THE

NOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

raday Morning, June 2, 1859.

Selected Poetry.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING ST CHARLES SWAIN tre br something, be not idle-Log about thee for employ ! it no down to useless dreaming. Labr is the sweetest joy. labr is the sace eve. ary Life for thee bath may dutiese ret may. Scatter bl ay p thway! cheering smiles, etter . old or silver, tha With ir grief dispelling wiles. sent sunshine falleth As the I Ever the grateful earth, noathy and kindness well the darkened hierth. " tre oppressed and meary. ar of sympathy, ords of hope and comfo Whil thy reward shall be e soul returning. is perfect fonutain head, thou freely givest, grateful light band, Hstellaneus. Way dithe Governess Faint?

We were || sittingtogethe in the evening, ad ny sist Fannihad ben reading alond tom the nespaper. For m fathler's benefit, se had ret all th politice articles, and all sout busiess, tille had sid he had heard epugh an there is nothig in the papers. and then id left t room. So Fanny looked over the miriagesud death, and read about e weathe in Ne York and Chicago, and me other things at she tought would inest us while we ere seving. Suddenly I isked up, towardshere Mss Agnes was sit-ig, far away at e otherand of the room. dow by her or the tht was cool, and tried to speak as if I had seen nothing. the windows vere close There came in ha glass of ater. Wen I returned, I dow. nd Miss Ages revivina little. The air es, shelooked at meronderingly, then idder came over

I must not trouble myself about her. The next day she seemed quiet, yet the same you ; I am unworthy of you." as ever. Though I said nothing to anybody

Jessie everything. Fanny called us the two and pale, looked into his face. Jays, we chattered so when we were together.

and had seriously wounded his thigh. Anoth- never be strong. Let me go down the current. ring somehow. I knew it must come back to er was the marriage of Mr. Abraham Black to Your heart will not break ;- I am not worth her. And it did ; and he came with it. Miss Susan Whitcomb, and Fanny had won- such a sacrifice." dered if she were related to the Whitcombs of Hadley. Then she had read a singular adver- these cold, bitter words, and you must know tisement for a lost ring, a seal ring, with some that each word cuts me. Oh, Ernest, you are Arabic letters engraved upon it. I was of opinion that Miss Agnes was somehow connected your faithlessless !' with this signet-ring-that it had some influence over her fate. Jessie thought that Miss imperiously-" I needed it. But you were Agnes must have been formerly engaged to true, Agnes-the ring was a true talisman. It Mr. Abraham Black, and that when she heard seemed to me that its letters had changed colof his marriage—but I interrupted her in this suggestion. In the first place, she could never have been engaged to a Mr. Abraham formed the word "Faith,"—that the word

some warm discussions on the subject. Time passed ou, and it was June. One

lovely afternoon, we had quite a frolic with the hay, the grass having been cut on the lawn in front of the house. Miss Agnes had been with her visitor recovered his composure directly. us. We had made nests in the hay, and had buried each other in deep mounds of it, and was leaning be in hechair, and, all in had all played till we were quite tired. I went Miss Agnes, before leaving for Europe. Can moment, I thent she poked white, as into the house in search of Miss Agnes, after I be of service to you ?" igh she had faced. I d not say a word, she had gone in, and found her stting at one tgot up and nt quiet towards her. I of the side windows. I came near, then wish-

" How high the cat has to step, to walk over the breeze offresh air, pd then I ran to the grass," said I, as I looked out of the win-Miss Agnes put her arms about me. "You

" I never before saw anybody cry that was rown up " said I

were anything in what she had read that could to tell you. I love you, passionately, as I have ny read aloud the loss of that ring, it spoke to have moved Miss Agnes so much. I had not always loved you. But there are other passions a suspicion that was lying in the depth of my been paying much attention to the reading, but hold to me tighter. Money, and position-I heart, and roused it into life. My little Jeanie, I knew upon which side of the paper to look. need them-I cannot live without them. The I was very sad then. Fanny told me it was time for me to go to bed, first I have already, and the claims I have to however, and I left my search before I could reputation will follow soon. I am mad. I am nest Carr. You do not know how I might find anything that seemed to concern Miss Ag-nes. I stoped at her door, and bade her good mask. Next week I marry riches—a fortune. ble, upright George. He loved me, and treanight again; and she came out to me, and With a golden lady, I go to Europe. I for-kissed me, and said-I was a good child, and sake home-my better self. I leave you, Ag-me. I did not banish him from it-he would

> She lifted herself from the chair on which "Do not go, Ernest !" said she. " You

willing to look again, and this time remember- is only in your presence that I can appear no-life which could never have satisfied him." ed three things that Fanny had just been read- ble enough for you. Even here, by your side, ing when I had looked up at Miss Agnes .- I see the life I must lead with you, the strug-One was about Paul Shuttuck-in descending gle that you must share. In that life you dreamed. I faucied my brother George comfrom a haycart, he had fallen upon a pitchfork, would only see me fail. I am weak ; I can ing home, and that he would meet with that

"You are desperate," said she. "You say

"I needed to see you once more," he said, Black; and then, nobody who could marry was some black word that meant death. I left Miss Agnes would think of taking up with a it with him, that he might study it. When I Susan Whitcomb. So Jessie fell back upon saw him again, he declared he had lost it, and Paul Shattuck, and, to tell the truth, we had had had advertised it. You see you can trust your talisman sooner than you can trust me."

At this moment the outer door opened, and presently Fanny came in, with one of her friends. Miss Agnes looked bewildered, but " Miss Fanny, I believe ;- I have met you

before. I have just been bidding good-bye to Before we had time to think, he had said

something to each one of us, and had left the ad she had faied quiteway, and her lips ed to draw back again, for I saw tears in her house. Fanny turned to speak to Miss Agnes. ere pale, and I eyes shi I opened the eyes. But when I found she had seen me, I but she had fallen to the ground before we could reach her.

She was ill, very ill, for a long time. She had the brain fever-so the doctor said. They let me stay with her-she liked to have me with her. I was glad to sit in the darkened d water ser/d to refrester, and very grad-wonder, because you see me crying," said she, hyshe cam back to herf. Asshe opened and looked into my face. child, but I learned to be useful to her. I waited on all her wants. I held her hand when she reached it out as if to meet some In the quiet of her room, I had not heard you can't help crying, can you ?" And her the great piece of news, -- of the terrible railroad accident ; that Mr. Carr, the Ernest who "Yes, it is very bad," she said, as she held had been to see Miss Agnes, was among those me in her arms, " it is very bad ; but you do who were suddenly killed-the very day he left our house ? I had not heard it ; so I was not That was all. She did not tell me anything able to warn Fanny, when she came into the -yet I felt as if she had said a great deal, and sick room of Miss Agnes, the first day she was able to talk-I could not warn Fanny that she must not speak of it But she did. How of the parlor, I fancied I heard a little cry, and could she be so thoughtless ? Miss Agnes, it anch teacher; but spracticed duets for it sounded to me as if I heard the voice of Miss is true, looked almost well, as she was lying on piano with hiss Ag and read with her Agues. I hurried in. A stranger had just her couch, a soft color in her checks. But then entered the room. But before me stood Miss Fanny need not have told her anything so pain-Agnes, pale, erect, her lips quivering. She ful. Miss Agnes looked quite wild, and turned held fast a chair, which she had drawn up in to me to as if to know whether it were true. front of her, as one would place a shield be- I could not say anything to her, but knelt by her--and she seemed almost calm, as she askslender and defenceless she loooked ! I fol- ed to know all that was known, all the terrible

BRADFORD REPORTER.

"You do not know how deeply I loved Ernes ;-and may thank God that I do leave have stayed all these years in Calcutta, if had not been for me-so he said. You cannot understand how it was that Ernest Carr, whom else about her fainting, I could not help tell- she was leaning, and walked towards him. She I had known before, should have impressed me ing my friend Jessie of it-for I always told laid her hand upon his shculder, and, white more. You do not know yet, that we cannot

command our love-that it does not follow where our admiration leads. I loved Ernest I knew she would not tell anybody, so I could are mine. A promise cannot be broken-you for his very faults. The fascinations that made not help sharing my wonder with her-what could have made Miss Agnes faint so sudden ly? She thought it must have been something in the newspaper-perhaps the death of some against my follies and all my passions? You | him ; but his fate seems to me not so awful as friend, or the marriage of some other. I was stand before me too fair, too lovely for me. It the fate towards which he was hurrying-the She left off speaking, and dreamed on, her eyes and thoughts far away. And I, too,

PATIENCE .- " Patience !" It is a lesson taught us by winter.

The wind whispers it through the branches of fir and pine, where, by and by, the oriole and the red bird shall flutter their bright plumage. The winds bring now no songs of birds, no breath of roses, but the medicine of the cold, wholesome air not less needful than the perfume of the summer breeze. Patience ! be willing to be hardened into vigor-be willing to be made strong, that so every season may minister to thee its own keen and peculiar delight.

"Patience !" The bare twigs of oak, and maple, and willow, shape themselves into hireoglyphics, to spell out the word. Every bough imprisons a colony of living buds, sleeping calmly in their fetters till the appointed time to unfurl the flag of liberty upon the sunny air. Why should the untimely bud hurry out to meet the death-dealing frost? Patience, heart, neither were it well for thee always to be in leaf and flower. For thee is the time of blossoming and fruitage fixed, as surely as for the tree.

Patience !" It is written upon the earth's face, as she lies looking placidly up to the heavens, through her veil of snow. How calm she is, with her white mantle folded over her bosom-over the seeds and roots she is keeping quiet for the festival time of spring-over the graves where he our sealedup promises of Paradise. Patience, soul ! Hold thy lifegerms pure and sound through the long days of silence and cold, content, since heaven is above thee still, with its earnestness of truth, is open radiance of love.

Patience 1 for the seeds will burst, the buds

Freaks of a Millionaire.

William Beckford, one of the most remarkable men of modern times, was the only son of Alderman Beckford, of London, who died when his son was only ten years of age, bequeathing him West India and other property which yielded an annual income equal to half a million dollars. Young Beckford's mental powers were good and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the great Mozart instructed him in music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling (five million dollars,) he launched upon the wide world. The great talent for promoting human happiness was placed within his reach ; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of here, was the erection of a gorgeous palace. During his residence in Portugal he visited, under royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxuriant monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, " that could thing was left behind but care and sorrow."

tery," he adds, " was gilded and painted ; the died in 1844, aged 84 years, leaving two daughfloor was spread with Persian curpets of the ters, one of whom is the present Duchess of finest texture ; the tables decked with superb Hamilton. His wife was Lady Margaret Gorewers and basins, of chased silver." The kitchen in which the dinner was pre

pared is thus described. " A stream of water flowed through it, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other

side were vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores, extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, finer than snow, blocks of sugar, and jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance."

The dinner which followed the preparations with pictures and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. "The banquet," he adds, "consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries." Confectionary and fruits awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Goa filigree containing the purest and most fragrant spices, were handed round. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this day. Returning at the commencement of the pre-

sent century, to his native country, Beckford gloomy hours when the fire will not burn on again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoy- our hearts, and all within is dismal, cold and ment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dis. dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret like to a splendid mansion on his estate, which sorrows which the world knows not, and oftenhad been erected by his father at a cost of times we call a man cold when he is only sad. \$1,400,000. he ordered it to be pulled down. -Longfellow. He resolved that, phoenix like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that hitherto had is not necessary to give, had a son who was been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the west of Eng. land, was the result of this determination .--Whole galleries of the vast pile were erected, an account, when the following dialogue took solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to place emblazon on their windows the crests of the of ours, whom we call Agricola, was a boy, he families from whom he boasted his descent .---The wonder of the fabric, however, was a towof which was troubled by dog Wolf. The cur er of colossal dimensions and great height, killed his sheep, knowing, perhaps, that he was erected somewhat in the manner and spirit of those who once reared a similar structure on the plains of Shimar : "Go to, let us build a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven ; and let us make us a name." you." To complete the erection of Becktord's tower, 400 men were employed both night and day | first to engage in prayer ? " through an entire winter, the torches used by for butting as Wolf was for sheep stealing, and the nocturnal workmen being visible to the as- gery of the son completely overcame him, so tonished travelers at miles distant. Beckford's without either prayer or flogging, he dismissed the dog. I shut Wolt up in the barn with this principal enjoyment was watching the erection the boy, while he turned away to relieve his strong enough to love so earnestly such a one old fellow, and the consequence was that the of this structure. At nightfall he would re- risibles. pair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for ours with the singular spectacle presented by last war with England, "circumstances were the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of seen around the moon nightly, shooting stars their glare on the surrounding woods. The perambulated the earth, the desk of the sua building was indeed Beckford's idol-the ob-I rigged an iron crowbar out of a hole in the ject for which he lived. He devoted the whole ments swept the horizon wi h their operic of his energies to make it realize the most fas- tails. Everybody said it profligated war, and the end of it. You can't always tell when you cinating visions of a vain imagination. The sure enough it did come. Its costiveness was tower was finally erected, but as might have felt throughout the land, but the bravery of been expected, the mortar and cement used General Jackson expiated the American citibutt, and being a good marksman from long had no time to set properly, ere a violent gale zeus, nud foreign dominees soon became a byeof wind brought the vast structure to the word." ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the sublime fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for soms of those around us ! We might explain the erection of another tower of 267 feet in many a coldness could we look into the heart beight ; this also fell to the ground in 1835. After the completion Beckford's conduct hate, love, when we carl the lip with scorn and was still more extraordinary. A wall nearly two miles in circumference surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors our sins the most nufeeling and frequent. were allowed to pass. In sullen grandenr he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the whole world. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlers, in the hope of catching a glimpse of its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of this curiosity. All that art and wealth could give, to produce cffect, was there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so pumerous here that they dazzle the eye ; and when one looks round at the cabinets, candelabras, and ornaments which decorate the room, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches number of years ago, came to Huntingdon Fur- consist entirely in vessels of gold and silf from richea with precious stones of

took place. Some law suits terminated aufa-

vorably, embarrassments poured in like a flocd on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense, was sold. The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer ; and Beckford driven, with the shattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age at a watering place-there to moralize on the inability of wealth, there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to paint the oft-told moral of the vanity of human affairs.

He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner. Thus melted away, like frostwork before the sun, the extravagant production of a man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad miss pplication of the talent committed to his care, and in the end inxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth he discovered that he had been cheated by the mirage.

Though Beck'ord's princely lavishness had caused him to be talked about all over the world, his true claim to remembrance rests upon his talents as an author, and his genius as splendor of this journey, which resembled more displayed in the wild and singular Oriental the calvacade of an eastern prince than the tale of "Vathek," which is so splendid in description, true to eastern costume, so wild and vivid in imagination, that Lord Byron considbe thought or dreamed of, for our convenience ered it difficult to credit that it was written by or relaxation, was carried in our train-no- a European, and said, "even Dr. Johnson's Rasselas must bow before it." Mr. Beckford "The ceiling of my apartment in the monas- was the author of numerous other works. He don, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne.

10 A waggish chap whose vixen wife, by drowning, lost her precious life, called out his neighbors all around, and told them that his spouse was drowned. He knew he said the very nook, where she had tumbled in the brook. And he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more. Above the place the people cried. Above the place, the man replied. Of course yon don't suppose l'd go, and waste the time to look below. I've known the woman quite a spell, and learnt her fashwas served in a magnificent saloon, covered ions very well ; alive or dead, she'd go, I know, against the current anybow.

> THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD .- " Ah I this beautiful world ? Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven lies not far off-and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come

pom-then as if with a adden pful memory.

I'm better-hank if for the water,' aid she; and ten she pup and went to window, and eaned anst the casement had a glimpse f her f; so sad a face I d never seen blore.

For Miss Agess was often sad, though was quiet inner waynd manners. She ould be gay, when it wame to be gay. She Fas our governes-thal she taught Mary nd Sophy and ne. For was too old to be ught by her, and had Italian master and -and she made visits ther, for Miss Agles has a favorite e where. She had a kind word for everybound listened kindly all that was saidher. She talked to erybody at the sewin lieties, had something say to everyone an hen she came home he had always somet to tell that was enrtaining. I often hed I could be oneparter as amising, hever could succeed my little experience way Miss Agns die I have tried it often ce, but I always f Only the other day, quite prided myselfat I had found out all out Mrs. Endico going to Europe, and ame home delight ith my piece of news. She was going with husband ; two of the ildren she was thave behind, and take the baby with her; I were to be gone six s; and even w the name of the vessel you would l errous gong in, the day they were to the wolf !" My interstatiorenovas very quickly told ; Agnes and many others would have good deal more of it. I had no soonm to the end han Fanny said : "Who is you, if you loved me, not to come to me." g p take care of the children she leaves at inted; -my jews was quite imperfect ; aght as well nt have tried to bring any But it was rever so with Miss Agnes. eve it was because she was really interin what concerned others, that they alaffairs, yet she knew very well all that to love me !" going on.

e circle, and was veleomed also among our "tes were of the color of her light-brown am !" liked to see her come into the room, and face mide sunshine there ; and am too a wretch to dare to speak to you. I red upon the signet-ring." riend.

r, and she said : "I am not well, your contempt." we will not say anything about it. MMIto my room ; to-morrow I shall be ie held her hand to her head, and

er, Cill looked so sad and pale. She I was about to leave). 182, Wad night and went away. the others what had happened

for BUTTE

J. B DUNNINBUT I found the paper

Miss Agnes smiled and said. " They tell kindly touch. children it is naughty to cry ; but sometimes tears came dropping down.

help me. You shall be my little friend."

I did not speak of this to Jessie. A few days after, as I was passing the door

tween one's self and some wild animal. How lowed the terrified glance of her eyes. There, particulars that Fanny knew so well. in the middle of the room stood a strangernot so terrible to look upon, for he was young, t all agreeable in the and it seemed to me I had never seen so hand. Either she was to weak or too strong to die some a man. His black hair and and eyes quite pictured my romance. He was strongly built, and directly showed his strength by seizing a large marble table that stood near the centre of the room, and wheeling it between himself and Miss Agnes.

" If you are afraid of me," he said, " I will build up a barrier between us. Poor lamb, you would like to be free from the clutches of

"I am afraid of you," said Miss Agnes, slowly-and the color came to her cheeks .--"Your know your power over me. I begged

" All for that foolish ring ! And the spirnone of my work that published it in the papers. Can you let a fancy, an old story in a ring, disturb your faith in me?"

"If the faith is disturbed," answered Miss Agnes, " what use in asking what has distur- when it has been quietly worn, undisturbed, told her willingy about themselves ; and bed it? Earnest, as you stand there, you that have been forgotten. It has told many a igh she never was inquisitive about oth. cannot say you love me as you once professed

"I can say that you are my guiding stare was a most valuable member of our that, if you fail me, I fall away into ruin." " Can my little light keep you from ruin ?"

very tall aid slender, and her light- to me so? Alas, you know how weak I broke her promise to him for the sake of a " I know that you are an angel, and that I

ore to us than a governess-she was came here to tell you I was worthy of your deepest hatred. But, Agnes, when you speak

He walked up and down the room, and pre-

sently saw me standing there.

I was about to leave the room, but he called

me back. "Stay, child !" he said, " if I can speak in | life of its own ?"

ING, their sol have said, I was not in the her presence, it makes little difference that any MONDAY ors, and partly because they one else should hear me. Agnes, little Agnes, or BUTTER; col had not observed what you would like to be quite alone; —let the you would like to be quite alone ;-let the me. I had known it by the words he wrote to

She was worse after that. We thought she would die, one night. But she did not die .-of a broken heart. Perhaps she wes not as Mr. Carr, or else she had such strength as could hear the trial that was given her to bear. She lived, but life seemed very feeble in her for a long time.

One day she began to talk with me. " You would like to know, Jeanie, the story of that ring," she said. I told her I was afraid to have her talk

about it, but she went on :--

" It is an old heirloom, and all our family history is full of stories about this ring. There are so many tales connected with it, that every one of us has looked upon it with a sort of su- practice, the bar broke in between his horns, I had never thought to ask ! I was its of mischief betrayed its loss to you; it was perstition, and cherished it as a talisman connected with our lives. It was always a test of monition effectually cured him of butting." constancy, and the stories of these occasions when it has detected falsehood have always been remembered. I suppose there are many sad tale in my own family. It came back, broken, to my brother Arthur, and he died of a broken heart. My sister Eveline gave it to her young cousin, to whom she had engaged herself. But afterwards, when she went to live And we thought her beautiful, too. said Miss Agnes, shaddering. "Do not talk with a gay and heartless aunt of mine, she richer match. The day that she was married, our cousin far away saw the black letters turn

"Oh, Miss Agnes ?" I exclaimed.

"And why should not letters change ?" she she looked round at me, pale and to me of my power over you, it tempts me to asked, abruptly ; and I saw her eyes look out suddenly saw that I looked aston- wield it a little longer, before I fall below dreamily, as if loooking at something I did not see. "The letter clothes the spirit ; and the spirit gives life to the form. A face grows lovely or unlovely with the spirit that lies be "A listener !" he exclaimed, "you are afraid hind it. I cannot say if there be a spirit in such things. Yet what we have worn we give value to. It has an expression in our eyes. Do we give it all that expression, or has it some of snuffers, he asked :

She interrupted herself, and went on :-" I had known that Ernest was not true to

B DUNNINGut I found the paper child stay. Yet you know already that I am me. They did not have the ring of pure sil-LAID OUT TAND if there is the south, and carefully powner is haudy." As or Millinery, will yield a developmini Style." has been everyed, and is the "I Le Raysville, March 8, 1859. MARSH & CO'S., Elmina. for sale at the oct. 25. KESTONE STORE. | Le Raysville, March 8, 1859.

will unfold, the graves will open ! Wait in quietness and confidence ! Let thy snowrobes of endurance lie light and beautiful about thee till winter passes, and up from the deeps of thy being comes a murmur and per-fume of life! Then patience may change into joy, for it is thy redemption that draweth nigh ! -Congregationalist.

MORAL SUASION ON A RAM .--- When a friend lived on a farm in Berkshire county, the owner conscientiously opposed to capital punishment. and he could devise no means to prevent it .--"I can break him of it," said Agricola, "if you will give me leave." "Thou art permitted," said the honest farmer ; and we will let Agricola tell the story in his own words .-There was a ram on the farm as notorious who stood in as much need of moral suasion as dog never looked a sheep in the face again .--The ram broke every bone in his body, literally Wonderfully uplifted was the ram aforesaid, by his exploit ; his insolence became intolerable he was sure to pitch into whomsoever went nigh him. 'I'll fix him,' said I, and so I did. baru, point foremost, and hung an old hat on

see a hat whether there is a head in it or not ; how then should a ram? Aries made at it full and came out under his tail. This little ad-

THE BUCKET .- It is much easier to to get into a quarrel than to get out of it. In the year 1005, some soldier of the Commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a well belonging to the State of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which was worked up into a long and sanguinary war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made prisoner. His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is ten miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twentytwo years of imprisonment he pined away. His monument is now extant in the Church of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, enclosed in an iron cage.

A "HANDY" ARTICLE .- Adam Slonaker, a nace, and seeing there, for the first time, a pair

"What's them for ?" "To snuff the candle."

the ruby to the diard, of Fonthill. With an Such whore than £100,000 par annum, he inemed above the reach of adverse fortune .-The candle just then needed attention off Adam, with his thumb and finger of the snuf-the snuff, and carefolly pothem is handy." 1 Martin

POWER OF PRAYER - A minister whose name quite a rogue, and withal something of a wag. One day the boy had been guilty of some misdemeanor, for which the father called him to "John, you have done wrong and I must punish you. "Very well sir, just as you say."

"Then take off your cost." " Certainly, sir." "Now take off your vest." "Just as you please sir."

"Now, my dear son, it is my duty to flog

"Yes sir ; but father, would it not be best

This was too much for the minister, the war-

Mrs. Partington says that, just before the was covered with dark spots of ink, and com-

How little is known of what is in the boconcealed from us : we should often, where we indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, and of all

An old unloved Deacon in his last hours was visited by a neighbor, who said ;--" Well Deacon I hope you feel resigned in going."-'Y e-e s," said the Deacon, " I I think I I am resigned." "Well," said the other, "I tho't it might be consoling to you to know that all the neighborhood are resigned also."

105 You may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approbation from the readers, but just let a paragraph slip in, (by accidenc,) of one or two lines, not suited to their taste, and you will be sure to hear - it.

A STUDY FOR LADIES .- Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage, should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, but few wives are able to dress anything but themselves. -Punch.

Birds are the poor man's music, flowers the poor man's poetry.

Strawberries are selling for 10 cents per quart in Nashville.