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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, August 5, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE.

BY MARY BOWEN.

The moonbeams on the billowy deep,
The blue waves rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the bending sky,
The bow that on its bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The stars at midnight's calm repose,
These praise the Power that arched the sky
And robed the earth in beauty's dye.

The melody of Nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthem of the sea,
The wind that tones a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with its thrilling notes,
The peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats,
Or sinks in dying cadence there:
These all to Thee their voices raise,
A fervent song of gushing praise.

The day-star, herald of the dawn,
As the dark shadows flit away,
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew drop gleaming on the spray—
From wild birds in their wandering
From streamlets leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and lovely things,
Both living praise ascend to Thee:
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father, Thy hand hath formed the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea;
Thou bid'st it open at summer's hour—
Its hues of beauty speak of Thee.
Thy works all praise Thee: shall not man
Alike assume a grateful hymn!
Shall not he join the loftiest strains,
Edwed from hearts of seraphim?
We tune to thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love, we praise.

Selected Tale.

SOMETHING ADVANTAGEOUS, OR, A FAMILY FRACAS.

I once attended a very poor old man, of the name of Jordan, in his last illness. I call him poor, yet he was not in want, and had about him the comforts of life. When he was near his end, he said to me:

"Do you, I want to know the truth from you. I am not in the habit of being flattered by the world. There was a time, indeed, when it 'fooled me to the top of my head,' but that was long ago. Do not flatter me, but tell me your real opinion. Shall I soon die, or shall I yet linger on a brief career in a world I am quite willing to be done with?"

"You desire me," replied I, "to be candid with you and I will. You are on your death bed."

"Huz room shall I be immortal?"

"That I cannot say. But your hours, as far as human experience can teach me to predict, are numbered."

He was silent for a few moments, and a slight spasm passed across his face.

"Well," he said, "it is the lot of all. I have lived long enough."

"Is there no friend or relation, Mr. Jordan," said I, "to whom you would wish to send?"

"Here are, as you have often told me, quite alone in the world. Perhaps you would like to revive some old recollections before you leave the world?"

"Not one," he said.

"Are you so completely isolated?"

"Most completely. I have tried all relations and found them wanting. But still I have remembered them and made my will. It is now between the mattress and the sack of this bed, and Mr. Shaw, the only honest attorney I have ever met with, and who resides in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, will carry my intentions into effect. I was rich once in early life. How dark a day!"

"What day?"

"To-day. How dark and misty it has come over, do you?"

His sight was going fast, and I felt certain that I would require but little patience, and a small sacrifice of time, to see the last of Mr. Jordan.

"Yes," he continued speaking in an odd, spasmodic manner, "I was rich, and had many a crawling scorpion about me, many smiling faces at my board; but there came a reverse, and, like fair flowers at a sudden frost, my friends bid their heads. I was nearly destitute, and thinking and believing that the tie of blood would be strong enough to bind me, in my distresses, those with whom I claimed kindred, and whom had been delighted to claim kindred with me, I went to them a visitor."

"And failed?"

"And failed, as you say. They dropped from me one by one. Some remembered slight offenses, some were never at home, some really thought I must have been dreadfully improvident, and until they were convinced I had not been, could not assist me. Doors were shut in my face—window blinds pulled down as I passed. I was shunned as a pestilence—my clothes were in rags—my step feeble from long want of common necessities; and then an old school companion died in the West Indies, and left me twenty thousand pounds, which I received through the hands of Mr. Shaw."

"A large fortune. And your relations?"

"Heard it, and were frantic. I disappeared from them all. From that day to this, they have not heard from me. Do you love wild flowers?"

"Wild flowers?"

"Yes. Here are herbs, just from the teeming garden. Look, too, how you cherish twines them in her hair! The stream flows deep to eternity."

"Mr. Jordan, sir," I cried, "Mr. Jordan do you know me?"

"Come hither, laughing, gentle spirit," he said. "Bring with you your heap of floral gems. Yes, I know this is the sweetest violet, Mary, my Mary! God knows I love you."

It was a strange thing at that moment, but the blind of the window, which I had drawn up to the top, came suddenly rattling down, and the room was quite dark. I raised it again, then turned to the bed; Mr. Jordan was a corpse!

What a remarkable change had in those few moments come over the old man's face! The sharp lines of age had all disappeared, and there was a calm, benign expression upon the still features, such as in life I never saw them wear.

"A restless spirit is at peace," I said, as I left for the will where he told me it was placed, and found it. It was merely tied up with a piece of red tape, and addressed to Mr. Shaw, 20 Lincoln's Inn Fields; so I resolved to trust to no other messenger, but to take it in my hand myself. I told the landlady of the house that her lodger was no more, and that she would no doubt hear immediately from his solicitor; and then I left.

"Well, Mr. Shaw," I said, after I had mentioned the manner of Mr. Jordan's death, "here is the will, sir; I presume I have nothing further to do than to thank you for your courtesy, and to bid you good evening."

"Stay a moment," he said. "Let me look at the document. Humph! a strange will. He leaves the form of an advertisement here, which is to be inserted in the morning papers calling his relations together to hear the will read."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Well, I shall, as I see that I am named trustee, do as he wishes. He states that he is very poor."

"Why, he spoke to me of £20,000!"

"Did he, really? A delusion, sir, quite a delusion. £20,000! He had that amount twenty-five years ago. But, sir, as you have attended him, and as I happen to know he had a high opinion of you, I should like you as his friend, to be with me, as it were, in future proceeding connected with this will."

"In which there is a mystery, eh, Mr. Shaw?"

"A little—perhaps a little bit of post mortem revenge, that is all, which I am not now at liberty to discuss upon. But I will take care to coincide with you, and I shall hope that you will follow an old friend to the grave."

I promised that much, and duly attended the funeral. It was a quiet, walking affair, and from the manner of it I felt quite convinced that there were no funds to make it otherwise. A mound of earth alone marked the spot, in the little churchyard at Barnes, where Mr. Jordan slept the sleep that knows no waking. A drizzling rain came down. The air was cold and eager, and I returned home from the funeral of Mr. Jordan about as uncomfortable as I could.

The next day the following advertisement appeared in the morning paper, and caught my eye as I sat at breakfast:

"If any of the relations of Mr. John James Jordan, deceased, will call at the office of Mr. Shaw, 30 Lincoln's Inn Fields, they will hear of something advantageous."

I made up my mind to call upon Mr. Shaw during the day, and about three o'clock reached his chamber; or rather, I reached the staircase leading to them, and there I had to stop; for it was quite besieged by men & women, who were all conversing with great eagerness.

"What can it mean?" said one old woman. "I'm his aunt, and of course I speak for my Ned!"

"Well, but bother your Ned," said a man; "he hardly belongs to the family. I'm his brother—think of that, Mrs. Dean."

"Think of what? ye two legged goose!"

"Poh, poh!" said another man; "I know him very well. I'm his cousin. Hullo!—what this who are you?"

A woman in tattered garments, but who still looked like a beautiful one, stood hesitatingly at the foot of the stairs.

"Is this Mr. Shaw's?" she said. "Hush, Mary, hush! don't, my dear."

"But I'm hungry, mamma," said a little girl, who was holding by a handkerchief of her dress.

"Oh, Mary, do not, dear; we—we shall soon be home. Hush, dear, hush! Is this Mr. Shaw's?"

"Yes," said a fat woman, "and who is you, pray?"

"I saw an advertisement. I am his sister Grace's only child. My name is Mary Grantham. This is my only child. She is fatherless and has been so for many a day."

"What," cried a man, "are you the Mary that he broke his heart about?"

"Broke his fiddlestick," said the fat woman. "He was fifty when he died."

"Broke his heart for me?" asked the poor-looking woman with the child. "Good God, do I live to hear that?"

"You had better go up to the solicitor at once," whispered I. "Come, I will show you his door."

I made way for her through the crowd of persons and we soon reached the chamber. "Here is another of Mr. Jordan's relations," Mr. Shaw said. "I find you have had quite a levee."

"I have, indeed, doctor. You must come at twelve o'clock next Monday, madam, when the will of Mr. Jordan will be read by me to all present."

"I thank you, sir." She was about to leave the chamber when I interposed—

"Pardon me, madam," I said, "but as I was the only person with Mr. Jordan at the time of his decease, I wish to ask you a question. If I mistake not, your name was the last that passed his lips. 'Mary, my Mary,' he said, 'God knows that I loved you!'"

She sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"You, then," I added, "are the Mary whom he loved. Ah, why did you not, if you can weep for him now, reciprocate the passion?"

"I did love him," she cried, "God knows, and he is now with his God, knows how I loved him. But evil tongues came between us, and we were separated. He was malign to me, and I was weary by treaties and tears until I married another. She who has torn me from him, and severed two hearts that would and should have been all the world to each other, confessed the sin upon her death-bed."

"Who was it?" said Mr. Shaw.

"His mother! From no other source could I have believed the tales that I was told. But I did not then know enough of the world to think that there were mothers who could malign their own children. We were separated—my husband died, leaving me that last little one of many. We were very, very poor—no one would help us—an acquaintance showed me the advertisement, and urged me to come—it was a false hope. But I find that there are strong arms and bawling tongues below, that I cannot contend against."

"Never mind that," said the solicitor, "it is my duty to read the will on Monday, and as a relation it is your duty to attend at the same time. I tell you to have no expectations."

I saw Mr. Shaw try to slip some money into her hand, and I saw a crimson flush come over her face as she said, "We can still work," and then fearing that she had been harsh to one who wished to be kind, she shook his hand in both of hers, and said, "God bless you, sir; I thank you from my heart."

"Bang, bang! I came to the door of the chamber a minute after Mary left, and upon its being opened, a man of about five or six and thirty made his appearance.

"Something advantageous!" he gasped, for he was out of breath; "what—what is it!—Give it me, give it me! How much? Good God, don't let anybody else have it. I'm his youngest brother—give it me."

"If you will attend here at twelve, on Monday, the will will be read."

"Bang, bang, bang!"

"I'm thoroughly besotted," said Mr. Shaw. Now, madam, who are you?"

"Something advantageous!" screamed a masculine-looking woman. "I'm a relative—what is it—come on my dear. Here's my five dear daughters and my baby—come along."

"Be off with you," cried the youngest brother, pettishly.

"Did you speak to me, you wretch," said the lady, and she planted a blow in his face that made him reel again. "Take that; I know you are a sneaking hood, you used to be called the chimpanzee in the family, you poor scorching up looking bundle of cat's meat."

Several more arrivals now took place, and poor Mr. Shaw was fairly bewildered. Sounds of contention arose on the staircase. Shrieks from family combatants came upon our ears, and finally, I advised Mr. Shaw to paste a placard on the outer door of his office, on which was written:

"The will of Mr. Jordan will be read here on Monday next, at twelve o'clock precisely."

The riot gradually subsided. The street came on, and all the relations of the deceased had been gone. Mr. Shaw and I stepped together, and I promised to be with him punctually at 12 o'clock on Monday, for I was as curious as any body could be to hear the will read, and at all events, anticipated a bustling scene upon the occasion. I was not doomed to be disappointed.

It is a habit of mine rather to be too early than to be too late, and in the present instance I found it a most useful one, for I really almost doubt if I should have got into the chamber of Mr. Shaw at all if I had been later than I was. I had fairly to push Mrs. Mary Grantham in despite a vigorous opposition, and a man stopped my own entrance, crying—

"Who are you? What relation are you?"

"His grandfather's uncle," said I; and if you don't make way there, I'll pull the nose off your face."

It was well that Mr. Shaw occupied very spacious chambers, or otherwise he could not have accommodated one half of the persons who came to the reading of the will, and never in my life did I see such malignant looks pass from one to the other as shot from the eyes of the relations. It was a most pitiful picture of human life.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Shaw, "them whom I have called to the reading of the will, and never in my life did I see such malignant looks pass from one to the other as shot from the eyes of the relations. It was a most pitiful picture of human life."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Shaw, "them whom I have called to the reading of the will, and never in my life did I see such malignant looks pass from one to the other as shot from the eyes of the relations. It was a most pitiful picture of human life."

"Read, read, read!" cried a dozen voices.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to see you are all in respectable mourning."

"Except one," said the younger brother; "there's Mary that he was so fond of. Oh, dear me, she only comes for what she can get."

Mrs. Grantham burst into tears. There was a little shabby piece of black craps, upon her arm, and another upon the arm of the child.

"I could not," she said; "I could not do more. God help me; I had not the means."

"Read, read!" cried all the voices.

"Ahem," said Mr. Shaw, reading; "I, John James Jordan, being very poor, and having in vain called upon every relation I have in the world for assistance, and found none, have to state that my heart was filled with bitterness and uncharitableness towards them. But still I think they are not dead to all feeling; and this being my last will and testament, I desire that my debts, amounting to the sum of one pound, three shillings, and eight pence, be paid forthwith out of my estate; that my funeral be strictly private in Barnes' churchyard, where I last parted with one whom I loved, but who has gone abroad, I am told; and to that one my relations who will erect a tomb stone, I bequeath—"

"Hark! will you?" cried one; "be quiet. Go on—yes, yes. Oh! you wretch, where's your feelings! Go to the—"

"Really, ladies and gentlemen," said I, "this is most indecorous."

"I bequeath," continued Mr. Shaw, "my dying blessing and forgiveness."

Mr. Shaw then folded up the will, and put it in his pocket, saying—

"I wish you all good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I sold the few clothes and other matters he died possessed of, and paid for the funeral, and his debts; being myself minus one shilling and fourpence, which I hope you will some of you pay."

It is quiet impossible by any words to fairly depict to the reader the appearance of Mr. Jordan's relations at this moment. If the labeled Gorgon's head had suddenly appeared, and transformed them all to a stone, they could not have looked more completely paralyzed and panic-stricken.

"A tombstone," said Mr. Shaw. "A small one would not cost much. You could put on it a suitable inscription. Here lies—"

"Lies here—never mind," said the brother, "Never mind. I—Oh, that's all, is it?"

"You are a humbug," said the masculine woman, to Mr. Shaw, "and so was old stupid Jordan."

"Go to the deuce, all of you," shouted another. "A tombstone, indeed!"

Mr. Shaw was wiping his spectacles.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to add—"

"Oh, stuff, stuff; bother. A tombstone indeed. I shan't stay another moment. An old thief—I wish a tombstone had been down his throat. Come on. It's a do."

"But, ladies and gentlemen!"

They were quiet deaf to the remonstrances of Mr. Shaw, and in a few moments the chambers were quiet clear, with the exception of Mrs. Mary Grantham, who was sobbing bitterly. She then rose and looked at me hesitatingly. Then she looked at Mr. Shaw, and she seemed to be struggling to say something. She placed her hand in her bosom, and drew forth a ring tied to a black ribbon, and then with a convulsive effort she spoke—

"This—this ring—it is my only valuable possession. It was given to me thirty years ago by him who is now no more, my cousin John, who loved me. I have clung to it in pain and sorrow, in difficulty and distress. I have never parted with it. I seemed to be not wholly separated from him while I had it near my heart. But now, great distress forces me—to—to part with it. Will—will neither of you, gentlemen, buy it of me. I shrink from its going into the hands of other strangers."

"Humph," said Mr. Shaw. "There are a couple of sovereigns for it."

She took the money, and then, after one long, lingering look, and a fervent kiss at the ring, she laid it on the table and tottered from the place—I was about to follow her, but Mr. Shaw held me back.

"Hold, hold!" he said, "You're a brute, sir," said I. "Take your hands off of me; I will buy the ring of you and give it back to her. It breaks her heart to part with it, I see."

"I shan't part with it," he said; "you are a very heavy man, doctor."

I was very angry, and bounced out of his office. I looked eagerly about for Mrs. Grantham, but could not see her. I walked hurriedly across the square, and as chance would have it, I went in the same direction she did. My first impulse was to speak to her, and my second thought was to follow her, and see where she went. She crossed Holborn, and traversed some of the long streets that head in the New Road, where she arrived at last, and finally passed at a stone mason's yard.

I could have shed tears at that moment, for now I felt why she had parted with her cherished ring. She stayed about a quarter of an hour at the stone mason's, and then she came out and walked slowly away. I did not follow her further, but went into the mason's yard, and said to him—

"Did that lady give you an order?"

"Why, yes, sir, such a one as it was. She has got me to do a stone for two pounds, and she's paid me. I'm to meet her at the church-yard at Barnes, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, with it, and put it up. It's only to have on it the name of John James Jordan, and under that, 'God bless him!'"

I walked away with a sort of mist about my eyes, and it was an hour before I recovered my composure.

"I will meet her," thought I "at the grave of her last love, and I will be a friend to her if she has never another in the world. She shall have her ring again if I force it from the lawyer. She shall have it. I'll go and get it now at once."

I suppose I looked in a very tolerable passion when I got back to Mr. Shaw's chambers, for he got behind a table when he saw me, and said—

"Come, come, no violence."

"Hark you, sir," said I, "you have got the ring. There's your money. Give it to me directly, sir—"

Mrs. Grantham, poor thing, is going to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, to place a stone at the grave of Mr. Jordan, and I intend to be there, and give her her ring."

"Oh, very well. Bother the ring—I don't want it. It ain't worth half the money I gave for it. There it is; don't bother me."

I took up the ring, and then put down two sovereigns, and casting upon him a withering look, which to tell the truth he did not seem much to care about, I left the chambers.

A soft, damp, white mist covered up all objects, and made the air uncommonly raw and chilly, as on the following morning, just as the clock of the church at Barnes chimed three quarters past eight, I entered the churchyard.

The first thing I then did was to fall over somebody's grave, for I was looking for Mrs. Grantham instead of minding where I was walking; and then a voice said—

"There you go again, as violent as usual, doctor," and in the dim mist I saw Mr. Shaw, the solicitor, to my great surprise.

I was going to say something, but at that moment

I was nearly knocked down again by somebody brushing past me. A gleam of sunshine came out, and the mist began to clear away, few yards off was the grave of Mr. Jordan, and kneeling by it was Mrs. Shaw, his first love, with her child by her side. Mr. Shaw stood to my left, and at her feet there knelt a respectable looking young man I recognized as Mr. Shaw's clerk.

"Good God! Richards," said Mr. Shaw; is that you? What is the matter?"

"On, sir," said Richards, "I have come to ask your forgiveness. The spirit of my poor old father stood by my bedside all night. Oh, God! Oh, God! it was dreadful; and I know what it was for. Oh, sir, forgive me. I peeped into the will, sir, while you went out to dinner—Mr. Jordan's will—and—and I went round to all the relations, and sold the secret for two pounds a piece, and—and—"

Mr. Shaw gave a jump that astonished me.

"Doctor, doctor," he shouted, "for God's sake run down the London road and bring the man with the gravestone. On, good gracious. Oh, curse you Richards. Ha, ha, ha. Oh, here he is. Oh, bless you, for a prudent stone mason; you shall go well paid for this job—Hip, hip, hip, hoorah!"

I thought to be sure that Mr. Shaw must have gone mad. There was a man looking over the railing of the churchyard with a spade on his shoulder, and to him Mr. Shaw said:

"Five guineas for that spade!"

The man thought he was mad, and tried to run away, but he dropped the spade, and in another moment Mr. Shaw's coat was off and he was digging away like fury.

"Where's the stone?" he cried, "bring the stone. That's right. Poke it in—prop it up. That's the thing—all's right. Here we are—Another knock. All's right—all's right."

"Lor," said the stone mason, as he lifted up his hands; "look there."

I looked in the direction he indicated, and there, to my astonishment, I saw arriving carriages, coaches, cabs, and wheelbarrows, and each contained a tombstone. A regular fight ensued at the entrance of the churchyard, and engaged in the fight I recognized the relations of Mr. Jordan. Heavens, how they cursed each other.

"Hold," cried Mr. Shaw, "you are all too late, although you had information you ought not to have had. There is already a stone on Mr. Jordan's grave, and placed, too, by one who knew what you all knew. Listen to the conclusion of the will—"

"And to that one of my relations who will erect a tombstone to my memory, I bequeath my blessing and forgiveness, and eighty thousand pounds in bank stock." Madam,—"to Mrs. Grantham—" congratulate you."

"And there's your ring," said I; "Mr. Shaw let us shake hands. I understand you now."

"Ha, ha," said Mr. Shaw. "Ladies and gentlemen, you had better all of you keep the tombstone for yourselves. You can get the name altered, for if you don't I'm very much afraid you will not find them 'something advantageous.'"

THE WAX INSECT.—There is a little insect in China called *occus perla*, which turns to wax after it is full grown and ready to die. The Chinese take great pains to hatch this insect from the egg, which are carefully preserved and properly treated. As soon as the eggs are hatched they are induced to ascend a tree. Fixing themselves on the branches, the young insects speedily commence the formation of a white waxy secretion, which, becoming harder suggests the idea of the trees being covered with hoar-frost. The insect itself becomes gradually imbedded, or changed into wax. The branches of the trees are now scraped, the collected matter constituting the crude wax. The time of collecting probably varies in different districts, some authors give June, and others August, as the period at which the wax harvest takes place. At the latter period—August or September—the waxy matter becomes so firmly attached to the tree, that its removal would be attended with much difficulty; and it is of wax thus formed, and at this period, that a sort of cocoon is formed, which the eggs of the insect are deposited. The nest or cocoon, which is stated to be of size of a rice-grain, gradually increases until, the following spring, it becomes as large as a hen's egg, suggesting, when attached to the branch, the appearance of a fruit. The cocoons, called *la cheng* or *lat tze*, which enclose multitudes of eggs, are removed, sometimes together, with a piece of the branch on which they were fixed, and reserved for the further propagation of the insect.

ALWAYS REFLECT.—Never do anything rashly. So reader, just sit down, rest your elbows on the table, make your arms two pillars, rest your chin upon the palms of your hands, look straight ahead and hark—take a cursory survey of your past and present life. What a queer thing it is; almost every thing has turned out different from what you expected. How you have changed in purpose, in condition, in character and in everything since the small amount of clay which you inhabited became animated. After you have reflected fully on the varied events of your life, and reviewed your past existence in all its bearings, go to work and make the best of the circumstances around you, be they what they may. This is the best advice we can give you.

A good story is told of a Michigan man who recently went into Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was longer than he had intended to be absent, and failed to meet a business engagement. On being reproached for not being at home, he made due apology. "I tell you how it is, at every little town they wanted me to stay and be President of a Bank."

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing in compass, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one.

THE SONG OF LABOR.

Drive the plough, the sturdy throng,
Wield the woodman's axe,
Delve and dig the earth below—
Exertion ne'er relax.
The tree was made for man to fell,
The mine for him to sink,
His task to clear the wooded dell,
And dam the river's brink.

Brothers come! let's reap the corn,
And stack it high and dry;
We'll gather ripe and luscious fruit,
Beneath the autumn sky:
From every field, and every date,
Let sounds of labor rise;
'Twill make us manly, noble, hale,
And all life's blessings prize.

Let drones, who dream away the hour
Of dull, insipid ease,
Do as they will—our labor power
Shall always rise o'er these.
Thee quick! beat out the molten bar,
And make the anvil ring—
We're happier than the drone by far,
And labor as we sing.

A MICHIGAN BEN BOG STROY.—The editor of the Grand River Eagle has a friend who has been stopping, as he alleges, at one of the hotels in Kalamazoo. His story is pretty fairly told, and he possesses talents in the way of spinning " yarn" that would do credit to one who has entertained his mess in the forenoon of a whistler, or relieved the tedium of a watch on deck. "You see to bed pretty well fixed up for a nap, after a hull day on the old road before the plank was laid, calculate on a good snooze. Waal, just as the shivers began to cast off, I kinder felt 'outin' tryin' to pull off my shirt and diggin' their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold. Wiggled and twisted, doubled and puckered—all to no use—and kept goin' 'till like all sin. Bimeby I got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about a peck of bed-bugs scattered around, and more droppin' off my shirt and runnin' down my legs every minute. Slept a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me like a parcel of rats on a meal tub—Jug a hole in the river lid, and crawled thro' and gave me fits for tryin' to hide. Got up again, went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon, brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time any more. Left the light burnin' and watched 'em. See them get together and have a camp meetin' about it; and they went off in a squad, with an old gray headed one at the top, right up on the wall on the ceiling, till they got on the right spot, then dropped right plump into my lap. Fast, by thunder. Waal, I swept 'em up again and made a circle of the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foot that time; but I swan to man, if they didn't pull straws out of the bed and build a bridge over it." Seeing an incredible expression on our visage, he clutched the story thus: "It's so whether you believe it or not, and some of 'em walked across on stilts. Bed-bugs are curious critters and no mistake; specially Kalamazoo kind."

GOLD BEATING.—Of all metallic substances upon which man exercises his manufacturing ingenuity, there is probably none which admits of being wrought to so extraordinary a degree of fineness as gold. The process of beating gold is a very nice and well-accurate operation. One of the most preliminary steps to this process, is to alloy the gold—for it is found that a minute percentage of silver and copper is necessary in order to impart to it a sufficient malleability. The gold and its alloy are melted together, and then are moulded into ingots, which are flattened out by heavy rollers, into thin sheets, about four times as thick as ordinary printing paper. These thin sheets are then divided into pieces of about an inch square, and one hundred and fifty of these pieces are interleaved with as many vitum leaves, four inches square, and are then beaten with a heavy hammer until the gold has expanded to the size of the vellum. The pieces of gold are then quartered, after having been interleaved with six hundred pieces of gold beater's skin (which is a very tough membrane procured from the intestines of the ox) are packed one upon each other, and are again subjected to a more careful beating, with a lighter hammer, until the gold has again expanded as far as its envelope will admit. This process of dividing and hammering is repeated several times, until finally a good leaf is produced, which is about one eighteenth thousandth of an inch in thickness. Thus for a few guineas, a large room might be carpeted with gold.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in a house. All comfort is gone when suspicion has once entered—where there must be a reserve in talk, and reservation in belief.

My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a dime?

Well, yes, father if a dime is as large in everybody's eye as it is in yours. I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times' sensible boy that.

JUDGE VONDERWITZ, implicated in the Lancaster pension frauds, and who fled to England for safety, recently called upon Minister at London with the view of obtaining a passport. We need hardly add, that the request was promptly refused by Mr. Buchanan.

RE-POSSESSMENT.—Dimes are ours; events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature.—Cecil.

A country individual who was caught in the water wheel of a saw mill says he intends to apply for a pension as he is a survivor of the Revolution.