Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

BY E. P. WALTON & SON. MONTPELIER, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1850. VOL. XLIV, NO. 21.---WHOLE NO. 2268.

Watchman & State Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TERMS—$1,50 cash in advance; $2,00 if payment is not made in advance; interest always charged from the end of the year.

Miscellaneous.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL ROOM.

'Only this once,' said Edward Allston, fixing a pair of loving eyes on the beautiful girl beside him—'only this once, sister mine; nay, I will even kneel to you;' and he drew himself, half playfully, half seriously, before her. 'Your dress will be my gift, and will not, therefore, diminish your charity fund; and be assured, if the influences of which you have spoken do indeed haunt so alluringly about a ball-room, should you not seek to guard me from their power? You will go, will you not? For me—for me!'

'Decide for me, thou redeemed one—for me.' But her spirit did not recognize the tones, for of late it had been shocked with earthly music.

She paused, however, and her brother pressed a kiss upon her thoughtful brow, and withdrew, leaving her in silence.

Beware! sweet Helen Allston, beware! The sin is not lessened that the tempter is so near to thee. Like the sparkle of the red wine to the inebriate are the seductive influences of the ball-room. Thy foot will fall upon roses, but they will be the roses of this world, not those that bloom for eternity. Thou wilt lose the fervour and purity of thy love, the promptness of thy obedience, the consolations of thy trust. The holy claim of the closet will become irksome to thee, and thy power of resistance will be diminished manyfold, for this is thy first great temptation. But Helen will not beware. While the warm kiss is on her cheek, she forgets her Saviour. The melody of that rich voice is dearer to her than the pleading of gospel memories.

Two years previous to the scene described, Helen Allston hoped she had passed from death unto life. For some time she was exact in the discharge of social duties, regular in her closet exercises, ardent, yet equable in her love. Conscious of her weakness, she diligently used all those aids to sustain and increase her faith. Day by day she rekindled her torch at the holy fire which comes streaming onward to us from the luminaries of the past—from Baxter, Taylor, and Flavel, and many a compeer whose name will live in the hearts, and linger on the lips, of the generations which are to come. She was alive to the present also. Upon her table, a beautiful commentary upon the yet unfulfilled prophesies, lay the records of missionary labour and success. The sewing circle busied her active fingers, and the Sabbath-school kept her intellect awake, and rendered her knowledge practical and thorough. But at length the things of the world began insensibly to win upon her regard. She was the child of wealth, and fashion spoke of her worth and elegance. She was very lovely, and the voice of flattery mingled with the voice of honest praise. She was agreeable in manner, sprightly in conversation, and she was courted and caressed. She heard with more complacency reports from the gay circles she had once frequented, and noted with more interest the ever-shifting pageantry of folly. Then she lessened her charities, furnished her wardrobe more lavishly, and became less scrupulous in the disposal of her time. She formed acquaintances among the light and frivolous, and fitted herself for intercourse with them, sought the books they read, and they became insipid.

Edward Allston was proud of his sister, and loved her, too, almost to idolatry. They had scarcely been separated from childhood, and it was a severe blow to him when she shunned the amusements they had so long shared together. He admired, indeed, the excellence of her second life, the beauty of her aspirations, the loftiness of her aims, but he felt deeply the want of that unity in hope and purpose which had existed between them. He felt, at times, indignantly, as though a sister had been taken from himself. Therefore he strove, by many a device, to lure her in the path he was treading. He was very selfish in this, though unconscious of it. He would have climbed precipices, traversed continents, braved the ocean, even, to save his sister from physical danger; but, like many others thoughtless as himself, he did not dream of the fearful importance of the result; did not know that the Infinite alone could compute the hazard of the tempted one. Thus far he succeeded, and his heart throbbed to attend with a brilliant ball.

'It will be a superb affair,' he said, half aloud, as he walked down the street. 'The music will be divine, too. And she used to love it so dearly. 'Twas a lovely girl spoiled when the black-coated gentry preached her into their notions. And yet—and yet—pshaw!—all cant! all cant! What harm can there be in a ball? And if she does withstand all this, I will yield the point and acknowledge that there is something—yes, a great deal, in her religion.'

So musing, he proceeded to the shop of Mrs. Crofton, the most fashionable dress maker in the place, and forgot his momentary scruples, in a consultation as to the proper materials for Helen's dress, which he determined should be worthy her grace and beauty.

The ball was over, and Helen stood in her festal costume before the ample mirror in her chamber, holding in her hand the kid glove she had just withdrawn. She had indeed been the belle of the ball-room.—Simplicity of life, and a joyous spirit, are wonder-workers, and she was irresistably bright and fresh among the faded and hackneyed frequenters of heated assembly rooms. The most delicate and intoxicating flattery had been offered her, and wherever she moved, she met the glances of admiration. Her brother, too, had followed her with his eyes so perpetually as to seem scarcely conscious of anything or anyone else, and he stood in mute admiration, lost in the recollections of her evening triumph.

Almost queen-like looked she, the rich folds of her satin robe giving fulness to her slender form, and glittering as if woven with silver threads. Point lace, broad and exquisitely fine, fell from her short sleeves over her snowy arms, and gave softness to the outline of her bust. A chain of pearls lay on her neck, and gleamed amidst the shading curls, which floated from beneath a chaplet of white roses. She looked up at length, smiled upon her lovely reflection in the mirror, and then wrapping herself in a dressing-gown, took up a volume of sacred poems. But when she attempted to read, her mind wandered to the dazzling scene she had just quitted. She knelt to pray, but the brilliant vision haunted her still, and ever as the wind stirred the vines about the window, there came back that sweet alluring music.

She rose with a pang of self-reproach.—Instead of the confidence, the consciousness of protection, the holy serenity with which she usually sought her pillow, she experienced an excitement and restlessness which nothing could allay. She attempted to meditate, but with every thought of duty came memories of the festive garlands, and the blazing lamps, and the flitting figures of the merry dancers.

An open Bible lay on the window seat, and as she passed, she read: 'Another parable put He forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field.—But while he slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.'

Tears sprang to her eyes, and she exclaimed, 'In the field of my heart, also, hath the enemy sown tares!' She took up her light, and though the hour was late, she found it impossible to remain quiet, she rapidly paced her chamber. Resolutely and carefully she reviewed the past, back, back to her first faint trembling hope. Rigorously, as in the presence of her Maker, she scanned her first departure from the narrow path; her earlier convictions came pungent, ten-fold more intense was the agony of this, her second awakening.

In the solitude of his chamber, Edward thought with less elation of his successful plan. He believed that Helen would have yielded to an ordinary temptation, and felt that he had been scarcely generous to enlist her affections against her principles. His repeated, 'It is but a trifle,' did not satisfy him; and when he had listened, hour after hour, to her footfall, he could no longer restrain his inclination to soothe her emotion. In vain he essayed all the arguments, all the sophistry, which the world employs to attract the luke-warm professor.

'Do not seek to console me,' said Helen; 'for such tears are salutary, my dear brother. I have virtually said that the joys of religion are fading and unsatisfactory; that I must sometimes seek for others. I have quieted more than one uneasy conscience, by throwing the influence of a professing Christian into the scale of the world. I have wandered from my Father's side, to the society of his most subtle foes. I have cause to mourn less for this one transgression, than for the alienation of heart which led the way to it. Had I not fallen far, very far from the strength and purity of my earlier love, even your pleadings could not have moved me.'

'But the Bible says nothing about such amusements, Helen.'

'Not in words, perhaps, but in effect.—Put the case to your own heart, Edward. Would you wish me to indulge in a course of conduct which would estrange me from you? Would you have me choose for my companions those who treat you with neglect? Would you wish me to frequent places whence I should return careless and cold in my manner toward you? Ah, brother! I loved God once. I saw his hand in everything around me. I felt his presence perpetually, and trusted, child-like, to his protecting arm. But now I regard him less, pray less, read less, and give less.' And then she revealed to her brother her beautiful experience—beautiful till she grew negligent and formal—with a truth, an earnestness, a loving simplicity, that, for the first time, gave him some insight into the nature of true piety. 'And now, dear Edward,' she said, 'read to me Christ's prayer for his people, that I may feel sure that they prayed for me.'

As she listened, the varying expressions of her countenance indicated many and varied emotions. Submission, sorrow, love, and faith—all were there. When Edward had finished, they knelt together, and Helen, sorrowfully, yet hopefully, poured out her full soul in confession, and most touchingly she besought the divine compassion upon her erring brother.

The carol of birds went up with the whispering Amen of the penitent, the blossoms of the climbing honeysuckle sent in their fragrance, and the morning sun smiled on them as they rose from prayer. The face of Helen reflected her inward gladness, and restored peace shone in her dark eyes and tranquil countenance. 'Thou art happier than I,' said Edward, and with a light caress he turned from the chamber.

One year went by, and Edward Allston awoke from an uneasy slumber. Slow and insidious had been the approach of disease. Softly, and in many disguises, had the spoiler come to him. He had stolen the strength from his manhood, the roundness from his form, the mellow expression from his eye, but he brought no terror. 'Bear me to Helen's room,' said the sufferer, and the attendants performed his bidding.

It was the anniversary of the ball night, and the room was unchanged, save that no festal garments were scattered about it.—The open window with the luxuriant honeysuckle bursting through and resting on the open pages of a Bible, the chairs on which the two had sat, the cushions on which they had knelt, each with an arm about the other, all were familiar. The invalid examined each well known object, and then looked fondly upon his sister, his prayerful teacher, and unwearied nurse.

'It was fitting that I should come here to die,' he said, 'for it was here that I first learned who maketh a death-bed easy. Oh, my sister! had you not been true to yourself, to your God, to me, where, now, would be my hope? where my consolation? Oh, dear Helen! if, in years to come the voice of the tempter be sweet to thee, if thy foot should falter, and thou should'st step aside to gather a light flower, or stoop to a painted toy, then remember that ball night, and let thy repentance be as full, as free, as humble, as it was then. Let my memory be with thee, as thou walkest onward through life, that so thou mayst win others as thou didst me, with the purity, the vigor, the warmth of thine own hopes and experiences. One kiss, dear one, and then pray with me for the last time.'

Unusually earnest and rich in that weak voice were the low accents that filled that chamber.—There was in them a tone not of earth, a melody caught from the heaven toward which they floated. More and more triumphant grew the thanksgiving of that gentle sister. Ever brighter grew the radiance of the dying. To his ear, the songs of angels blended with that earthly voice which was so dear. More and more perfectly harmonized the two; he doubted, if there were, indeed, any distinction; he smiled faintly, and then the freed and ransomed spirit sped upward to the bosom of the Eternal.

THE PEASANT'S DAUGHTER.

Dark and dreadful was the night of the 25th of November, 1689, and heavily fell the snow flakes; but darker were the prospects and heavier was the heart of the poor Livonian, as he reached the skirts of the dense forest surrounding the town of Marienberg. Misfortune had compelled the indigent peasant to sever the endearing relations that bound him to his home, and to bid a final adieu to the scenes of early days, to abandon his favorite haunts of sacred memory, and seek among strangers that which was denied him in the midst of his friends.

Accompanied by his first born, a sprightly youth of fourteen, and bearing in his weary arms a tender infant, the express image of her whom he had lately consigned to the silent tomb, he had well nigh completed a fearful journey through a bleak and inhospitable region. A violent storm of snow and wind, (peculiar to that dreary country,) fiercely raged, bearing destruction in its progress, and producing terror in the midst of the unsheltered wanderers. Overcome by the severity of the cold, and unable longer to sustain his precious charge, he carefully deposited it upon a bed of snow, and went in quest of assistance and a kind retreat from the howling storm. But he returned not again. The early dawn had discovered a frozen corpse to the astonished tenants of an obscure habitation in the outskirts of the quiet village.

"Great Heaven! what do I hear?" ejaculated the pious minister, Skowrouski, as its subdued cries of distress, falling upon his ear during a temporary cessation of the storm, attracted his attention to the frozen embankment upon which rested the deserted infant. He hesitated not to reflect upon the cruel misfortune that had bereft the infant of parental protection; nor did he waste his time in the fruitless endeavor of discovering those who had abandoned their offspring to the peltings of the storm. But, content to acknowledge the mysterious agency of "Him who doeth all things well," and "heareth the young ravens when they cry," he fled with winged footsteps to its rescue. Wrapping it in his ample cloak he hastened to reach his humble home, that he might minister to its relief ere the spirit had flown to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Arrived at this peaceful cot, he consigned his tender charge to the care of his kind-hearted housekeeper, and again sallied forth in search of its parent. He had not proceeded far when his attention was arrested by the melancholy scene before noticed.

Papers were found upon the unfortunate stranger which induced the good minister to believe that the infant he had rescued from the ruthless elements of the night before; and no sooner was he impressed with the idea than the resolution was taken to adopt the tender babe as his own daughter, and to bring it up in the path of duty, and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Ordering that the last tribute of respect be paid to the remains of the stranger, according to the rites of the Greek Church, he took charge of its effects, for the benefit of his young protege.

Years had passed away, and, under the affectionate care and protection of the good pastor and his benevolent companion, Katharine (for such she was named by her foster parents) increased not only in personal beauty and loveliness, but, as she grew in years, developed a disposition to become an amiable and grateful daughter, by assiduous attention to the wants of their declining years, to repay in her appreciation their self-sacrificing devotion in her behalf.

The Czar of Russia, not content with his widely extended dominions, and desirous of the conquest and annexation of the province of Livonia, had already marched his forces upon its frontier. Katharine had attained her thirteenth year when the formidable cannon announced to the inoffensive inhabitants the bombardment of their quiet town. With a view to her safety, she was separated from the aged pastor, and sent to her sister in Alexia. The patriotic Skowroski, with a few others, fell in defence of his native city. But the efforts of the besieged proved fruitless, and they were compelled to surrender captives of war and subjects of the Emperor of Russia.

The humiliating news spread like lightning, and in a few hours reached the ears of Katharine, who then determined to return and share the fate of her benefactor.

The dusky shades of evening were just closing in, as a horse, reeking with foam and almost ready to sink from exhaustion, reached the gates of Marienberg. Emerging from the shade of the trees, its progress was suddenly arrested by a soldier seizing the bridle, and rudely demanding—

"Where are you going?"

"Who are you?" was the peremptory reply. "I am in haste, and pray you let me pass unmolested."

"Impossible!" replied the sentinel; "thou art a Livonian, and now Livonia belongs this day to Peter I. of Russia. You are, therefore, our prisoner and must be conducted before the general."

Arrived at the general's tent, she threw herself at the general's feet, and demanded the privilege of seeking her protector among the slain. Moved at the sight of her youth and her courage, the general granted her request, on condition of her returning to him when she had completed her search.

The night was dismal and the undertaking a fearful one; but the difficulties daunted not the resolute Katharine. She soon came upon a field covered with the slain of the unequal contest, while the piteous groans and cries of anguish told that many still survived the slaughter.

Intent upon discovering her more than father, she did not observe the presence of a young Cossack officer, who, struck with her charms, and admiring her boldness, had accompanied her to the gory field.

"The evening air is chilling, and this is no place for women; pray return and leave me to seek your wounded kinsman."

Katharine started at the sound of a human voice, she turned and recognized in the stranger the sentinel who had impeded her progress without the city walls. Refusing his generous offer, she permitted him to aid in her errand of mercy and love.

Long and tedious was the search, but no traces were found, and they returned to the city, having failed to discover the remains of the good old minister.

Katharine religiously kept her word, and surrendering herself a prisoner of war, demanded the protection of the noble general.

Bereft of her protector and benefactor, she was now alone in the world, and young, with promise of long life, she had nothing to bind her to earth, and she longed to join her pious and devoted guardian. A prisoner, she was treated with marked courtesy and respect by the general-in-chief, who ordered her well furnished apartments, and every attention to her comfort and pleasure. She received many kindnesses from the youthful Cossack, who at length became enamored with her charms, and proved the strength of his attachment by procuring her release from confinement, upon parol of honor, and personal security for her good conduct. His assiduous attention to her wants and earnest efforts in her behalf, were not without reward; for she soon came to regard him as her hope, her refuge, and lord of her affections.

The General and the young officer, who appeared from his dress to be but a simple lieutenant, were the only occupants of the tent, and Katharine was employed in superintending their domestic affairs.

One day as she was engaged in serving their accustomed meal, their conversation turned upon the merits of the fair maid, and the young officer addressed the former in tones laudatory of her courage and beauty, concluded with the inquiry—

"General, will you sell your prisoner?"

"And what will you do with her?"

"Make her my wife—the wife of a soldier," replied the noble Cossack.

"What say you, Katharine," added he, turning to the blushing damsel.

Her hesitating response was, "I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the servant of a great general."

"Bravely spoken!—from this moment you are mine," he rejoined; "but we must obtain permission of the Czar. I will go immediately to the Emperor's tent, and receive his sanction to our union. Remain here while I seek the audience of his majesty."

In a few moments a young lieutenant, advancing to the General's tent, said—

"The Czar, Peter, commands the presence of Madame Katharine."

With a quick, though trembling step, she followed, and on entering the magnificent tent, discovered a throng of officers surrounding one who was seated, and whom she recognized as her affianced husband.

"Where is the Emperor?" demanded Katharine of her conductor.

"There!" replied he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

"That is my husband."

"He is thy husband, and Czar of Russia likewise," broke out the Emperor, for it was Peter himself, who thus bade them acknowledge the humble Katharine as the future Empress of Russia.

The Newfoundland Dog.

One day last summer I took my place in Gravesend steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters. Two persons in particular attracted my notice; one was a middle aged gentleman, stout, rather surly, taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was running about, roaming among the passengers, shoving them out of his way, or frightening children, by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his capacious tongue, and convincing nervous ladies that he was going mad, by the quantity of saliva with which he stuck out his large lips while rolling upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terrors occasioned by the antics of his burly friend. The other person I specially noticed was a very pretty and well dressed lady. Young lady she might have been called, although she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her mamma. She was evidently possessed of nerves; indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, for their name was legion. Endless were the petty annoyances in which they involved her.—But her keenest sufferings in the small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion, the Newfoundland dog; and her incessant and pathetic exclamations of terror, indignation and spite against the tortured brute, kept up the sly, malicious smile upon the lips of his apparently unconscious master. The little girl, on the contrary, had, to the increased alarm of the weak mother, taken a great fancy to Lion, and for a long time amused herself by throwing bits of biscuit for him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the unwieldiness of his bulk, he managed to accomplish, by making a boisterous plunge to one side and the other, and then when the child offered him a piece he approached, and licked her face and rubbing his honest head, and the little creature fairly screamed with delight.

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, 'if that horrid creature should be mad he'll have killed my child! How dirty he is, too!—Look at your pelisse, Adeline; see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that animal?'

The transition from hydrophobia to a soiled dress was too much for Lion's master, and he burst into a loud and long laugh.

'I wish, sir,' said the lady snappishly, 'that you would call away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to annoy everybody who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them.'

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable in his own rough fashion, to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to amuse herself in watching the foaming water, as it rushed from the paddle wheels, and danced in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow-passenger had lent, as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side, watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from the thousand musquito winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic, ay, and if we place in the balance the historic, political, and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is and has been the highway, our time-honored river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the west.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not trouble Adeline's pretty head, which began, I suppose, to grow giddy with the constant motion of the waters. A large sea-weed, that was dashed from the paddle-wheel, caught her attention. It sank, then rose, turned round in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress further still—her body was stretched—she lost her equilibrium, and tumbled over into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion aboard. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer; cries of 'A child overboard!' 'Who can swim?' and a thousand other cries and questionings; but, above all, were the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now; and she alone, in the fond, instinctive devotion of maternal love, heedless that even should she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavored to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly, Lion, followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to the right and left like nine-pins. They sprang into the boat that hung at the stern, everybody giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face, and uttered a sharp, low bark.

'Wait,' said the latter in reply; 'where was she seen last?'

'There, sir,' replied a sailor promptly; 'there, beside that piece of plank.'

'How often has she risen?'

'Twice.'

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog, in a low tone, 'Look out!'

And Lion did look out, with wild flashing eyes. What a moment that was! Every one else was passive; every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation. Those who were near enough watched the third rising of the poor child, and those who could not see the water kept their eyes fixed upon Lion.

In another instant a cry was raised, as a golden tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog saw her first, though; and, ere the warning cry had been uttered, he had sprung from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was swimming toward the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was as pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing his lips that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips.

'He has her,' he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface, after a long dive, holding the little Adeline by the skirt of her dress in his mouth, so that her face was out of the water. 'He has her, she is saved!'

Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burden when he should approach them.

Slowly he came on, wistfully eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was leaning over the side, encouraging him with his well-known voice.

'Here you are!' cried the sailors seizing the little girl. She was taken up lifeless, and at last deposited in the arms of an elderly gentleman, whom every one seemed instinctively to recognize as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

'Now come up, that's a brave fellow,' said his master, stretching out his arm to help Lion. But the poor creature whined piteously, and, after one or two efforts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive.

'Help him—help him!—he is exhausted!' cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd to the rescue of his favorite. By the time, however, he had reached the top of the ladder, the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog, and with some difficulty dragged him from the water. With their assistance, he crawled feebly to the deck, and stretched himself on the deck.

Both the invalids were convalescent, and Lion was lying on the deck, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her face on his rough head and wept.

'He's a dirty animal, madam,' said the gentleman, who had not forgotten her insulting remarks; 'Besides, he may be mad in such a state. Besides, he may be mad!'

She cast up her eyes with an expression of meek reproach. They were very fine eyes, as I think he felt, for his features softened immediately.

'Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!' she earnestly entreated.

'Give Lion to you!' he exclaimed, in derision; 'why, what would you do with him? I will tell you. You would pet and pamper the poor brute till he was eaten up by disease, and as nervous as a fine lady.—No, no; you'd better give Adeline to me. Lion and I can take better care of her than you can.'

'Perhaps so, sir,' she replied, with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; 'but this I could not spare her—she is my only child, and I am a widow.'

'I must go,' muttered the gentleman to himself; 'whew! but has not the immortal Weller assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her.'

He walked away. But who can wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge, I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, and the widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home! And, when he had put them into the cab, they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise to '*come early*.'

What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

'I think she has got rid of her nerves,' he observed to himself; 'if so, what a charming creature she is without them!'

From the New England Farmer.

Forest Trees.

Mr. Cole: When this country was new, but little regard was paid to the preservation of timber; as the chief object of the settlers was to clear the land, and hasten it to a state of cultivation. The market prices also of Montreal, and New York, have made heavy drafts upon us, so that much timber, for building and fuel, is destroyed. But a dearth among us, and now the railroads are calling for a share of what is left along our lines. I have felt aware of this state of things for many years, with the exception of the railroads, the rapid advances of which have surprised us all. More than twenty years ago my attention was directed to this subject by Fessenden's N. E. Farmer, the reading of which was worth more to me than ten times its cost, not only on this subject, but a thousand other things. Thus, "foreseeing the evil I hid myself." It has been my practice for many years, to allow the second growth of timber to come up after the axe, where we got our yearly supply of firewood, and leave the young timber that is of sufficient size to prune, I cut out such as I please to destroy, and trim up the best and most thrifty trees about six feet from the ground, leaving from eight hundred to a thousand saw trees to the acre. I have now seven or eight acres of land in one parcel, producing a dense crop of timber and wood, from one to seventeen years' growth; as this timber is all one piece, it is the most beautiful lot I ever saw, and has been trimmed up and thinned out.

One part of it, about two acres, was cleared in 1814; a crop of wheat taken in 1815, then pastured until about 1833, when I discovered little white pine bushes coming up very thick all over the land. These were allowed to stand unmolested by the axe until 1839, at which time we thinned out the thickest bushes, and trimmed out the rest about six feet from the ground, leaving about eight hundred trees to the acre. Now, after ten years' growth, it is hardly possible to see that a greater quantity of timber could have grown there in so short a time. It is believed that there is more timber now standing upon the land than there was originally grown on it, except a few large pines. My intention is to thin out this piece so as to leave about one hundred trees to the acre, and trim up at least twenty feet this season. This is what we call upland; timber formerly was chiefly of hard wood. Our lowlands or swamps we omit trimming, as nature does it herself; we call it all clean as we go.

I have observed where timber in the swamp was originally Cedar and Pine, the second growth is chiefly Tamarack, [the American Larch, Hackmatack.—Ed.] some Cedar, but no Pine; and on upland, where hard wood formerly grew, now some other varieties occupy their places. For instance, one piece, where the hard wood, Beech, Maple, &c., covered the land, now, after the land was burned over in a dry time, and the top soil was burned, a crop of Pigeon Cherries come up thick all over the land where a Cherry tree was never known before.

In another instance, I observed where the land was originally covered by hard wood, white Pine is its second growth, and Hemlock, in the place of Pine and Hemlock, maple has come up in great abundance; I have a lot of ones where three hundred trees on an acre, growing most luxuriantly. It is proper to remark, however, that new varieties of timber do not always spring up where the original growth is cut off. An instance of this kind has come under my own observation, within a short distance from my own land, where the timber was all Cedar, and it was cut off twenty-five or thirty years ago; this is all Cedar now, and no other kinds are to be seen between the stumps on account of their nearness to each other.

It is estimated that fifteen acres of good wood land properly managed will be amply sufficient for timber, boards, &c., to keep buildings in repair, and firewood for a firm for ages to come. If this be the plan adopted, should be the best plan to accomplish the object: if you or any of your readers can suggest any improvement on the above plan, you will greatly oblige a constant reader and lover of improvement.

Respectfully yours, JOHN M. WEEKS.

West Farms, near Middlebury Vt., February 7, 1850.

A Calf worth telling of.—On the 15th ult. Mr. Elisha Morgan of Northfield Mass. killed a calf eighteen months old, that weighed, dressed, 725 pounds. The heaviest quarter weighed 169; tried tallow, 85; hide 90. The calf was the cow seven months.

☞ Mr. Calhoun continues very low, and serious fears are entertained that he will never recover.

The Advantages of Railroads.

A writer in the Mobile Herald and Tribune, in advocating the interests of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, makes use of the following statement, as showing the beneficial result of combining capital with labor:

Georgia has 640 miles of railroad, costing $11,500,000—138 miles of which were built by the State at a cost of $3,500,000—South Carolina has 244 miles, costing $6,500,000—Virginia, has 373 miles, costing $7,000,000, and a general law authorizing the subscription on the part of the State to two fifths of the stock of any railroad chartered and built within the State—Maryland, 571 miles built and building at a cost of $22,000,000, upwards of $5,000,000 of which the State has furnished by the loan of State bonds—Pennsylvania, 1050 miles, costing $35,000,000—82 miles of it were built by the State, cost $4,225,000—New Jersey, 206 miles, costing $6,800,000—New York, 1,009 miles, costing $35,637,000, of which the State has furnished by loans and gift, over 4,000,000—Massachusetts, 954 miles, costing $46,700,000, of which nearly $6,000,000, have been furnished by the State, $1,000,000 in stock subscription and $5,000,000 by loan of State bonds—New Hampshire, 212 miles, costing $7,700,000—Ohio 429 miles, built and building, at a cost of $8,400,000—Michigan, 351 miles, at a cost of $8,100,000, about $6,000,000 of which were furnished by the State—Making together in eleven States, 6,042 miles of railroads, upon which there are daily at work 750 locomotive engines and about 24,000 men, doing an amount of work which, if it were possible to be done in twice the time by horses and men, would require 1,400,000 horses, and 350,000 men. The labor performed by these 750 engines and 24,000 men, in one year costs the people of the United States $36,600,000, all of it being done *in time* totally impracticable by any other mode. But suppose the year's work were done in the old way, by horses and men in five years, requiring 100,000 horses and 25,000 men constantly at work, then the cost to the people would be $95,000,000, or $58,000,000 more than by the existing railroads in four fifths less time. This $58,400,000 is all of it the indirect advantage to the public for which nothing is asked or paid. The capital employed in building the roads, assumed at an average of $30,000 per mile, and amounting in the aggregate, for 6,042 miles, to $181,260,000, is fully compensated, and all expenses of transportation, repairs, wear and tear paid in the sum of $36,600,000, actually charged and paid for the work done. Thus showing the annual public gain to be, through the labor-saving capacity of railroads, over thirty per cent. of the capital invested, or in other terms $9,665 per mile.

A Widow worth Having.

Mrs. Miranda Hines, who has been a subscriber for twenty years to the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette, without giving the Proprieter any trouble about pay, shows herself, in the following extract, a most notable dairy woman:—

I have five Cows, and have sold the past season, 1300 lbs of butter, besides milk, cream and butter, for the family use. Our family will average eight. I raised seven calves last spring; some of them quite early calves, and some late; two of them I got from my neighbors. I have fatted 768 lbs. of Pork, mostly on the sour milk. Now let us leave out one of the cows for family use, and set the credit to the other four,—say 1300 divided by 4, makes 325 lbs. to each cow; the butter sold, averaging 16 1-2 cents; 325 lbs. at 16 1-2, makes $53 62 to each cow. The seven calves were worth $30, say 25 to the four cows; and five hundred of the pork at $6, will be $30; add the $25 for the calves, makes $55, divided by four, leaves $13,65 to each cow; this added to $53,62, will make $67,37 to each cow.

My cows are about middling sized, and of the native breed. They have a good pasture in summer, and good hay in winter. I sometimes give Old Brindie a few small apples and potatoes, parings, and the like, to make her hold her milk till some of the others come in. When I see anything in the butter line in your paper that beats the above, I will try again. MIRANDA HINES.

Monroe, Feb. 18, 1850.

The Boy T. H. Safford. This remarkable mathematical genius, who has attracted so much attention by the early developement of his peculiar powers, is made the subject of remark by Prof Pierce of Harvard College, in his report to the Visiting Committee of the Lawrence Scientific School. Safford attended the Professor's Lectures on Analytical Mechanics, and showed himself perfectly competent to master this difficult subject of research. Up to this time, he fully realizes his early promise of extraordinary powers as a geometer, but his friends notice with alarm that his body does not keep pace in growth with his intellect, and that he is not gaining that robust health so necessary to a strong mind. It will be remembered that he is under the charge of Professor Edward Everett and Professor Pierce, and is supported by the liberality of gentlemen in Boston.

Profits of Fowls.—Mr. Edwin Howard of Easton, Massachusetts, gives an account of the profits of his fowls from the 1st of December, 1848, to the same period of 1849. He began with 19 hens and a cock, in the spring he added one more hen. The whole stock was valued at twenty dollars. The number of eggs produced in the year, was 1,851; the number of chickens raised by himself was 82. The eggs sold, brought $27,97, and the fowls sold, $46 48. Thirty-two fowls on hand, are reckoned worth $30. His fowls are mostly of the variety called Cochin China, imported by Mr. Baylies of Taunton. The eggs that were sold were reckoned at 50 cents a doz. though one dollar was the price charged; but fifty cents per dozen was deducted for the trouble of packing and sending them off. The account stands thus: Eggs sold, 13,000, $27 97; eggs not sold, 581, at 50 cents per dozen $7 26, Fowls sold, $46 48; Value of fowls on hand over last year at this time, $20; Total, $91 72. 32½ bushels of corn and meal, at 75 cents, $24 37; Balance in favor of fowls, $67 30.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.—A youth seeking employment, came to this city, and on enquiring at a certain counting room, if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respected citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book in New York?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied, "*I promised my mother that I would read it every day, and I shall do it,*" and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.—*New York paper.*

RAINING FLESH AND BLOOD.—The Fayetteville (N. C.) Carolinian, states that on the 15th of Feberuary, there fell, in Simpson County, a shower of Flesh and Blood, about 30 feet wide, and as far as it was traced, about 250 or 300 yards in length. The pieces appeared to be flesh, liver, lights, brains and blood. Some of the blood ran on the leaves, apparently very fresh. During the time it was falling, there was a cloud overhead, having a red appearance like a wind cloud. There was no rain. A piece of the meat has been examined with two of the best microscopes in the place, and the existence of blood well established; but nothing was shown giving any indication of the character of the matter. It has the smell, both in its dry state, and when macerated in water, of putrid flesh; and there can scarcely be a doubt that it is such.

The same story came out year's ago.—*Editor.*