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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Again my father I do come
Unto thy hallowed house of prayer,
To sit in my accustomed place
With the dear people of thy care.

And as I gratefully recount
Thy mercies manifold to me,
Who am unworthy of the least,
This is my only cry to thee:

If I have anything of good,
Any least spark of light within,
That is not wholly darkened yet
By the great blackness of my sin;

Oh patient and long-suffering Lord,
Descend in mercy from above,
And fan it to a living flame
With the soft breathing of thy love!

PHILIP CARV.

AMERICA'S NOBLEMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame,
Than follow king or warrior's name.

The workmen, what'er their task,
To carve the stone or bear the load—
They wear upon their honest brows,
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are the drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble workmen,
Who near the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main,
God bless them, for their swartly hands,
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

Miscellaneous.

My First Love.

That I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a shadow of doubt. I departed myself like a person in love; I talked like a person in love; I looked like a person in love, and felt like a person in love. The affection that had taken possession of my youthful heart was no everyday one; I was sure of that. There were not words enough in the English language to describe the height, depth, length and breadth of its grandeur. It was destined to be a grand accompaniment of the ages yet to be; a fixed principle throughout eternity; a planet of surpassing beauty in the broad heavens of home affections. My love was returned—the strong yearnings of my nineteen-year-old heart went out in the direction of the most beautiful maiden in all—shire, and in return, sent the yearnings of her heart out to meet mine. Twice a week, as often as the week came around, I went up to the old brown home of Dr. Stoddard to tell his daughter my love, and as regularly listened to a recital of its return from the red lips of my charming Janet. The good doctor made merry at our expense, and his jolly wife took a wicked pleasure in constantly reminding us of our youth. Janet was tortured by sly reticences for her play-house in the shed, her long-sleeved pinafores and pantalettes of six months before; while I was offered, while the doctor's wife wore a face of immovable sobriety, an old coat of the doctor's for my mother to make into a dressing-gown for me.

We were, nevertheless, determined to be married. We would steal slyly away from the house while our cruel friends reposed in the arms of Morpheus; his us, on "the wings of love" to the nearest city; Janet would become, in a moment's time, Mrs. Jason Brown, and I, Mrs. Jason Brown's husband.

At once we set out about making preparations for this important journey. Everything, of course, must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. At twelve o'clock I was to leave my home stealthily, get my father's grey nag noiselessly out of the barn and harness her, and then proceed to Janet. Janet was to be waiting for me at her chamber window. I was to place a ladder at that same window; she was to descend that ladder; we were to fly down to the road through the old lane, to the spot where the horse was fastened, and then the wind should not outrun us.

There was but one difficulty in the way. Janet's room was shared by her sister Fanny, a little, mischievous, wicked creature of eleven summers, who, to use Janet's words, "was awake at all hours of the night." There was but one way for us if Fanny was aroused; she must be bribed into silence. For that purpose I placed in Janet's hand a round, shining silver dollar. But Janet needed assistance, so she concluded to make Fanny her confidant for the forenoon before we started, and in that case prevent all possibility of her raising the house by a sudden outcry.

Well, the long looked-for, hoped-for, and yet dreaded night arrived at last. Slowly its laden feet carried away the hours, and what a strange heartful of emotions I bore up, as I sat by my chamber-window, looking out, as I thought, for the last time, upon the house of my father. The moon was out in all splendor; she was kind to me, lighting up, with her silver touches, all the spots my eyes might wish to rest upon before I went out into the world a wanderer. The broad fields lay out smooth and shining before my gaze; the fields in which I had worked by my father's side since I was a little boy—ah! a dear, kind father he had been! (At this juncture my throat began to swell.) I turned away from the window.

"If I could but see my mother once more!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes with my coat-sleeve. "No one ever had a better mother than I have."

I sat down in a chair and sobbed outright. I looked around for something to take with me that my mother's hand had blessed with

her touch. There was a spinning wheel in the room where I slept; at the end of the spindle hung a woolen roll. With my knife I half cut and half tore it off, pressed it fervently to my lips, and then placed it tenderly in my vest pocket. I had not time to do more; the old clock in the kitchen warned me solemnly that my appointed time had arrived; and with a slow, sad, yet noiseless step I left the house. Once out in the air my wonted lightness of spirits returned. I consoled myself with the thought that in a few years I should return again, a strong, healthy, wealthy, respected and influential man, an honor to my parents, a blessing to my friends, and the husband of Janet.

I have often wondered since, how I succeeded in getting away from the house with my horse and cart without arousing any one. But as good luck would have it, I made a triumphant exit from the old place, and in a few moments was jogging fearlessly along towards the home of Janet. My only dread was of the little Fan; if after all, she should betray us, what a dreadful, desperate mischief it would be!—what a wretched predicament affairs would be in! I groaned aloud at the thought; yet I put a brave face upon the matter; I said that if it was right that we should go we should go; if it was't right, in all probability we should stay at home; yet, right or not right, if that miserable little Fan did betray us, I'd spend all my days in avenging the wrong—'that was certain. Was I in earnest?—did I mean it? But we shall see.

How earnestly and anxiously I gazed towards the chamber window of Janet, as, after fastening my horse by the roadside, I walked cautiously up the long lane that led up to the doctor's house. O, joy inexpressible!—the waving of a white handkerchief in the moonlight, told me that everything was right, that in a few moments I should clasp Janet to my breast, mine, mine for ever! Ah, how happy I was!—so happy, indeed, that I stood still there in the moonlight, with my two hands pressed firmly to my left side, for fear my over-loaded heart would burst away from me entirely. What a figure I must have cut then! What an Apollo I must have looked, with my fine proportions wrapped up in my wedding suit! I was slender; I was tall; I was gaunt; I am sure I was ugly looking at that moment.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but from an old chest I had taken a blue broadcloth swallow-tailed coat that had belonged to my grandfather in the time of the wars, and in the pride of my youth had got into it. The tails came nearly to my heels, while the waist was nearly to my armpits. The sleeves reached down to the tips of my fingers, hiding entirely from view the luxuriant pair of white silk gloves, which I had allowed myself for the important occasion. Above this uncouth pile of blue broadcloth was perched a hat. O ye stars and moon that looked upon it, testify with me that it was a hat!—a hat and not a stove pipe, a hat and not a boot-leg! That hat!—looking back at it through the mists of twenty-five years, it seems to have arisen to the stature of two feet full, while its brim appears little wider than my thumb nail. My eyesight isn't quite as good now as it used to be, and I may not see quite rightly. Make all due allowance, dear reader.

I say that I must have looked ugly at that moment. Be that as it may, I thought I was looking splendidly; I thought the figure I cut was an honor to the name of Brown, and I was proud of it; proud as I stalked up to Janet's window, and placed carefully there the ladder that was to bear us to my side. Everything was silent about the house. Fate was surely with us; Fanny had been bribed into service. As I stood there, I could see her light, little figure fit noiselessly to and fro by the window, and how I blessed her—blessed her, from the very bottom of my heart, for her kindness!

At last Janet commenced descending the ladder, and as she did so, the moon crawled in out of sight under a huge black cloud. The very heavens favored us; our success might be looked upon as fixed. Three steps more upon the ladder's rounds, and Janet's dainty little feet would stand upon terra firma beside my own. The steps were taken, and she held for a moment fondly by the sleeves of my blue broadcloth, before we looked up to the window, both with upraised hands to catch a small bundle of clothing that Fanny was to throw down to us, and which we had no other means of carrying with us.

"Be quiet, Fan," whispered Janet, as her sister appeared at the window and poised the bundle over our heads. "Be quiet, Fan, for heaven's sake, and drop it quickly."

But Fanny still stood there, swinging backward and forward, backward and forward, the huge bundle, without heeding Janet's earnest entreaty.

"Do, do throw it, Fanny dear! Do have some mercy on me! What if father should know of this? What if he should be awakened?"

"La, give it to her Fan; don't plague your sister, she's in a hurry!" called a voice at that moment from the closed blinds of the parlor windows, which belonged to none other than Dr. Stoddard. "Give her the things, and tell the boys to carry out a bag of corn, a cheese, some wheat, and some butter to the cart. Janet must have a setting out. Only be still about it, Fan."

For a moment we were petrified upon the spot; I thought I should fall to the ground. What should we do—run, faint, die, evaporate, or go mad? While we stood undecided, two huge mattresses fell at our feet from the window, followed at once by sheets, pillow-cases, quilts, table-cloths, and sundry other articles necessary to the setting up of a respectable housekeeping establishment.

"Mother, mother, don't one of these new feather beds belong to Janet?" called Charlie Stoddard, from one part of the house.

"Ye-es, sir," I stammered.

"Humph! didn't you know better than that? That old gray suit 'n' worth a button to you. Why didn't you come up to my barn and get my black mare? Sam, Sam, hurry away straight to the barn and harness black Molly for Jason. If you'll believe it, he was going to start off with his father's old horse! Be quick, Sam—work lively—they're in a hurry; it's time they were off."

"Have you anything with you, Janet, to eat on the road?" put in Mrs. Stoddard, poking her head out of the window.

"No, ma'am," faltered Janet, moving a step or two from me.

"Well, that's good forethought! And if I live, there isn't a bit of cake cooked in the house, either! Can you take some white bread and bacon, and some brown bread and cheese, do, Jason. It's all we have."

"Yes, ma'am," I said meekly, stepping as easily as I could a little farther from Janet.

"Look, father and mother, quick, now the moon is out, and see Jason's new coat and hat!" called Fan, from the window, her merry voice trembling with suppressed laughter.

"Isn't that coat a splendid one, father?—just look at the length of its tails?"

"Just give me my glasses, wife?" said the doctor. "Is it a new one, Jason?"

"Yes, sir, rather new," I said, giving an eager look in the direction of the lane.

"Well," drawled the doctor, eyeing me slyly, "that coat is handsome."

"And his hat, father!" called the wicked little Fan.

"I de clare," exclaimed the doctor. "Wife, wife, look here, and see Jason's coat and hat!"

What should I do—stand there till morning before that incessant fire of words? should I run? should I sneak off slowly, as Janet was doing? What, oh! what should I do?

"Don't they look nice, mother?" asked the doctor, putting one broad, brown hand over his mouth, and doubling his gray head almost down to his knees. "He-haw, he-haw, hi-haw! mother—he-haw!—don't they look nice?" roared the doctor.

I couldn't stand it any longer. The doctor's laughter was a signal; it was echoed from all parts of the house. Fan cackled from the chamber window; Sam shouted from the barn; Mrs. Stoddard "ho-ho-ho!" from the kitchen, while Charlie threw himself down in the doorway and screamed like a wild Indian. I turned away; I gave a leap across the garden. Every Stoddard called after me. I am wrong; every Stoddard but Janet; she remained silent. One told me to come back for the bread and cheese; another that I had forgotten my bundle and bride; another bade me wait for black Molly and the new buggy; Fan bade me hold up my coat tails, or I should get them dragged. I didn't heed any of these requests; I went directly for home. I reached home, feeling sheepish—no, sheepish is a weak word for it—I can't express to you how I felt. I had a great idea of hanging myself; I thought that I had better be dead than alive; that I had made an idiot of myself. All was plain: Fan had betrayed us. I vowed vengeance upon her until broad-daylight, then sneaked out into the barn, and hid in the haystack. I staid there until Charlie Stoddard brought home my father's horse.

The old gentleman was frightened; wanted to know how he came by the horse. He was told to ask me; he did ask me, and I made a clean breast of it. I didn't promise him to repeat the offence; there was no need of it; but I am sure of this, I did not look at a girl for seven years—no, not for seven years. When the eighth year came round, I remembered my old vow against Fanny Stoddard. Well, to make a long story short, I married Fanny. Janet became a parson's wife.

And here let me tell you in confidence, dear reader, that I really think little Fanny Stoddard had a deep motive in her head when she betrayed Janet and me, though she was but a child. She liked me, even then, I believe—Well, she declares every time that the affair is mentioned, that I have had my revenge upon her. Bless her faithful heart, it has been indeed a sweet one.

I KNEW SHE WOULD.—Deacon W— was a staid and honest deacon in one of the interior towns in this State, who had a vein of dry caustic humor in his composition. The deacon had a boy of some dozen summers, who was somewhat inclined to be a little ugly when not under the parental eye. In schools, especially John was a source of constant annoyance to the teacher. One day the mistress punished him for some misdemeanor, and John went home crying, to enter his complaint, and told his father the mistress had whipped him.

"What!" exclaimed the deacon, elevating his eye-brows, "been whipped?"

"Ya-a-as. I couldn't help it."

"Well, John, you little rascal, you go to school to-morrow, and if Miss— undertakes to whip you agin, you just pitch in; don't let a woman whip you if you can help it. Don't take any stick to strike with, but ye may strike, scratch, bite, and kick as much as ye'r a'mind to."

The next day the boy went to school, and emboldened by the permission given by his father, was soon brought out before the tribunal of violated rules. The teacher undertook to correct him. The result was that John got a most unmerciful trouncing and was thoroughly subdued. When he went home to his father crying—

"Well, dad, I got an awful bad licking to-day."

"What!" said the old deacon, "have you let that woman whip you agin?"

(From Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.)
The Baptism.

It is a pleasant and impressive time, when at the close of divine service in some small country church, there takes place the gentle stir and preparation of a baptism. A sudden air of cheerfulness spreads over the whole congregation; the more solemn expression of all countenances fades away; and it is at once felt that a rite is to be performed, which, although of a solemn and awful kind, is yet connected with a thousand delightful associations of purity, beauty, and innocence. There here is an eager bending of smiling faces over the humble galleries—an unconscious rising up in affectionate curiosity—and a slight murmuring sound in which no violation of the Sabbath sanctity of God's house, when in the middle of the passage of the church the party of women are seen, matrons and maids, who bear in their bosoms, or in their arms, the helpless beings about to be made members of the Christian Community.

There sit, all dressed becomingly in white, the fond and happy baptismal group. The babies have all been entrusted for a precious hour to the bosoms of young maidens, who tenderly fold their yearning hearts, and, with endearments taught by nature, are stilling, not always successfully, their plaintive cries. Then the proud and delighted girls rise up one after the other in sight of the whole congregation and give up the infants arrayed in neat caps and long flowing linens, into their fathers' hands. For the poorest of the poor, if he has a heart at all, will have his infant well dressed on such a day, even although it should scant his meals for weeks to come and force him to spare fuel to his winter fire.

And now the fathers are all standing below the pulpit, with grave and thoughtful faces. Each has tenderly taken his infant into his toil-hardened hands, and supports it in gentle and steadfast affection. They are all the children of poverty, and, if they live, are destined to a life of toil. But now poverty puts on its most pleasant aspect, for it is beheld standing before the altar of religion with contentment and faith. This is a time when the better nature of man must rise up with him; and when he must feel more especially, that he is a spiritual and immortal being, making covenant with God. He is about to take upon himself a holy charge; to promise to look after the child's immortal soul; and to keep his little feet from the paths of evil, and in those of innocence and peace. Such a thought elevates the lowest mind above itself—diffuses additional tenderness over the domestic relations, and makes them who hold up their infants to the baptismal font, better husbands, fathers, and sons by the deeper insight which they then possess into their nature and their life.

The minister consecrates the water, and as it falls on his infant's face, the father feels the great oath in his soul. As the poor helpless creature is waiving in his arms, he thinks how needful indeed to human infancy is the love of Providence. And when after delivering each child into the arms of the smiling maiden from whom he had received it, he again takes his place for admonition and advice before the pulpit, his mind is well disposed to think on the perfect beauty of that religion of whom the Divine founder said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The rite of Baptism had not been thus performed for several months in the Kirk of Lanark. It was now the hottest time of persecution, and the inhabitants of that parish found other places in which to worship God and celebrate the ordinances of religion. It was now the Sabbath day, and a small congregation of about a hundred souls, had met for divine service in a place of worship more magnificent than any temple that human hands had ever built to Deity. Here, too, were three children about to be baptized. The congregation had not assembled to the toll of the bell, but each heart knew the hour, and observed it; for there are a hundred sun-dials among the hills, woods, moors and field, and the shepherd of the peasant see the hours passing by them in the sunshine and shadow.

The church in which they were assembled was hewn by God's hand, out of eternal rocks. A river rolled its way through a mighty chasm of cliffs, several hundred feet high, of which the one side presented enormous masses, and the other corresponding recesses, as if the great stone girdle had been rent by a convulsion. The channel was overspread with the prodigious fragments of rock, or large loose stones, some of them smooth and bare, others containing soil and verdure in their rents and fissures, and here and crowded with shrubs and trees. The eye could at once command a long stretching vista, seemingly closed and shut up at both extremities by the coalescing cliffs. This majestic reach of river contained pools, streams, rushing shelves and waterfalls innumerable; and when the water was low, which it now was in the common drought, it was easy to walk up this scene, with the calm blue sky overhead, an utter and sublime solitude. On looking up, soul was bowed down by the feeling of that prodigious height of unscalable and often overhanging cliff. Between the channel and the summit of the far extended precipices were perpetually flying rocks and wood-pigeons, and now and then a hawk, filling the profound abyss with their wild cawing, deep murmur or shrilly shriek. Sometimes a heron would stand erect and still on some little stone island, or rise up like a white cloud along the black wall of the chasm, and disappear. Winged creatures alone could inhabit this region. The fox and wildcat chose more accessible haunts. Yet here came the persecuted Christians and worshippers of God, whose hand hung over their heads those magnificent pillars and arches, scooped out those galleries from the solid rock and laid at their feet the calm water in its transparent beauty, in which they could see themselves sitting in reflected groups, with their Bibles in their hands.

Here, upon a semi-circular ledge of rocks over a narrow chasm of which the tiny stream played, a murmuring water fall, and divided the congregation into two equal parts, set

about a hundred persons, all devotedly listening to their minister who stood before them on what might be called a small natural pulpit of living stone. Up to it there led a short flight of steps, and over it waved the canopy of a tall, graceful birch tree. This pulpit stood in the middle of the channel, directly facing that congregation, and separated from them by the clear, deep, sparkling water into which scarce heard water, as it left the stream, separated into two streams, and flowed on each side of that altar, thus placing it in an island, whose large mossy stones were richly embowered under the golden blossoms and green tresses of the broom.

Divine service was closed, and a row of maidens, clothed in purest white, came gliding on from the congregation, and crossing the stream on some stepping stones, arranged themselves at the foot of the pulpit with the infants about to be baptized. The fathers of the infants, just as if they had been in their own kirk, had been sitting there during worship and now stood up before the minister. Baptismal water, taken from that pellucid pool, was laying consecrated in a small hollow of one of the upright stones that formed one side or pillars of the pulpit, and the holy rite proceeded.

Some of the younger ones in that semicircle kept gazing down into the pool, in which the whole scene was reflected, and now and then, in spite of the grave looks or admonishing whispers of their elders, letting a pebble fall into the water, that they might judge of its depth from the length of time that had elapsed before the clear air-bells lay sparkling on the agitated surface. The rite was over and the religious service of the day closed by a psalm. The mighty rocks heaved in the holy sound, and sent it in a more compact volume, clear, sweet and strong, up to Heaven. When the psalm ceased, and echo like a spirit's voice was heard dying away high up among the magnificent architecture of the cliffs, and once more might be noticed in the silence the reviving voice of the waterfall.

Just then a large stone fell from the cliff into the pool, a loud voice was heard, and a piteous cry rang on the point of a shepherd's staff. Their watchful sentinel had descried danger, and this was his warning. Forthwith the congregation arose. There were paths dangerous to unpracticed feet along the ledges of the rocks, leading up to several caves and places of concealment. The more active and young assisted the elder—more especially the old Pastor and the women with infants; and not many minutes had elapsed till not a living creature was visible in the channel of the stream, but all of them, or nearly so, in the clefts and caverns.

The shepherd who had given the alarm, had laid down again in his plaid, instantly, on the green sward upon the summit of these precipices. A party of soldiers were immediately upon him and demanded what signals he had been making, and to whom, whom one of them, looking over the cliff exclaimed, "See see! Humphrey, we have caught the whole Fabernace of the Lord in a net at last. There they are, praising God among the stones of the river Moiss. These are the Cartland Craigs. By my soul's salvation a noble cathedral! Fling the lying sentinel over the cliff. Here is a caution covenant for you, deceiving honest soldiers on the very Sabbath day. Over with him, over with him! out of the gallery into the pit!" But the shepherd had vanished like a shadow and mixing with the tall green broom and bushes, was making his unseen way towards a wood. "Satan has saved his servant; but come my lads, follow me. I know the way down into the bed of the stream, and the steps up to Wallace's cave. They are called the 'Kettle Mine Stanes.' The hum's up. We'll be all in at the death. Halloo, my boys, halloo!"

The soldiers dashed down a less precipitous part of the wooded banks, a little below the craigs and hurried up the channel. But when they reached the altar where the old gray haired minister had been standing, and the rocks had been covered with people, all was silent and solitary, not a creature was to be seen.

"Here is a Bible dropped by some of them," cried a soldier, and with his foot spun it away into the pool. "A bonnet, a bonnet!" cried another, "now for the pretty sanctified face that rolled its demure eyes below it!" But after a few jests and oaths, the soldiers stood still, eyeing with a kind of mysterious dread the black and silent walls of rock that hemmed them in, and hearing only the small voice of the stream that sent a profound stillness through the heart of that majestic solitude.

"Curse these cowardly covenanters! what if they tumble down upon our heads pieces of rocks from their hiding place? Advance? or retreat?"

There was no reply. A slight fear was upon every man; musket or bayonet could be of little use to man obliged to clamber up rocks, along slender paths, leading they knew not where; and they were aware that armed men now-a-days, worshipped God—men of iron hearts, who feared not the glitter of arms—neither barrel nor bayonet—men of long stride firm step, and broad breast, who on the open field would have overthrown the marshalled line, and gone first and foremost if a city had to be taken by storm.

As the soldiers were standing together, irresolute, a noise came upon their ears like distant thunder, but even more appalling; and a slight current of air, as though propelled by it, passed whispering along the sweet briars and broom, and the tresses of birch trees. It came, deep and rolling, and roaring on, and the very Cartland Craigs shook to their foundations, as if in an earthquake.

"The Lord have mercy upon us, what is this?" And down fell many of the miserable wretches on their knees, and some upon their faces upon the sharp-pointed rocks. Now, it was like the sound of many myriads of chariots rolling on their iron axes down the stony channel of the torrent. The gray-haired minister issued from the mouth of Wallace's Cave, and said with a loud voice—"The Lord God terrible reigneth." A waterspout had burst up among the moorlands, and the river, in its power, was at hand. There it came, tumbling

along into that long reach of cliffs, and in a moment filled it with one mass of waves. Huge agitated clouds of foam rode on the surface of the blood-red torrent. An army must have been swept off by that flood. The soldiers perished in a moment, but high upon the cliffs, above the sweep of destruction, were the covenanters, men, women, and children, uttering prayers to God, unheard by themselves, in that raging thunder.

Visit to the Farmers' High School.

We last week visited the Pennsylvania Agricultural College. The Manager, Mr. Naring, and his assistant, Mr. Gilliland, had the kindness to show us over the most attractive parts of the farm, which contains 400 acres all in one field, and upon which great deal of labor has already been performed. The nursery contains innumerable trees, shrubbery, &c., from different parts of the globe. They are planted in families. Mr. Waring pointed out to us 60 different kinds of willow trees, and this novelty will be found among all the trees and shrubbery on the farm, some to the number of 10, 20, 60, 100 and perhaps 200 different kinds. The wheat field contains 100 different kinds of wheat—what a feast for the eyes of farmers! This is also the case with other kinds of grain. Seeds are brought from all parts of the world, for the sake of experiment, so that farmers may learn which kinds are the best suited to our soil, and which are the most productive. Persons desiring any of the different varieties of the products of this model farm, such as ornamental or fruit trees, shrubbery, seeds, or grain, can in time get them at the Institution. The barn and workshops belonging to the college, have a great many objects of interest. The main building is only about one-third completed; it is five stories high, built of stone, and makes a very imposing appearance. We were conducted through the post-office, library, and reading-room, the latter containing news-papers from all sections of the State, for the benefit of students. The philosophical apparatus is complete. The institution numbers 103 students. A more contented and happy looking set we never saw, and we felt as though we could always be among them. Students are required to labor on the farm three hours each day, which they do in classes; whilst there, one set engaged in planting beans, another at harrowing, others plowing, &c.; and Mr. Waring assures us that they are always ready and willing to perform the labor assigned them, and do it cheerfully. This speaks well for them, and is a promising omen. Mr. Whitman is Professor of Natural Sciences, and we feel assured that this important station is filled by the right man. Every farmer in the State should visit the Agricultural College. All are welcome, and have the privilege of going over the farm and through the buildings, but can not expect to have any of those connected with the management go with them, as the number of visitors is too great, and it would require all their time. We hope the institution will go on, as the commencement bids fair to make it all its friends could desire.—*Aronsburg Berichter.*

The Right Bird—Odds and ends is old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practiced medicine.—As the fee calls did not come fast enough to please him, he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the retail of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of the shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed:

"Och! and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine. But there's something a little but wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why you see," says Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of bird swimming in it."

"Ah—yes," replied the doctor; "that's a good thought. I'll have a couple of swans painted there, wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith and don't know but what they would," said Pat; "but I'm thinking there's another kind o' bird would be much more appropriate."

"And what's that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he is one o' them kind o' birds that when he sings he says 'Quack! Quack! Quack!'"

The last that was seen of Pat and the doctor, was Pat running for dear life and the doctor after him.

The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West caused him a vast deal of vexation, by their saving habits and persisting in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and having but little new work.

"I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."

A lady called on a witty friend who was not at home, and finding the piano dusty, wrote upon it *stutter*. The next day they met, and the lady said, "I called on you yesterday," "Yes, I saw your card on the piano."

"Mr. Timothy, you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Almiró," weekly replied the adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

"Are you near sighted, Miss?" said an impertinent fellow, to a young lady that did not choose to recognize him. "Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or puppy."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague says that the only thing which reconciles her to being a woman is, that she will never be obliged to