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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 26, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

FALL OF THE LEAF.

Withered leaves are round us falling,
To the wint'ry blast they bend,
Whispering in accents mournful,
"All things beautiful must end."
Nature, robbed of all her glory,
Beads unwillingly her head,
Like a broken-hearted mother
Weeping o'er her cherished dead!
Ah, those leaves once green and lovely,
Oh! I hailed them as my friends;
Now no pleasing thoughts they bring me,
To my heart no beauty lends.
Yes! they bring a sweet remembrance
Of the happy, happy past;
They are types to me, and shadows
Of eternal life at last!
Withered leaves are round us falling,
To the wint'ry blast they bend,
Whispering in accents mournful,
"All things beautiful must end."
You! on every leaf is written,
In my mind a holy thought;
Yes! the hope of life unspringing
From the grave by them is brought.
Though they're withered now and falling
Down to earth, their native tomb,
Yet the parent stalk will flourish,
And with fresh leaves bud and bloom.
So our mortal frames will perish,
Like the falling leaves and fern;
Yet again will bloom and flourish,
In a bright eternal sphere.

Miscellaneous.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

My Reader: I have sat some minutes with my pen suspended in the air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point—I am in a position. You will perhaps recollect that one of Fanny Forester's exquisite sketches was entitled "Lucy Dutton."

Now it happens that the real name of the heroine of the "over true tale" which I am about to do myself the honor of relating to you, was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall I rob her of her birthright—compel her to wear a name of guerre because my sister actresses gave the name to one of her ideal creations? Shall I sacrifice truth to idealizations? That's the question. "No!" You said, "did you not?" Then Lucy, Lucy Dutton, let it be.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New-York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen a year or two younger. The first named was winningly, rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manly, observable for its seriousness, and manly serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for feeling. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Lucy Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister; a "born beauty" whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way, in all things and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing son, who had unconsciously contributed to the ruin of her nature not at first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural—is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman?

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well read New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station in that then half settled portion of the country. In those days they engaged in school-teaching from the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fire-side circle, to discharge of a school some twenty miles from her native town.

For some while her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving while imparting good. But then there came a change: then were those letters for home characterized by fitful gaiety and dreary sadness; by indefinite hopes and fears, by a striving for supremacy in the writer's crowded little heart. Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew that she was loved; so for a time, that beautiful second birth of woman's nature was a warm sunrise struggling with the cold dews of the morning.

One day brought a letter which could not be forgotten in the house of the absent, and a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she had waited for her parents' approval. Her choice, to become the betrothed of young Lewis W.—a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been reared. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's letter promised a speedy visit from the

and freshness of girlhood and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, grow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and well-comes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to the father, mother, and even to the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion; but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home until after her marriage, which at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birthday of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W. to M.—to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal birth day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness—the busy hours had worn away and now it was high sunset, and neither the bridegroom, nor Ellen, the first bride's maid, had appeared. Yet in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright-eyed, affectionate-hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled quietly and replied, "Oh, something has happened to detain them a while; we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by and by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assembled and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whisperings, surmises and wonderings and a shadow of anxiety passed over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door.

"They have come!" cried many voices, and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W. muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping to the side-board, tossed off a glass of wine, another, and another. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed—

"Better late than never, young man—so lead out the bride."

W.—strode hastily across the room, placed himself by Ellen and her hand in his. Then, without daring to meet the eye of any one about him, he said:—

"I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married. The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife!"

Then, turning in an apologetic manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added:—

"I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter!"

And Lucy! She heard all with a strange calmness, then walking steadily forward, confronted her betrayers. Terrible as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her looks pierced, like a keen, cold blade, into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek—the dilated nostril—the quivering lip and intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hands on her forehead and first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could ring forever through the soul of that guilty pair, and fell in death-like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W.—but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire for her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by honor, and never told his love, until, when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order to save pain to Lucy, and prevent opposition from her, to secure their own happiness, to be married before her arrival at C.—

Lucy remained insensible for some hours—when she had revived and apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief, that her reason had fled—that she was helplessly insane! But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but frequently sighed and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of fire. She also seemed possessed of the spirit of unrest. She could not, she would not, be confined, but was constantly escaping from her friends, and going they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their watchful care and unwearied efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing spring, and rosy summers, golden autumns and tempestuous winters, it was tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain.

I remember her, as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or door on the unfortunate, "Crazy Lucy" often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl or mantle worn and torn, until it was all open work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the woods or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet no; her meek and childlike piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down in the dim chaos of her spirit, the smile of His love still gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard his voice at eventide, and she was not afraid. Her Bible went with her everywhere—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still; and may be as dearly cherished, my reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and gold," and with the gilding unimpaired on its delicate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother relate a touching little incident connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us.

The poor creature once laid her hand on the curly head of one of my brothers, and asked him his name.

"William Edwin," he replied, with a timid upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said:—

"I knew an Edwin once, and he made me broken-hearted!"

This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough, country waggon drove into the village of C.— It stopped at the almshouse, an attenuated form was lifted out and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.

She had been in a decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the far West; so Lucy had no friends, no home, but the almshouse.

One day about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time she slept tranquilly until morning. The matron who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear, earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bid the invalid "Good Morning." Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to re-assure her, and she exclaimed:—

"Where am I?—and who are you?—I do not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron; the long-lost reason of the wanderer had returned! But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly:—

"Why, you are among your friends and you will know me presently."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! Strange 'tis that I should dream that!"

"My poor Lucy," said the matron with a sigh of tears, "that was not a dream; 'twas all true."

"All true?" cried the invalid; then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loves me; we loved each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them. I will go to them."

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"Why, what does this mean?" said she.— "What makes me so weak!"

Just then her eye fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank astonishment.

"Something is the matter of my sight," she said smiling faintly, "for my hand looks like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron gently, "and so is mine; yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you know me? I am Maria Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid!"

I cannot say more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing—to reduce to inexpressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy the last thirty years were as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the recreant lover and traitorous sister stood before her, and made their terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings; but the invalid would say with fearful calmness, "Go on, go on, though the drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead."

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied:—

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And my mother!" said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead for twenty years!"

"Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh God, my cup of bitterness is full!" and she wept aloud.

Her friend bending over her, and mingling tears with her, said affectionately:—

"But you know who drank that cup before you?"

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added:—

"The Lord Jesus, you remember him?"

A look like sun-light breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, she replied:—

"Oh, yes, I knew him and loved Him before I fell asleep."

"The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days, came also. There was much reverential feeling, and some weeping around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal. Then they grew still and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray-haired youth.

But those who gazed upon her placid face, and remembered her harmless life and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her Night of Years.

GAS LIGHTS.—The first gas lights may be said to have discovered themselves. The most remarkable natural jets were found at a colliery at Whitehaven and Cumberland. The miners were at work one day, when a gust of air of powerful odor passed by them, and catching fire at their lamps plazed up with such brilliancy that the colliers took to their heels in fright. It was soon found, however, that the flame, large as it was, burnt quietly and without danger, and the men returned to their work. A curious result then appeared. The flame was entirely put out, but immediately rekindled on the approach of fire, so the only way to get rid of the gas was to conduct it to the top of the mine. A tube was fixed for this purpose, and the gas being lighter than the air, ascended to the surface. As soon as it appeared there, it burst out once more into a brilliant flame, and crowds of people came to look at the extraordinary spectacle. The application of gas to general purposes of illumination was first tried by Mr. Murdock, in Cornwall, in 1792. The first display of gas works, was made at Boulton & Watt's foundry, in Birmingham on the occasion of the rejoicings for peace in 1802. Gas lights were first introduced into London at Golden Lane, 1807. They were used for lighting Pall Mall in 1800, and were generally used throughout London in 1814. They were first used in Dublin in 1816, and the streets were generally lighted in October, 1825. The gas pipes in and about London extend about 1200.

HOW SCHOLARS ARE MADE.—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the master of his mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to smother in an act of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or who has read most, can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity; the greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had given him strength and carried the largest bow; but self discipline had taught him how to bend it.—D. Webster.

PRINTING OFFICE LOAFERS.—The following, from an Eastern paper, is sensible to the last, and deserves a wide circulation:—

"A printing-office is like a school—it can have no interlopers, hangers-on, or twaddlers, without a serious inconvenience, to say nothing of lost time, which is just as much gold to the printer, as if metallicly glittering in his hand. What would be thought of a man who would enter a school, and twaddle first with the teacher, and then with the scholars; interrupting the studies of one, and breaking the discipline of the other? And yet, this is the effect of the loafer in the printing-office. He seriously interferes with the course of business, distracts the fixed attention which is necessary to the good printer, and the interest of every establishment. No real man ever sacrifices the interest, or interferes with the duties of others. The loafer does both. Let him think, if thought he ever has, that the last place he should ever inhabit his worthless and unwelcome presence into, is the printing-office."

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.—It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few, if any, half or civilized country in the world, now make a breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the effusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1744, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies.—The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost on its landing of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars. That of tea is over eight million of dollars. You may know the Arabian or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark yellow color. The Java and East Indian, next in quality, are larger and of paler yellow. The West Indian and Rio have a bluish or greenish grey tint.

CHARACTER BETTER THAN CREDIT.—We often hear young men, who have small means, dolefully contrasting their lot with that of rich men's sons. Yet the longer we live the more we are convinced that the old merchant was right, who said to us when we began life—"Industry, my lad, is better than ingots of gold, and character more valuable than credit." We could furnish, if need were, from our own experience, a score of illustrations to prove the truth of his remarks.—In the branches of business, in all avocations, character, in the long run, is the best capital.—Says Poor Richard:—"The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day."—What is true of the young mechanic, is true also of the young merchant, or of the young lawyer. Old and sagacious firms will not long continue to give credit for thousands of dollars, when they see the purchaser, if a young man, driving fast horses or hanging about drinking saloons.—Clients will not entrust their cases to advocates, however brilliant, who frequent the card table, the wine party or the race course. It is better, in beginning life, to secure a reputation for industry and probity, than to own houses or lands, if, with them, you have no character.

A facility of obtaining credit at the outset is often an injury instead of a benefit. It makes the young beginner too venturesome, fills him with dreams of too early fortune, tempts him too much to neglect hard work, forethought caution and economy. Excessive capital is as frequently a snare to a young man. It has almost passed into a proverb, in consequence, that the sons of rich men never make good business men. To succeed in life we must learn the value of money. But a superfluity of means at the outset is nearly a certain method of rendering us insensible to its value. No man ever grew rich who had not learned and practiced the dollar will take care of themselves."—Knowledge of men, self-discipline, a thorough mastery of our pursuit, and other qualifications, which all persons of experience look for, are necessary to give the world security that a young man is of the right metal. Capital may be lost, but character never. Credit once gone, the man without character fails. But he who has earned a reputation for capacity, integrity and economy, even if he loses his capital, retains his credit, and rises triumphant over never be ruined. A man with character can never be ruined. It is the first thing a young man should seek to secure, and it may be had by every one who desires it in earnest. A poor boy with character is more fortunate by far than a rich man's son without it.—Balt Sun.

TREES—CLIMATE.—It is a common observation, that our summers are becoming dryer, and our streams smaller. Take the Cayahoga as an illustration. Fifty years ago, large barges, loaded with goods, went up and down that river; and one of the vessels engaged in "the battle of Lake Erie," when Perry "met the enemy, and they were ours," was built at Old Portage, six miles north of Alliance, and floated down the lake. Now, in an ordinary stage of water, a canoe or skiff can hardly pass down that stream. Many a boat, of fifty tons burden, has been built and loaded on the Tuscarawas, at New Portage, and sailed to New Orleans, without breaking bulk. Now, that river hardly affords a supply of water, at New Portage, for the canal. The same may be said of our other streams. They are growing smaller and beautifully less. Our summers are growing dryer, and our winters colder.

The cause of all this is in the destruction of our forests. In the woods, we find springs and streams of water, that indicate a permanent supply—clear off the woods and they dry up. To show how this operates, let us suppose an electric cloud passing over a dry, level desert. So long as it meets no obstructing object it remains suspended. If, however, it meets a cloud in an opposite state of electricity, rain, hail, and a tornado is the consequence. This illustrates the principle. Instead of meeting a cloud in an opposite state of electricity, suppose it meet a forest of trees sufficiently elevated to reach the cloud, the trees, being good conductors, act, in a less degree, to be sure, but in the same manner as an opposing non-electric cloud in drawing the electricity from the cloud to the earth, disturbing the vaporous particles of the cloud which are mingled together and become drops of rain, which fall to the earth in showers.

This is the cause of the perpetual want of rain in portions of Egypt and South America. They are always in the vicinity of high mountains, covered with forests, which take the rain from the clouds, forming those mighty rivers that flow from the mountains of Upper Egypt and South America.

If the destruction of our forests goes on, and none are set out to supply their place, we shall feel more and more the effects in the drought of our summers, the diminution of our streams, and the coldness of our winters.—Ohio Farmer.

TIME.—Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is to be solemnized; if the interim be but a se'night, Time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years. He ambles with a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain; and the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of tedious penury; these time ambles withal. He gallops with a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there. He stays still with lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.—Shakespeare.

APPLES AS FOOD.—Liebig says: "The importance of apples as food has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated or understood. Besides contributing a large portion of sugar, mucilage and other nutritive matter in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, extractive substances and aromatic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and when freely used at the period of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the powers of productive labor. The operators of Cornwall consider ripe apples nearly as non-nutritive as bread, and more so than potatoes."

In the year 1801, a year of scarcity, apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could stand their work on baked apples without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat or fish. The French and Germans use apples extensively; indeed, it is rare that they sit down in rural districts without them, in some shape or other, even at the best tables. The laborers and mechanics depend on them, to a very great extent, as an article of food, and frequently die on sliced apples and bread. Stewed with rice, red cabbage, carrots, or themselves, with a little sugar and milk, they make both a pleasant and nutritious dish.—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

SORES ON HORSES AND CATTLE.—A correspondent of the *Moine Farmer*, in reply to an inquiry by another correspondent, for a cure of a bad sore on a horse's shoulder, gives the following prescription:

Lime and lard are the best application to old, bad sores, of any kind, that I know, especially if the bone is any affected.

Take good stone lime, slake dry, and sift through a fine sieve. Put the flour in a bottle, cork tight, and keep it in a dark place from light and air, and it will keep good for years. Take 1 part of lime to 3 parts of lard, in bulk, and mix them well, cold, and apply a proper quantity to the sore, twice a day, and cleanse well each time, with soap suds. If the sore descends below the outward opening, it must be opened to the bottom, or it will not heal sound. If the bone is affected, the sore probably, will not heal, and ought not to, till the bone shall be healed. Sores healed under this treatment always heal sound. If fungus be in the sore, this ointment will clear it all out, and keep it out.

The above proportions are about right, but the applicant will soon learn to vary them, if necessary. Some allowance will be necessary, for the different strength of the lime.

WHY DEW HURTS SHEEP.—From time immemorial, it has been a precept with careful shepherds, not to let the sheep turn out upon the dewy grass, or graze in the damp or marshy regions.

Why was the dew of the morning, so dear to poets, considered dangerous to sheep? No one could tell, least of all, the bovine guardian; but if he could not tell why it was so, he still averred that it was so. And now, science comes with a very simple explanation, to justify the empirical precept. Siebold, the great comparative anatomist, has given the rationale in his curious treatise on entozoa.

Many of the creatures pass the early portion of their predatory existence in the bodies of one species of animal, and their maturity in another. The eggs are deposited in these latter domiciles, but not developed there; they have to be expelled, and the dear little innocents, either as eggs or embryos, are cast upon the wide world, to shift for themselves. But how?

There they lie, on the smoking dung heap, and far away roam the sheep in whose lungs they live, and they alone can develop them, and find food. What chance have they? This chance. The rain washes them into the earth, or the farmer flings them in manure upon the soil. The humidity serves to develop them; they fix themselves against the moist grass; they creep nibble the grass, and with it carry these tiny entozoa into their stomach; once there, the business is soon accomplished! Thus it is, that the dewy grass is dangerous. Thus it is, that damp seasons are prejudicial to sheep, multiplying the diseases of lungs and liver, to which these animals are subject.—Howard's Register.

A HARD CASE OF LAW.—Mr. G., a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of Merrick, who in olden times had a difficulty with a cabinet maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a good deal of interest among the neighbors, who filled themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals affected a compromise, by which Merrick was to take, in full of all demands, the cabinet maker's note for forty dollars, at six months, "payable in cabinet ware."

Lawyer G.—saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. Merrick came riding furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming: "I say, squire, an I bound to take cabinet ware?"

It seems, on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet maker had refused to pay him in any other way!

THE FUTURE.—Charles Lamb quaintly remarked that he was naturally shy of novelties—new books—new faces—new years. He ascribed this feeling to a mental twist, which made it difficult in him to face the prospective.

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least be tolerable for his adversary to write.—Milton.