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THE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 23, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

THE SNOWDROP.

Sweet harbinger of lovely spring!
We hail thy advent with delight,
For back to memory thou dost bring
Full many a balmy night.
When underneath the waving trees
Did softly sigh the evening breeze.
Dear wintry bud! there is a charm
Attends thy coming, calls the flowers,
A d' spreads afar the sweet alarm,
That summer wakes amid the bowers;
It tells us that the zephyr sighs
Beneath the blue and arching skies.
Most beautiful amid the snow,
Thy modest bud attracts the eye,
For charmingly they let us know
The world's for summer now is nigh.
When Flora smiles upon the plain,
And bids awake the shepherd's strain.
And when at length the summer's come,
Thy lovely mission is not o'er;
Thy gentle voice is mute and dumb
Till summer comes again as yore,
And cheers the hearts of those who long
For summer time, the fields to throng.

Selected Tale.

Bood will Find a Voice: A TOURIST'S STORY.

The story which I am about to tell, is in the main, so literal a fact that it requires no further "embellishments"—that's the word, I think—at my hands, than the words in which I tell it, those of course being the most forcible with which I can give this episode in common life the requisite emphasis.

My mania, if I have one, is that of rambling. With some it is a failing. Mine is of a peculiar order; being on one occasion spending some days with a hospitable friend in the town of Neath, Glamorganshire, Wales, and an opportunity of pursuing my fancy to the top of my head.

One fine morning, while taking a long walk along one side of the lovely valley of the Neath, and arriving, by some queer procedure or other, by bridges, flood-gates, and the like, across the river and the canal, until I was in the romantic and noisy village of Aberystwyth, I was grieved by the sight of a noble waterfall in its prosperous action, and after a lengthened stroll I began to turn homeward, the sound of rushing cataract still sounding in my ears.

The sight of the broad flowing river in the valley, with the canal on one side and the road on the other, the fresh pungent smell of the earth, the towering mountains on either side—grey, brown, and green—the verdure of the marshes, the accessories of industrial civilization, and the pretty farms and cottages, and at intervals around, conspired with the beauty of the day to put me on the best possible terms with myself and the world generally.

By the roadside tavern, into which I had entered to refresh myself with a glass of excellent ale, I saw, a little further on, the picturesque old church, that of St. Cadwaladr of Cadwladon, as it is generally called. I was being upon I entered the church, and that it was with a sensation of real horror that I saw, on the first object which met my eye—a tall, grave-stone, towering far above the rest, being some seven or eight feet high—the following dreadful legend.

"TO RECORD MURDER!"
It is impossible to describe the shock of which I was seized, and astonishment with which I read the words engraved beneath this sinister inscription. There stood the memento of a hideous domestic tragedy, which had once been that peaceful vale thrill with horror and to end. I could not get it out of my mind. The few particulars which I gleaned from the public house, given with a shuddering voice, only served to whet my curiosity more.

The folks at Glamorgan, and indeed of the whole of the south-west of Wales, are generally, not without some show of pride themselves upon the very small number of crimes—especially that of a darker nature, that is, of assassination, the judge presented with white gloves, emblem of the sacred nature of the calendar, which makes a mere sinecure. It speaks well for the peaceful and well conducted life which the Welsh and dusky roysters of the country have led. Beyond minor offences of assault and robbery occasioned by the warmth of Welsh weather, and an explosive temperament, outbursts against life and property are, as a general rule, unknown. Still there are exceptions, and these are so rare, that when they do occur they cause an electric thrill to run through the veins of the community.

Some thirty years ago, Neath was more than a small hamlet, devoid of all improvements which can now be honestly said of it. The canal was great, and the great mill-dam of Just in the vicinity of the old stone church there spread a wide expanse of meadow and marsh land, intersected by a network of water courses for the purpose of irrigating the soil. My story is confined to the immediate spot which lies less than midway between the old church and the marsh in question.

A slope of this marsh-land, leading to the river Neath—beautiful in the rich summer, so luxuriant was the meadow, and so prolific the odorous gardens, with their cups, and nodding willows bending over the brooks, and the fair fringing woodlands—all in the very heart of this scenery there stood, at the period I am alluding to, a low-roofed, rambling old edifice, with a half-dwelling-house. Here one

Shon (John) and his wife Nancy Richards, dwelt, together with a son, some two or three and twenty years of age. Shon Richards was half farmer and half miner; that is to say, that while his wife tended the dairy and overlooked the produce of a few acres rented, Shon, like his forefathers, was working away, deep in one of the pits. At that time wages were good, and the old man steady and frugal, so that the old couple were looked upon as being very comfortably off in the world.

Both were well spoken of, and liked by their neighbors; but of the son, Llewellyn Richards, there were many conflicting opinions held, the majority contending that he was one of those rural rascals, who are the pest of the place in which they dwell; while others held that it was only the period of that conventional soiling-time of his "wild-outs," which would soon be over, when he would settle down like his father into the quiet of domestic life. The former shook their heads, and prophesied very little good to be expected who exhibited every talent belonging to a thorough scamp and scapegrace.

His riotous conduct, at last, resulted in much domestic contention, and his quarrels with his father became loud and bitter, until the young fellow obtained this by rarely coming across him when at home. To make amends, he only visited the house in Shon's absence, and by dint of coaxing or bullying his mother by turns, who loved him with that strong exhaustless affection which is so often lavished upon the prodigal, supplied him with money, and whether for his necessities or his excesses mattered little. Idle and dissolute in his best mood, his earnings were far from sufficing him. Matters had been going on thus for some time, when another person appeared on the scene, and very soon the aspect of affairs was changed.

To assist Nancy Richards, whose industry was of an ind-fatigable order, in the heavier outdoor work of the farm, was a stout bodied loutish servant man, who lodged with a cottar a mile or so away, coming in the morning and departing at sundown. Living in the house with the old couple, however, and assisting her mistress in the dairy, about this time was a young comely servant girl, a native of Caermarthen, Margaret Williams by name, and the heroine of this story. She soon proved herself to be invaluable to the old woman, on whom age and hard labor, added to the continued fret caused by her son's wild courses, were beginning to tell alarmingly. Prostrated at last, upon a bed of sickness, the integrity and industry of Margaret were proved to the satisfaction of even her captious mistress, who began to grow greatly attached to her.

Margaret was reputed as being the very perfection of Welsh beauty. Dark-eyed, with black waving hair, a brunette complexion, with a fine mouth and dazzling teeth, a figure at once tall, light and active—youth, beauty and the belle of the district—no wonder that she drew the attention of the impressionable Llewellyn to her charms. Had she been an astute and designing girl, her work was done to her hands.

But modesty and native goodness made her shrink from his advances. Besides that, in very truth, she had an accepted suitor, one David Morgan, otherwise David Dhu, or Black David, a pseudo-name common enough, and so bestowed because of the unusual swarth of his complexion. David had followed his sweetheart from Caermarthen; for, with the jealousy of an Othello, his love was as deep as death. He soon found employment in a neighboring stone quarry, where his remarkable strength, and stalwart limbs were rendered conspicuous, and where his quiet obliging demeanor soon placed him on friendly terms with his rough companions.

Accustomed to visit the farm of John Richards on an evening, to converse with Margaret when his work was done, his quick eye soon discovered that Llewellyn was paying his sweetheart those extravagant attentions which, while they moved his silent anger, only provoked the girl's light-hearted mirth. With his usual phlegm, David manifested little or no outward recognition of the arrogant youth's growing advances. They were wasted on Margaret, who soon grew tired of his importunities; but Llewellyn was far too self-conceited to take her marked antipathy as real. As he was a handsome fellow enough, perhaps this consciousness blinded him. Perhaps he trusted in the provincial fickleness of women and so bided his time.

One evening, Llewellyn, encouraged by David's demeanor, though the dusky blood was boiling within him and mounting in his cheeks, was paying his fulsome compliments, and carrying them to the length of seizing Margaret around the waist to kiss her, when David rose, and with a single blow set his rival rolling to the ground; adding that the next time he presumed so far, his punishment would be remembered for many a day.

The servant-man, who was by at the time, remarked that when Llewellyn rose, his stained and pallid face wore a smile of such fiendish hatred as startled even his stolidity, and he hurried from the spot with clenched hands and vaguely muttered threats. David, on the contrary, resumed his usual placidity and after a while quietly departed.

But poor Margaret was not destined to be left in peace. Her mistress had so far recovered as to be able to hobble about the house; and learning that David and her son had been quarrelling, felt all the irate blood ablaze in her warm, Welsh, motherly heart, when she heard how Llewellyn had been chastised; and heedless of his offence, visited Margaret with a scolding as unmeasured as it was unmerited. Unfortunately the two rivals met again that evening near the town. It was a "Noswaith Llawn" or night of merry-making, when numbers of both sexes meet together, and the night is mirthfully spent; and though intoxication is by no means uncommon, these assemblages are seldom marked by drunken outrages, while in no instance do they ever degenerate into license, the married elder folks keeping the younger in subjection, and by their presence rendering the whole otherwise harmless.

It so chanced that Llewellyn, smarting under the pain and shame of his recent defeat, had been drinking freely, and in the midst of his younger companions, carried away his usual braggadocio, was speaking in a slighting and boastful tone of Margaret, when the door opened, and the form of David Dhu filled the opening.

"Thou art a liar, Llewellyn," said he, in his deep voice, his eyes emitting the fire of his fully aroused nature. "Thou'rt slandering a young lass who scorns thee, and thou knowest it."

It was an unlucky spot for both the assertion and the contradiction. No one believed Llewellyn, but he could not take the lie thus. "Armed in ale" he with an oath repeated a portion of his slander, and a moment after the two men were in the street fighting. Five minutes settled the whole, Llewellyn, dreadfully beaten, was helped away; this filled up the mother's cup of fury against Margaret. The next day, even against her secret will, Nancy Richards paid Margaret's wages and dismissed her. The weeping girl went to Neath, and was domiciled with an old widow, whom David knew, and for whom she kept house, more from the home and shelter than from an especial choice in the matter. Here she remained for the space of ten weeks.

In the meantime Llewellyn disappeared, and was stated to be working at Hirwain, a large coal and iron district some miles away in the vale. This, with recent occurrences, contributed to break the heart of the poor old mother, whose hitherto indomitable courage was at last fairly destroyed. She again took to her bed, sickened and died, all within the limits of a few weeks; and the home of Shon Richards was now very lonely and desolate.

In this extremity, being by no means well acquainted with the reasons of Margaret's dismissal, or his son's absence, while things were going into sad confusion about him, he prevailed upon the girl to return—a matter as it turned out, of little difficulty. This was to the displeasure of Black David, who, for the first time, had words with his mistress upon the subject—words meaningless enough, but which were afterwards remembered. His visits, now still fewer, and his silent and sombre manner, really began to throw a shadow over Margaret's usually cheerful and happy disposition. She in time became taciturn and absent in manner—so much so that it began to be commented upon.

It was in the month of June—that midsummer season of life and nature, when the nights vie with the day for beauty, and the glories of the moonlight and starry eyes are even more lovely than those of any hour of the sunny day. One night David was returning to his home, past the end of the narrow cart-lane, branching from the main road to Shon's house, when the bright moonshine fell upon the forms and faces of two persons, male and female, walking up the embowered lane. David stood petrified, for the female uttered a suppressed cry of alarm, and hastily made for the house, while the other—in whose debauched countenance he recognized the features of Llewellyn—passed on the road with a light laugh, and in the direction of Neath. What David's feelings were on that night we may very easily imagine.

What now elapsed within the few days ere the ghastly crime was perpetrated, becomes more complicated, nor is it likely that the exact truth will ever be known. It appears that David seldom saw Margaret, whose depression and loneliness of spirits were, and were only the ominous forebodings of the dismal tragedy to follow. In the meantime, it seems Llewellyn had returned, and was staying at home a second time, on better terms with his father, and that his suit for the hand of Margaret—whatever it was before—was now sanctioned by the old man, Bob Parry, the serving man, avowed that, of late, the young man seemed to have obtained an unaccountable ascendancy over the doomed girl. In what this ascendancy consisted he was unable to say, but the character of Margaret came out in which it had been tested, without a stain, or even a suspicion.

David, it was remarked, had become more silent and mournful than ever. The mute sadness which he was supposed to view the alleged defection of Margaret, accounted for this, and only gained the general sympathy in his behalf. He was known to love her so truly that a feeling of pity for him was entertained by all who knew him.

Early one Saturday evening he called at the house of Shon Richards. He saw (as Bob Parry, who had the curiosity of a magpie, stated) Margaret alone. His voice at first low and persuasive, became stormy, and the poor girl cried bitterly. He left her muttering expletives, and encountered Llewellyn in the lane. Again they had some fierce words together, again they parted with mutual menace.

On the following morning (Sunday, 14th of June, 1822,) Margaret Williams was found—murdered!

Some of the people dwelling at hand asserted that, far in the depths of night, a great, wailing shriek was heard—one of those awful outbreaks upon the almost solemn silence of the night, such as makes the flesh of the listener creep, and goes far, many a time, to confirm the creed of the supernaturalist.

The once blithe, beautiful girl was found lying dead in one of the wide and deeply trenched brooklets running to the river, which even at that season, had one-and-twenty inches of water running through it. Bob Parry (by all accounts, and especially his own) was the first to discover the body; and when the corpse of the unhappy girl was lifted out, and borne away to await an inquest, the question every one uttered was, "Who was the murderer?"

In no part of the kingdom, as any who have visited Wales can testify, is the serene stillness of the Sabbath more profound, or its sanctity more expressive, and in the remotest valley and mountain district especially so. The gorgeous richness of a midsummer morning, with its rippling streams, odoriferous roses, orchards in blossom, slumbering wood, and

dewy repose; while men, who come forth to inhale the balmy air, seem to step softer, to speak lower—all uniting with nature herself in that mute adoration of the Most High—and to have that holy peace broken in such an appalling manner!

Judge, therefore, the terror and consternation which this barbarous murder produced, for it is quite impossible to describe it.

The hapless girl was proved to have been dead for hours. There were the trampled foot-prints of a ghastly struggle upon the bank of the ditch. On her throat were the marks of strangulation, and the body was completely covered with water. "It was a sorry sight."

In the course of the day, Llewellyn Richards, one of the two men on whom suspicion fell, was taken into custody at a little tavern not far from Resolven, a place now familiar to all tourists who visit the Vale of Neath. He exhibited the greatest astonishment at his seizure, mingled with horror at the crime; but his entire innocence, he said, could be proved.

In effect, at the inquest, held before the coroner or magistrate of the district, though admitting he had been with Margaret at his father's and had even met David Morgan the previous night, he proved an *alibi* otherwise so complete in its particulars, as thoroughly exonerated him in the general sense.

"Why had he, on that particular night, not slept at his father's, as he had of late?"

The answer to this was somewhat indirect, if not vague. He accounted for it as a forbearance on his part towards David Morgan, as his (Llewellyn's) presence seemed to exasperate the other, and he feared personal violence.

Bob Parry deposed to having seen a figure hovering about the house and lane in the twilight; and that his motions, though suspicious, were not of a kind to create any particular watchfulness. But he, too, had heard the great thrilling cry, and with the earliest dawn went forth into the marshes and discovered the body.

Meanwhile, by a strict examination of the marshes, a bundle of old garments and of strong half-boots, easily recognizable as Black David's working costume, were found tied up, and sunk with a stone beneath a clump of alders. This was dreadfully circumstantial; but where was David? At present nowhere to be found, and, on inquiry, it was elicited that he had left his lodging early on the same morning, with a bundle and a stick, intending to go to Swansea, and there put in effect a project for emigrating he had been known to entertain.

At Swansea, therefore, a constable found him. He did not seem to be hiding himself; and when he was told upon what plea he was wanted, his countenance became ashy pale, his lips trembled, his strong frame shook as in ague, and his sob, when tears did flow, were frightful to behold. The burden of his moan, was to exclaim, with wringing hands, "My poor darling! My heart—my heart! In the water—in the water! Murdered—dead! Oh! white God!—My darling Margaret!"

So at intervals, as they hastened to Neath in a car, he mourned, and wept, and murmured. His anguish seemed to be unceasing his reason. But he also, on examination, proved, on credible testimony, an *alibi* even more convincing than that of Llewellyn; and the cleverest detective—unfortunately, no skilled hand in this department was employed—could not have made anything of either. On both sides, every hour of the night seemed to be completely accounted for, and fully justified the magistrate in giving the accused the benefit of the doubt that arose.

Supposing that the poor girl had been won by the artifices of the seducer, (which, however, was not proved in any particular,) it might have been said that remorse and shame had induced her to commit suicide; but there were the marks of struggling feet, and the livid finger pressures on the throat to deny that. The bundle of David's working clothes found in the marsh required to be explained.

Black David, with an impressive but simple solemnity, denied the horrid deed. He loved her too well—he would have given his heart's blood for her; and it was only in his dreary despair, and amidst the wreck of all his hopes, which he said were breaking his heart that he had parted from her, resolved never to see her more, and to put the Atlantic between them; and now a gulf still greater than the whole bulk of the world stood between—the ghastly grave of murder!

But he, too, seemed astounded—at first it was taken as the shock of conscious guilt—when his old clothes, and the boots, identified with the foot-marks on the bank, were shown before him in court.

There was a still, dead pause. The man seemed to be overwhelmed by this damning testimony; or else to be searching his memory for some clue or other that he had lost. Finally, he denied that they were his!

A smile of derision and contempt succeeded that; but it wore away as he made his statement.

He wore his working clothes and strong boots on his feet, (his best being in his bundle,) and a glance sufficed to show that such was the case; that they were of the same make, style and material, only newer, though soiled with his late employment. He made this purchase, his old ones being taken in part exchange at a clothier's in the town which was corroborated by the clothier himself; who added that he had sold the old garments, then in court, to a young, dark-faced tramp some two or three weeks ago; but that he did not know the man, and doubted whether he could identify him again even if he saw him. It was not Llewellyn, he could swear, and David he knew in person too well to make any mistake upon the matter; and thus both men were released under the nominal recognizances to appear when required.

The body of poor Margaret was borne to the grave at Cadoxton church, followed by hundreds of the town folks and country-people—David, with an air of awful sorrow and brooding absence, constituting himself in a manner as chief mourner. Llewellyn Richards, however, was not among them.

When the session came there was no trial. There was no prosecutor, no prisoner; and the matter dropped. Instead of David being the emigrant, it was now Llewellyn, who ere this departed for Liverpool, and sailed thence to America; and it was believed that all trace of him was lost. For a length of time David also disappeared, though he was heard of in Caermarthen; and thus this appalling crime was shrouded in impenetrable mystery. One or the other of these two men must have done it, and yet the strong proofs of the *alibi* each produced were not to be contested.

"That 'murder will out,' is a creed that men hold to with an intensity proportioned to the delay. Even the spirit of the doomed girl seemed to be speaking with a terrible emphasis of menace, through the words cut deeply into the stone at the head of her grave. "Although," the significant memorial goes, "the savage murderer escaped for a season the detection of man, yet God hath set his mark upon him, either for time or for eternity, and will assuredly pursue him to a certain and terrible, but righteous judgment!"

And what subsequently happened seems to prove this. Some years had elapsed, when there returned a native of the district, from the bleak Canadian wilds, who had there established himself as a farmer. In the course of conversation he stated that he was present at the death bed of a man of bad and dissipated character—no other than Llewellyn Richards, whom he had known as a boy. He appeared to be laboring under some strange terror at his last moments, and spoke, though incoherently, of purchasing a suit of old clothes through the agency of some stranger or other—a dreadful struggle on the marshes—of an appalling murder-cry—of a dying woman—of fleeing from a pursuing Nemesis; and in the midst of this recital falling back dead with a fearful groan, pointing fingers, and the sweat of unutterable agony upon his brow. There remained little difficulty then of putting the tangled meshes together. The murderer had been pursued, and "God had set his mark upon him, pursuing him to a certain and terrible punishment!"

Poor David wandered about the country—especially haunting the marshes—a cowering, gibbering idiot—harmless, but moaning evermore the burden of his great sorrow—"My poor darling! In the water! Murdered—dead!"

I was out on my accustomed ramble one uninviting day, having a desire to make a stretch, if possible, as far as Swansea, across a bleak and lonely tract skirting the sea, and known as "Crymlyn Burrows." On my way I passed the beautiful old abbey ruins, then by the iron works, anon by the shore of the canal, the river turning sharply off into an estuary on my left. The bleak, bare tract, with Swansea bay gloomily opening out, and the wild mountain heights on my right—the grey frowning sky—the utter solitude—the lonely chapel of St. Margaret, and the brown, bare, blackening desolation still ahead, made me lose heart.—The long evening setting in decided me to go back, ere I had gone much more than half-way.

I turned, at last, fearful of being benighted if I went too far. Shortly I beheld in the distance the dark figure of a man, looming and coming towards me with hurried steps, tossing his arms aloft, and gesticulating wildly. I confess to a slight touch of dread as he came nearer and nearer. A more pitiable and shocking sight never crossed my vision.

His once tall figure was bent, and so haggard and spectral was his form and aspect, that a shudder ran through me. His eyes seemed burning in their sockets, his cheeks sunken, his hair and beard were long and matted, his frame was fleshless as that of a skeleton, and his ragged garments fluttered in the wind. Glaring rather than looking before him, muttering, clenching his hands, and borne onward and supported by energies beyond that of his hunger-wasted form—like a wretch pursued by an evil spirit that left him no "rest for the sole of his foot"—he approached, passed, and was gone. I looked after him in vague fear and deep pity, as he glided onwards into the darkness of that spectral region—the fitting place for so troubled a spirit to wander in.

"My little girl, my loved one! In the water! Oh, white God! Lost—drowned—murdered!" So he moaned and muttered. I then knew that I had seen the wreck of poor Black David, who for more than twenty years had survived the dreadful shock; but the deprivation of his reason had brought the unhappy man no oblivion of the dreadful past.

He is since dead—his wasted body being found on the stark Crymlyn Bog on a morning as desolate as his own life had been.

That Comet.

Considerable excitement has lately been created in Parisian gossiping circles, on the subject of a comet, which some star-gazer or other has predicted, will, on the 13th day of next June, come in collision with this peaceable earth of ours, thereby damaging it to an unknown extent. Now there is nothing extraordinary in a report like this originating in Paris, for there has been no revolution worth speaking of there for some time, and the public mind, since the assassination of the Archbishop, has grown quite stagnant, and been really suffering for the want of a little stimulus of some kind. Indeed it would not surprise us much to hear that the whole affair was got up at the instigation of "Louis le Petit," that sagacious ruler, shrewdly imagining that the trail of a comet might be the means of saving his own head, for it is no easy matter to predict with any degree of certainty, to what little fancy job the "canaille" may be inclined next to turn their attention. But seriously speaking, this theory of the possible collision between our earth and some wandering heavenly body, and the probable effects of such an occurrence, is, to say the least of it, a very interesting subject. That such an event may occur no one can deny, although it is a possibility merely, and not a probability. In 1832, the "comet of Biela," as it is called, crossed the orbit of the earth, about a month

previous to the arrival of the latter at the point of intersection. Though the miss in this instance was as good as a very large number of miles, yet the announcement that we had been even thus near running into one of these erratic bodies, created among some people considerable excitement, and indeed alarm.—But from the fact that Sir J. Herschel saw stars of the sixteenth magnitude through the centre of this very comet, and the comet of 1770 passed through the satellites of Jupiter without producing the least perceptible disturbance in those insignificant orbs, astronomers have come to the comfortable conclusion, that these strangers are neither more nor less than luminous gas, and "gas," as we Americans well know, is not so very terrible after all.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

Aquafortis Operating on Old Joe.

In the pretty village of Haddonfield, N. J., some years ago, there resided an old fellow who was familiarly known to the town and country round as "Old Joe," he had no particular occupation, except doing chores or errands—nor any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite, and slept where he could find a lodging place. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. He generally made his headquarters at the lower tavern, for there were two in town.—He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar-room but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not asked to drink he would slip to the bar, and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them.—One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern, mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half full of aquafortis on the bar and turned around to mix some other ingredients. A few moments afterwards he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found to his dismay, that the tumbler had been drained to the very last drop.

"Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the Doctor, in affright, to the landlord, "what has become of the aquafortis I put on the bar a few moments ago?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it."

In this suspicion they were both soon confirmed, for the hostler said that he had seen Old Joe take the fatal draught. The Doctor knowing that he must certainly die, after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, out-houses and wood, for three or four miles around the village, he was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village toppers assembled around the blazing hickory fire of the bar-room, nothing was thought or talked of but the unfortunate end of poor Old Joe. Some four or five days having elapsed and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The Doctor, about this time, had to visit a patient some eight miles distant. What was his surprise when about five miles distant from the village, to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house, splitting wood.

"Why Joe," said the Doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you were dead and buried before this."

"Why, what made you think that, Doctor?" said Joe, leaning on his axe handle.

"Didn't you drink that dose I left on Old Wiggins's bar, a few days since?"

"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" asked the Doctor.

"No," returned Joe.

"Why, it was aquafortis—enough to kill a dozen men."

"Well, now Doctor, do you know I tho't there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my pocket-handkerchief."

To YOUNG MEN.—Young man! save that penny—pick up that pin—let that account be correct to a farthing—find out what that bit of ribbon costs, before you say you will take it—pay that half dime your friend handed you to make change with—in a word, be economical, be accurate, know what you are doing—be honest, and then be generous, for all you have or acquire thus belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use you please. It is not parsimony to be economical. It is not miserly to save a pin from loss. It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings. It is not small to know the price of articles you are about to purchase, or to remember the little debt you owe. What if you do meet Bill Pride deked out in a much better suit than yours, the price of which he has not yet learned from his tailor, and who laughs at your faded dress and old-fashioned notions of honesty and right, your day will come. Franklin, who from a penny-saving boy, walking the streets with a loaf of bread under his arm, became the companion of kings.

ANSWERED.—The late Prince Bishop of Warzburg, in one of his hunting expeditions, met a poor boy attending some swine. The Prince, among other questions, asked him what his wages were for a swineherd.

"A new suit and two pair of shoes every year," was the reply.

"No more," said the Prince. "Look at me, I am a shepherd, too, but I wear better clothes and look better."

"That may be, sir," said the boy in his simplicity, "but I dare say you have more swine to keep than I have."

A disease called scarlet rash is prevailing through several townships in the lower part of Luzerne County. It carries its victims off, with a warning of only a day or two, generally at tacking the head.

Johnson used to say that perfect literary style was like the atmosphere—the medium for seeing things correctly, but itself invisible.