall and not to the death of the leaf; the one of which actions is vital, while the other is, in a great measure, if not solely, mechanical.

In what is termed the axilla of a stem of a leaf, that is, the point where it joins the stem or branch, upon careful inspection will be found a bud; or future stem or branch. This bud, in the greater number of trees, begins to swell in autumn; indeed in very warm season it actually expands to its full size and length, as it should do in spring; and as this bud is always immediately above the old leaf, so in the process of expansion it pushes the footstalk of the leaf downwards, and causes it to break off at the joint or given point of connexion, which subsists between all leaves and the stem or branch. Evergreens retain their leaves till spring, as the buds in their axilla do not swell till that time. As a satisfactory proof that this is the real cause of the fall of the leaf, we may observe what happens when shrubs are transplanted. If by this operation the life of the plant be not destroyed, though the present leaves wither, new buds will expand, and push the old leaves off; but if the vital principle be destroyed, the leaves will wither as before, but will remain attached to the stem—a circumstance which every practical gardener deems an evidence that the plant is dead.

Most seeds and fruits are now perfectly ripened, and furnish their share of subsistence to man, bird, and beast. This is a time of abundance—a season of plenty—and that portion which cannot be consumed at the period of its maturity is stored up in various ways, and by different means, as provision against a time of need. Though we (in England) boast not the vine and its clustering grapes, or treat its juice into our vats, the animation of the wine countries is nearly equalled by the hop-gathering and cider-pressing of our midland, western, and southern counties.

**Too Bad.**—A young man on being requested to dance a Scotch reel with a couple of our looking maids, objects on the ground, that pickles did not agree with him.

**Johnny Beedle's Sleigh Ride.**  
BY JOHN NEAL.

As I was going past Mr. Josh Barter's tavern, the other day, I heard a terrible noise in the bar-room, and thinks I, I'll just put my head in, and see what's the matter. "Whoa!" roared a heap of fellows, "here's Johnny Beedle, he'll go, and that makes ten;" and they haul'd me in among them. "What's the occasion?" says I. "A sleigh ride over to Shaw's, (every body goes to Shaw's that goes a sleigh riding) with gals, fiddle and frolic!" "Whoa!" says I. "I motion," says Dr. Patridge, "that every gentleman go right straight now, and get his sleigh and his lady, and meet at Hank's corner;" and with another whoorah, we burst out of doors, and scattered.

I ran full speed to the widow Beans's. Her daughter Patty is the handsomest girl in Casco wood. I had given her some pretty broad hints, and only waited for a good chance to pop the question. And out it shall come, this very night, says I.

I bounced into the widow Beans's out of breath, and was near catching Patty in the suds. She had just done washing, and was wringing out, standing in the midst of tubs, mops, and kettles. She was struck all of a heap at the sight of her spark, and would have blushed nicely, I guess, if she hadn't been as red as she could be already. "A word in your ear, Patty," says I, giving her the wink, and stepping into a corner, I told her what was brewing. "I'll run and borrow the deacon's sleigh, and come back right away," says I. "O, you needn't be in such a tearing hurry," says she. "For I've got to shift from top to toe. You see what a pickle I'm in." "Ah, Patty," says I, "beauty when unadorned's adorned."

"Well, I vow," says Patty, says she. And off I shot, for how was I to follow up such a bold speech; but I couldn't help sniggering all the way to the deacon's to think how swimmingly matters were going on. I was so full of this, that I entirely forgot to make up a story to sob off upon the deacon, till I got almost to the door; for the deacon is a sworn enemy to all frolicking, and so is his mare. "I'll tell him I want to carry a grist to the mill."—But that will be found out. "No matter, so it is after election, as the politicians say."

The deacon gave a mortal squint at my face, when I did my errand, but I was safe behind a shirt collar. He then fell to chewing his cud, and considering. "Mother's clean out," says I, "both dry and injun." The deacon spit. "Well, neighbor, if you are afeared to trust a feller, there's two shilling beforehand." "Poh, poh, John," says he, walking up and pocketing the money, "no trust you? I fear that—Now, Joshua, tackle up Suky. You'll drive the critter slow, John; and now think on't, you may bring my grist, that is now at the mill—and look sharp at the miller, John, when he strikes the toll measure." It was too late to stick at lies now. So I promised everything, jumped into the sleigh, and steered to the widow's with flying colors.

It is the height of gentility, you must know, for a lady to make her beau wait as long as possible on such an occasion. I sat over a heap of warm ashes in the widow Beans's parlor, listening to Patty stamping about in her stocking feet, in the chamber overhead, for one good hour. Then I stood up to the looking-glass and frizzled up my hair, changed my shirt-pin to a new place, thought over some speeches to make under the buffalo skin, and finally laid a plot to lug in the awful question in a sort of slanting oblique fashion.

At last Patty appeared in all her glory; I was just crooking my elbow to lead her out, when in came Mrs. Bean.

"Where are you going to, Patty?"

"Over to Shaw's, a sleighing."

"What and leave your cousin Dolly all alone, to suck her fingers? A pretty how d'ye do that, after coming all the way from Saco to see you."

Here was a knock-down argument. All my plans of courting and comfort melted down and ran off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Beans is a stump that is neither to be got round or moved out of the way. I said something about the small size of the sleigh, but it wouldn't do—she shut my mouth instantly.

"Let me alone," says she—"I went a sleighing afore you was born, youngster. If I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who does? Patty Bean, stow yourself away here, and shrink yourself up small. If their arm room, we must make room, as the fellows used to say. Now, Dolly, hoist yourself in there."

She tumbled into the sleigh like a shot from a shovel, or cart load of pumpkins into a gondola. It was chuck full of her. O she's a whopper, I tell ye.

"Why, Johnny Beedle," says Mrs. Bean, "in my day they used to pack us layer on layer."

At this hint, I sneaked round to Patty, to begin the second layer on her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clenched me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees—"Here's the driver's seat," says she.—"Plant your feet flat and firm, niece; jump up, Johnny; and now, away with her, my lad."

By this time I had got so ravin' mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell foul of the old mare, and if I didn't give it to her about right, then there's none o' me, that's all. The deacon counted the welts on her side a week afterwards; when he called on me for a reckoning, which was made with chalk upon the upper flap of his every day hat. Sucky not understanding such jokes, took the bit in her teeth, and shot off right and end, like a streak of fire Connecticut lightning! Jemima! how we skinned over it! And the houses, and barns, and fences, and the pig styes, flew by us like clouds by the moon. "Yonder is Hank's corner—whoa!" and "whoa!" answered all the ladies and gentlemen with one voice. Sucky, scared with the noise, turned

the corner with a dirt, and the sleigh was bottom up in a minute! "Whoa there, whoa!" The first thing that I knew, I was in the bottom of a snow bank jammed down under half a ton of Dolly Fisher! I thought I never should see daylight again, and when they hauled me out, I left a print in the snow very much like a cocked up hat knocked into the middle of next week, as the sailors say.

Howsoever, no bones were broken. We shook our feathers, and crept into ournest again, laughing as loud as the best of them. The sleighs were formed into a string, the fiddler following, and away we started on the road to Shaw's—bells jingling, fiddle sounding, and everybody hallooing and screaming for joy.

Peter Shaw heard the racket two miles off, for he was always on the lookout of a moonshiny night. He fell to kicking up a dust in the best room to put it to rights, and when we arrived the floor was swept, the best japan candlestick paraded, the fireplace filled with green wood, and little Ben was anchored close under the piano, to tug at the broken-winded felloes. No fire appeared, but there were strong symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke, and part of it missing the way up the chimney, strayed about the room, which gave me a chance to hit off another compliment upon Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. Everybody laughed at the novelty of the idea. But there was no time for chat. As soon as we had taken a swig of the hot stuff all around, we sat the fiddler down by the jamb, took the floor, and went to work, might and main, the fiddler keeping time with the bellows. Not to be prolix, we kept it up, frolicking and drinking hot stuff, till midnight, and while it lasted, the fun was real genuine, I tell ye. But as I cast a sheep's eye at Patty, I took a notion that she and Sisk Golding were rather thick, considerin'." "Thinks I, she wants to make me jealous, to spur me on; so seeing them in clog confab, as I was cantering down outside, I poked my head between them and cried 'ho!' But the cat was soon out of the bag. We paid the reckoning, four and sixpence a piece. I think of that. Every-body grumbled, but Peter Shaw didn't care. Then followed the crowding of sleighs, taking in the ladies at the door. Such a hubbub and confusion! But when my turn came, lo and behold! Patty Bean was missing, and so was Sisk Golding! Here is the end of my story; and whoever wants to know the particulars that happened on the ride home, must ask Dolly Fisher. The deacon will tell you what a pickle Sucky came home in, and how much I paid for the whistle." Finally, whoever went to our meeting-house the next Sunday morning, knows very well how Patty Bean and Josiah Golding are to square accounts.

**The Starlings.**

These birds are very social, flying and feeding and roosting in large flocks. In feeding they will associate with the rook, the pigeon, or the daw. There is something singularly curious and mysterious in the conduct of these birds, (says the Journal of Naturalists) previous to their nightly retirement, by the variety and intricacy of the evolutions they execute at that time. They will form themselves perhaps into a triangle, then shoot into a long pear shaped figure, expand like a sheet, wheel into a ball, as Pliney observes, each individual striving to get into the centre, &c., with a promptitude more like parade movements than the actions of birds. As the season advances these prodigious flights divide, and finally separate into pairs, and form their summer settlements.

Charles Waterton, whose practical observations on Ornithology are well known, made twenty-four holes in the walls of an old ruin, near his residence in Yorkshire, to induce the starlings to remain and breed there. In the fall wing spring each hole was occupied by a pair of starlings.

He says, "The starling shall always have a friend in me. I admire it for its fine shape and lovely plumage; I protect it for its wild and varied song; and I defend it for its innocence."

Broods of young goldfinches appear, linnets congregate, and rooks are very noisy as they return home at sunset; the little flycatcher disappears, and the owl hoots, butterfly and moths are still numerous, and lady-birds are often seen.

**THE MARRIAGE VOW.**—Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—so even little remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the Almighty, by the husband and wife, "Love, honor, and obey." How many wives "love, honor, and obey" their lords? How many even think of doing so? And yet there is an oath recorded against them, every simple violation of which is a distinct perjury.

**A QUICK WIT.**—Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges, too, sir?" Louis, penetrating into the artfulness of the question, replied, "And the partridges, too." The dish was gold.

**READ THE BIBLE.**—It is the best of all books—full of truth and rich in eloquence. Of its morality, you need have no fear. It will chasten your affections, purify your thoughts, enlarge and strengthen your intellect, and elevate your mind to the contemplation of the glorious heavenly and divine.

**KISSING DEFINED.**—The New O. J. D. D. defines a kiss to be a gentle concussion of the lips, the sensation produced depending altogether on the magnetic influence naturally prevailing between the parties kissing.

**A HIT AT SCANDAL.**—An ex-harlot's paper remarks, in these days, "a poor man's earnings, brought home day by day, are carried out of the house on the backs of his daughters."

**MULTIPLY THE WORD "MURDER"** by ten thousand, and the product is "war."