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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

TIME.

Time rolls away, and bears along
A tangled mass of right and wrong;
The flowers of love that bloomed beside
The margin of his summer tide;
The poison weeds of passion, torn
From drooping banks, and heading borne
To the grey rock of age, whose peak
Lies mortals call eternity.

Useless and rapid as a dream,
Farewell flows the widening stream;
While every wave, or transient hour,
Thrusts up a weed and takes a flower.
The life of life, that seemed to be
A continent infinity,
Grows bleaker, narrower, day by day,
And channeled by a saltier spray.

Like shipwrecked men who closer flock
To the bare summit of the rock,
When the loud storm that wrecked them flings
Below on billow from his wings—
We climb from youth's wave-rippled strand
To the cold heart and feeble hand,
To the grey rock of age, whose peak
Time's mounting billows surge and seek.

There from the barren to espy
A group of years—an ash-ey sky—
Bowed heads, dead hearts, and palsied feet,
I pines' pinnacle retreat;
And the dull tide that swells below
Pursues them with a steady flow;
The rock is hid—the waves beat high—
And, lo!—an Ocean and a Sky!

Select Tale.

THE LITTLE OAK WARDROBE: OR THE MISER'S BARGAIN.

The quiet old town of Abbylands was on the edge of going to sleep. Several of the oil-lamps had burned from public life, after winking in a mysterious manner to their companions to follow their example; the shops in the high street had already closed their shutters; the rain was falling in torrents; the chimney tops were veering in all directions as if pursued by a demoniac polka with the eccentric wind; a miserable wet night, about ten o'clock, and not a soul stirring. The three policemen had gone home; the thieves, if there were any, were afraid of catching cold; the surgeon had returned from a country visit, and was putting up his horse in the little stable behind his house; waters at the Pigeon's Arms were flying about in all directions with suppers, and and slippers, and aprons, and brandies and waters, and far away from the bar-room—not in a private apartment, seven miles and sixpence a day—but in a low, dingy, bed-room, which served him for parlor and study, a young man was standing with his arms folded across his breast, and looking into a trunk he had recently opened. "A stock in trade," he said, "but something can be made after all!" "Yes, from that little box may be evoked poverty as tremendous as the genie in the Arabian Nights—wealth—happiness—revenge—and that's the best of all!"

Nothing was visible to account for these glowing anticipations. The contents seemed of an ordinary kind—clothes—not many, nor very splendid in material; only among them were mixed pieces of apparel belonging to the sister sex: crumpled-up bonnets, worn-out old shawls, faded gowns. Poor fellow! he was perhaps bringing down presents to an aunt. They could be very extensive ones, but the kindliness of the remembrance would make up for want of value.—"Hark! ten o'clock!" he said, as the Abbey clock struck the hour. "I must be off, or the old rascal will have shut up shop." He buttoned his coat, threw a sporting looking horse-cloth over his shoulders, and emerged into the dusk street. "I saw," he said, "at the corner of the staircase. If the young man moved it, all will go well. If he has been can, I describe it without exciting suspicion!"

One shop was open in the cross-road at the top of the main street. A great glaring lamp still flourished in front of the window. Under it, and sheltered by a sort of verandah that projected over half the pavement, was standing a deal table with two chairs on the top of it; on them were various articles of crockery ware, useful and ornamental—a small swing glass, marked in chalk two shillings and sixpence; and, between the chairs, a little pile of books, the lowest being "The whole Duty of Man," and the highest, "The Wandering Jew."

Inside the dark recess, where innumerable goods were piled up on both sides of a narrow passage, sat a man with a pen behind his ear. A ledger lay before him, which he might perhaps have been able to read, if he had felt so inclined, with the aid of a tallow and dirty tallowing candle, which was stuck into an ink bottle; but he studied it in another direction. He was absorbed in thought.—"After all," he thought, "what good has it done me? It isn't so great a sum, when all's told. Two hundred and thirty pounds would not ruin the Bank of England. It ruined George Evans, though." He began again. "His father should have kept his papers better. If the man was fool enough to lend me the money, and lost my note of hand, what business is it of mine, that his son must lose all of it? Did I make the law? If they had brought me my acknowledgement, wouldn't the money have been paid? The lad has given up peering me with his eyes. I hope never to hear from him again; besides, the statute of limitations makes it also safe, and the money by this time would all have been spent, for I hear he has turned a reprobate, and does on the stage. This is a wicked world, and does as the schools of Salathiel, Amen!"

This speculation was uttered aloud, and was considered by the utterer of it—the worthy Mr. Benson, pawnbroker and second-hand furniture merchant—the best and seal of all religious observations—

It was heard by the young man in the horse-cloth wrapper. "I'm glad you're not asleep, sir," he said, going through the narrow gangway to the end of the room. "I want to do a little business with you." "A watch?" said Mr. Benson, opening a little drawer, in which lay a number of square tickets of dirty paper.

"No, I don't happen to have such a thing," replied the visitor. "I come to buy something. As I passed the shop to-day, I saw a piece of furniture I required—a narrow case, with drawers, in it, of oak I think it was. Ah! there it is, just under the stair case." "Of oak indeed! You may say of the very finest oak that ever grew in England. Why, that oak would fetch a large price, independent of the great convenience of the drawers. I paid a pretty sum for it at Farmer Merriwood's sale, when the old gentleman died, ten days since. It has been in his family, they say, two hundred years—a very fine piece of furniture, and dirt cheap at one pound ten."

"I'm no great judge of these things," said the young man; "but I have an aunt in town who is in want of just such an article. I wish to make her a present of it; and I will pay for it now, on condition, that she doesn't like it, you shall take it back and supply me with another article to-morrow morning."

"Very fair—that's very fair; but how can I send it to-night?" "Nay, that must be part of the bargain," replied the purchaser, counting the money into Mr. Benson's hand; "and you must also give me a receipt for the—what shall we call it?—the wardrobe with all its contents; for I sometimes am sometimes found in very odd places," he added with a smile. "I've heard of chair bottoms being stuffed with five pound notes."

"I run the risk of all that," said Mr. Benson, writing the receipt, "and as to the carrying it home it ain't very heavy. I'll manage that. What's the address?" "Mrs. Truman, number two Abbeyfield Lane," replied the youth; "not a very elegant part of the town, but the poor must live somewhere."

"It's a very dark, ill-characterized place," said the pawnbroker; "couldn't you wait till to-morrow morning? A man was robbed and murdered there twenty years ago." "Oh, things are improved since then," said the young man with a laugh; "besides an old chest of drawers is not so very tempting a property, in spite of the goodness of the oak, and the time it was in Farmer Merriwood's possession."

Mr. Benson looked at the visitor with doubt at first, but he saw nothing but the fine open countenance of a young man of twenty-two, and gradually became satisfied that that there was nothing to be afraid of. For one instant the thought even came into his mind to invite the purchaser to take a glass of gin and water—but it died away like other good resolutions.

"If you arrive at my aunt's before me," said the young man, "say I sent her the wardrobe—but I hope to be there in time to receive you." So saying, he wrapped his horse-cloth closer around him, and departed.

Mr. Benson looked around well pleased. He had ended the day well by disposing of a useless piece of lumber at a considerable price. "He must be very fond of his aunt, that young man," he said, "and if she's not a better judge of furniture than he is, I wish she would come and trade at my shop." He cast a look round—to see that there was no risk from candle or lamp—bosied the ward robe on his shoulder, locked the door, and walked rapidly to the Abbeyfield Lane. On arriving at number two, he knocked gently at the door, but received no answer for some time. "Why, this is the house that has been empty so long! I didn't know that any one had taken it. Where did they get their furniture?" Another knock produced a motion within; a step sounded in the passage, and an old lady opened the door. She seemed astonished at the lateness of the visit. "I was just going to bed," she said, "and only sat up to let in my nephew.—He is longer of coming than he said."

"He'll be here immediately," replied Mr. Benson, "and in the meantime has presented you with this very handsome piece of furniture. He has paid for it—except the postage—and the solid oak is no joke to carry on a night like this." "If my nephew was here," said the old lady, "I would ask you to come in; but I'm a lone woman, and it wouldn't be proper—there's no key for the carriage, and I'm greatly obliged to the dear boy. He's always so thoughtful of his poor old aunt."

"Pray, ma'am, have you been long in this cottage?" inquired Mr. Benson, "and may I ask you where your furniture came from?" "My nephew took the horse for me three days ago. Some of the furniture came by canal—and the rest we hope will arrive here to-morrow."

"If you require any additional articles, you will find the best qualities and lowest prices at my shop," said Mr. Benson, putting the poor woman's sixpence into his pocket, and resuming his homeward way. "I don't like this," he said, as he passed up the high street. "There's something curious about the old woman. Why did she give me a whole sixpence—looking so wretchedly poor too? And why did she seem so delighted to lay her hands on the wardrobe? I'm sorry I let her give thirty shillings. The young fool would have given double the money—but I'm always so soft-hearted. I shall never be rich—but what of that? Wealth is not happiness. Amen!"

He extinguished the flaring lamp at the front of his premises; removed the table and all that it contained within the door; turned the key on the inside; and drawing out from a secret drawer a bottle of gin, and hitting a kettle from the fire, which had hitherto glowed unseen behind a set of window curtains hung over the middle of a suspension bridge, he proceeded to concoct a pretty strong tumbler, which he applied to his lips with the self-

satisfied air of a man who felt that he had deserved some relaxation and enjoyment, after the labors of a well spent day. A pipe, also, soon added its perfume to the happiness of the position, and Mr. Benson like a great Indian idol, inhaling the incense of his gin and tobacco, blandly smiling as the smoke curled in gay wreaths round the bowl of his long clay, and occasionally sipping the comfortable potation before him. The clocks, which had either been sent to him in pledge, or were arranged on different brackets for sale, kept up a miscellaneous concert of hours from one o'clock to twelve—for they were not by any means particular to their notions either of time or tune; but as a majority of them seemed to be of opinion it was getting near midnight, the contemplative proprietor lighted one more pipe, poured forth one other libation, and carefully locked away the now half empty bottle in the sancum devoted to its custody.

He watched once more the curls of the smoke; but fancy was at work, and aided the wreaths as they rose, twisting them into excellent chests of drawers, or hand-ome mahogany sideboards, on which he expected enormous profits. Into little cottages they expanded themselves, which he felt sure he could by for very little money. Then, as the candle began to burn less clearly, he saw one of the large puffs, which he traced with more than usual attention, convert itself into a bed in a dingy little apartment, and threw the half-drawn curtains he saw the emaciated countenance of a dying man. The fire uttered a little sound at this moment, as the coals collapsed to the bottom of the grate, and he thought the noise it made formed itself into words from the old man's lips: "I lent him the money, George—two hundred and thirty pounds. I have lost the note of hand; but if he doesn't pay it he is a villain, and will repent it when the hour comes on him as it does on me now."

"Nonsense! folly! madness!" cried Mr. Benson, pushing back his chair, and hurrying the tumbler to his lips. "Would the man have me give money to every person that chose to say that he had lent it with nothing to show for it but a white-faced dying old—Ha—ha—a carriage at my door at this hour? A knocking! Who can it be?—Some one in distress, come to arrange about paving the family plate, or a countless, perhaps, to pledge the family jewels. Coming, coming!" He opened the door and peeped out through the falling rain. A carriage, covered with mud and dripping with wet, was at the curb-stone. The driver let down the steps, and a lady tripped lightly across the slippery pavement and entered the shop. "The carriage will wait," she said. "Turn the key and double lock, for I have something of importance to say to you." Mr. Benson said nothing, but went up the narrow gangway with the flickering candle in his hand, followed by his visitor. He set down the light, and looked carefully into the woman's face. It was flushed and excited, and her lips quivered with agitation—a tall masculine woman plainly dressed, and evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"You are Mr. Benson the pawnbroker?" she said. "I am; and dealer in second-hand furniture, books, statues, and miscellaneous articles, clocks, watches, wearing apparel, and double barrel guns, &c."

"You attended the sale at Farmer Merriwood's last Wednesday?" "I did."

"Did you buy it?" "What?" "I forgot. I haven't told you. I won't tell you. What did you pay for all the articles you bought at Cecil Green, at Farmer Merriwood's?" "I got tolerable bargains, ma'am—don't deny that. The family all dispersed—no near relation. I paid for all that there a matter of fifteen, or, perhaps, twenty pounds."

"Will you make me out a list?—transfer them at once to me?—and I will give you two hundred acres the table."

Mr. Benson looked at the woman as she spoke. "No, madam," he said, "two hundred's too little. It's worth two hundred to you, it's worth a deal more to me."

"We won't fight about that. What did you buy? Beds?—sofas?—drawers? Let me see your list of them."

He took from a wire that hung from the cross-bar of his desk the auctioneer's account. She gazed at it; and, on coming near the end, started. "Yes," she said, "here it is. What do you ask for all? But that I want nothing but one small article. Keep the rest of the trash. Give me the oak wardrobe with the four drawers in it, and I will give you what you demand. Come."

"Can't," said Mr. Benson, turning pale, and trembling with agitation. "It's gone—sold—delivered—lost!"

"Fool!" cried the woman. "You have ruined me and yourself! That wardrobe would have enriched us both. Why did the villain not advertise the sale? I would have come to it if I had been dying. Can you recover it? Who bought it? Will money tempt them to sell it again? Tell me the name of the purchaser, and I will get possession of it yet."

"I don't remember the name of the person. I think it was a clergyman's wife from Ipswich—or no, I think it was a Liverpool gentleman who was going out to America; but if he's not sailed it might be possible—I don't say it would—to recover the furniture still."

"You turn the top one upside down? Did you see that the bottom was thick and heavy—that it was double? That it might contain documents, notes, a will, receipts, acknowledgments?" "No, I didn't turn it out. I'm an unsuspecting, innocent man—grossly imposed on—ruined—Amen."

The pawnbroker seemed so overcome that the woman was melted. "Hear what I tell you," she said. "If we arrange matters together, we may yet be rich. Do I understand that you will share with me whatever the drawer contains?" "What does it contain?" inquired Benson, in a whisper. "Does it contain anything?" "Why do I offer you hundreds for it?" inquired the woman; "but I will tell you all. Did you know Farmer Merriwood?"

"No, I can't say I knew him. I once sold him a second-hand saddle; and he made some row about the stuffing coming out. I had to let him off for half the price agreed on."

"It's like him—harsh—cold—selfish—so I was told, in his latter years. He was different long ago."

"I didn't know him then," replied Mr. Benson. "I did," continued the woman; "but no wonder he changed, for misery was in his heart, and disgrace fell upon his family. These things change a man's temper."

"He was well to do in the world," said the pawnbroker; "churchwarden and highway commissioner. I never heard of any disgrace."

"Some people didn't think it so. He had a daughter; twenty years ago people called her very beautiful. She was his oldest child. She was beautiful, at all events, to him. Her name was Caroline. How she loved him! How she attended to all his wishes, and read to him, and played on the piano to him, and was everything to him, and so playful, and so kind! We all loved her."

"Did you know her?" "I did. I knew her from the honor of her birth. I was a distant relation. Cousin Janet they called me, but I was their paid servant; but the world cousin was better than all their wages. So we went on for years and years, I taking care of the house, Philip Merriwood attending to the farm, and Caroline the delight of us both. Don't you see what's coming, old man? You must be dull as this wretched room you live in, if you don't guess what followed."

"I can't," said Mr. Benson. "I'm trying I can't. Amen."

"Not when I tell you that the Marquis of—, but never mind his name—it is best, perhaps, omitted; but he had a son—his eldest son, Lord Rock-dashing, gay, but kind—oh, kind and generous as a knight of old. He saw her—saw Caroline; was struck with her beauty—who wasn't got to speech of her, spoke her fair, won her heart; the old story—the old story! Hearts break; but fools fill up the places of those who perish. An opportunity in September, twelve years ago—she came to me and said—'Cousin Janet, do you think my father a forgiving man?' Of course, my darling," I said. "He is a Christian." "But will he forgive a person for getting above him in the world for leaving the rank he moves in? Ha, ha!" she added, with a beautiful, wild laugh. "What would he think if he had to stand with his hat off as he saw me going up the church path, and ask how my ladyship was? Wouldn't it be charming to be a lady?" I told her no, or turned the talk, or gave her wise advice. I forget what I did—it was so pretty to see her walking up and down the floor of her bedroom, flirting one of her slippers as if it were a fan, and swaying about from side to side as if she had a court train to her robes. And all the time she was only in her night gown, and showed her pretty naked feet."

"And what happened? Cold, eh? Consumption?" "No—elopement—ruin—death! She was missing one morning that same month, and Philip Merriwood never held up his head. He seemed to know what had happened without being told—He never asked for her, and when a letter was put in his hands a few days after, signed by Caroline, and telling him that she was about to be married—to be a lady—rich and grand, but kind still—and loving him, he tore the paper into twenty pieces, and said, 'Fool! fool!'"

"And so she was," said Mr. Benson. "He didn't marry her?" "No, and she never wrote again. So the house was dark and dismal. Philip Merriwood went into the bedroom that had been hers, and seized the little oak wardrobe where she had kept her clothes. He emptied the drawers on the floor, and ordered me to remove the frocks and and stockings, and the blue silk jacket, and the pink satin slip, and all the things, and throw them into the fire. It was an odd piece of furniture, and had belonged to his people for hundreds of years. It had once been the place where he had kept his secret papers. His leases, bonds and parchments, were all in the front drawer, but in the top one there was a false bottom. There in the thickness of the wood, he kept the things cherished, most, the letters that had passed between him and Sophia Felton, his wife, before they were married; and the first copybook of Caroline, when she was learning to write; the little notes she sent him when she was at school. So when he had turned all Caroline's clothes out of the drawers he opened the secret lodge; and how he sent, and dried, and read again! We couldn't get him down to dinner, and when he came he ate nothing. A month passed, and a long time passed; and when half a year had come and gone, there came a letter one day, with a great crest upon the seal—a marquis's great crest; call it—land when it was opened—Farmer Merriwood saw it was from young Lord Rock-dashing, whose father had just died and left him all the estates. Caroline, he said, was provided for, and happy; that as he felt he owed some reparation to the father, he enclosed him a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds."

"Bless me! what a generous noble gentleman," exclaimed the pawnbroker. "She must have been a cunning gipsy—what a fortunate man Farmer Merriwood was!"

"How he trembled as he held out the thin piece of paper, and his lips moving evidently with curses on them, but no sound being heard! 'Cousin Janet,' he said at last, 'come with me upstairs; you shall witness what I do.' We went up and to my surprise he went into what had been Caroline's bed-room. 'This is a thousand pound note,' he said, 'which that ruffian thinks will reconcile me to shame. I won't touch it, and I won't let him have it back—to employ it perhaps in tempting some one else. If the girl he took away from me is ever in want, you will know where to find money for her support. It shall be beside all the other things that remind me of her behavior. 'No one shall touch it till I die.' And so saying he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, and laid the note length-wise on his back, and shut it up with a bang, and gave me the silver pin that touches the spring. From that hour no one has ever opened it, and there it lies, with the printed face upwards, a bank note for a thousand pounds!"

"And I sold it for thirty shillings!" shrieked Mr. Benson; "to a miserable old woman—a ruined man! I've lost a thousand pounds. The young man was too much for me. I hated him from the first—but vengeance will pursue him for his iniquity. Amen!"

"And why was the sale so hurried?" continued cousin Janet. "I left Cecil Green six years since; but I have kept the spring- opener carefully—carefully. I heard he was ill—he wrote to me that he did not expect to live long, and that all was as he had left it in the drawer. I couldn't get up from York-hire in some days. In the meantime he died and was buried, and the furniture sold, and the money lost. Go, give what you like, but get me back that wardrobe, and we shall divide the money."

"Equally!" exclaimed Mr. Benson, starting up. "Where is that silver pin? Give it me—it is not too late to make the attempt to-night?" "Oh, yes, it is, though," said the woman. "I'll keep the key, though you have to do to recover the wardrobe; or, if you will tell me the purchaser's address—"

"No, no—I'll keep that to myself," replied the pawnbroker, with a cunning look. "We'll open it in the presence of each other."

"I will be here at nine, to-morrow morning," said Cousin Janet. "We understand the arrangement; it's getting on for one o'clock—good night. So saying, she slipped along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage."

"What a fool to think a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet in the absence of a silver pin!" said Benson. "Amen! good night!"

The rain continued all the night through. Mr. Benson heard it as he lay awake, flooding on roof and garret window. As soon as the dawn began to force its way through the watery air, he sprang up and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to number two, Abbeyfield Lane, and standing before the door left in his pockets that the rouleaux of golden sovereigns were safe—for he fancied the sight of the yellow metal would have more effect than a promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right—three, of a hundred pounds each. He knocked. "Is Mr. Truman down stairs yet?" he asked through the key-hole. There was no answer, but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder—and the rap, tap, tap, of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs. Truman's nephew.

"Business, my dear sir. I find I made a slight mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well."

"Yes, she's very well," said the nephew, "a little tired with sitting up so late, but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose."

"I find the want of it destroys the set," said Mr. Benson; "would you do me the favor to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best article in my shop."

"By no means," replied the youth. "I haven't had time to rummage it over, yet. I tell you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture."

There was a long pause. Mr. Benson was forming his calculations. He recommended the conversation in a whisper; urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power; and, finally, was seen proceeding through the falling rain with the richly endowed wardrobe on his back. Hurrying to the High Street he dashed into his shop, set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back. Was it the thousand pound note? He rubbed his eyes—he looked at it—and he read the three following words—*Quits: George Evans.*

"Not a bad stock in trade," said the same young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of this story, Aunt Truman and Cousin Janet all at once, as he (for George Evans the young actor, had played as the three parts.) replaced certain articles of female apparel in his trunk in the little bed-room of the Pigeon's Arms. "There goes in my aunt's little black mummy. There goes in my cousin Janet's crumpled bonnet. When I have paid for the hire of the cottage in Abbeyfield Lane, and the carriage, and the wardrobe, and the sixpence to old Benson for carrying it down, I think it will leave that old ruffian's conscience clear, for he will have exactly paid me the two hundred and thirty pounds he borrowed from my father, with interest for nine years."

Men scanning the surface count the wicked happy; they see not the frightful dreams that crowd a bad man's pillow.

The Varnish Tree.

Few who are either in the habit of either seeing or using the beautiful black Japan Varnish which is so much admired for the elegant gloss it imparts, know whence it is obtained, or are familiar with the manner in which it is procured, and the unpleasant exposure attending the operation. It is the product of a tree which grows wild both in China and Japan. It is cultivated in plantations, and is so much improved by the treatment it receives, that a cultivated tree yields three times as much varnish as a wild one. The Chinese call the tree "The Shoo;" it has some resemblance to the ash, with leaves shaped like those of the laurel, of a light green color and downy feeling. There is scarcely anything more curious about the tree than the common manner of propagating, which is effected by seeds no suckers. Early in the spring a small branch or twig is selected, about a foot and a half or two feet in length, and a ring of bark cut from it all around, about half an inch in breadth. The wound is immediately coated up with soft clay, and a ball of the same clay formed around five or six inches in diameter. This is then covered up with matting to prevent it from falling to pieces, and a vessel of water hung over with a very minute hole in the under part, sufficient to permit the water to drop slowly upon the ball, and keep it constantly moist. In the course of six months, with this treatment, the wounded edges of the bark shoot forth into fibre-like roots, which form the more readily as the tree is still supported by the sap from the parent stock. When the roots have taken sufficient root in the mass of clay to support an independent existence, it is cut from the tree, a little below the clay, placed immediately in the earth, and at once becomes a self-sustaining tree.

When these trees are seven or eight years old, they are capable of supplying the varnish, which is gathered in the following manner: About the middle of summer the laborers proceed to the plantations of the varnish tree, each furnished with a crooked knife and a large number of hollow shells, somewhat larger than oyster shells. With their knives they make numerous incisions in the bark of the trees, about two inches in length, and under each incision they force in the edge of the shell, which easily penetrates the soft bark, and remains in the tree. This operation is performed in the evening, as the varnish flows only in the night.

The next morning the workmen revisit the trees, and find each shell either partially, or wholly filled with varnish, which they scrape out carefully with their knives, depositing it in a vessel which they carry with them, and throw the shells into a basket at the foot of the tree. In the evening, the shells are replaced, and the varnish again collected in the morning. This process is continued throughout the summer, or until the varnish ceases to flow. It is computed that fifty trees, which can be attended by a single workman, will yield a pound of varnish every night. When the gathering is over, the varnish is strained through a thin cloth, closely placed over an earthen vessel, and the little impurity that remains is used in physic. The natural color of varnish is white, and it looks like cream, but it blackens on exposure to the air.

There is a corrosive property in the varnish, which operates very injuriously to the workmen, employed in the preparation of it, if the utmost care and precaution is not taken to avoid its distressing effect. A kind of tetter appears on the face, and in the course of a few days spreads over the whole body; the skin becomes red and painful; the head aches, and the whole surface of the body is covered with troublesome sores. To prevent these effects the workmen rub their bodies well with pepper oil, before they proceed to their work; they wash themselves with a decoction of herbs and bark, and prepare themselves by course of medicine. In addition to these precautions, they wear their heads in linen veils whenever they are at work, leaving only two holes for the eyes; and also cover themselves with a close dress of leather and wear long gloves reaching above the elbows. By these means they are enabled to escape the diseases generated by the noxious vapors of the varnish tree.

REPUTATION AFTER DEATH.—It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a true idea of his character, whether his good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and seeing among them. Death is so genuine a fact, that it excites falsehood, or brings its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold, and denounces the base metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a wraith after his decease, he would lift up his wail and find him at a higher or a lower point than he had formerly occupied, on the scale of public appreciation.

Economy.—Sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is the foreseeing, contingencies, and providing against them; it is expecting contingencies and prepared for them.

People make the greater mistake than when they confound learning with wisdom. The former is so much inferior to the latter as the body is to the soul. The one is the cunning hand of the artist, the other may serve him very well as a tool to work with.

A late celebrated Judge who was very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day which fortunately passed over without hitting him. Turning to his friend he said—

"Had I been an upright Judge, that might have caused my death."

The war of flight in the plum tree and pear tree, is occasioned probably by an insect. The coming off the part of the limb affected, is as yet the only remedy.

Greatness supported by goodness is light to the multitude.