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#### TOWANDA:

Saturdan Morning, November 23, 1850

PLOUGH, LOOM AND ANVIL

BT EPES SARGEANT. The camp has had its day of song

The sword, the bayonet, the plume, Have crowded out of rhyme too long "The plough, the envil, and the loom! Oh, not upon our tented fields Are Freedom's heroes bred alone: The training of the workshop yields More heroes true than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel, May, with a heart as valiant smit As he, who sees a forman reel In blood before his blow of might! The skill that conquers space and time. That graces life, that lightens toil. May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let labor then, look up and see, His craft no pith of honor lacks; The soldier's rifle yet shall be Less honored than the woodman's axe, Let Art his own appointment prize,

Nor deem that gold or outward height, Can compensate the worth that lies In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time come nearer still That from the thought and from the will Must all that raises man proceed! Though pride should hold your calling low, For us shall duty make it good; And we from truth to truth shall go, Till life and death are undestood.

(From Frazer's Magazine.)

### MARY FENWICK OR, THE ALIBI

. It was one of these bright and beautiful April our eastern shores, as it in compensation for months et fig and fickleness, that' I awoke from the uneasy slumbers of a mail coach passenger, just in time to drink in, at eye, ear, and nose@he brilliant sparkle, enlivening dash; and invigorating odor of in hess to kiss the rocky barrier which Scotland oppises to the fury of the German Ocean. I was, I than the circumstance brought full on my memory ternations; or, in plain English, to enter the town on the southern side of the border, business obliged me to proceed,

At the inn door, where we stopped to change inhabitants assert their anomalous independence lord (a civil, old-fashioned Boniface,) "Pray, sir, for the brief remainder of my journey, a tacitum common place sort of a fellow-passenger, from whose wooden physiognomy I never dreamed of early hour, it was impossible to avoid auguring a ly Mary Fenwick's!" great deal.

The coach door was opened, and with swimming . In the morning wind, a venerable looking old man took leave, with more than parental tenderness, of So saying he pointed to a stout, grazier-looking hind the curtain. He fell in with a gay medam a simply dressed, yet genteel looking young troman: who, returning his tremulous "God bless drew over her face a thick black reil, and sat down 0000site to me.

I never felt more inclined, and at the same time at a loss, to open a conversation. To intrude on female sorrow is unjustifiable. That of my new companion seemed of a gentle, subdued sort, arismg more from sympathy for others than personal canses; and, ere long, putting back her veil with egitened of an unmerited burden, she looked cam- heart's content." by out on the fresh morning aspect of nature (so in Juston with her own pure and innocent counter length from the pressure of painful thoughts, " How beautiful everything does look this fine Spring mor-

Bing (2) "It does, indeed," said I, struck with the confia young traveller." Her only answer was one of diose quiet, intelligent smiles which admit of various translations, and which I chose to construe into assent. Coupling the remark with the circumstance ofher only luggage being a small band box, I set her down for a farmer's daughter of the nighborhood; "I suppose, like myself, you are not going

"I am going to London, sir," said she, with a one of calm self-possession, as if such a journey had been to her a daily occurrence : and so indeed it was, not metaphorically, but literally.

"To London!" repeated I, with more surprise than I could well account for, "Were you ever there before !" "Oh, yes!" was the reply, rendered more piquant by its singular composure, " I came from seventy miles beyond it the day before

It would be quite superfluous to say that my curiosity was excessively excited by this unexpected snswer; and I dare say my readers will set me down (as I did myself when it was too late) as a and brew, and knit and sew; in short, everything and got rafely to London." very stupid fellow for not having the dexterity to that many girls in her station are now too fine to gratify it.

children written upon my face, I believe pretty leg- her for a lady, ibly,) sat back in the coach, and answered one or "Well, Mary came often in her father's little cart ben silence. Helt I had not the smallest right to ask how or other, she fell in with a roung man of our made her every way fit for, in direct terms-" My dear, what could make you town, a merchant's clerk, who wastaken with her travel several hundred miles for one day ?" and as good looks, and cared for very little else. His old S- was appointed to a government in the In- ness grieved her gentle spirit; but they soon came it is gul-hopping.

I saw she had not the least mind to tell me, I real- buther, however, the old man who put Mary in dies, and as he resolved to take out some of his to look up to her as a guardian angel, come to ly must plead guilty to the weakness of being the coach this morning,] made many inquiries younger children, nothing would serve Lady Sashamed to use the advantage my station and knowl- about his son's sweetheart; and as he heard nothedge of the world gave me, to worm out a secret ; ing but good ofher, he had the sense to see, that so fond of her, that her cares on the voyage would which from a silent tear that I saw trickling down though one of a large hard-working family, she be worth gold; and then her staid, sober, dignified behind her veil, I guessed must be fraught with

more of pain than pleasure. The struggle between my curiosity and better feelings was still going on, when the arrival of the only son of people well to do in the world, and a coach, near my friend's gate, gave the latter an involuntary, and not very meritorious triumph. Now that all idea of intrusion was at an end, I could venture upon kindness, I said, (I am sure in honest sincerity,) "The idea of your going such a long journey by yourself, or with chance company, grieves me. Can I be of any use in recommending you to the protection of the guard, or otherwise th

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times," said she, raising for the first time a pair of mild innocent eyes to my face; "but He who put it in my mind to come, and blessed the purpose of my journey, can carry me safe back again ; and I should be silly, indeed, to mind going a few hundred miles by land. when, trusting to Him, I am about to sail to the other end of the world. I am much obliged to you, sir, I am sure, though," said she again; and if we had been destined to go to another stage together, certainly should have known all.

Time, however, on all occasions despotic, is inexorable when armed with a mail coach horn. 1 could only shake hands with the gentle being I left behind me, slip a crown into the guard's palm to look well after her, (which I was glad to find he took as a tacit affront.) and turn my thoughts, by a strong effort, to my Northumbrian friend's affairs.

These occupied me tully and disagreeably all the morning; and early in the afternoon I was forcell to run away from my friend's old claret, and old stories, (for I had shot snipe on his lands with my first gun; some twenty years before.) to fulfill mornings which nature sometimes throws in upon an engagement in Edinburgh early on the followog dav

I compounded for this outrage onthe old gentleman's hospitality, by accepting his carriage to convey me back to Berwick in time for a coach, which my native waxes, as they leaped up in exulting course of the evening; and no sooner did I find myself once more at the door of the King's Arm's. ore long, to pass a barrier of a different description, the romantic occurrence which had been, for the (now, happily, a modern one,) between two sis- List few hours, eclipsed behind a mass of dusty law papers, and the portly persons of a brace of hardof Berwick upon Tweed, a few miles beyond which, | featured and harsh-toned Northumbrian attorneys I lound myself a few minutes too early; and as I

stood on the steps, shivering in the cold evening breeze, and pondering on the vicisitudes of a norhorses, in this capital of "no man's land," whose them April day, I could not help asking the landby speaking a dialect which they take care shall do you know anything of the history of that nice, be neither Scotch nor English. I also exchanged, decent-locking woman who started from your house with me, this morning, for London ?"

"Know, sir !" said he, as if in compassion for extracting anything, for one from whose molest, Berwick, and it would be well if all England and retspeaking countenance, and the interestshe evi. Scotland knew it too. If ever there was a kind dently excited in the tew who were ustif at that heart and a pretty face in Berwick bounds, it's sure-

" It's rather a long story, though, sir, and the horses are just coming round; but I'm thinking there again into a sober man of business. At last, howeveye, flushed cheek, and silver hair blowing about is one goes with you as far as Haddington that won't want pressing to give the outs and ins on't.') personage, in a thick great coat and worsted comforter, who, by his open countenance and manly. and reward you!" with an almost filial farewell, veomantike bearing, might have been own brother to Dandie Dinmont himself. "This gentleman," said the landlord, with a respectful glauce at my. tial woof-stapler in Berwick, but passing, in quest of his pastoral commodity, half his life among the ry Fenwick. You've known her from the egg, I may say, and been in Court yourself, on the trial the reviving cheerfulness of one whose heart is vesterday; so you'll be able to give it to him to his saw she was not a fit match for him, either in birth habits, and his evident confusion when first asked

The last words were drowned in the rattle of the advancing coach. In jumped I, and in clambored nance,) and said, in the tone of one breathing at the Borderer; reconciled to the durance of an inside birth by the sharp east wind, and the pleas-

ure of talking of Mary Fenwick. Having explained, for the rake of propriety, tha my interest in the damsel arose from the singular ding naivele of this involuntary remark; "and I circumstance of the so young, and apparently insuppose you are the more sensible of it from being experienced travelling about six hundred miles, to pass one day in Berwick, my portly ris-a-ris civthere felt the least uneasiness on the score of Mary's journey. .

> "There's a blessing on her errand, sir, and that the very stones on the road know; and, besides. she's so staid and sensible, and has so much dignity about her, that she's as full to go through the

world as her'grandmother." To all this I assented the more readily, that this very dignity had made me forego all inquiry into what I wished so much to know; and even now I listened to it with all the more satisfaction for the sadly broken off, she told her parents it would hint she had thrown out, as if of regret tor not having told me herself.

" Does she belong to this place," asked I, " that

you seem to know her so well?" "Wes sir: born and bred in Berwick bounds.-She was a farmer's daughter, a mile out of town and just what a farmer's daughter should be. Her the river just then, whose master was Mary's coumother, a clever notable woman, taught her to bake sin; so she slipped quietly on board in the dark, do. They think these good old-fashioned things

But my companion, as if ashamed of having so make them ungenteel, but they never made Mary October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary staid ludy;" said she; "God will protect one who is golar committed herself to a stranger, and rather a Fenwick so; for I am sure, sir, but for her suitable but a short time at her uncle's, as idleness was a ling to return good for evil." young gentleman, (though I have a wife and five dress and simple manner, you might have taken

would be the very wife to reclaim his gay, idle,

thoughtless son, if anything would. good deal spoiled from a child, he neglected his bushe would not so much as listen to him while all this went on, than he quite left off all his wild courses, and became a new man, to gain her favor.

"It was not done in a hurry; for Mary had been prought up very piously, and had a horror for every- already it it had not pleased God to send a contra thing evil. But Dick Mansel was 'very clever as ry wind, to save Dick Mansel's life." "His life! well as handsome; and when he pleased, could poor wretch!" said 1 "Did he take a worse make one believe anything; and really, to give course still?" "Pretty bad, sir; not quite so bad him his due, as long as he had any doubts of Mary's as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I love, no saint could behave better. At last howev- can: er, he fairly gained 'her innoceut heart; though 1 believe it was as much by the aid of his good father and mother's constant praises of himself, and doating fondness for Mary, as his own winning

"When he saw she loved him, and it was not by halves, though in her own gentle way, he want- of Richard both on the turf and at the card-table.ed to marry her immediately; and Mary's father would have consented, for it was a capital match for a portionless girl. But Mary said "Richard, Osborne went away as he came with none the you have kept free of cards and dice and folly, one half year, to gain your own wishes; let me see you do it another, to make my mind easy, and then I'll trust you till death divides us." Dick stormed and got into a passion, and swore sheldid not love him; but she answered, "It is because I do, that I wish to give you a habit of goodness before you are your own master and mine. Surely, it is no hardship to be for six months, what you intend to be all | in our town, was certainly Dick Mansel; who when the rest of your life."

Richard was forced to submit; and for three of the six months, behaved better than ever. But habit, as Mary said, is everything; and this had, for knew would start from thence for the North in the years, set the wrong way. With the summer came fairs and idleness, and junketings, and, worst of all, races, into the neighborhood. Dick first stand away with a bad grace, and then went, just to see how well he could behave, and ended by losing his money, and getting into scrapes, just as had as ever.

"For a time he was much ashamed, and felt real sorrow, and felt that Mary would never forgive him; but when she did so, sweet, gentle, soul! once or twice, (though her pale face was reproach enough to any man,) he began to get hardened, and to laugh at what he called her pensiveness. Mary was twenty times nearer giving him up, but his parents hung about her, and told her, she could only save him from perdition, and, in truth, she thought so herself; and this joined to her love for him, which was all the deeper for its my ignorance, " by, that I do! and so does all slow growth, made her still ready to risk her own welfare for his.

"It is not to be told how much she bore of idleness, extravagance and folly-for vice was never is yet laid at his door-in the hopes that when these wild days were past, Richard would settle of poor Jack Osborne; his clothes, from the dry er, to crown all, there came players to the town: and Dick was not to be kept either before or beof an actress, very showy to be sure, but not more to be compared with Mary Fenwick than a flaring crockery jug to my best china punch bowl. She pursuaded him that to marry a furmer's daughter, was quite beneath him; and, to be kept in awe by sell, and a familiar nod to the borderer, [a substan- ] her, more contemptible still. So to make a long story short, sir, Dick, after trying in vain to force his heart-broken Mary to give him up, (that he neighboring farms, ] " wishes to hear all about Ma. I might lay his ruin at her door.) had the cruelty to tell her one night, as he met her going home to her father's from nursing his own sick mother, that he or breeding; and that, if he ever marned, it would be to a wife of more liberal ways of think-

"He had been drinking a good deal, it is true, and was put to his base conduct by a stage favorite: but when he found, that instead of a storm of reproaches, or even a flood of tears, poor Mary pale, and shaking, and kept saying, " Poor Richard! poor, poor Richard!" he grew sobered, and fain would have softened matters a little. But she summoned all her strength, and ran till she came illy begged my pardon, and assured me that no one to her tather's gate; and two days after, when the old Mansels drove out in their post chaise, to try and make it all up, and get their son put once more upon his trial, Mary was off-her parents could not tell whither."

> " And where did she go," asked I, for the firs on amore nairation.

"It came out, sir, afterward that an uncle in London had formerly invited her to come up and visit him; and now, that her engagement was so save her much misery to leave home for a white, and even go to service to keep out of the way till Dick Mansel should be married-"Or hanged?" acknowledged.) little thinking how near it was being the case. There was a salmon smack lying in all.

"How long was this ago?" said I. "Oh! about five or six months, perhaps; let me see, it was in thing she never liked, but through his wife (who had been housekeeper to a nobleman,) she got a delightful place in the same family, as upper nor- mouth in time; so into the mail she stepped, and two indifferent questions with that laconio gentle- to market, to sell her butter and engs fwe've a sery maid; which her gentle manners, steady temness which is infinitely more discouraging than sul- great trade in eggs here, you know, sir, and some- per, and long experience in her father's family When they saw her, the poor old Mansels almost

but Mary must go with them. They were grown ways, made her a perfect treasure in a country where, I understand, girls' heads are apt to be turn-"And very idle and extravagant he was, sir! The ed. Lady S-knew her story, and thought it recommendation enough; so her parents were written to, half Mary's ample wages secured them siness whenever he could, and loved dress, and by desire, and she too went down the sea side to horse-racing, and all that, far too well. But he re- be in the way to embark at the last moment, when ally loved Mary Fenwick; and no sooner saw that all the tedious outfit for a great man's voyage was over."

" So this explains a hint she threw out about going to the world's end !" said I.

"Yes sir; she would have been half way there

"There came about Berwick, now and then, a a gambler and a cheat; and whom none but such alibi can bring him off." little dogs as Dick Mansel would keep company with. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last autumn, and to have won money they had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle; but few knew or cared; and Jack wiser.

"But about six weeks or two months ago, it began to be whispered that he had been missed of have a fugliful pride in showing hollow case to late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the be overtuned. At all events, his manner was anylast place where he had been seen; and good for thing but eucouraging to a poor frightened girl; but nothing as he was, he had decent relations, who began to think it worth while to inquire into it.-The last person in whose company he had been sked about him, denied all knowledge of his old comrade. But Dick's own character by this time had grown very notorious; and though no one here, rom respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion. J. ck Osborne's stranger uncle felt no scruple in insinuating that his nephew had met with foul play, and insisting on an inquiry.

" In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out; a pair of pistols, well known to be Osborne's, were found in Dick's possession, and a story of his having received them in part payment for some gambling debt, was of coffize very little, if at all believed. There were plenty I people who could depose, that on the 22d of October at a tavem dinner, the two had a quarrel, and had high words, though they were afterwards seen to go out separately, and seemingly good friends.

"The next step in evidence was, two people tittle stunted thicket, about half a mile from town; nearing something like groans and cries; which, nowever, they paid fulle attention to, being in a great hurry. This caused it to be searched; and in the old sand pit, near the spot, to the surprise and horror of all Berwick, were found the remains nature of the ground, were in quite good preser vation.

6 Things began now to put on a face terribly serious for Dick Mansel, especially as another man came forward to say, (people should be very cautions, sir.) that he had met Dick-or some one like him-on the road to that very spot, just before the hour when the groans were heard; and that, on being addressed by his name, he passed on and gave no answer.

"Between the quarrel and the pistols and the grouns, and the dead body, and above all, the evidence of this man, a complete case was made out for a Jury, and there was many things besides to give it color; especially poor Dick's own reckless what he had been doing on the 23d of October. To those who saw his conscience-stricken look, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt.

"Dick was committed for trial; and, oh. sir, was a sail day for all who knew his worthy parents, and had seen the creature himself, grow up before them a presty crafty haired child, and then a manly spirited boy. His behavior in prison, was dogged and soften; and he seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who should suppose him guilty, as most did; but on his poor father (who would never credit it) urging him to think, for his gray hairs, whether some means of proving his innocence might not yet be found, he at length said, though wrong from him by his parents distress, "There's one person on earth who could clear me of this hortime venturing to interrupt the honest Berwicker's rible charge, (but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she's left England.) and that's Mary Fenwick. This is a judgment on me, lather; for the usage of the gul !"

The agonized parents tost not a moment in writing to Mary the most pathetic letter a broken heart ever penned. They feared she would have sailed. But it pleased God btherwise; and though the wind that first kept them, had changed, they were decried the father, in his passion, (as he alterwards tained one week longer for reasons of state. Mary carried the letter to her good mistress and told her

> "She readily got leave for the journey, and was offered a fellow servant to take care of her, but she was steadfast in declining it.

> "I would wish no an necessary witness of poor Richard's shame and his parent's sorrow, my

"There was not a moment lost, to let Mary anpear at the assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsand arrived here as soon as a letter could have done fainted for iov. They kissed and went over her. "She had been long with them, when Lord as they had done many times when their sons wild-

save their gray bairs from despair and disgrace. "They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard; but she said mildly:

"We have both need of our strength to-morrow Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him, and pray that it may not be from danger in this world afone."

"She was quite worn out with latigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay her innocent head down one more on her mother's bosom, in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected eyer to lay it again. She arose quite refreshed and able for the hard trial, (and hard it was, to one so modest and retiring.) of appearing in court, before her whole towns-people on so melancholy an

She was indulged with a chair, and sat a much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind riends, till she should be called on. The case fo the prosecution was gone into: and a chain of cir comstantial evidence made out so desperately against poor Dick, that the crown counsel-a rath er flippant young man-said, "This is a hollow scamp of a fellow, whom every body knew to be case, you will see my lord. Nothing short of an

" And that shall be proved immediately, my ord, replied-very unexpectedly-some of the prisoner's friends. We have a witness here come more than three hundred miles for the purpose and Mary, shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box. The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I shou'd be sorry to say, sir, he wished to find her testimony false; but the ingenuity; and he did not quite like his lawyers he little knew that Mary could be firm as a rock where duty was concerned.

"On being desired to say what she knew of this ousiness, Mary simply averred, in as few words as possible, that Richard Mansel cond not have been in Overton wood at the hour assigned for the murder of Jack Osborne; as he was at that very time with her, on the road to S- farm, exactly on the other side of the town.

" Very pleasantly engaged, I date say, my lear," said the counsel, flippantly; 'but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence on that account." I lam sure they ought,' said Mary, in a tone of deep and sotemp sincerity, which dashed the lawyer a good deal. But,' said he recovering hi.nself, 'Richard Mansel met you, you say on the road to S-, at a hule after the hour of nine, on a certain evening Pray what reason may you have for remembering he hour? Because I had staid to give his moth er her nine o'clock draught before I lefthown; and because, just as I got my father's gate the church clock struck ten

" 'Very accurate? And pray what leads you re be so positive as to the day! Because the ver next evening I sailed for London in a smack, whose sailing day is always on Fuday, and Thursday must have been the 23d.

" Very logical indeed! And now my dear, to ber this meeting itself so very particularly? If nity: 'but it was the last? I remember it because re were engaged to be married; and on that very night (and I bless God it was no other) Richard Mansel told me, and not very Rindly, I was not a fit wife for him; and all that had been going on a right to remember this, sir, I think."

6 Mary had made, to muster strength and utte rance for this testimony, all the exertion nature would permit. She fell back, tainting into her hather's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran through the court.

"This is an alibi, with a witness" said brewd barrister. "Tis not likely a discarded aweetheart would come six hundred miles to perare herself for a scoundrel like this! In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be rennired, there was handed to the jury a housewife, or pocket-book, whose few leaves of memorandonis contained, (evidently written down at the moment, and dotted with at a still discernible tear.) Oct. 231-this day, parted ferever in this may meet in the next."

And fid they meet sgain in this world, Sir?" said I, when my honest friend had got rid of some- gods, of the juice of a rotten pine apple. thing troublesome in his eyes. "No, sir; Mary 6th it was better otherwise and no one duret press it upon her. She wrote him a letter, though, which no one else saw, and I hear he says his life by printial for weeks, and sometimes for months. was hardly worth saving, since he has lost Mary. Poor devil! We'll see if this great scrape will so. | get or thumb that falls a victim to it. But it can ea-

Little more passed between me and my highd as the fights of Dunbar were now in view. Thave since been in Berwick, and find Richard lives with his parents, a sadder and a wiser man than they ever expected him to be; and Mary is married in India, to a young chaplain, up the country, to whom Lord 8-has promised a living in her own nalive North, on his return to Britain.

A Posts. - A "hoosier" of rather scanty means ecently visited this city, with introductory leffers for the purpose of buying a considerable amount of goods upon credit. The jubbers to whom he tor dumer. As the meton did not make its appeaapplied were very comeous, but did'nt exactly mines at the proper time, the lady asked, "Why like to trade.

What's the matter," inquired the boyer. "Nothing particular," was the reply, "only we don't like this credit business."

"Well, but I don't ask for only thirty days." "Very true, but you might die you know." "Die?-why who the d-I ever heard of anybody's dying in thirty days?"

Why is a young female jumping up on one leg like a horse going at its fastest pace !- Because

#### Doing a Monte Bealer.

A lew nights since, a sucker appeared at one of the numerous monte banks in this city, and inquired, with a mellifluous nasal twang hung to his roice, like an Eolian attacl ment to a piano-

" If they "lowed a man to bet his pile on them "cre

The dealer looked up and his eye rested on the person of an individual who was neither tall nor short-we called him tound, for he would have measured the same čither way you took him-who stood looking at the game, and who had just asked the ottestion. He was a quaint genius, for this world, and he seemed to know it. His hair hung down in long bristles, and his head tooked for all . he world like a Flat Head Indian; 'twas a long, low, rakish looking head, and stuck upon a pair of shoulders that seemed broad enough to sustain the Rhodian Colossus. His body was as large as a puncheon of rum, and his legs resembled kegs of land. A pair of eyes like two flies in a plate of Goshen butter, displayed a world of avarice in their twinkle, as he gazed upon the various piles of money; and there he stood, the very shape of an interroga-

"Yes, you may bet your pile," said the dealer. The little man hitched up his pants, and after nite a long search, excavated from the depths of his capacions shut pocket, a bag containing his pile, and slapping it down on the cacallo, he exclaimed,

"Here I goes-two ounces on that hoss." The cards were turned and, he lost. Again, and he won. The money fluctuated like the pendufum of a clock, until the dealer concluded he had won sufficient to cover the amount in the giren one's bag and consequently prepared to weigh it.

While the scales were being adjusted, the latter man stood like a pillar-a snort pillar-with his little black eyes circumséribed to a focus, in the intensity of the gaze he hed upon the thining heaps spread out before him. Fortune had frowned upon him, and his found greasy features reflected that trawn upon the bank.

In the meantime an interesting crowd had gathered round to look for, " specimens," and the dealer ever ready to gradily the curious, proceeded to empty the dirty looking bag, when ho! "the mountain labored; and brought forth, lead I

About that time, two buttons gave way on our vest-a general guffaw broke the little man's revery-a rap on the face broke his nose-when he broke for the door with a broken tumbler flying at his back and a broken curse his only blessing.

## A Rich Love Letter.

The following attimitable hit at those love-sick swells who indulge in an extravagant prodigality of honeyed words and hyperbolic phrases, when addressing their dulcineas, we take from the Aberdeen [Miss.] Independent. Such a rich piece of lite erature should be preserved:

April. 1st. 1850 Most transcendent and egregious Misi:

Would that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wings of an angel and mended with the prayer of an infant's wir! come more to the point, how come you to remem. then I might expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence has enwas not the first I dare say? 'No, sir,' said Mary kindled. Thou sun-beam of sentiment! soft moonher paleness giving way to a flush of insulted dig- light of modesty! thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream—thy step light as the silken footed zephyr which fanned with the wing of perfume the new born paradise-thine eyes are two brilliants, stole from a seraphic crown-thy hips are river rose buds, moistened by the honeybetween us so long was forever at an end! I have dew of affection—thy words are like drops of amber-thy teeth are snow-flakes set in a bed of verbena. Sweet spirit of camphor, double-distilled essence of homopathy, sour-krout of my hopes, sauce of my thoughts, butter-milk catsons of my tancy, figer lilly of innocence, logwood of perfection-thou art the julep of my dreams, ginger-pop of my waking visions, and cherry bounce of my revollection. Thou art as harmless as a tiger, handsome as an elephant, melodious as a lion, meek as the livena spotted as the leopard, bright as the struggling, sneezing sun-light, passing the mortal cracks of an old barn loft, or a greased streak of blue lightning charned to a consistency in the milky way, and peppered with a shower of turnip tops, comets, and percoon roots from the crust of eternity. The onion of the soul! pickled pamp? world with poor Richard Mansel. God grant we kin! preserved crab of the garden of Hesperide .-Thy glance is as melling as old butter in summer time-thou art a drop of water from the cup of the

To Cure a Freez.-A felou generally appears on the end of the fingers or thumbs; it is extremeand, in most cases, cripples or disfigures the finily be cured if attended to in time. As soon as the pain is felt, take the thin white skin of an egg, which is found inside next to the shell; put it round the end of the finger or thumb affected, and keep it there until the pain subsides. As soon as the skin becomes dry, it will be very painful, and likely continue so for half an hour or more; but be not alarmed. If it grows paintal, bear it; it will be of short duration in comparison to what the disease would be. A care will be certain.

A lady of Parladelphia gave a water-melon to her new cook, and told her to have it served up did you not bring up that melon ?" has Sure, madam," was the reply, " the devil must have flyed away with it, for I so sooner put it in the pot to Lile, than it was all gone !17

" Dappy, what kind of ware is it that you wan? to be-hard-ware, glass-ware, stone-ware, or crockery-ware?" "Not any kind oi. ware, Simon .-What do you mean?" 34 Why, this mornin', when it lightened; you said, when it stormed, persons always ought to be-ware." "Peggy pin this boys ears to his shoulder blades, and put him to bed."