

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, May 10, 1856.

## Selected Poetry.

LIGHT.

The following exquisite poem, by WILLIAM PITT RAMSAY, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent European critics to be the finest production of the same length in our language:—

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom  
The sun rolled black and bare,  
Till I wore him a vest for his Ethiop breast  
Of the throats of my golden hair;  
And when the broad tent of the firmament  
Arose in its airy spars,  
I spangled the hue of its matchless blue,  
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,  
And their leaves of living green,  
And mine were the days in the sinless eyes  
Of Eden's virgin queen;  
And when the fabled art on the trustful heart,  
Had fastened its mortal spell,  
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear  
The trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er the world accused,  
Their work of wrath had sped,  
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,  
Came forth among the dead;  
With the woodrains gleams of my bridal beams,  
I made their torments cease,  
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,  
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,  
Night's funeral shadow slept—  
When shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains  
Their lonely vigils kept—  
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright  
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,  
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—  
Joy, by the outcast man.

Rigid four I show to the lofty and low,  
On the just and unjust I descend;  
On the blind and whose spheres roll in darkness and tears  
See my smile the best smile of a friend,  
As the flowers of the waste by my love is embraced,  
As the rose in the garden of Kings;  
As the crystals hier of the worm I appear,  
And to the gay butterfly wings.

The Beside Morn, like a mourner forlorn,  
Conceals all the pride of her charms,  
Till the bright hours chase night from her flowers  
And lead the young day to her arms;  
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,  
And sinks to her balmy repose,  
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr fanned west,  
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,  
I gaze with unshowering eye,  
When the cygnets start of the mariner  
Is blotted from out the sky;  
And gazed by me through the merciless sea,  
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,  
His compass, dark, lone, weltering lark  
To the haven home safely he brings.

I scatter the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,  
The lark in their chamber of green,  
And mountains and plain grow with beauty again,  
As they look in maternal sheen.  
O such the glad worth of my presence to earth,  
Though faint and fleeting the while,  
That glories must rest on the house of the best,  
Ever bright with the Delty's smile.

## Miscellaneous.

### Striking Temperance Sketch.

An intelligent and wealthy man, who did not drink in society, nor habitually at home, had a room in his mansion in which, as often as three or four times a year, he would gorge himself with liquor. When he finds his craving for rum coming on, he would lock himself up in that room until "the scale" was finished. The appearance of this room at the close of one of these spree was disgustingly filthy. A friend who knew his habits remonstrated with him, but was told that reform was impossible, as irresistible was his craving for rum at certain times. His friend begged him to try. His two sons, fifteen and seventeen years of age, earnestly pressed the appeal. At last the man consented to try, and drawing from his pocket a key, said to his elder son—"Here is the key to the liquor closet; will you take it and promise me on no condition, and for no reason with which I may threaten you, to give it up when I demand it?"

The boy, knowing how furious his father was on such occasions, declined the trust. The father then asked the younger son, a boy of uncommon nerve, the same question, and he promptly replied—"I will."

For a few weeks things went on smoothly, but one day the father came home at an unusual hour. His manner betokened that his appetite was gnawing and craving. He called the younger son and demanded the key to the liquor closet, but he refused firmly. The enraged man, and seizing some weapon hanging at his son. For a moment he stood before him with glaring eyes and insane with rage, but the younger hero never quailed. Fixing his firm but tearful eyes on his father, he said—"Father, I promised you that I would give you that key, no matter what violence you might threaten, and now you may kill me, but I will never give you that key!"

Instantly the weapon dropped from the man's hand, and as he himself expressed it—"The appetite for liquor seemed to abandon me because of the noble firmness of my son."

He was reclaimed, and never fell; his cure was radical and thorough. And there is many a man with as strong an appetite for rum as this man, but who is not so fortunate as to have the Maine Law so summarily and firmly administered at the right time. Could this noble help only been at hand, many thousands of drunkards, once apparently reformed, would not be filling dishonored graves.

He who goes to bed in anger, has the bed for a bed-fellow. A wag desires us to say that he knows a married man, who though he goes to bed meek and gentle as a lamb is in the same predicament.

## Letter from the West.

[Correspondence of the Bradford Reporter.]

BEVERLY, Ill., April 11, 1856.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRADFORD REPORTER:

Dear Sir: Having just read a letter in your paper from SILAS NOBLE, of Dixon, concerning South-eastern Minnesota, permit me to give your readers somewhat of an idea of the Middle and Northern part of the Territory, as also the Minnesota or St. Peters river country. I have travelled through a large portion of South-eastern Minnesota. That part of the Territory and the Minnesota or St. Peters river country, is probably the best part of it.—The whole Territory is dotted with clear lakes from one mile to fifty miles long, abounding in fish, such as bass, pickerel, perch, &c. The small streams running into the Mississippi, are full of trout. The country and the vicinity of St. Paul to the North and East, is a poor quality of land, made up for the most part of burr oak openings and tamarac swamps. The land extending up as far as Lake Superior, is generally rough and wooded. There is also some very poor county north of St. Anthony, of the same nature as that north of St. Paul. I have never been up the Mississippi but a short distance above St. Anthony, but the country bordering the river is represented to be a fine one; being mostly wooded land on the north side, and prairie and timber on the south side.—There are some flourishing towns in this section, among which are St. Cloud and Sank Rapids; the latter is noted for a large power, second only to St. Anthony Falls. To the west of St. Paul the country is prairie and a sufficiency of timber, with fine lakes, high banks, here and there. Among which is Lake Minnetonka (Minnetonka is the Sioux or Dacotah for great water). This Lake is about fifty miles long, and is from three to five miles wide. A large settlement occupying the south side and half of the north side. A belt of heavy maple timber one mile in width surrounds it. The country along the Minnesota or St. Peters river is good; but I consider it, (having travelled along the river as high up as Fort Ridgely, some two hundred and fifty miles from its mouth) an excellent country. It has no scarcity of timber, which cannot be said of South-eastern Minnesota. I would not say of Minnesota as some of its admirers do, that it is the best country on the face of the earth, because I don't know to a certainty, having never as yet traveled over the different countries on the globe; but I believe it to be a great deal better country than those who never saw it, suppose it is. Any one desirous of coming West from its vicinity need not be afraid of freezing in Minnesota; nor need they be afraid of starving; for although the summers are shorter than the summers here, or in your country, they are much warmer; the soil is a general thing, has a fine black sand running through it. This is the case more particularly as high up as St. Paul. In short, the soil varies from the Iowa line, from a black loam, like that of Illinois, to a sandy loam as we go north. So that with the hot summers, and a soil adapted to the latitude, Nature has made Minnesota so that men can live there and surround themselves with most of the productions and luxuries of the more Southern climes. Everything can be raised there with the exception of peaches that can be raised in Illinois, and they are of very rare occurrence in the north part of this State. The climate is good—it is more stable than that here, or with you. From the time Spring sets in, to the first of June, the weather is comfortable; the nights are cool, then it becomes warmer, and so increases up to the middle of July, when it is hot, and so continues night and day to the first of September. The temperature going from the Iowa line up, will be found to keep pace with the soil, growing warmer as the soil grows sandier. The winters are cold, but not severe. Mercury falls to thirty degrees below zero, averaging it for the entire territory. Sometimes (as last winter) it falls down to forty below. The air is still in this cold weather, and the sun is generally shining. The human frame is braced up. Every one has a keen appetite. These cold days are the best days in the year for health. One needs to wrap up well, however. The scenery through the territory is fine. The roads are good most of the year. The ground does not leave in the spring. Winds, with the exception of a wind about the fourth of July, do not prevail. Still, I will not say as some do, that the climate will cure all the diseases of mankind and regenerate old age, for I don't know. I do know, however, that individuals in whom I have great confidence, have said they thought the climate had cured them, when they were about to despair; yet they may have been mistaken, the change of pursuits might have done it.

It is estimated that forty thousand people went to Minnesota last season. As many will probably go this season. Large towns will have to be built up. Persons of small means can do well there. Some of the wealthiest men in St. Paul six years ago were not worth one hundred dollars. So far as I am acquainted with the Western country, I prefer it to any

country I have ever seen. The northeastern part of Indiana is the poorest portion I have traveled over, besides it is sickly—and that remark will apply to the whole State.

I should think by the number of cars which pass this place, and by the crowds which pour into Chicago, that some portions of the Eastern country would be depopulated the coming season. I am waiting now for the boats to run above Dubuque, when I shall return to Minnesota, the land of the sky-tinted water.

WM. H. TOMPKINS.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

## GATHERED PEARLS.

Alice was a lovely child, her sparkling black eyes, snowy complexion, and golden hair, made her lovely—while her gentleness and happy, bird-like freedom, rendered her an agreeable companion. Four Springs strewed their flowers at her feet; but like a flower she drooped, faded and perished. She bowed her little head under the weight of suffering heaped upon her; angels came to waft her happy spirit home to a world of light. Kind friends composed those little limbs for the grave; gentle hands laid that tiny form in the dust, there to wait the resurrection morn. Soon the flowers will shed their dewy fragrance above her head. Dry thy tears thou stricken Mother, thy little one waits to welcome thee in a happier, better world than this. Though she may be hid from thy sight, yet she sleeps in peace—where no storms of sorrow, affliction, or envy shall ever disturb her sweet repose; but as a shining angel, she will ever bask in the bright sunshine of redeeming love. The silent tear may fall when those useless little robes are laid away; the untold grief may rend thy heart, as no little footsteps shall greet thy listening ear; but do not murmur; remember she is singing the songs of the redeemed in glory. Do not wish to call her back, but try to meet her amid the blood-washed throng in Heaven.

West Burlington, Pa. M. E. M.

BERLINGTON, April 28, 1856.

E. O. GOODRICH—Dear Sir:—Having lately returned from the far West, and hearing the people speak of the extreme cold weather here, the past winter, I thought I would, through your columns, let the readers of the Reporter, (which by the way, I find is a most excellent paper,) know how cold it was in the West.—At Taos, New Mexico, it was a few days after Christmas 39 degrees below zero. The snow commenced falling the last of September, and the ground was not, neither had it been, bare on the 11th of February. Within the remembrance of that noted individual, the oldest inhabitant, there had never been such a hard winter in New Mexico. Before, it was called cold at zero. On the plains Buffalo carcasses were strewn all along from Bent's Fort to the crossing of the Arkansas, on the old Santa Fe road, a distance of 150 miles; and the Indians lost 2,400 horses at the time of our crossing the plains. It was cold for seven days—sleet falling all the time; but we lost no animals, but it was very severe on them. At some future time, if this is acceptable to your readers, I will furnish some sketches of New Mexico. Yours, &c., J.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR NEIGHBORS.—Take care of them. Don't let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps, if it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore don't relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business, that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—there he is looking over the fence into his neighbor's garden—be suspicious of him, perhaps he contemplates stealing something some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got in his head. If you see any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of rectitude, don't say anything to the erring individual about it, but tell every one else that you can see, and be particular to see a great many.

It is a good way to circulate such things, and though it may not benefit yourself, or any one else particularly, it will be something equally important about some one else. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing, though it is said there was silence in the Courts of Heaven for the space of half an hour, don't let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much like Heaven for the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. If, after all your watchful care, you can't see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment, you lost sight of them—throw out hints they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if people found out what they were after a while, and that they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it a going and some one will take the hint, and begin to help you after a while—then there will be music, and everything work to a charm.

An honest dame in the town of —, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed—  
"It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they were."

## A Fine Chance to Make Money.

The French are, proverbially, an economical people, never suffering any substance of the material world to be wasted, which can, by any possibility, be made subservient to the uses of man. The last attempt, however, of the Parisian economists, to introduce horse meat as a common article of food for all classes does not seem to meet with much favor—and for this reason: "Poor old horse" is hardly fit for dog meat; and a horse steak, fat and juicy, is worth as much as beef of the same cut. In consequence of the drain of horses for the Crimea these noble animals are remarkably dear, therefore at present the scheme cannot have a fair trial. All the old horses turned out to die are mere skeletons, and the article of fat is most woefully wanting.

A Monsieur de Sora has, however, invented a method by which he turns the flesh of these semi-skeletons to good account; and, for two or three years past, he has regularly, each fall brought up large numbers of dilapidated hacks, which, by a process we shall presently describe, he manages to return to the metropolis in the shape of an almost universal article of diet, especially in the French cuisine, and he is rapidly coining a fortune by his enterprise.

It is a well-established fact that the common barn-door fowl does not as a general thing produce eggs during the winter months; and many naturalists have attributed the failure to the lowness of temperature incident to the season. Such theories have, however, been exploded, since experience has proved that, although housed in an atmosphere kept at summer heat, and fed—full fed—with various kinds of grain, both whole and crushed—raw and cooked—still old Madame Cackle obstinately refused to yield only an occasional egg. It is now well ascertained that the reason is the want of animal food, which Mrs. Biddy cannot get in winter. In summer she caters for herself, and exercises her scratching propensities in search of the larvae of insects, grubs, worms, &c., which just underlie the surface of the soil. But when the earth is rigid with frost, the flies, bugs, and beetles are not eat, and the grasshoppers have departed, so old biddy deliberately closes the door of her mill and will grind out no more eggs until the vernal months.

Monsieur de Sora was aware of all these facts, and living at the time upon an old dilapidated estate, a few miles from Paris, he set himself earnestly at the task of constructing a henery, which should be productive twelve months in the year. He soon ascertained that a certain quantity of raw mince meat, given regularly, with the other feed, produced the desired result; and commencing with only some three hundred female fowls, he found that they averaged, the first year, some twenty-five dozen of eggs, each, in the three hundred and sixty-five days. The past season he has wintered, thus far, about one hundred thousand hens, and a fair proportion of male birds, with a close approximation to the same results. During the spring, summer and autumn, they have the range of the estate, but always under surveillance. In the winter their apartments are kept at an agreeable temperature; and although they have mince meat rations the year round, yet the quantity is much increased during cold weather. They have free access to pure water, gravel and sand, and their combs are always red.

To apply this great consumption, M. de Sora avails himself of the constant supply of superannated and damaged horses, which can always be gathered from the stables of Paris and the suburbs. These useless animals are taken to an abattoir, owned by M. de Sora himself, and there slaughtered. The blood is saved, clean, and unadmixed with offal. It is sold for purposes of the arts, at a remunerative price. The skin goes to the tanner—the head, hoof, skins, &c., to the glue-maker and Prussian blue manufacturer—the larger bones form a cheap substitute for ivory with the button makers—while the remainder of the bony structure is manufactured into ivory-black, or used in the shape of bone dust, for agricultural purposes. Even the marrow is preserved; and much of the fashionable and highly perfumed lip-salve and pomade, so much in vogue, was once enclosed within the leg-bones of old horses. Uses are also found for the entrails—and, in fact, no portion of the beast is wasted. The flesh is cleanly dissected off the frame, cut into suitable pieces and run through a series of revolving knives, the apparatus being similar to a sausage machine, and delivered in the shape of a mass of mince meat, slightly seasoned, into casks, which are instantly headed up and conveyed per rail road to the egg plantation of M. de Sora. The consumption of horses for this purpose, by M. de Sora, has been at the average rate of twenty two per day for the past twelve months. A slight addition of black pepper and salt is found to be beneficial. The fowls eat it with avidity; they are ever in good condition, and they lay each an egg almost daily, in all weathers and in all seasons. The breeding arrangements at this establishment are also on an immense scale. In September, October and November the proprietor sent 12,000 capons to Paris for sale. He never allows a hen to set! The breeding rooms are warmed by steam, arranged in shelves, and hatched chickens are removed to the nursery each morning, and fresh eggs laid in to supply the places of the empty shells. A constant succession of chickens is thus insured, and moreover the feathers are always free from vermin. Indeed, a lousy fowl is unknown upon the premises.

The manure produced in this French establishment is no small item, and since it forms the very best fertilizer for many descriptions of plants, it is eagerly sought for at high prices by the market gardeners in the vicinity. The proprietor estimates the yield this year at about one hundred cords. He employs nearly one hundred persons in the different departments, three-fourths of whom, however, are females. The sales of eggs during the past winter have averaged about forty thousand dozens (480,000 eggs) per week, at the rate of six dozens for four francs, bringing the ac-

tual sales up to \$5,000, in round numbers, for every seven days, or \$369,000 per annum.—The expenses of M. de Sora's henery, are in the neighborhood of \$75,000, having a balance in his favor of \$185,000 per year—almost as remunerative as Col. Fremont's Mari-rosa grant.

A WORD FOR PATRICK.—The Philadelphia North American closes an article on Irish colonization of our waste lands with the following good word for Patrick.

"The poor Irishman is a rough jewel, but 'faith! there's the making of a man in him.' O'Connell was not so far wrong when he declared his countrymen 'the finest pansy in the world.' We defy any man to be conversant with a fair specimen of this people and not like, while at the same time he may feel inclined to shake him. Wherever one of them has the chance, he shows the true points of manhood. In domestic attachments strong, in domestic virtues eminent, it is seldom he is guilty of a calculating, a deliberate, or a malicious wrong. The infusion of Irish blood in the circulation of the universal Yankee nation, gives an impulsiveness and promptitude which will tell upon our future. Let Patrick have a fair chance, education and independence, and we are not afraid of any harm that he will do, while we are very hopeful of the good that enlightened freemen of Irish extraction will accomplish."

FOUND HIS FATHER.—My son, can you take a trunk up to the hotel? said a passenger stepping from a boat on the levee, to a ragged youngster who sat balancing himself on the tail of a dray.

Your son? cried the boy, eyeing him from head to foot. Well, I'll be dog rabbed, if I ain't in luck. Here I've been trying to find my daddy these three years, and all of a sudden, up comes the old hoss himself, and knows me right off. How are you? stretching out his mummy paw.

The traveler was non-plussed. Between a smile and a frown, he inquired:—

What is your name, sir?  
My name? You don't know? Well, it's nothing in these parts to have so many children that they don't know their names. My name's William, but some folks call me ragged Bill, for short. The other part I reckon you know; if you don't you can ax the old woman.

And shouldering the trunk, he started off towards the hotel, mumbling to himself: Well, this is a go. The old man's come home at last. Good clothes, big trunk, must have the tin. Well, I am in luck.

A FRAGMENT OF NOAH'S ARK DISCOVERED IN ILLINOIS.—The Bardston Illinoisan says:—While visiting a friend in Sangamon Bottom, in this county, a short time since, we were called to examine a specimen of stone which he had lately taken from a neighboring quarry. The curiosity consisted of two sandstone rocks, which were found joining each other in centesimal form, which when separated, the face of the one presented the appearance of having been a part of the side of a vessel near the gunwale; there seems no doubt to have been an overlapping of the timbers in the form of a cornice or moulding around the vessel. The work of art is as plain to be seen on the stone as on the floating vessel; the holes formed by the nails are very distinct, as well as the fossilized texture of the wood.—There are also pieces of iron with the specimen, which seem to have been used instead of caulking between the strips of plank.

SHALL I PRAY TO CHANCE?—An English lady, who had forsaken her God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a pious sailor how long they should be out. "In fourteen days, if it's God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor.

"If it is God's will?" said the lady; "what a senseless expression; don't you know that it all comes by chance?"

In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her.

"What do you think," said she, "will the storm soon be over?"

"It seems likely to last for some time, madam."

"Oh," she cried, "pray that we need not be lost."

His only and calm reply was, "Shall I pray to chance?"

ADVANTAGE OF USING TOBACCO.—The following was communicated to Com. Wilkes of the Exploring expedition by a savage of the Feejee Islands. He stated that a vessel, the hull of which was still lying on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen in the hands of the Islanders.

"What did you do with them?" inquired Wilkes.

"Killed 'em all," answered the savage.

"What did you do with them after you had killed them?"

"Eat 'em—good," returned the cannibal.

"Did you eat them all?" asked the half-sick Commodore.

"Yes, we eat all but one."

"And why did you spare one?"

"Because he taste too much like tobacco—couldn't eat no how!"

## In How Cold Weather Can Animal Life be Sustained.

While we are waiting for Dr. Kane's official report of his last expedition to the Arctic ocean, there are some scientific results, the publication of which we may be permitted to anticipate. The first of these is the condition of animal and vegetable life in a high northern latitude.

Dr. Kane's party succeeded in reaching latitude 80 degrees a higher northern point upon the coast of Greenland than had yet been attained by any previous navigator. He found inhabiting this inhospitable region the Esquimaux Indian, the reindeer, and many varieties of the floral world, principally of the Alpine species. The latter were numerous, but diminutive. How far north the human race and animals exist, is not known; but Dr. Kane's observations clearly establish the fact, that the extreme cold latitude 80 degrees is not the limit to their northern navigation.

The habits of the Esquimaux are peculiar. They are essentially a migratory people, and with sledges drawn by dogs, undertake journeys of hundreds of miles in extent, depending for their subsistence upon such nourishment as chance throws in their way. This the party under Dr. Kane found to be sufficiently abundant to meet their own wants.

During the whole cruise they were never seriously in want of food but one occasion, which was on their return—they were nearing Melville bay. Here fortunately a fine fat seal presented itself—stretched at length on the ice. A boat was manned to go in pursuit of it, and Dr. Kane describes the excitement of the chase as so intense, that one of the most experienced gunners of the party could hardly command himself sufficiently to fire at it until it was in the very act of escaping.

The temperature at which the explorations were conducted, was between 70 and 80 degrees below zero. So intense was this cold, that the alcoholic thermometers failed to indicate accurately the temperature, and even chloroform and the essential oils, which resist low temperatures, became thick and turbid.—It was only by a careful observation and comparison of many instruments, that they were enabled to attain to any accuracy in regard to the extent of the cold.

An opportunity has been thus given to test the ability of the human body to resist a temperature of seventy degrees below zero, for several months together. The Doctor and his party were enabled to do this by an immense consumption of animal food, the ordinary daily allowance to each man being six or eight ducks, or an equivalent in several pounds of the fat of seal.

Shortly after the discovery of the compound nature of the atmosphere by Priestly, Crawford broached the theory that animal heat of the body is maintained at an uniform temperature of 98 degrees, by means of a liberal consumption of food, containing carbon in excess, as animal food where the cold is severe. The most beautiful and brilliant series of experiments presented by Liebig, were those intended to establish this theory, which they do most successfully.

In this connection, the experiment of Dr. Kane and his party, showing the kind and amount of food required to enable the human body to resist the depressing influence of a continued low temperature, for a period of time longer than any other recorded, is of the highest practical value.

We have in physical geography, as the results of this cruise, a newly discovered land flanked by lofty mountain ranges, a wide and iceless open sea, pointing to an undiscovered region of large extent towards the north pole, and immense glaciers, before which those of Cyr and Chamouni dwindle into insignificance.

Must it not be very romantic to be on your knees before a lovely one, of Love's lovely daughters, heaving up a torrent of sweet words between her glowing parted lips, raising roses on her cheeks by the acre, bringing tears of humid pleasure to her eyes, and just at the identical moment when she is going to swoon away into your arms, to hear her anxious mother cry: "You, Sally, have you fed the pigs?"

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Into one quart of boiling milk scald three table-spoonsful of Indian meal; when cold, add a teaspoonful of molasses, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of salt, also ginger and cinnamon; bake in a pudding dish from one to two hours in a cook stove, or longer if in a brick oven.—When done it has the appearance of brown bread.

"You say," said the judge, "that the squire who married you to the first wife, authorized you to take sixteen? What do you mean by that?"

"Well," said Hans, "he told me that I should half four pence, four verser, four dimes, four boorer—ant in my country four dimes four always make sixteen."

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—A Western editor, complaining that he could not sleep one night, summed up the causes. A wailing babe of 17 months old—a dog howling under the window—a cat in the alley—a colored serenade at the shanty over the way—a tooth-ache—and a pig trying to get in the back door.

Mr. Ruggins at the breakfast table.—  
"Mary Anne, bring me an egg."  
Finished daughter—"An egg, if you please, father—speak correctly."  
Ruggins—"A negg, is it, my dear—a negg, eh? Well, Mary Anne, instead of one, you may bring me two neggs."

Where twenty persons have stomachs but one has brains, hence brewers grow rich while printers remain poor.