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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, Heavenly Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to night,
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
All this day thy hands has led me,
And I thank Thee for thy care,
Thou hast warmed and clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
May my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
When I die, take me to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Select Tale.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

THE WHIRLWIND.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRANT.

When I last visited the country beyond the Alleghenies, I travelled from Wheeling to Lexington on horseback, in order to contemplate more at my leisure the beautiful scenery of that interesting region. On my way I fell in with a person also on horseback, going in the same direction, who seemed inclined to join company with me, an arrangement to which, as I had already travelled a considerable distance alone, I felt no particular aversion. He was apparently about forty-five years of age, of a spare athletic make, and a tall, strong-limbed man. His eyes were of a dull hazel, but they lay deep in their sockets and were surrounded by circles of a darker tinge than the rest of his face. Above them a pair of low, horizontal, coal-black eyebrows, gave an impressively hard and ascetic cast to his countenance. He wore a black bombazine coat, the tight sleeves of which set off his elegant figure. His legs were, the large joints of his elbows, his big wrists, and the heavy hands with which he grasped his beechen switch and the reins of his horse. The remainder of his apparel consisted of a well-saved hat, in that state of respectability in which that article is kept by decent persons who do not of an indulge themselves in the luxury of a new one, pepper and salt-colored riding pants, over which were drawn a pair of red-lined boots, a black silk waistcoat, and a grey velvet cravat, the sharp spear-like ends of which projected in different directions from under his coat. He wore a tall, strong-limbed hat, black horse, across the saddle hung a splendid portmanteau, and from under the portmanteau a bit of sheep-skin dressed with the wool on placed there to prevent the animal's back from being chafed with the journey.

Bearing a civil answer to my salutation, with a pleasant and prolonged enunciation of the vowel "e," and a melancholy quaver of the voice— "Yes, however, were full, mellow, and evincingly cultivated. I had previously any doubt of the matter, it was now removed; and I instantly turned down for a itinerant preacher of the Baptist Method persuasion. Adapting my conversation to his supposed profession, I inquired of him the state of religion in those parts. On this point he was abundantly eloquent, and I soon learned that he was a Baptist preacher who had been a short visit to the neighborhood of Wheeling, and was now on his way to some of the villages west of Lexington on the west bank of the Kentucky river, to perform beside the translucent streams and under the venerable trees of that fine region, those picturesque solemnities of his sect, to which they were to point as a manifold emblem of purification from moral pollution, and of the resurrection from the death of sin and the sleep of the grave. He told me a chequered history of religious awakenings in these places, hence he gathered into the fold, and of backslidings and indifference in others.

Afterwards the conversation passed to other subjects. I could not help speaking of the exceeding richness of the vegetation in that country, as compared with that of the Atlantic coast.

"Yes," replied my companion, "the land is a land of milk and honey, and the clouds drop fatness upon it; and as for the soil, it is so rich and fertile, that you may plough it with your oxen, and it will still bring forth an abundant crop. But are you from the Atlantic States?"

"From New England," I replied, speaking more quickly than he had done before, and with something on his countenance more like a smile than I had seen him wear.

"No, from New York."

His countenance relaxed again into its former gloomy expression. "I," said he, "am from New England."

"Your friends probably live in that part of the country," said I, availing myself of that freedom of conversation of which he had set me the example.

"Friends, if you will," answered he, "I may have there, but relations none. There lives not in the United States, though they are my native country, a single human being with whom I can be kindred. God has cut away, by a terrible, but as I willingly believe, a merciful dispensation, the ties of an earthly nature that bound me to my fellow creatures; the members of the Church of Christ, and they only, are now my fathers and mothers, and sisters and brethren."

"You allude, I perceive," said I, "to some remarkable event of your life. May I take the liberty of inquiring what it is?"

"Formerly," he replied, "it gave me great pain to speak of it, but I have related it often, and it does me no longer; and, moreover, I am convinced that it is a useful part to wish to conceal the details of God's providence with me from those who are willing to hear what they have been."

"You must know, then, that my father was a native of the island of Nantucket, and the only son of an emigrant pair from St. John's, on the coast of Newfoundland. My mother was from Wales—She was tut a child when her father took passage for this country, with her and two brothers older than herself. The vessel in which they came was wrecked off Cape Cod, and all on board perished except my mother and four of the crew, who were picked up by the fishermen of Hyannis. She was received into one of the most wealthy families on the Cape, and was brought up by the good people as if she had been one of their own children.

"My father had been a seafaring man in early life, and had risen to the command of a merchant vessel. At the age of thirty-five he became acquainted with my mother, who was some fifteen years younger than himself, and made her proposals of marriage, which she would accept only on condition that he should quit the sea, which had been the grave of her family. He made the promise she required, they were married, and removed to the interior, where my father bought a farm, and settled as an agriculturist.

"Our residence was on the highlands west of the Connecticut river. There was a little decayed old dwelling on the farm when my father came to live there; he caused it to be pulled down, and had a neat white cottage on the spot. In this cottage was I born, and here I passed the earliest years of my life, and, speaking with respect to temporal comforts and enjoyments, the happiest it was a lovely spot, lovely then, but now no longer so—it is bare and desolate—the bosom of destruction has swept it—the winds, God's ministers, were sent against it, to raze its walls, and root up its shades, and slay its inmates.

"I sometimes think that the distinction with which that abode of my youth and its dear inhabitants rise before my imagination is a device of the enemy to tempt me, and to shake my resignation to the decrees of the Almighty. A young orchard sheltered the cottage on the north-west, and back of the orchard rose a wooded hill. On the south side of the house was our garden, which bordered on a clear prating brook. To the east were rich meadows and fields of grain, and pastures where I gathered strawberries and looked for birds' nests all sloping away gently for a considerable distance, after which they sunk down out of sight into the deep glen of a river, whose shallow murmurs were often heard by us as we sat under the wild cherry trees before our door. To the east of the river spread a wide tract of country, in full sight from our windows—farm houses, painted red and white, with their orchards and corn-fields and woodlands; steeples of distant churches, and a blue horizon of woods bounding the scene.

"Time went by pleasantly until my tenth year. Childhood is the only season of life in which happy years do not pass away swiftly. They glide softly, but they do not fly, and they seem as long as they are full of enjoyment. I had an elder sister, Jane, just arrived at seventeen; a tall straight, blooming girl, who had been my instructor in all her childish pastimes. She taught me where to find the earliest blossoms and the sweetest berries, and showed me where the beech shed its nuts thickest when it fell the October frosts, and led me beside wild streams in the woods, and read godly books with me, and taught me to sing rapturous hymns on Sundays under the trees of our orchard. There were two brothers, twins, five years younger than myself, to whom I now performed the same office, and beautiful creatures they were, if I can trust my memory, as ever were sent into the world to be recalled in the bud of life; fair, round-faced, good-humoured, full of a perpetual flow of spirits, and in look, gesture and disposition, the exact copies of each other. And as they were alike in birth and mind, and outward semblance, so they were alike in their lives, and in their deaths not divided. I was their constant companion, and sometimes our sister, who had now grown to maturity, would leave her solitary occupations and join in all our sports.

"My mother was of a delicate frame, and a quiet and somewhat sad turn of mind. The calamity by which her family had perished made a deep impression upon her, and disposed her heart to religious affections. Her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, as she looked at us in the midst of our pastimes, and she would often mildly check our boisterous mirth. She was our catechist, she made us read our Bible, and taught us our little hymns and prayers.

"My father was, it was thought, an unregenerate person, but he was what the world calls a good moral man, and much respected by his neighbors. He was of an even, quiet temper, never greatly exhilarated by good nor greatly depressed by bad fortune. I do not recollect ever seeing him apparently better pleased than when his children were noisier in their play, when he would sit looking at us with great complacency, and tell our mother how he was like us at our age. He was what is called a silent man, he said but little, and, indigent as he was, that little was a law to us. The neighborhood also treated him with great deference; his opinion was consulted in all difficult cases; he was made town clerk, and then sent a representative to the General Court, and finally received a commission of the peace.

"My father, as I have already told you, was originally a seafaring man, and his profession had made him familiar with all the appearances of the heavens. To his knowledge of this kind, acquired on the ocean and the coast of the Atlantic, he now added that gained by a daily observation of the aspect of the heavens in the interior, until he became celebrated in those parts for his skill in discerning the face of the sky. He was looked upon as a sort of oracle on the subject of the weather, and his predictions were reverenced even more than those of the almanac. It was not always that an opinion could be extracted from him; but when he obtained, it never failed of being verified. His hair never got wet while lying green on the ground, nor do I believe that he was ever overtaken by a

shower in any of his excursions from home. He would pass half hours, in gazing at the sky, and watching the courses of the clouds. An observation of the weather was his first business in the morning, and his last at night; and if the manly placidity of his temper was ever on any occasion disturbed, it was only when the weather was more capricious than ordinary; when it refused to conform to fixed rules, and failed to fulfil the promise it held forth. In this I think he was wrong, as questioning the Providence of God, exerted in the great courses of nature; but who is without his errors?

"The country in which we lived was high and hilly. The streams by which it was intersected, flowed in deep, narrow glens, unpleasant from their chilliness, shade, and mist at morning and evening; and the farms and dwellings lay on the broad elevated country between them. Thus an ample sweep was afforded for the winds, which blew over the country with as little obstruction as on the summits of mountains. The snow was often piled in the winter to the roofs of the houses, and you might see orchards in which every tree leaned to the south-west, bent and made to grow in that position by the strong and continued gales.

"In the last year of my residence in this pleasant abode, we had, about the setting in of the summer, several weeks of uncommon heat and drought. God sealed up the fountains of the firmament, and made the heavens over our heads brass, and the earth under our feet ashes. Clouds floated over the fiery sky, and brought no rain; the atmosphere was filled with a dull dry haze, as if the finer dust of the ground had risen and mingled with it. Out of this haze the sun emerged at morning, and again dipped into it at evening, hiding his face long before he reached the horizon. The grass of the field ceased to grow, and became thin and white and dry before it ripened, and hissed mournfully whenever a breath of air passed over it. The birds chirped feebly in the trees; the cattle loved family in the meadows, and gathered about the moister spots of soil. All this while the wind scarce blew, but so softly, or with strength enough to detach from the cherry trees before our door the loose leaves that put on the yellowness of September, and dropped of their own accord, one by one, spinning round as they descended to the earth. I had never known my father so uneasy and fidgety as at that period. He would stand for hours considering the aspect of the heavens, and even after the twilight was down, he was out by the door, gazing at that hazy canopy through which the stars dimly trembled. My mother, in the mean-time, called her children about her, and taught us a prayer for rain.

"At length came a day of more perfect calm and stillness than we had experienced, even in that season of calms. The leaves on the trees were so motionless, that you almost might have fancied them wrought of metal to mock the growth of the vegetable world. I remember feeling uneasy at the depth and continuance of the silence, broken only by the gurgle at the brook at the bottom of the garden, where a slender thread of heated water crept along, the sound of which fell on my ear with a painful distinctness. There was no cloud, not a speck, nothing but that thick whitish haze, to be seen in all the sky. My father went often through the day, and stood anxiously looking at the atmosphere, while I silently crept near him, with my two little brothers. There was something in his manner that made us afraid, though of what we knew not. My mother, too, appeared sadder than usual. Once when my father returned into the house, he held her that this was just such weather as had preceded the water-spout that overwhelmed the fishing boat off the coast of Cape Cod thirty years before, and drowned all on board.

"I fear, greatly," said he, "that some mischief is brewing for us or our neighbors; but I hope, at least, that it will steer clear of all our houses."

"The night at length arrived, and no evil had as yet come nigh us or our dwellings. My mother sat all in our beds, and made us say our prayers, and bade us good night, in that mild, and affectionate voice, which I shall never forget; but for my part I could not sleep, agitated, as I was with the vague and awful apprehensions with which my father's looks and words, and the strange appearances of nature, had filled my mind, and which were struggling to clothe themselves with images. Sleep at length fell upon me, a deep sleep, and with it brought the visions of the night, I imagined that the profound silence was suddenly broken with strange and terrible crashings, and masses of earth and portions of the sky were mingling and whirling and rolling over each other. I awoke with my limbs bathed in sweat, and it was long before my fear would allow me to move them. When the usual current of my sensations was restored, I was comforted to find myself still in my own familiar couch, though in the midst of utter darkness, and that awful lifeless silence, so deep that I could hear the clicking of my father's watch in the next room.

"The sun rose as usual the next day, and the same calm and silence continued. My own apprehensions had passed away with the night, though I observed my father watching the cloudless hazy skies with the same eye of anxiety. About twelve o'clock I was in the orchard back of our cottage, amping myself with gathering the largest of the unripe apples which the drought had caused to drop in great numbers from the trees, intending to carry them to my two little brothers to play with. My father had left his occupations in the field on account of the heat, and was then in the house. Suddenly I heard a crackling sound in the southwest, as of a mighty flame running among brushwood, and blown into fury by a strong wind. Looking towards that quarter, I beheld a small dark cloud, enlarging, blacking, and advancing every instant, and under it the wood ignited with violent motion, and the tree-tops swaying and tossing, the trunks swinging to and fro, as if wrestling with a furious gust. Birds were flying in all directions from the scene of the commotion, and cattle running affrighted from the wood in which they had sought shelter

from the noonday heat. Then I saw broken branches, and green leaves from the tree tops, and withered ones from the ground, and dust from the dry earth, lifted together into the air in a vast column, and whirled rapidly round, and heard the crash of falling trees, and the snapping of the shivered trunks, as if the Prince of the Power of the Air, having received permission, had fallen in great wrath upon the forest to destroy it. Before the advancing whirlwind the trees bowed to the ground, and the next moment were raised again by the power of the gale, and drawn into the vortex, and twisted off by the roots, and whirled with all their branches into the air, and tossed to the one side and the other, upon the summit of the surrounding wood. It was but for a moment, a brief moment of astonishment and terror, that I stood gazing on this spectacle. I turned and made for the house with my utmost speed, and, as I ran, I heard the roar of the whirlwind behind me, and was sensible of a sudden shade passing over the heavens.—When I arrived at the house, and opened the door, I saw my father, who had been engaged in reading, just rising from his seat, and going towards the window, with the book in his hand, to learn the cause of the tumult without. That book was the Bible—and the recollection of that single circumstance forms a ground of consolation and hope, in the recollection of his sudden and unforeseen death, which I would not be deprived of for worlds.

He gave a single look, the book dropped from his hand, and before I had time to utter a word, he called out in his strong voice, "Run—run for your lives—leave the house instantly—the whirlwind is upon us."

"As he spoke, the sound of the gust was heard howling about the dwelling, and the timber cracked and groaned in the mighty blast. My mother had hastily gathered the children, and was putting on her bonnet to go out at the door, when all at once a terrible crash was heard over our heads, the walls shook, the windows were shivered in pieces, the floor heaved under our feet, and the ceiling bursting upwards in several places, showed us the roof raised and borne off by the wind. The walls and partitions of the house were swayed to and fro like a cart. My father was a man of great bodily strength, of the middle height, but brawny and muscular beyond most men I have known. When I last saw him, he had put his strong arms against the wall that threatened to overhelm him, and was tracing himself against it to give us an opportunity to escape. I saw also my mother, who had taken the two youngest children by the hand, her hair streaming upwards in disorder, making for the door. I found myself, I know not how, without the house, and scarcely was I there when a rush of air seemed to draw the breath from my lungs, and I was lifted from the ground amidst the whirl of dust, and broken branches, and shingles and boards from the building. How high I was carried I know not, for I saw only the confusion around me, but shortly afterwards I felt myself softly deposited among boughs and leaves.

"I must have swooned after I descended, for I recollect slowly recovering my consciousness, and finding my garments wet and heavy, and the rain beating upon me. I lay among the thick foliage of a maple that had been overthrown by the whirlwind. A man whose voice and name were familiar to me, and whom, as my senses gradually returned, I recognised for one of my neighbors, came and took me off, and placed me beside him on the ground. Around me the earth was strewn with splintered branches of trees, rails and boards, and looking westward to the hill, I beheld where fences had been swept away, and stone walls scattered, and a wide path been broken through the wood, along which masses of fresh earth appeared among the heaps of prostrate trees, and tall shivered trunks stood over-looking the wretched fellows. At a little distance from me, was a heap of bricks and rubble, and on my inquiring what it could be, I was told it was the ruins of my father's house. Then flashed upon my mind the recollection of that moment of confusion, haste and fright, which passed before I left it; and in a transport of anxiety, amounting almost to agony, I ran to the spot, I found the neighbors already gathered about it, and busy in removing the rubbish, in order to ascertain if any of the family were buried beneath; and weeping all the while, I assisted them as far as my childish strength would allow, notwithstanding the good-natured attempts that were made to prevent me. Let me hasten over what followed. I said in the beginning that I could relate my story without any painful emotion, but I was mistaken, for when I come to this part of it, I am always sick at heart. They were found—crushed to death by the fall of the chimney and the beams of the building—my father—my dear mother, and the two lovely children still in her arms. But where was sister—has she been so fortunate as to escape? Even this hope was turned from me, for she was soon found where the whirlwind had cast her, in the edge of the brook now swollen by rains, the water rippling against her cheek, while, as snow, and her dishevelled hair floating in the current.

There are no expressions that can describe the bitterness of my grief. The bodies were carried to a neighboring house; I followed them, I remained with them all night, I refused to be comforted but with the fervent hope, which sometimes crossed my mind, that the dead were in a state of insensibility from which they would awaken. I slept not, I ate not, till they were buried. I struggled madly and with moanings of agony against those who came to put them in the coffins. They were carried to the grave the next day, amidst a great concourse of people from all the surrounding country, who filled the house and gathered in a solemn and silent multitude around the door. The hymn given out on that occasion by the minister, was one my mother taught me to repeat from memory; and when they sang the following stanza, the eyes of all were turned on me by reason of my passionate sobbing:

"Man's life is like the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
A sharp wind sweeps the field,
It withers in an hour."
I was not allowed to see the bodies covered with earth, lest my health might suffer from the excess of my grief; but when at length they told me they were buried, I suffered myself to be undressed, and led to my bed, from which I did not rise for several days after.

"The neighbor to whose house the bodies of my family were taken, a devout and just man, of the Baptist persuasion, allowed me to remain under the roof, and treated me with great kindness. He was appointed my guardian, and proved a faithful steward of the remains of my father's property.—The terrible calamity with which I had been visited, had engendered a sadness that hung upon me like a continual cloud, but as I grew up, my mind was opened to receive the consolations of the gospel. I saw that the chastisement, though severe, was meant for good, and that the Lord, by removing all whom I loved, and separating me from the children of men, had enabled me to devote myself more entirely to the work of reconciling my fellow creatures to him. I came, therefore, to this region of the west, where the fields were white for the reaper, where the harvest was plenteous and the laborers few, and entered on my new calling, which has not been unblest, with a cheerful and encouraged spirit."

Here the travelling preacher made an end of his story, but I had no opportunity of remarking on certain of its circumstances which seemed to me a little extraordinary, since just at that moment he found himself opposite the door of one of the brethren, a thrifty farmer, where he said he was under an engagement to stop.

FACTS ABOUT TEA.—In the ninth century certain Arabian doctors mentioned a fragrant and fascinating Chinese beverage, prepared from a plant called setah. After the lapse of some six hundred years—in 1663—Olearius discovered that tea was domesticated as a luxury among the higher ranks of society in Persia. Now, all through the wastes of Central Asia, the Calmucks, the Baskiri, &c., tea is supreme. But their use of it is not drink, but a solid nourishment. It has no appearance of delicately rolled leaves, but sticks and stalks of the plant are made into heavy stone-like cakes, of the color of tan-balls, and of the consistency of iron bolts. This is moistened and baked with the water of the steeps, mixed with the blood of animals, and enriched with the fat of beef or mutton, and it is then eaten with spoons like thick soup.

"It is poison," said an old woman to Dr. Johnson. "Madame, it may be poison, but I have been seventy years dying of it," said he, draining his sixth evening bowl.

In eight years the leaves of the tea plant are fully charged, with their peculiarities. In the ninth year they begin to lose them. Yet the plants are stripped sometimes to the eleventh and twelfth year—and hence the endless varieties of tea. Each year there is a four harvests, of which that in February is the best in quantity and the best in quality. The April harvest is a kind of rowen, the second cutting of the best. That of June yields mainly large leaves, and that of August is of the inferior quality. A careful hand completes the preparation for picking, and then, with gloved hands, the work is commenced. An industrious workman may collect from ten to fifteen pounds in a day. But on the same day he must strew them on a heated platter, and on the same evening wrap them in a cloth, and dip them for some moments in hot water. After they have dripped during the night, they are spread the next morning in hot iron pans, in which they are constantly stirred. They are laid up on mats, with the open hand, completely cooled with large fans during the process, then skillfully packed in chests.

THE FIRST SAW MILL.—The old practice in making boards, was to split the logs with wedges, and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy thing to persuade the world that it could be done in any better way. Saws were afterwards introduced for the purpose of preparing timber and boards, and saw-mills were then invented for the action of the two handed saw. This mode of sawing logs was greatly in use in New England, where water power could not so easily be obtained, in the early part of the present century—and probably there are places yet, where they are known and tenderly used. Saw mills were first used in Europe, in the 15th century; but so lately as 1555, an English Ambassador, having seen a saw mill in France thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw mill was established by a Dutchman in 1663; but the public outcry against the new angled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did a Dutchman before. The evil was then kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1738, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its own interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a concourse mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces. Such patriots to spirit could not always last, and now, though we nowhere see the fact distinctly stated, there is reason to believe that saw mills are used in England, propelled both by water and steam power.

SCHOOL TEACHER.—A man or a woman who engages for a specified sum to let other people abuse them for three months. One, who is expected to govern forty or fifty children without a cross look, many of whom are totally ungovernable at home. One who is expected to do what the parents know they cannot do, to make misbehavior behave, indecency decent, and to impart knowledge where there is no brains to receive it.

A SCENE AT A BULL FIGHT.—A few years ago, the inhabitants of Seville read, with surprise, the advertisements or an approaching bull-fight, this unusual notice: "When the third bull shall have attacked the picadors and received three pairs of bandarillas, a young peasant, by whom he has been brought up, will appear in the circus. He will approach the bull, caress it, and after removing the bandarillas, one after another, will lie down between his horns." The announcement of so singular a feat attracted an immense crowd to the amphitheatre. The third bull appeared, an animal with splendid horns, and very brave; he slew four horses, received the bandarillas, and became furious. Then, contrary to custom, all the toreros retired from the ring, leaving the bull stamping about and shaking the bloody darts that hung from his neck. All at once a long white beard appeared. The bull paused and listened. It was repeated. He approached the barrier, and a young man leaped into the ring, calling the bull by his name, "Mosquito." The animal knew its master, came to caress him, and was appeased. The peasant gave it his hand to lick, and with the other began to scratch it behind the ears, an operation which seemed to afford the poor brute much pleasure. He then gently removed the bandarillas which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made it go down on its knees, and placed his head between his horns. The grateful bull seemed to listen with pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by the master. The admiration of the multitude, hitherto expressed by surprise, burst forth with Andalusian violence, and shook the building. Hearing this phrenzied applause, which had accompanied all his sufferings, the bull, till then under a charm, appeared awake and return to reality. He suddenly rose bellowing and the peasant tried to escape; but it was too late. The animal, as though furious at being betrayed, tossed the young man into the air, received him again on his horns, gored him, trampled him, and crushed him to pieces, in spite of the toreros. The function was suspended, and—a phenomenon in Spain—the horrified public quitted the circus in silence.

WASHINGTON PLAYS.—In the winter of 1777, while Washington, with the American army, lay encamped at Valley Forge, a good old friend, by the name of Potts, had occasion to pass through the wood near head-quarters.

Tracing his way along the venerable grove, suddenly he heard the sound of a human voice, which, as he advanced, increased on his ear, and at length became like the voice of one speaking very earnestly.

As he approached the spot with a cautious step, whom should he behold, in a dark narrow tower of ancient oak, but the commander-in-chief of the American armies on his knees in prayer.

Motionless with surprise, Friend Potts continued on the place till the General, having ended his devotions, arose, and, with a countenance of angelic serenity, retired to head-quarters.

Friend Potts then went home; and on entering his parlor called on to his wife, "Sarah, my dear! Sarah! all is well all is well! George Washington will yet prevail!"

"What is the matter, Isaac?" replied she.—"These seems moved."

"Well, I seem moved, it is no more than I am. I have this day seen what I never expected. These knows that I always thought the sword and the gospel inconsistent, and that no man can be a soldier and a Christian at the same time; but Gen. Washington has this day convinced me of my mistake."

He then related what he had seen, and concluded with this prophetic remark: "If George Washington is not a man of God, I am greatly deceived; and still more shall I be deceived if God does not through him, work out great salvation for America."

A POOR CRITTER.—Long time ago in New England, dwelt a lady equally renowned for piety, erudition and courage. As she was in the habit of returning from meeting, unattended, some wild life forms formed a project for frightening her, and furnishing themselves with little pleasant amusement. One arrayed in black, crowned with a pair of horns and armed with a pitchfork, placed himself behind a tree and awaited her coming. His companions were concealed near by to watch the mischief and participate in the fun. At last came the unsuspecting victim leisurely along, meditating no doubt, on the discourse to which she had been listening.—Out sprang his stanic Majesty pro tem, and confronted her.

"Why, who be you?" she exclaimed.

"I'm the devil!" said the rogue, in a hollow voice.

"Well," said she in a plying tone, not doubting the gentleman's word, "you're a poor critter," and went her way.

We call that true courage, or perhaps, more properly, faith. With a conscience void of offence she knew she had nothing to fear, that she was a mate for his better.

TEMPERANCE POTS WOOD ON THE FIRE, MEAT IN THE TUB, FLOW IN THE BARREL, VIGOR IN THE BODY, AND INTELLIGENCE IN THE BRAIN; IT DIFFUSES HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY, GIVES HEALTH TO ENJOY THE PLENTY WHICH SURROUNDS US, AND A GRATEFUL HEART TOWARD THE GOD OF ALL BLESSINGS.

"Ma, said little Wulbelmina, I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."

"Why, my dear," said her astonished mother, "because he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

ABSENTMIND.—To make you serious, tell life for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.

To vote for a candidate at an election, because he shook hands with your wife, and admires the baby.