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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, September 15, 1859

Selected Doetry.

THE SLEEPERS.

They are sleeping. Who are sleeping? Children wearied with their play; For the stars of night are peeping, And the sun has sunk away. As the dew upon the blossoms Bow on their slender stem, So, as light as their own bosom,

Balmy sleep hath conquered them. They are sleeping. Who are sleeping? Mortals, compassed round with wo Eyelids wearied out with weeping, Close for very weakness now : And that short relief from sorrow, Harassed nature shall sustain, Till they wake again to-morrow, Strengthened to contend with pain

They are sleeping. Who are sleeping? Captives in their gloomy cells; Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping With their many colored spells: All they love-again they clasp them ; Feel again their long lost joys; But the haste with which they grasp them, Every fairy form destroys.

They are sleeping. Who are sleeping? Misers, by their hoarded gold; And in fancy now are heaping Gems and pearls of price untold; Golden chains their limbs encumber, Diamonds seem before them strewn : But they waken from their slumber, And the splendid dream is flown.

They are sleeping. Who are sleeping? Pause a moment, softly tread: Anxious friends are fondly keeping Vigils by the sleeper's bed: Others hopes have all forsaken; One remains, that slumber keep Speak not, lest the slumberer waken From that sweet, that saving sleep

They are sleeping. Who are sleeping? Thousands who have passed away, From a world of wo and weeping, To the regions of decay. Safe they rest, the green turf under; Sighing breeze, or music breath, Winter's wind, or summer's thunder, Cannot break the sleep of death.

Selected Cale.

THE MIST OF THE VALLEY.

"My wife was dead. I had never loved her-I may as well speak plain-never loved her; and yet for her sake I cast away the one priceless pearl of my life. I think every to us the gate of the enchanted gardens, where are flowers and sunshine, and air purer than any breeze of earth; or may condemn us, Tantalus-like, to reach ever more after some far off, unattainable good -make us slaves | held my breath. of the lamp forever and forever. And yet we seek no counsel. We stretch forth our hand and grasp blindly at the future, forgetting that we have only ourselves to blame when we draw them back pierced sorely with thorns.

My life, like all others, had its hour of desting; and it is of that hour, its perils, its temptations, its sin, that I am about to tell

I had known Bertha Payson from my infancy. She was only a year younger than I. I can remember her face far away among the misty visions of my boyhood. It looked then as it does now pure and pale yet proud Her eves were calm as a full lake underneath the summer moon, deep as the sea-a clear, untroubled gray. Her hair was soft and smooth and dark. She wore it plainly banded away from her large, thoughtful forehead. The pure, yet healthful white of her complexion contrasted only with her eyes, her hair, her clearly defined, arching eye brows, and one line of red marking the thin, flexile lips. It was relieved by no other trace of color, even in the cheeks.

I have not painted for you a beauty, and yet now I think that Bertha Payson had the

clear, low and musical. From my earliest boyhood she had seemed to me like some guar- let you go. I see it is impossible for me to fancy me in spite of all." dian saint, pure enough for worship, but, for a long time, I had not thought warm enough for

She was twenty before I began to understand her better. I had just graduated at Harvard, and I came home-perhaps a little less dogmatic and conceited than the majority of new fledged A. B.'s-full of lofty aspirations, generous purposes, and romantic dreams. I was prepared to fall in love, but I had never thought of loving quiet Bertha Payson, my my next neighbor's daughter. The ideal lady of my fancy was far prettier-a fairy creature, with the golden hair and starry eyes of Tennyson's dream-an

Airy, fairy Lillian,

Flitting, fairy Lillian.

phere of her approval.

could a woman so pure, so single-hearted, so too reverent for light or hasty utterance. I defined against the sky. Should I go on ?- falling in such graceful folds about her little true, have put upon the eagerness with which the largest portion of every day in her presence. She was an early riser, and often, even before the summer sunrise I went through the narrow path and little wicket gate which divided our garden from hers, to persuade her to join me in a ramble in the delicious morning

There was one scene of which we never tired; I have never seen it anywhere but in Ryefields. In the Valley of Quinebaug, the mist rises so blue and dense that from a hill overtopping it at a mile's distance it looks like some strange inland sea, whereupon, perchance, Curtis' Flying Dutchman might take his long and wonderful cruise, or a phantom Maid of the Mist, sailing at dawn out of some silent cove might cut the phantom sea with her phantom keel, and go back with the sunrise into silence and shadows. On one of those overtopping hills Bertha and I watched the slow coming of many a summer morning. It was calm reticence of her external life.

We had been watching as usual, the sea of mist, and speculating idly about the phantom bark and its strange crew. Then we stood death, and the grave, that face rises up to me, not suffer much. And you oh! Bertha, you silent for a moment, Bertha looking out over and I see her stand before me once more, in the mist, and I looking at her dilating eyes, growing so large, so solemn, so full of thought. At last, she turned with a quick and sudden

"Who would think, Frank, to see this prospect now, that underneath this seeming sea to some human existence-men and women impenetrable than the mist over the valley, screening the throbbing, passionate, yet silent heart from human vision. And yet there comes a time when the vailed heart will assert See, the sun is rising now; the mist looks like a soundless sea no longer; it is beginning to carl away in golden wreaths; soon we shall see the fair valley with its three white houses; its waving trees, its little becks of bright waters. Sometimes, even thus, from all proud hearts, the mist will roll goldenly away, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known-if not here, there."

She paused, and I looked at her inspired I did not wish to break the silence which followed her words. I started, and led the way down the steep hill. After a little, I looked round to see if the same morning sunthe same incautious step, against the roots of a tree from which the spring rains had washed away the earth. I was thrown headlong and a new competitor in the field.

human existence has its moments of fate—its moments when the golden apple of the Hesperial part of my fire. I think every human existence has its moments of fate—its moments when the golden apple of the Hesperial part of my fire. I think every human existence has its moments of fate—its moments when the golden apple of the Hesperial part of my fire. I think every human existence has its moments of fate—its moments of fate—its moments when the golden apple of the Hesperial part of my forehead. She had run swiftly to a neighboring spring, and, with quick presence of mind had saturated her handkerchief and it? The decision of a single hour may open to us the gate of the enchanted gardens. pleasant ministrations. At length I felt her Miss Ireton alone. thought I was dead. She did not shrick or golden head sank with fully as much trinmph bye, Frank." and sorrowful escaped-

"Oh, Frank, darling, darling !" I slowly opened my eyes and met hers .knew Bertha Payson could love; that she loved me with a love that not one woman in ten thousand could even understand.

I saw that underneath the marble heart her voicepassionate woman's heart was flame, but it was she loved me, and in the same moment, that are known." with all the might of my heart I loved herand soul could do homage, and say, "I have found my Queen "

But I did not speak of love then. I knew

leave you now to see about getting some one to take you home.

"No, I can walk if you will help me." noblest female face that my eyes ever rested least attempt to move caused me such exquis- me. You see I thought it would be more own way she was fond of me. Sh

be severe. I said reluctantly,

tle pain, and never had been my soul so flooded with happiness. I loved Bertha—I was I made h

ranging a hastily constructed litter they start-And vet in the meantime, I looked forward ed to bear me down the hill. At the first jolt | myself that I had set the seal on my own mad | merrier than she ! with pleasure to Bertha's companionship. To the motion caused me intense pain. With a folly and condemned myself to an eternal yet. She had been my wife more than two years talk with her always brought out "the most longing sympathy, I stretched out my hand .- unavailing despair. I carefully avoided any when she went out one cold night, with her when dead, plant the ivy and the nightshade of Heaven I had in me." There was nothing Bertha understood me, and laid her own hand opportunity of seeing Bertha. I would not fair arms and neck uncovered, and only an op- of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy in art or nature so glorious that it did not in it; and so with her walking beside me, I have dared to trust myself in her presence. era-cloak thrown over them as she drove to a mother will love and cherish you while living take new glory when glances of her eye kin- was born home. No bones were broken by It was the day before my bridal. So far gay party. I had remonstrated, but she had and if she survives you, will weep for you when dled over it. My mind never scaled any my fall. My injuries were all internal, though had I traversed my path of thorns. I rose pleaded to be allowed to have her own way, height of lofty purpose or heroic thought not dangerous; but my convalescence was te-early and went out of doors. One more walk and I could never bring myself to cross her in which her far reaching soul had not conquered dious. In all this time, Bertha was like an I would have to the hill where the knowledge anything-I, would never look at her without before me, and so the best purposes of my life angel of light. She shared with my mother in of Bertha's love had come to me-down whose a remorseful consciousness that the heart which grew better and stronger in the serene atmost the labor of nursing me. She read to me, sang slopes I had teen borne with her hand in mine. should have been hers only shrined in secret first drawn to the subject of matrimony, by to me; or when I liked it better, sat by me It was September, but it had been a cool dark the image of another. I strove, by the most the skillful manner in which a certain pretty Thus it came about that we were daily to in silence. It was six weeks before I was summer, and the verdare along the hill side lavish indulgence even to her whims, to make girl handled the broom; wherenpon a broth-

her eves.

much pride in his success, that I could not redrink a cup of tea with his wife and a friend she had staying with her. It was with this ly, friend only that my story has to do.

God knows that I did not willingly put myelf in the way of temptation.

How could I tell that in sitting that summer's afternoon in Dr. Green's quiet parlor, I here last. How little the scene is changed !" should find a Circe?

with roses in her bosom, roses on her cheeks, roses in her golden hair, that lay in ringlets upon her dainty shoulders, and clustered round her proud little head. Her eyes were bright in one of those enchanted hours that I first and full of smiles; dimples played a hide and learned that a woman's heart, strong and pas- seek among her cheeks' roses; her lips were sionate as it was pure, slumbered beneath the full and red, and her complexion wonderfully clear, with a quick changing color, infinitely charming. Nellie Ireton was indeed beautiful. Sometimes-even now out of the darkness of all her witching loveliness, as she stood that summer afternoon. If you had seen her then you would have thought her immortal-that that form of grace, those eyes of light.

Miss Ireton was a practiced firt. It was I did love once, but that dream is past. lay smiling the greenest and loveliest valley in Connecticut? I was thinking how like it was could love her as I loved Bertha. She could not have comprehended Bertha's self-abnegawhose outward life is a vail, denser and more tion, her heroism, her entire freedom from all vanity, all desire of triumph.

not break away from the fatal spell that bound Bertha. But give me your hand once more, me. My senses were intoxicated-steeped in as you did that morning! Friends claim that delirium by the Circe. Can you comprehend much, Bertha." rise lingered in her eyes. I caught my foot in the enigma? Its solution involves the history She laid her fingers in mine. They did not friend, but the day for anything else is past. of many a man's marriage besides his own.

Just at the right time, Miss Ireton brought with a deep, pathetic earnestness:

ear close to my lips. By a resolute effort I cepted. So far had my madness lusted; but for whom she has given up all things. Do your angel's pity softened their glance, but they I wished to try her. She when I heard her faltering yes; when the duty and you will find comfort even yet. Good were not once cast down. I could see in them New Cyclopedia, has the following :- As life moan; only as if against her will, a cry, low as tenderness upon my shoulder; when I wo'd There was a look in them I have never seen in to regain my self command, and there before any other woman's before or since. Then I my closed eyes, I saw Bertha stand as she had longer. And then I turned and looked moodi-mist over the valley. I heard her inspired

"Some time, even thus, from all proud a flame as pure as the heaven-kindled fires on hearts the mist will roll suddenly away and the altar of the God of the Hebrews. I knew we shall see as we are seen, and know as we

Alas! in vain bad the mist rolled away that she alone was the woman to whom mind from that proud heart of Bertha Payson, show that I had turned away from Bertha and ask. we sot that on the fense a swinging of our feet ing me its hidden treasures. I had rejected ed her to be my wife. I owed her my lite now. 2 & frow & blushing as read as the Baldington the golden fruit of Hesperides, lured by the She should have it. I knelt upon the hill side. skule house when it was first painted, & look-But I did not speak of love then. I knew she must have read my glance as I had read hers, but she only said very quietly.

fair seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must I bared my forehead to the cool breeze of the seeming apple of Sodom; and the seeming apple of Sodom; an Thank God that you are alive. I must charmed hour of fate comes but once to life. The next day I was married. We left Rye. tely round Sazanner's waste.

self to listen

figure go out of sight, down the hill side .- I should have a true wife, as the world reck some little wife.

resolved to wait, until I could stand on the Dared I meet Bertha then and there? I an- figure---the golden curls just veiling but not I continually sought her society? I passed hill top, where I had first my heart's love in swered these questions to myself by climbing concealing the snow of her neck, and her arms on quietly and quickly. I could not help it. When at length, I could go out, my first In five minutes I stood by Bertha's side. She visit was made to Dr. Green. He had been had not heard my approach. Proud woman so kind and attentive, he seemed to take so as she was, she had not been too proud to weep. The tears glittered heavily upon her fuse to take my first walk to his house, and long lashes. She made no vaid attempt to conceal them. She met my glance steadfast-

not think to find you here."

ous voice as I entered the room, and before me rose a young, slight figure, robed in white, ter than my soul. I always did love you but I mourned for her sincerely. I would have not with such passion, such despair as now, Is given much to call her back to life; nay, I it too late? Must it be too late?" would have been willing-life was not so pre-

Then her lip curled.

"No!" I answered impetuously. "I would not but return to my true allegiance. Nellie's pride would be wounded, but her heart would did love me-you do love me. Do not wreck

"Frank," said she quietly, yet earnestly, "this is worse than folly, it is sin. To-morrow death and change could never have come to you will be the husband of another. What right have you to speak to me of love? True you were free to-day I could not trust my hapness to your keeping. Forget me, or think of me only as a kind, well-wishing friend."

'Is there no hope, Bertha?" But I could not so give her up. The hour And yet her dominion over the senses was had come I had dreamed of through my long absolute. I was born a worshipper of beauty. convalescence. I stood with Bertha again up-I could not help admiring the airy grace of on that hill-top where I had meant to tell her movement, the sparkling change of her face, my love. I must plead with her a little longer. and the smiles that hovered so archly about Scarcely knowing what I said, I assailed her her lips. Days passed and no fly was entan- with prayers. I poured out my very soul at gled ever more in a spider's net, than I in the her feet . But she only looked at me with her meshes of her golden hair. At first I could dark, wistful eyes, and returned the same firm will you take me, and weave the broken threads see Bertha was simply incredulous and aston-reproachful No. At last I was silent. I saw of my life into brightness at last? shed, then a wild trouble began to darken the it was of no use. I had myself cast away my clear gray of her eyes. All this time I loved pearl of great price. I must be contented ly. her. A single tone of her voice had more hereafter with the glitter of my lost brilliant. power over my highest nature than all the en-chantments of the others; and yet I could enough, 'I do not deserve you. You are right, ask me that question. I could see you were

tremble, but they were very cold. She said There was a time when I would have gone

found a rival. Nellie was a good tactician - in the words you have spoken to me this morn- it, and on earth it can have no resurrec our, I found I tell you no woman's heart I proposed and was ac- bear up under any want of love from the man I looked in her clear, friendly eyes. An

lev lay unshrouded, undisguised, as our souls

turn there.

"I liked you the very first time I saw you, I do believe-thank God for this gleam of Sez she, "How u du run on." I made the effort but could not rise. The Mr. Osborne; and I meant to make you like comfort—that I made Nellie happy. In her Sez I, "I wish there was winders to mi sole ite pain that I began to think my injuries must difficult, for Dr. Green told me that you were ty, mirth and fashion-she had them all. I half in love with that proud Bertha Payson, placed no restraint upon her pleasures, though it, I continued on the following strane; shoulders, and arranged it so as to make the answer, which her light heart did not pene child-like abandon, tell me what a fine time she Gaze on this wastin form & these sonken ize,

usually the conclusion to the harangue; and I drawing berself up to her full hite sed: I made haste to announce my engagement. would always give her the confirmation she coabout the future. I only rejoiced in the present

Soon Bertha returned with the village doc-Soon Bertha returned with the village doc- excitement of the love chase was over, and the ed for a kindred spirit to share its doubts, its tor, and two or three stardy assistants. Ar- young law student had subsided into the quiet seeking after the Infinity! Thank God that thy best earthly friend. The world may forget friend of my affianced I could not conceal from | the lark in the meadow was not gladder or

gether. Long before I thought of looking at the proud face with a lover's passion, I the pale proud face with a lover's passion, I think I had thought, what other interpretation is not so capti-

gleaming through misty lace. Most men would have been proud of her ; but I had known one woman whose simple superiority to all outside decorations so far transcended all the aids of est to the subject. Similar experiment, on a dress and fashions that I could not triumph in

"Bertha," I said in a choking voice, "I did not think to find you here."

"Or I you," she answered. "See, the mist lies as heavily over the valley as when we stood lies as heavily over the valley as when we stood of t "And how much everything else !" I inter- She died with her head on my bosom. With this country. Such at least was his own opin-"Miss Ireton," said the Doctor's deep sonor- rupted her wildly. "Bertha, it may be mad- almost her last breath she told me I had made ion and this is the belief fully entertained by She looked at me a moment in wonder, in clous to me, to have taken her place under the the climate of Greenville District. sorrow, her dark, searching eyes questioned mould, so that she could have walked forth again in youth and beauty, and yet as weeks "Would you be twice a traitor, Frank Os passed on, God who judgeth not as man indgeth, will forgive me if a wild thrill of joy did sometimes make my heart quiver when I tho't of the love of my youth and remembered that I was free.

After a time I went home to Rvefield, I sought Bertha's society. At first it seemed to me that she tried to avoid me. But I persered and observations. The same opinion vered. I know she must felt to the core of as to our soil and climate was confidently exher heart the sincerity of my love. Would she ever again return it ?

At last, one night, I asked ber to go with If me the next morning to the hill overlooking the valley, where we had stood together so many times in other days. She consented.

We went up the hill almost in silence and when we reached its summit we stood silently for a time.

At length I turned to her.

Bertha, there was a time when, as the morning mist rolled away from your heart, and saw its hidden treasures, your love for me. I have sinned since then; but oh, Bertha, I have suffered. I loved you first, last, always. With all the might of my soul I love you now.

She looked at me steadfastly and sorrowful-"Frank," she said, with a gentle, pitving cherishing hopes about me that I ought not to let you cherish any longer. It was all in vain. I will be your friend Frank, your warm tender with you to the world's end; but you yourself "God bless you Frank Osborne! I, who made my love a sin. I could not cherish it for violently to the ground. I was stunned for a In a young law student visiting the place I know you so well, believe that you are sincere the husband of another. Frank, I conquered My first sensation of returning consciousness She played us off against each other most ing. But you must think such thoughts no By the wild agony of its death-throes I know

> no shadow of hope. I turned away from their approaches extinction, insensibility supervenes She turned away, and once more, as on that wistful look. I uttered no more prayers. I -a numbness and disposition to repose, which have pressed the kiss of betrothal upon her morning, I watched her slight figure tripping only clasped her hand in mine, and some tears do not admit of the idea of suffering. Even in lios, a cold shudder ran through my veins. I down the hill. Her step was firm. Her heart I was not ashamed to shed fell over it. Then those cases where the activity of the mind reclosed my eyes for a moment, in the struggle must have been strong. She did not once look I let go. Once more she went down the hill mains to the last and where nervous sensibility back. I watched her till I could see her no alone, and I was left upon its brow to strug- would seam to continue, it is surprising how

> > ARTEMUS WARD'S COURTING EXPERIENCE .must stand some day before His eye, at whose Twas a carm still nite in Joon, when all natur last words of the celebrated Wm. Hunter, durword the first sun rose and the last sun set. I was husht & mary Zeffer disturbed the serene ing his last moments. thought of the solemn import of Bertha's words, silense. I sot with the objek of mi hart's I had indeed a duty to perform. I could lay affectshuns on the fence uv her daddy's pastur. an accident which left him so insensible, that he my burden of sin and punishment on no other's I had experienced a hankerin arter hur fer some was taken up for dead. On being restored, oulder's. It was not Nellie Ireton's fault time, but darsunt proclame mi pashum. Well

My betrothed was speaking; I roused my field at once, and for three years I did not re- Sez I, "Suzanner i thinks very much of

soz you cood see my feelins." & I side deeply. I pawsed here, but as she made no reply to

"I am very sorry Betha. I shall have to and I meant to see if I couldn't make you I never accompanied her. Often she has re- "Ah, cood yer know the sleepless nites I turned from some gay party late at night, and parse on yer account, how vittles have seast You succeeded only too well, little char-found me sitting in my study. She would to be attractive tu me & how mi limbs is shrunk She drew a light summer shawl from her mer." There was a mournful truth in my bound into my lap, at such times, with her fine up, ye woodn't down me not by no meens position in which my head was lying a little trate. I do think Nellie loved me, or assne had; who had talked to and complimented I cride, jumping up. I should have continued ing no place to put his portion in, consented to Then she tripped away, and lying said liked me, as she was capable of liking -- her, and then asked with a comical fair of self- sum time longer probibly, but unfortunately I there, I watched, half dreamingly, her light Her freely expressed preference was sincere. satisfaction, if I was not proud of such a hand- lost mi balance & fell over into the pastur ker smash, taring my close and damagin myself The time of her absence seemed very short .- ons truth ; and yet in God's sight, I should "You know I am handsome von provoking generally. Sozanner sprung to my assistance Except when I attempted to move I felt lit- be unmarried still. We two could never be teasing, clever old fellow, now don't you?" was & dragged me 4th in dubble quick time. Then

"I wont listin to your noncents eny long

you-thy mother never ; the world may willully do you many wrongs-thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother !

Tea Culture in the United States.

The importation of tea plants and seed by the U. S. Patent Office, and preparations making by that Bureau for a practical attempt at tea culture in this country, gives a fresh interscale comparatively limited, have been made the mere beauty of the external.

For once the consequences of my indulgence was disastrous. That night Nellie took a semunications in relation thereto, frequently ap-Through her illness I had been a patient nurse. surance that it is practicable to produce tea in

"We regard that experiment as proving conclusively the adaption of the tea plant to the opinion of Dr. Smith after a careful examination, that portions of the mountain region of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, were better adapted to tea, than a great proportion of the land cultivated in China. This opinion was derived not only from examination of the soil, and personal inquiry as to the climate and conditions of the pressed by M. Francis Bonynge, whose visit some eight years since will be remembered by many readers, as his views were uttered thro' the Courier, in several appeals in behalf of tea

Dr. Smith was not far from seventy years of age when he began his experiments in Greenville district, South Carolina, and could he have transmitted his acquirements and resourses to a successor, there appears to be no reason why his plantation should not have con-

tinued so flourish. The U. S. Commissioner of Patents, in his last annual Report, presents the results of a careful inquiry as to the nature of the soil and climate possessing the conditions necessary for the production of the tea plant in a large portion of our territory, and that it only requires enterprise, capital, and intelligence, to bring this branch of industry into successful competition with the Celestials. Improved machinery and other appliances for preparing the article, will afford an ample substitute for the cheap labor of China. Even should there be a deficiency in this respect at first, the proverbial ingenuity of American mechanics would prove adequate to every exigency. That skill that produced the cotton gin, still exists to be-

stow on the country a tea Manipulator. The adaption of climate and soil being determined, no impediment exists to opening a new source of national wealth. The remoteness of the tea-growing countries of the old world

DEATH .- The article on "Death" in the feeling on the approach of death. " If I had strength enough to hold a pen I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," were the

"Montaigne, in one of his essays, describes however, he says : "Me-thought my life only hung upon my hps; and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." A writer in the Quarterly Review records that a gentleman who had been rescued from drowning declared that he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffication. "The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood apright he could see the sun shining through the water with a dreamy consciousness that his eves were about to be closed on it forever .---Yet he neither feared his fate nor wished to avert it .- A sleepy sensation, which soothed and gratified him, made a luxurious bed of a watery grave."

A NIGGER STORY .- Two darkies had bought a mess of Pork in partnership; but Sam haventrust the whole to Julius' keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam

Good mornin, Julius, anything happen strange or mysterious down in your wicinity "Yass, Sam, most strange thing happen at

my bouse yesterlast night. All mystery, all mystery to me.'

'Ah, Julius, what was dat?" "Well, Sam I tole you now. Dis mornin I went down into de seller for to get a piece of hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and I hand down in de brine an felt pork dere-all gone. Couldn't tell what bewent with it, so I turned up de bar'l, an Sam true as preuchin' de rats had eat a hole clar. froo de bottom of de bar'l-and dragged de pork all out?

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said-

"Why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole ?"

" Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery-dat's de mys-

When a true genies appeareth in the world, you may know him by an infallible sign, that the dances are in confederacy against him.