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#### TOWANDA:

Wednesdan Morning, Man 2, 1849.

[For the Bradford Reporter] LINES TO MISS ----A being bright and heavenly, art thou, Reaming, like morn's first light, Reaming, me beautiful
Of radiance beautiful
To gaze on thee, is a pleasure infinite,
Like gazing on a star—
By all, acknowledged as the brightest,
Fairest one, in all the galaxy of heaven's

By an.

Fairest, one, in all the general,

Glittering beauty,

Glittering beauty,

From thine eyes of expression,

Gittering besuly.

From the eyes of expresse.

Calm. truthful, and sincere.

Are seen the beauties of thy soul;

Biended with insocency, and love
Of chrystal purity, clear, and deep,
With child-like confidence.

In all things, seeming truthful
Unto thee.

As thou standest on the Susquehanna'
Lu thy graceful, modest mien;
With thy deeply glowing beanty
Half servened by thy raven shining
Tresses, getitly blowing in the wind,—
And not feel thy influence.

Of purest loveliness, and worth?

There.

There.
Thou seemest like a being, from
Fary land, as thou art seen
Watching the gentle-flowing, heaven reflecting
Water. Thou lovest it.

Then tovers in.

As 'the river of thy childhood's sports'
The cherished link of gri-hood's hours.
The 'bored beauty of thy native village,'
Beautial Towanda.

Thou hast wandered
On-its banks of loveliness, by the rays
Of moonlight pale.

Hast gazed, on

It's gently murmuring bosom. In the star light hours, when "all was In the star light hours, when "all v Still," calm, serene, and beautiful. Hast thought of themes celestial, Holy, pure, and truthful, Till the soul, seemed of earth No longer. As though, on fancy's Wings o'brightest bue; Tweer flown to the flowery land, Where spirits dwell.

Such seet

Where spirits dwell.

And thoughts are near akin,
To a soul like thine,
Of ardent, youthful dreamings
Of a state of happiness ineffable.
They unbind thee from life's
Corrupting influences of death,
And but thy spirit, with God's
Elemal trubs, commune.

May thy soul, thus be taught
Of God: receiving from his works,
An impress, to stamp thy soul divine,
And make thee. all thou. "couldst v
" A child of nature, and of God." TOWANDA PA.

(From the National Era l

### Charity in the Counting House and Out

A SKETCH FROM LIFE. BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

It's a desolate place, that suburb of Fulton. Of a cold, dark evening, when the easterly wind draws down the valleys, and the clouds drift by with a snow-pit now and then, I know-not of a more des- no talk; minds me want fiannel myself. Cash olate place on the earth. The long Front street of here." Cincinnati, which rues by the over side, and follows the vagaries of the stream, at length draws close under the hills, and melts into the single avenue which forms the thoroughfares of the suburb city of Fulton. In front, rolls the turbid Ohio, behind rise the precipitous hills, whence clay avalanches forever noiseless slide, pressing houses and res honely forward forward like an inexorable

Slowly, wearily through the mud of that single thoroughfare, now on planks, now on the railway which runs in the midst of the street, now on the curb-stone of some intended, but never completed sidewalk, the straight, soldier-like form of Ferdinand Spalding glanced amid the increasing snow flakes, as he struggled, after a long day's work, to seek the material of more work. On his left lay ship-yards, with their ribs of future leviathians glistening in the ghostly snow-light. Hill-pressed houses, nodding in tipsy reverie, uncertain when to tumble, glowered on his right. Before him, the locomotive, filling the street with its black-white breath, and turning the snow-flakes to grains of gold with his fiery eye, came screaming, crushing old continent. onward. But Ferdinand saw not the silent spectral form around him, heard not the shrick of the monster that drew near. The voiceful electricity which overhead was carrying on the chit-chat of men a thousand miles apart, had no interest for him at that moment. He had left hungry children, a fireless hearth, a sick wife behind him: and his soul. commonly as free from care as a bird's was for a while bowed down. Slowly, wearily, Ferdinand mills, the chipping, splinting, planing machines, the subterranean rolling mills, where half clad. of iron, and has entered the city, as street after street becomes conscious of gas,

It was the same snow-spitting evening, two men longer in conversation than usual, still sat over the stove-store in Main street. The gloomy night grew darker, and still they talked.

"I give freely," said the younger, buttoning his sack coat over a somewhat corpulent person, and drawing himself up with an air of satisfaction "For my means, Doctor Stiles, I give freely. I know the wants of the poor, sir. I have visited the poor. My wife, your niece, sir, does nothing but in the mountains." mother them. I give freely, but never blindly, Deacon Sules; never blindly."

The elder, who had been sitting, doubled up, with his small, quiet eves fixed upon the stove, suddenly opened those eyes to double dimensions, laughed in a supernaturally noiselessly manner, and, turning his cud, repeated, "Never blindly, never blindly. Reuben-freely, I know it, but never blindly"-and he chuckled again like a spectre.

phatically nodding his head, "who do as well as I bundle of some kind; a pair of eyes which are small, do, and buy real estate out of their profits, and who then large, look in at the scene; at the just kindled give nothing to the suffering. I know the men, I fire, and comprehend it all. can put my finger on them. Others give to every

sles-Can't work-No tools-Doctor took them." Reuben's mind seemed hardly to follow the arument of which his companion gave the heads, so ne went back to his own experiences,

"My neighbor, next door hore, has a theory that a great many can be helped best by making them loans, giving them credit, and so on. It's all nonsense. He makes beggars. Such fellows need to active, thriving, prompt."

At this moment the door opened, and the same soldier-like person that we saw coming through the mire of Fulton, entered, took off his straw hat, bowed stiffiy, and asked if "the proprietor" was in from your neighbor," said Spalding, "but he is pay; and I must work till past midnight to complete it." As he said this, his lip trembled, and his seemed, but resolutely, "It I buy, sir, I cannot pay you till to-morrow, when I shall receive payment myself." Reuben looked at the Deacon and smiled. "Did

I not tell you so? My neighbor makes beggars, doesn't he, Deacon !" "I am no beggar, sir," said Spalding, half amaz-

ed, half angry. "I spoke to this gentleman," replied Reuben, as he took his chair again. "I have no flannel to

sell you, my friend." The stiff bow was repeated, the straw hat replaced, and the cashless purchaser passed out once more into the storm. He tried one or two other stores, but to no purpose; so making up his mind to come at early dawn, to his usual place of purchase, he turned to retrace his steps over the desolate path he had so lately trodden in vain.

"My neighbor makes beggars," repeated Reuben, as the door closed. The deacon, who had watched the countenance, manner and voice of Snalding, with his half shut eyes, laughed in his soul, and said to his companion, in a queer, confidential way, as though the store had been filled with people, "Wrong, Reuben; honest-works hard-seen better times."

Reuben would have gone into an argument to prove that he was right; but the Deacon, snaking with noiseless mirth, stopped him with "No talk,

The young tradesman laughed heartily at the idea of requiring the rich old Deacon to pay cash. but nevertheless took the money and the two soon parted. Reuben returned to listen, over his chops and young hyson, to his wife's account of the noor she had been mothering that day; while the old man, who lived near Columbia, got into his wagon | had used the needle, and now used it again. nd began the perilous journey through the heights and depths, the broken pavements and immeasurable mud-holes of the same pathway which Spalging was pursuing on foot. Deacon Stiles knew very well that Spalding was pursuing it, he knew where he lived had inquired into his condition. had sent him, or rather his wife, customers; and this dismal evening, as he passed the weary walker, though he looked closely at him he did not ston as one might have supposed he would, to take him up, but drove quietly by, and left the straw hat to catch the snow-flakes at its leisure. Had Reuben been there, he would certainly have said, "Wrong, they are well made," cried the unhappy substitute. Deacon." Perhaps the old man thought so; for his head shook as if palsy-stricken with the laughter that filled him, as an earthquake might some grav

children. In their midst, on his knee, a fifth was against his fellows, and hall rebellious against his trying to kindle some wet chips that he had just God, turned away. brought from the ship-yard, as he returned from his with the quinsy. Of the two boys and to girls, who he laid away until the owner should appear. stood about the fire-builder, but one had on shoes have been quite cheerful, with its white curtains of an English officer.

lights up, and the little solemn faces around it glisten, and half smile; but the wet drops a second time to extinguish their hopes.

"It's too hard on you, John," said the pale mother, faintly, "after your twelve hour's labor."

" Make it go yet, mother," answered John, with a tone that was a perfect challenge to despondency. his head. The article was scarco-was a cash "Father's had many a worse time making fire article.

Hope and perseverance conquer; the cak chips slowly catched the blaze, picture after picture on the whitewashed walls wake up, and the little bare. toes on the bare floor formet to curl with cold any longer. The child with the quinsy tries to speak her gratitude through her swollen throat; and the mother closes her eyes to thank God.

There comes a knock at the door. John, who had stood back to give the youngsters a chance, "There are men in business," said Reuben, em- opens it. A muffled form is seen holding out a

"Flannel for to night for lather." Pay to morrow, beggar; they make beggars. They are beggarbreeders, sir. They ought to be fixed, taxed, to

John takes the flannel and the dollar bill, know
southeard voices of the dead-Milton, Dante, and the unbappy man was located to acramble. support the paupers they bring on us. In this count ing nothing of what it all means. The visiter kinstry, Deacon Stiles, no honest, industrious man need es the little girl that his gone to the door to see who saits of gold and moroco. A little woman sits by beast, until, from hip to ankle, he was a real-catate want; if he has health, you know of course, Show has come; slips something into her hand, and slips the grate, rocking anxiously. She shades her face owner in these detectable town of Falce." In me the well man that says he is suffering, and I'll himself down the abrupt hill, over the rail track, to with a paper. Perhaps its the National Era!— what state of mind, therefore, he drew near the end me the well man that says he is suitering, and I'll show the about hill, over the mail track, to show you a rogue, sir—an imposer, sir—or a lazy drunken vagabond. I know the poor, I have been in their houses."

I know the poor, I have been in their houses."

I know the poor, I have been in their houses."

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I know the poor, I have been in their houses. The magnetic she can success the point where the bates are sold to each possed to eac

"So tather bought his goods," said the poor weman; thankfully, "but what the dollar means, I don't know. Let us thank God for it, though, for there's not a mouthful in the house but John's din-

John was about to say he had his dinner at th factory; and indeed he had eaten his usual chunk of bread-for his dinner was always kept till evenbe dealt with strictly. Make them pay for what ing, it tasted so much better at home-but he rethey buy, pay cash, that's the way to make them! membered the dollar and saved himself from the temptation. He did not want to lie, even to give

Little Mora, meanwhile, had run to the fire see what the strange man had given her. It was a paper of sugar-plums and candy, with an orange Reuben coming forward as such, the inquiry was at the bottom of the by. "That was for marning made for red flannel. "I am usually a purchaser they all knew that was for mamma, and the most delicate morsels of cream candy were for poor closed. I have an order, which must be completed | Kate: they wouldn't hurt her throat one bit. But to-morrow noon, or I shall not be entitled to my who could the strange man be?" There was no end of wondering. In half an hour, the father's step was heard. The door was opened; the chileye swam. Reuben turned to present his goods, dren sprang to meet him; he embraced them with when the other stopped him, and said, painfully, it a mournful face; but their hearts were so bright that their eyes were dim, and they saw in his countenance reflected the joy that spurkled in their own. "And who was it that brought your flamuel," said

the mother, "and what does the dollar mean ?" "Flannel! dollar !" cried Ferdinand, with amazement. The articles were shown him, but there was no end of wondering. The cry still was, "Who could the strange man be ?"

However the dollar was used, and John ate hi dinner in company.

Long after those merry eyes were closed and those cheerful voices silenced, Ferdinand was at work. The sick child turned and mouned and he gave it drink, and it, too, slept at length He beat up his wife's pillow, walked the uneasy infant to rest, and in the intervals, and after all were lost to ling's with the flannel, had been tied to his bed by this world's trials, his needle was busy. It was a strange sight doubtless, to any ghosts that flutered through Fulton that night—this old soldier of the on the morning of the day we now write of, he had Peninsular making flannel shirts on the banks of

Spalding had come to America with a compe ence. He had bought a farm in Ohio, had been ruined by Merino sheep and endorsements. Giving up everything, he came to Cincinnati. where to lift the latch, and enter. he knew one man; that man was on his death-bed and could not aid him. For months he had sought in vain for employment; he knew no one; his see nothing. Then came to his eyes a bed. and manner was abrupt, his pride strong; and but for by it were kneeling some sobbing children. What some sewing which his wife was doing, they might was on the bed ? He cold not see. He drew all have starved or begged. When John got into nearer. A sheet covered the whole surface of the the bagging factory if was a help; but when the shek mattrees. With pions hands gently be folded wife was prematurely confined in the midst of a it down; three forms could as the ice on the threecontract which she had taken, and the pay for hold lay there, side by side—a mother, an infant. which depended on the exact completion of her work upon a specified day, all seemed lost. But ted that it was terrible to look upon their hungry Ferdinand was a man of resource; as a soldier he laces. Shuddering, the old man turned back the

fore the employer, and with a straw hat in hand, the Englishman awaited his payment-six pence for each shirt, beyond the cost of material. With microscopic eyes the contractor examined the stickes. he detected the man's hand.

"Wont do: wont do. Who made these ?" " My wife part, I part."

"Thought so, thought so, Can't have them. Poor trash," replied the storekeeper. "I'll give you the cost of the material, not a cent more."

"My wife is sick; we are starving. Take her's, " All or none. Cost of material or nothing. Keep them, find a market if you can."

Too proud to chaffer; in debt for the flannel; wholly unused to such scenes, Spaiding took the

He paid the merchant who had trusted him for day's work at the bagging factory. On the bed lay most of his materials. The remainder of the money slow, and masticate thoroughly"-a direction the mother, a new-born infant, and a little girl and the remanant of flannel left from his last niece.

And now began a series of sacrifice, self-denials, -it was the smallest, not two years old. A pile and sufferings, which we dare not attempt to deshas passed by the embryo steamers, the grating saw of red flannel shirts lay upon the bureau. The cribe. Every saleable article was sold, except the room was clean, and had there been a fire, would sword and portrait of Wellington. John's wages were reserved for rent. The money due the strange brawny men struggle forever with red hot serpents and engravings. Over the mantle hung a portrait visitor of the snowy night lay in the drawer, but no of the I uke of Wellington, and above it, the sword one thought of touching it. At last an offer was for while the wife was sick they could not move; the made of some work, if a peculiar material could be last disappointment at Reuben Small's; the short and The fire kindles, goes out again; once more it had. Ferdinand went to his old friend; he had none: there was none, he thought, in town, unless at Reuben Small's. With feet of lead, Ferdinand once again presented himself before the man who gave freely to the poor. Reuben remembered the straw hat. Had he cash ! No; but he could refer to the

next door to prove his punctuality. Reuben shook "But I am poor, sir-destitute,"

"Then work." "How can I, without material?"

"Are you a scamstress ?"

"My wife is, su." "And you, like a vagabond, depend on your,

wile, do you, sir! Leave my store!" Reuben went home, full of virtuous indignation How placidly falls the fire light over the Saxony courtains; how merrily it dances in the tall pier glames; how roguishly it opens for an instant, the in the darkness again, and leaghe at you from the where they belonged. When he got to the tumpike, engraving after Tenier's or glooms from the copy of his soul grow smoother, but presently came the lo-Southey how strange they must feel in their out into the mire, and wrestle with his terrified

She gives a dollar a month to send King James's translation to Rome, but what has Ohio to do with been visited by Doilly, had be but asked a few slavery !

The outer-door opens : there is a scrubbing an grunting, a knocking of leet, a clearing of throats and blowing of noses, and the little woman rocks more and more nervously. Then Reuben ente a "Oh! Mr. Small," says the little wife, harriedly, "I'e heard of such a case! such a case!"

Reuben had that day-it was just a week after Spalding last saw him-given five dollars to the agent of the Protestant Society, & something almost like a frown crossed his brow at this threatened atwrinkle of fire-light.

"The Thompson's, that hadn't a pillow-case the house, wasn't nothing to it," said Mrs. Small. "The Browns' case was a sad one," she continued; "no tea, no sugar, for an age; but this is real starvation, Reuben-positive starving to death! You must go with me to-morrow morning and see it.-We'll have the carriage, and go after break-fast, and you can be back by eleven."

"Where is it? Where would you take me, my love? I'm a man of business : remember, Mrs Small, a man of business."

"But you must go, Reuben; you must go, Uncle Stiles, who told me about it, said you must go; he wished you to go."

"Ah! well my love, well! Deacon Stiles, well! If he desires it, of course. I respect the Deacon, Mrs. Small. But how comes he to know anything of the poor? Does he visit the poor? He's a rich man, a fine man, Uncle Stiles; but a little careful. I think, my love-a little close : hardly gives like some of us," and Reuben laughed happily. He thought partly of his own free-giving, partly of the

unencumbered property of his wife's bachelor nucle. This same old bachelor, after his visit to Spaldrheumatism : perhaps that hunt in the snow for the shirtmaker's house had some hand in it. However got out again, and, on his way to town, had called at the same house, with some work he had trumped up to pay for the dollar he had given them.-He knocked at the door; no one came. A second and third knock were unanswered. He ventured

It was a bright morning, but the curtains of the little apartment were all drawn, and at first he could and a little girl of five or six years old-all so wasshroud. He looked at kneeling children, who had By noon the next day the shirts were placed be- at last noticed him. They shook with cold; the their eyes seemed phorphoric in the twilight.

"Did you bring us some bread?" said little Mora. The whole hideous truth, which he held from him, afraid to think it-came like a blow upon the old man's heart. Faint and starrering, he hastened to the nearest store-scandalizing old Mrs. Strong, who saw him issue from the door, and told all her neighbors, for twenty-four hours how Deacon Stiles. of Columbia, had been up drinking with that lazy fellow, Spekling.

He brought some food, begged some firewood, caught the first woman he knew by the arm, and dragged her with him; and when the widowed soldier, hazgard and heavy-eyed, opened his door with his arm full of ship-yard chips, he found a fire Round a fireless fireplace stood four shivering offer of the human vampyre, and with a heart sick blazing on the earth, a pot simmering over it. the pale-faced children needling in its blaze, and the Deacon doling out to them very small mouthfuls of very dry bread, bidding them be careful to eat which resulted mainly in opening their sunken

eyes till they looked like four dwarf spectres. A few questions identified the present helper with the friend of the snowy night. Little Mora. indeed, had whispered twenty times that it was be-A few words explained the misery of the Englishman. : The raise of the shirts for their cost, the necessity of paying their rent with John's earningsshorter allowance of food, dwindling to nothing, his constant attendance for nearly forty-eight hours by the triple death-bed, which had taken away even the fragment of a meal and the semblance of a fire -these things were soon told.

As the husband and farther closed his melanche ly tale he arose, went to the drawer, and brough to the Deacon the remement of flannel and the price of what he had used telling him what it was. The old man sprang from his chair, upsetting the table with the pitcher of milk and the loaf of bread, and dropping from his lap the morsel he had been cutting with his jack-kn.fe.

"Great God! and you have been starving with this money in the house!"

"It was not mine," said the soldier, quietly. The next morning, the comfortable little one bone wagon owned by Mr. Small was floodering on its way to Pulton, every mud-hole bringing malediction half-way up to Rueben's throat. He wished the Common Council, and Deacon Siles. cauties of landscape by Waitride, thee plunges it and all folks who were fools enough to starre, just

ben stood in that dwelling which might never have kind questions of the man whose wife was a securstress, or been willing to take his neighbor's assurance that a poor man might be trusted-an assurrance he would have taken in a moment had a ountry merchant been the enstomer

On the bed, the only reeting place, were the two offine : from the one, the wasted features of mother and babe, from the other, the sunken eyes of little Kate, spoke of wees that few know on earth. The other children, decently clad, but still shrunk and pinched from the cold and famine they had tack on his pocket; however, it might have been a gone through, ant mon'a bench by the bedside—the arther had gone for the clergyman.

Renben, whose heart was a kind-one; felt strangely troubled, as he looked upon the reshty of terration..... thing as he had always thought and said, unknown in Cincinnati, where all is so aboudant and so cheap. He turned to the Deacen, and asked the particulars of the scene he witnessed. "Father," said the old man, "soldier; man of

prosperity; ruined no work; knew nobody; proud, nest; wouldn't ask, sooner die." "A soldier," said Reulen, "did I ever see him?"

"Re in presently " and comething like the mund ilent laugh shook the Deacon's breast. Then he went on; "Wife sewed; boy in bagging factory; never ran in debt; no debts, no debts; wife sick; little girl sick too; father sewad".- Renben grew uneasy-"all day, all night; cooked; nursed; sewed. Was cheated; old Stomp, clothesman, you know him-cheated out of all his work and her work on seven dozen red flannel shirts." As the Deacon grew warmer, he sooke loader and more like other men. "Yes, sir," and he opened his eyes on the Main street dealer, whose gaze was now on the still coffins, now on the hollow cheeked children. "the making of seven dozen red flannel shirts were they cheated out of." The red of the flannel seemed reflected in the cheeks of Reuben. "Then they began to starve," contined the speaker, " the sick felt it most; they sold all to the bed, that portrait of Wellington, that sword, which this man has used under the eye of Wellington. More work was ofered: a rare material was needed; the only manhear me, Reuben-for Ruben had risen and gone to the window-"the only man who had that 'mate-

"Cruel wretch," cried Mrs. Small.

"Yes, cruel" said her uncle, "thro'h his thoughtessness, through his theory that charity was not o be given by trusting, by loaning, in the way of pasiness at the counting-house,"

rial would not trust him, though he offered the best

"And did they starve?" cried Reuben, turning with tears running down his cheeks, after a fashion that made his wife admire him more than ever .-

Did they indeed starve?" "They had money in the house," continued the Deacon," but it was not theirs; they would not use it, they lived on com meal; they picked up bones and boiled them; but starving on such things dried heart sank, broke; she could eat nothing they could girl, with the quinsy, had no medicine, no food, no Boon. warmth, no mother, and she died, too. You may say yourself, Reuben, if they starved or not"

"And I am their murderer," cried the consciencestricken man, pressing his hot head against the wall, as if to crush-the thought that haunted him.

"No, Reuben," said the old man, kindly, "you in your power to save them, but you did not dream is our daily walk in life."

and gave the last look; but their hearts, as much as they suffered, die not suffer as his did that day, cuble with the subsoil plough. when the clods fell on the victims of want, for their consciences were unclouded.

\*\*Nest our readers should think with him, we would say that one case, at least, has occurred in Clasimati this year, is which both pareits have starved to dents; they were English, and left several children. Our story is, at all its features, drawn from acts within our knowledge.

a volume of an emyclopedia under his arm saw a for the breadth cut, the slice will stand edgewise. small animal standing in his path. The doctor If the slice is too wide for the depth of the furrow knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently a "balk" will be left on which nothing ought to be hurled the book at him. Whereupon the skunk expected to grow, and if the next furrow is properpened his battery with a return fire so well directed that the doctor was glad to retreat. When he arrived home his friends could scarcely come near him. His clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them. Some time after this one of Dr. Beecher's enemies published a pamphlet speak. have a more workmanlike appearance that it othering very abusively of him. "Why don't you oublish a book and put him down at once !" and one of his advisers. "I have learned better." smit the Jocter: some years ago Lissael'a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I never mean to try the experiment again."

How to Live Long .- A venerable minister, who has preached some 25 years in the same place being saked what was the sacret of long life, replied Rise carly, live temperately, work hard, and keep cheerful." Another person who lived to the meat age of 116 years, said, in coply to the inquiry." How he lived so long " " heve always been kind and obliging; have never quanelled with any one. have exten and drank only to untisfy hunger and thirst, and have never been tille."

House Search A writer in the National Intelligencer mentions the invention of Horse Skates, by means of which in cold Lantindes, an ordinary Sona Corre. The flavor of collect may be very

TO ELLE PORTOR

In the immediate neighborhood of his father's new settlement, on the river Yadkin, another adrenturer, named Bryan, soon made his appear ance, and planted himself upon a beautiful spot washed on one side by a lovely mountain ste near which had been the favorite hunting ground of the young sportsman. On a certain evening. Boon engreed a friend to meet him at that spot for the purpose of engaging is a "fire hunt." In this wild sport, one of the parties usually rides through the forest, with a pine torch borne on high, which shedding a glaring light through the gloomy precints, so dazzles the eves of the duer, that the other party, who is on fout, shoots the game between the eyes, while the bewildered animal is storing at the blaxe. Boon a companion was to bear the torch. and accordingly, appeared on the field, and some menced the neual round, They had not preceeded far, when Boon gave the concerted signal to keep the light stationary. The horseman obeyed, and waited in momentary expectation of hearing the sharn and fatal report of his friend's rifle. Not hearing it, however, he turned his horse to accertain the cause of the unwarranted delay, when he saw his friend demp his rille, and set off in pursuit of some shadow chiert over brush and brist, fance

and field. When Boon gave the signal to his friend, he in deed saw the flame of the torch reflected by a pair of brilliant eyes, and he immediately cocked his and and brought it to his eye; but instead of standing stupified at the light, to be shot at, the supposed fawn wheeled precititately and fled. During this unusal movement. Boon caught a glimpse of the flowing folds of a petricoat, dropped his rifle. and made chase after his same. So lutence had been his interest in the parsoit, that he was little less surprised then this new neighbor Mr. Byran, when he found himself standing in the doorway, having driven the object of his chase into the paternal arms.

Boon's embarrassment and surprise may easily be imagined, who he saw the consternation of the father, and the panting terror of his beautiful damphter. who had scarcely turned her sixteenth summer, and whose lustrous ringlets were flying about her face, neck and palgitating bosom, in the richest contrast of light and shade.

Strange as it may appear of our hardy backwoosman, he became agitated in his turn; with all the stern and rugged qualities of his unture, he was tuken captive by a maiden's charms. And what was no less strange, the blushing Hebe, who had run into her father's arms, declaring that she was, pursued by a panther, now perceived that he was not such a frightful animal as her first impression in the dark had led her to suppose.

Indeed, Boon was at this time just in the first flush of vonthini vizor; his person straight and well proportioned, and the whole appearance of the man presenting such a hero to the eye of the unsophisticated girl, as her imagination was likely could buy with the few cents they earned now and scene—in short, they loved mutually, and Miss then, her stomach rejected it—she died; the little Rebecca Bryan in a very short time become Mrs.

## Rules for Ploughing.

The Committe on ploughing, at the late exhibibition of Onondaga Co. Agricultural Society, New York, laid down the following rules. In regard to the first rule, we think the usture of the subsoil are not their murderer; but neither are you what should be regarded in deciding on the death of the you might have been—their saviour. God put it furrow—though six inches may be shallow enough for any soil. In cases where the subsoil is rich in the that a counting room, that cloth selling might be substance which constitutes the food of plants, there made the field and the means of such wonders.— is often great advantage in bringing the lower earth You had not learned that the best sphere of charity to the surface, where by action of air, heat, ken, it bebecomes a manure ; but where the elements of fer-Just then the father and the minister came in ; tility are to be added to the soil—that is, when the the neighbors gathered; the service proceeded; the richness does not naturally exist, but is applied broken hearted family gathered around the coffins, we are in favour of less lepth of furrow, though we would loosen and stir the earth as much as practi-

"First, the ground all should be ploughed and in no case less than six inches deep. The fertility of the soil will be greatly increased to twelve inches, and a greater depth is desirable.

"Secondly, The "furrows" should be well turned, and to do this, the "width" of the furrow slice must ANECDOTE OF DR. BEECHER.—Rev. Dr. Lyman | be, except in the summer following, graduated to Beecher, as he was going home one night, carrying the depth of the forrow. If the forrow is too deep ly ploughed, a liole will be left were the preceding furrow was improperly turned.

"Thirdly, when the surface of the ground will permit, the furrow should be "straight," that the work marked may be more easily performed, and

wise would have.
"Fourthly, were the earth is light and sandy, the flat furrow is best, as it leaves the soil more compact, and less likely to be injured by the drought If the soil is stiff and inclining to clay, the furrow is best if laft at an angle of forty five degrees, because the harrow will most effectually operate on the surface, and under each furnow a small channel will be left, which will assist in disposing of the surplus water which may fall upon the surface, and also will render the soil more loove and friable."

To Derect Corres in Gares, Tea. Pet a lew leaves of the tea, cut small into a vial, with two or three drachme of liquid Ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Shake the vial, and if the smallest portion of copper be present the liquid will assume a fine blue color.