

THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY BENJAMIN HANNAH, OPPOSITE THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, IN THE BOROUGH OF POTTSVILLE, SCHUYLKILL COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

IT WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR DEAR AND PLEASANT—DE JOURNAL.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1836.

NO. 24.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

Two Dollars per annum, payable semi-annually in advance. Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines, will be inserted three times for one dollar—twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. All letters, &c. addressed to the Editor on business connected with the establishment, must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

AGENTS FOR THE MINER'S JOURNAL
Philadelphia, Jonathan Coffin, Merchants Coffee House
Reading, Samuel Ritter, P. M.

JOHN HARDING, Jr.
NO. 17 SOUTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Offers for sale on accommodating terms:

SEGARS.
St. Croix and Porto Rico;
New Orleans and Muscovadoes;
Havana—White and Brown;
Brazil, do;
Leaf and Lump.

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Java—old, Brown and Yellow;
Laguira, Porto Rico and Cuba;
Rio—Green, and strong scented;
St. Jago and St. Domingo.

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Baker's & Rhoades' Nos. 1 and 2;
Sweet and Common ditto.

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do Jamaica and West India;
do New England;
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do do Baltimore and City;
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Cinnamon, Pimento, Pepper, Ginger, &c.

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Cheese in Casks and Boxes;
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Shaw—Castile, Yellow and Brown;
Oil—Bordeaux, in bottles and Sacks;
Shot—Patent, Mould and Bar Lead;
Bardur—FFF, FFF and F;
Canister Eagle, FFF, FFR and FR;
Mustard—English in bottles and jars;
Cigars—Havana, Smoking Pipes;
Bed Cords, Traces, Plough Lines, &c. &c.
April 9. 20-100

Notice.

THE Stockholders of the Danville Bridge Company, are hereby notified that an election will be held at the house of William Henry, in Danville, on Monday the 24 day of May next, for the purpose of electing officers to conduct the business of the Company for the year next ensuing. JACOB HIBLER, Secretary.

Wharfrage & Agency.

THE subscribers having two large and commodious wharves on the east side of the Schuylkill river, to the Permanent Bridge, will receive and ship coal, or sell on commission, on the most accommodating terms.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,
Philadelphia, April 9, 1836. 21-4

Pottsville Water Company.

A meeting of the Stockholders, held at the public house of William Mortimer, on Tuesday the 24 day of May next, the following persons were elected Directors of said Company:

- Samuel Silliman,
- William Mortimer,
- James M. Besty,
- John C. Ernst,
- Benjamin Beaman,
- Jacob Seitzinger, Esq.
- Calix Parke,
- John J. Shoemaker,
- Andrew Russell,

At a Meeting of the Board of Directors, Andrew Russell was chosen President, and William Haggerty Treasurer of said Company. Pottsville April 16. 23-3

Milbith Notice.

Attention 24 Company 30th Regiment, P. M. The enrolled inhabitants residing within the limits of the borough of Pottsville, subject to Militia duty, are hereby notified to meet for parade and training on Monday the 24 day of May, 1836, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Public House of John Lohsbart, Norwegian street, in the borough of Pottsville, properly equipped as the law directs. JAMES S. BRALEY, Captain. April 16 23-3

Notice to School Delegates.

THE several Delegates chosen by the School Directors of the county of Schuylkill, are hereby requested to meet at the Court House in the borough of Orwigsburg, on the first Monday in May next, for the purpose of determining whether a School Tax shall be levied or not. By order of the Commissioners. ELIJAH HAMNER.

April 9. 21-4

LIST of wholesale dealers & retailers of foreign merchandise within the county of Schuylkill, together with the different classes under which they have been placed by the Associate Judges and Commissioners of said county of Schuylkill, agreeably to the 4th section of the act of the 7th of April, A. D. 1830.

SEVENTH CLASS.	Postville	\$10 00
Joseph Kern	do	12 50
Samuel Thompson	do	12 50
Bull & Lewis	do	12 50
John Silliman, Jr.	do	12 50
N. Naisans & Co.	do	12 50
Miller & Hagerty & Co.	do	12 50
John T. Hazard	do	12 50
T. & J. Beatty	do	12 50
Gains Moore	do	12 50
Samuel Hart & Co.	do	12 50
Charles W. Clemans	do	12 50
John C. Ernst	do	12 50
Joseph White & Son	Manheim township	12 50

EIGHTH CLASS.	Postville	\$10 00
A. A. Gile	do	10 00
J. S. Hild	do	10 00
David Watkins	do	10 00
Joseph Dorfinger	do	10 00
John Clayton	do	10 00
John K. Feinagle	do	10 00
Adam Elyor	do	10 00
Jacob Rimmel	do	10 00
John Kautzer	do	10 00
Stephen Taylor	do	10 00
James Gillingham	do	10 00
Charles W. Clemans	do	10 00
Joseph Whitfield	do	10 00
John Martan	do	10 00
Moses Strouse	do	10 00
E. & E. Hamner	Orwigsburg	10 00
Joseph Hunsinger	do	10 00
Jacob Hummer, Jr.	do	10 00
Leib & Christ	do	10 00
Schall & Raush	do	10 00
John Kautzer	Waynes	10 00
Jacob Koerber	do	10 00
Caleb Wheeler	Pinegrove	10 00
Paul Barr	do	10 00
William Graeff	do	10 00
Paul Bland	do	10 00
George N. Eckert	do	10 00
Daniel Yost, Jr.	East Brunswick	10 00
William J. Moyer	do	10 00
Isaac Myers	West Brunswick	10 00
Samuel Deput	do	10 00
Joseph Nitz	do	10 00
George Koehler	Upper Mahanango	10 00
George Maurer	do	10 00
John West	do	10 00
Jacob Hoffman	Lower Mahanango	10 00
Samuel Berks	do	10 00
Samuel Boyer	Schuylkill	10 00
George Dyer	do	10 00
William Taggart	do	10 00
Albert H. Drel	do	10 00
Charles Cox	do	10 00
Samuel Oswald	West Penn	10 00
Moritz Forester	do	10 00
Robert Stein	do	10 00
Augustus Hiff & Co.	West Narcegonia	10 00
Anthony Sullinger	do	10 00
Samuel Heiner	do	10 00
Abraham Trout	do	10 00
Samuel Boyer	do	10 00
William Restoyer	do	10 00
William Payne	do	10 00
Slaughter Harris	do	10 00
Hudson, West & Co.	East Narcegonia	10 00
Edward Hughes	do	10 00
John T. Hall	do	10 00
Heber & Seligman	do	10 00
D. B. Haas & Co.	do	10 00
Abraham Ritter	do	10 00
Turner, Whitney & Co.	do	10 00
Daniel Saylor	Manheim	10 00
Dr. Stoeberger	do	10 00
William Hutzinger	do	10 00
Joseph Strever	do	10 00
Samuel Boyer	do	10 00
D. & H. Krebs	do	10 00
Samuel P. Horning	do	10 00
Lebeus Chapman	do	10 00
John Post	do	10 00
John E. Offerman	do	10 00

In pursuance of an act of the 7th April, A. D. 1830, the subscribers, the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Schuylkill county, together with the County Commissioners of said county, met and closed the different retailers of foreign merchandise in the county aforesaid, in the manner set forth in the foregoing list, and that it contains the names of all the retailers within our knowledge.

Witness our hands April 1st, 1836.

DANIEL YOST, Associate Judge.

JOHN BRAUN, Associate Judge.

JOHN SHENNER, Jr. Associate Judge.

PHILIP OSMAN, County Commissioner.

April 16, 1836. 23-3

Boat Builders Wanted.

WANTED TEN good Boat Builders or good House Carpenters—to whom constant employment and good wages will be given. Apply to JOSEPH SHELLY, 14-4 Feb 29

Henry Lelar, Jr.

COAL AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Philadelphia.

References:
John Bohlen, Esq. Philadelphia.
Richard Wiling, do.
Jacob Aber, do.
Lewis C. Dougherty, Pottsville.

April 9. 21-3

Coal Veins

AT the head of the East Norwegian Rail Road and immediately adjoining it, for rent—Also a LANDING AND DOCK.

At Schuylkill Haven—And a Landing at Port Carbon. For terms and other particulars apply to GEORGE W. FARQUHAR, Pottsville, April 9. 21-100

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Annual Meeting of the 24 Company will be held at the house of C. A. Broket, in the town of Catwampus, on Monday the 24 day of May next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing Officers to conduct the business of the Company for the ensuing year. KEES S. HATHBURN, Secretary. Catwampus, April 2, 20-5



MAY MORNING.

"Born in your blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
For thee the fragrant sunbeams blow,
For thee the daisies sunny shower,
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bow.
Light Gayses dress in flowery wreaths,
And tippes joys their hands combine;
And love his sweetest cooling breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.
Warm, with new life, the glittering throng,
On quivering pine and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee goddess of the spring.

From the New Yorker.

SWEET SPRING.

FLORIAN.

A spirit is with us of music and light,
Let us hail her glad reign with a song;
And dance on her turf which her steps have made
light.
While the fresh breezes warble along:
Of the seasons of Love let us lose not a day,
For its bloom and its beauty fade quickly away.
The streamlet that woe into life the young flow.
As it dances in light through the vale,
The zephyrs that play through the green budding
lowers,
And sport with the feathered's sail,
All merrily say—"Let us lose not a day,
For the season of Love stealth quickly away!"
The airy-winged chaffinch that flits through the
grove,
The dove on the elm's shady bough,
The blithe lark engulged in the blue air above,
The cricket that chirps to us on
All merrily say—"Let us lose not a day,
For the season of Love stealth quickly away."
Alas and alack the thrice beautiful Spring,
How short is her musical reign;
Fresh verdure and light to the woods she may
bring.
But on lovers she smiles not again:
Of the season of Love let us lose not a day,
For its bloom and its beauty fade quickly away,
Paris, Feb. 1836. FALCONER.

LAYS OF THE HEBREWS.

By J. F. FAULKNER.

Speak not a word that breathes of love
To the child of the Hebrew's race,
For thy people claim in light and fame,
Life's mystic source to trace:
I worship not at a shrine of light,
But Him who light unfurled,
And bade it gleam in the startled night,
And blanch on a wakened world,
"I'll wash my heart to its fibres break,
Ere love shall prove my faith so weak."
As to quench its strength, when bright hopes
fade,
From the lore of the Galilean maid,
And not that wild beseeching glance
So touchingly on me;
Thy look of pain will sear my brain
Whene'er I think of thee,
For life's right lead hath taught to give
So dear as my body I'll live,
Thy sweetest blessing on my head,
Oh, had I known what thou I know,
Life had not thus been dashed with woe!
But love to misery hath betrayed
The hopes of the Galilean maid!
Go, Goshue, go to thy sunny clime,
To that land of rich perfume,
Where maidens are bright, as the laughing light,
And soft as the rose's bloom;
Go, Goshue, go, and win one thee
From the daughters of thy race,
Whose love shall be as a ceatna thrown
Around thy fond embrace.
But the green branch wreath'd from off its stem,
The stem from which the daisy's children
Must perish—lest to sun and shade—
As the love of the Galilean maid.

A LEGEND OF AMSTERDAM.

"In our own times Sathana his base with
divers persons, and in the time of our forefathers
the devils were wont to plain strange pranks with
men."—Wittcraft's Catechism, 1649.

"I'm a happy fellow—a very happy fellow!"
exclaimed Karl Wyrack, a poor tailor, who dwelt
in one of the old-fashioned, narrow streets of Am-
sterdam. He was making this boast, and
Barpooster, Herman for making this boast,
shall be pleased along with that I have already
had up, and, if fortune does not let me, I'll wed
my little Elizabeth before I am six months older.
So saying, he rubbed his hands together with
much satisfaction, and drawing his legs still closer
under him, resumed his needle, singing merrily
as he worked. But fate interfered with the
humble as well as with the exalted; and the cry
of felicity as an often dashed from the lips of tail-
ors, as from those of more dignified professions;
and Karl had some experience of the truth of this
saying. His song, which in the fulness of his
heart he was crooning at the top of his voice, was
suddenly hushed, for a haggardly-dressed caval-
ier dashed violently into the house, seized an
old sword which hung over the fireplace, and dis-
appeared as quickly as he had entered.

"This is strange," muttered Karl, "my visitor
does not look like a thief." So he flung aside his
work, jumped from the board, and running to the
door, looked at a short distance into the garden,
which lay in front of him. One of the chambermaids
suddenly fell dead, while the visitor, making
away his weapon, fled precipitately up the
streets. Karl paid little attention to the fugitive,
but flew to the assistance of the fallen cavalier,
whose hand still grasped his rapier: he had been
thrust through the heart, with the sword which
had remained for many years a hereditary accep-
tance of the wall over the poor tailor's fireplace,
and lay by near the corpse of the wretched slain
with gasp—the sight for a moment deprived Karl
of speech and motion. His horror increased as
he heard several voices in the crowd, which had
been drawn to the spot, denouncing him as the
murderer. Karl gazed himself up for a few men. He
attempted to explain the matter, but he did it in
such a confused manner, and trembled so violent-
ly that many of the bystanders, who knew him

to be a peaceable and inoffensive young man,
now considered him guilty; in short, he was im-
mediately hurried off to prison as a murderer.
Here he was left to feel the horrors of his mis-
erable situation: he placed his fingers with a
throbbing heart and racking brain, and thought
on his highest hopes and his sweetest wife, who he
felt persuaded would erase his very name from
her remembrance. He had, however, the melan-
choly satisfaction to find that this was not the
case: Elizabeth was soon at the prison, where,
in the arms of her lover, she endeavored to win-
ner the comfort she herself so much needed. But
the "gentle reader," as in all such cases, is re-
quested to imagine the grief of a young couple
under such a cruel affliction.
The next day came, and the priest was ushered
into Karl's prison. There was a something in
the countenance of the ecclesiastic which the
prisoner did not fancy; his gray, sharp, twinkling
eye had more of cunning than of sanctity in
it, and his whole manner was unimpressing.
His subsequent advice corroborated the prisoner's
suspicions.

"Karl Wyrack," said the priest, "you are a lost
man unless you make a bold effort for your deliv-
erance."
"That is too true father; but I see no means of
escaping from this dungeon, from which I shall
soon be dragged to the scaffold. Oh! 'tis terrible
to have one's name pronounced with horror by
the good, and accented at by the wicked; but I die
innocent of murder."

"This is but idle prating, my son," interrupted
the priest; "will you profit my advice, or will you
die that death you dread so much?"
"I would fain hear your counsel, father."

"Harken, then," rejoined the priest; "the mar-
ker of the jail has a son who was this day married,
and the wedding will be kept in the rooms above
an hour, before midnight every one will be engaged
in the revel, except the man whose duty it is
to see all safe. When he enters your dungeon,
use that knife resolutely—why, what ails thee,
boy? cried the priest, perceiving Karl's steady
pallid features become still paler.
"Oh father!" said the poor prisoner, "counsel
me not thus; that would indeed be murder—I can-
not do it."
"Fool!" muttered his adviser, as his thin lip
curled with scorn: "is it for such as thee to judge
of sin or virtue? hast thou not heard how Moses
slew the Egyptian who smote his countryman?
was that?"—Karl heard no more.
"Begin!" he cried, "begone, tempter! I have
heard the blessed Saint Ambrose was beset
by devils who affected sanctity, and I begin to
fear that thou art one of that hellish legion. Be-
gone, I say!"
The priest (or devil if you please), smiled an-
other dark smile, and his eyes gleamed like bright
coals of fire.

"Idiot!" he muttered, as he turned upon his
heels, "thou art lost! Perish in thine own obstin-
acy."
Karl heard the door close upon his visitor,
and falling on his knees, uttered a prayer to hea-
ven.
The stranger who had been killed was not
known to any of the town's people. He had that
day arrived at Amsterdam, and from his appear-
ance was judged to be a gentleman. Karl was
put upon his trial, and the evidence against him
being deemed conclusive, he was condemned to
death. In vain did he urge his innocence; in vain
did he repeat his story of the combat between the
two cavaliers, and how the slayer had procured
the weapon with which he had destroyed his an-
tagonist, and equally vain were the numerous
testimonies of good conduct and sobriety which
his neighbors tendered in his favour. Poor Karl
was condemned to die; and, though pitted by ma-
ny, was thought deserving the fate to which he
had doomed another.

The day of execution arrived, and Karl took
leave of his dear Elizabeth with a bursting heart;
but he resolved to meet death like a man, and
walked with a firm step to the place of death.
Ascending the scaffold, he looked with a hurried
glance upon the vast crowd which had assembled
to see him die. A body of the town-guard sur-
rounded the scaffold to keep off the throng which
constantly filled the square; a white every window
and balcony was occupied by the burghers and
their families. The melancholy sound of the
death-bell mingled with the murmur of the im-
mense crowd, from which Karl endeavored to
avert his face; but, as he did so, his eyes rested
on the athletic figure and stern features of an
executioner, whose brazen arms, bared to the
elbows, reposed on his huge two-handed sword,
which, already unsheathed, gleamed brightly in
the morning's sun.

"Alas! though I die," what preparation for
the death of a poor tailor?"

A priest, unobserved, ascended the scaffold and
knelt by his side; it was he who had visited him
in prison.

"Karl Wyrack," whispered the tempter, "I can
save thee even now."
"How!" murmured the tailor, his blood curd-
ling at the sound of that voice.

"Acknowledge thyself mine, and I will trans-
fer thee in an instant, to some far distant coun-
try."

Karl started on his feet so rapidly, that the
priest grasped their halberds, supposing he med-
dled an escape, but he had no such intention.

"Avaunt, fiend!" he cried, shuddering violent-
ly, "remember the reproach which our Lord gave
these of old; Sathana, stand!"

The headman's assistant here advanced, and
bade Karl prepare himself. The sufferer observed
that he was ready, and begged that the false
priest might be dismissed; but when they turned
to bid him begone he was no where to be seen.
Karl kept going to receive the fatal blow; the
headman approached and raised the huge sword,
but suddenly withheld the blow, for a thousand
voices bade him desist, and a horseman was seen
to urge his foaming steed through the dense
crowd.

"Halt! halt!" cried the executioner, "the
knave's trick! He has fled the execution. I can
not believe that that poor man is innocent of mur-
der." It was, indeed, the cavalier who had pas-
sioned himself with Karl's sword, and the poor youth,
overcome by this unexpected rescue, fell senseless
into the arms of the executioner.

most as soon as our weapons had crossed. The
combat was fair and equal. I left Amsterdam
immediately, and, at the next town, learned that
another had been condemned for the slayer. The
priest was praising that my good steed bore me here
in time.

Charles pressed around Karl to congratulate
him upon his escape from death, while the caval-
ier placed in his hands a purse well filled with
gold.

"Friend," said he, "take this and be happy. I
regret the misery you have suffered, but this may
make you some amends."

Our tale is ended; but as some need a postscript,
we add for their special information, that Karl,
with such an acquisition of wealth, forgot the
world he had quitted, and was the happiest man
in Holland. He married his dear Elizabeth, by
whom he had many children, became rich and
died at an advanced age. The house in which
he lived, was formerly shown to the curious, and
there was an inscription over the door, recording
in a few brief lines the history we have endeav-
ored to give in detail; but modern improvements
have crept even into Holland, and the dwelling of
honest Karl Wyrack is no longer shown to the in-
quisitive traveller.

Sunday Evening Reading.

From the Bristol Gazette.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

As species cluster o'er us—
How oft we are in the flush of youth,
To be forgetful of the Giver and the Gift,
Heedless we pluck each flower that charms
Our eye, and crush it ere it withers;
Life seems but as an holiday, given
To sport our span upon the stage,
And shift each scene, as when,
Or Caprice choose!
But, O how cruel to ourselves—
Alas! delusion it is all; and when
The scales of error fall, and reason
Sways our minds, how changed we are.
The airy butterfly, trifling its hours away,
Is changed into the worm. One and
The same. Its beauty is all gone. Yet
Now, in that humble posture, it is
Worthier of our love!
The simile is just and true!
Should not the Christian feel humility?
Should he not lay prostrate in the dust
At Jesus' feet? Only to the humble
And contrite ones, are promised joys,
Far outweighing all the pomp and
Pageantry of earth!

A SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM BOWITT, THE QUAKER.

LET us away into the far, far country! Into
the still, pure, unadorned country. Ah! here
indeed is a Sabbath! What a sunny peace, what
a calm, yet glad repose, lies on its fair hills; over
all its solitary woods! How its flowery dells,
and deep, secluded valleys, reflect the holy tranquility
of heaven! It is more and the sun comes up
the sky as if he knew it was a day of universal
peace in the workings of the world; he shines o-
ver the glittering dews, and green leaves, and ten
thousand blossoms; and the birds fill the blue
fresh air, with a rapture of music. The earth
looks new and beautiful as on the day of its cre-
ation. Man rests from his labours, and every
thing rests with him. There lie the weary
steeds that have dragged the chain and smarted
under the lash; that have pulled the plough and
the ponderous wagon, or tows over hill or dale
at man's bidding; there they lie, on the slope of a
sunny field; and the very sheep and cattle seem
imbued with their luxurious enjoyment of rest.
The farmer has been walking into his fields,
looking over this gate and that fence, into en-
closures of grass mottled with flowers like a carpet,
or rich, green corn growing almost visibly, at his
cattle and the shady quiet of his house. And it
is a shady quiet. The sun glances about his
porch, and flickers among the leaves on the wall,
and the sparrows chirp, and fly to and fro; but
the dog lies and slumbers on the step of the door;
we only raise his head by snuff at the fire that
mocks him—the very cat, curled up on a sun-
bright border in the garden, sleeps voluptuously;
—within, all is cleanliness and rest. There is a
clean, cool parlor; the open window lets in the
o-dor of the garden—the yet cool and delicious o-
dor—and the hum of bees; flowers stand in their
pots in the window; gathered flowers stand on
the breakfast-table; and the farmer's comely wife
—already dressed for the day—sits on the sofa
come in, sits down, and pours out his coffee. Over
the coffee table the laborers are leaning, talking
of the best week's achievements, and those of the
week to come; and in many a cottage garden the
cottagers, with their wives and children, are
wandering up and down, admiring the growth of
this and that; and every one settles, in his own
mind, that his cabbage, and peas, and beans, are
the best in the whole country; and that, as for
currants, gooseberries, apricots, and strawberries,
these never were such good crops since trees
and bushes were first planted.

But the bells ring out from the old church-
tower. The vicar is already leaving forth his
pleasant parsonage; groups of peasantry are al-
ready seen streaming over the uplands toward
the village; in the lanes gay ribbons and Sunday
g