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TOWANDA:

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The Grave of Bonaparte.

On a lone barren isle, where the wild raving billow,
Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempest raves,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the grave.

The lightning may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, hears not, he's free from all pain;
They sleep their sleep, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the grave.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,
That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last fight,
No sound shall awake thee to glory again.

The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their sleep, they have fought their last fight,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee!
For like thee, thou art free, that soarest to the sun,
Thou spriggest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name, which before thee, no mortal had won.

Thou nations may combat, and wars thunder rattle,
No more on thy steel will they tread, or the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last fight,
No sound shall awake thee to glory again.

THE CAPTURED CHILDREN: OR THE CANACHE FORAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS THE GUIDE."

One bright morning, when most of the men were
off on a mustang drive, a number of boys—
children of my nearest neighbors—had collected to
ludie in a pretty little basin, formed by an eddy of
the river opposite my house. I heard their merry
yells, and taking down my gun—a precaution
grown as habitual, before going out, as putting on
my cap—I walked listlessly down to the river bank
to look at them.

There were five houses within half a mile above
and below me. The women, with their sun-bon-
nets on, were tripping across from one house to the
other, to pay neighborly gossiping visits; the house-
dogs pricked lazily along behind them; the goats
were picking and butting at each other outside the
picketing; a man plowing was whistling a sleepy
roundelay; groups of cattle in sight were reclining
on the grass, slowly grinding away at the everlast-
ing cud; and the thin wreaths of opaque smoke
from the chimneys were clearly defined against the
intensely brilliant transparency of a cloudless blue
sky. The whole scene was the very ideal of quiet,
delicious repose.

I remember being particularly struck with the
happy and harmonious calm that had fallen upon
our sometimes stormy home, and of thinking how
perfectly the poets dream might now be realized.
How pleasant here,

To sit and smoke with my
When suddenly the sound of a gun caused me to
turn my head.

The first object that met my view was the whist-
ling plowman scampering, as if for dear life, to-
wards his home, yelling, "Indians! Indians!"

Further on, around the most distant house in sight,
I could distinguish forty or fifty dark riders, who
were galloping to and fro with great rapidity, gather-
ing together our horses and mules. I sent on the
warning cry, at the top of my lungs, to the women;
and then such contumacious shrieks, and splashing
as there was among the little scamps in the water,
you can conceive if ever you have seen a hawk
dive down among a covey of ducks.

I called to the boys to run to my house, which
was about four hundred paces off; for I saw some
of the Indians were coming towards us at full
speed, and the little fellows, shaking the water
from their dripping hair, some stopping to pick up
a shirt, and others bare as they came into the world,
scrambling up the bank and plied their tiny feet,
scrambling all the way to the picketing. One or
two of them were outside distance in the stream,
and were delayed by their fight in getting up the
bank; so that by the time they reached me the In-
dians were too close to permit them to escape to
the house unaided, and but for my gun they would
have lost their scalps.

The foremost Indian galloped up very close, but
as my raising my gun, wheeled to avoid my shot,
and with my face turned towards the savage to
keep him at bay—the little fellows, almost frantic
with fright, clinging to my legs—I commenced my
backward retreat towards the house. The Cana-
ches will seldom rush upon an American who
has a gun in his hand, and show by his delibera-
tion that he perfectly cool—and he has fired
after that, they will swoop upon him before he can
load again. It is, therefore, very easy to keep a
number of them at a very respectful distance by
raising your gun, as if to shoot, whenever they
come too close. Four of the savage rascals had by
this time come up, and were circling around me,
endeavoring by their yells, clamors, and threaten-
ing gestures, to draw my fire. I was aware that I
used I might be sure of instant death, and so
backed slowly and steadily on toward the picket-
ing. The little boys clung to me so desperately
with their naked limbs as seriously to impede my
progress.

The savages, with tufts of horse-hair streaming
from their limbs, and circlets and plumes of gaudy
leathers flaunting from their heads and manes and
tails of their horses, whooped, yelled, and clattered
their long lances against their white shields of bull's
hide, as they circled around me with the swiftness
of a sea bird, becoming more and more eager,
and closing their circle nearer as I approached the
picket.

My gun, fortunately, was a double barrel. I
knew they would make a fatal and desperate at-
tempt to prevent my escape. We were now with-
in eighty rods of the picket stiles; the main body
of the Indians had nearly reached us, and there
was no time to lose.

Two Indians, who seemed to take their position

with the design of maintaining it, were between us
and the stiles. I walked steadily towards them
and levelled my gun. They swung themselves
down behind the bodies of their horses, leaving
nothing exposed but the legs by which they clung
to the saddle. I told the boys to run toward them,
intending to fire as they raised themselves in the
saddle to strike; but the running rascals were
watching me from under their horses' necks, and
seeing that they must catch it if they raised them-
selves to shoot, wisely started their horses, on shoot-
ing several arrows without changing their position,
and wounding the boys considerably.

I saw my young charges reach the steps. Now
was my time to run for it, for fifty Canaches were
within as many paces of me, thundering on at full
speed. I started for my precious life. There was
a general howl and rush toward me from every
side; and I felt the prick of several arrows. It was
only twenty paces now to the stiles. I wheeled
and fired at the nearest; a few desperate bolts,
and my foot was on the low stile, when a lance
whizzed past my ear and quivered in the post,
while a deafening, furious roar burst from every
throat.

I faced about again. The foremost Indian was
within ten feet, standing in his horse's stirrups,
in the very act of plunging his lance at me. Quick
as thought I fired in his face, and sprang, or rather
tumbled over the stile into my yard. When I
picked myself up I heard the horse gnashing of
their disappointed rage, and the clatter of retreating
hoofs.

This was a pretty close shave; nothing saved me
but the last charge of my faithful double barrel, and
as it was, several of their confounded little arrows
were striking about me for moments.

The whole scene, long as it takes to give you an
idea of it, could not have occupied over ten min-
utes; but in that paltry fraction of time how fierce-
ly vivid had been the transition from the very poe-
try of rural quiet to the stormy and terrible reality
of savage war! But this was not the last of it by
a good deal.

I climbed to the top of the stiles again, after load-
ing my gun, just in time to see the scalp torn from
the head of one of our men who was returning
from a hunt on foot, and was so hard pressed as to
be compelled to fire his rifle. He had been instant-
ly borne to the earth by a dozen lances, in full
view of his own house. Their failure and loss of
my case had greatly infuriated them, although poor
Thompson had been steady and cool, like a veter-
an frontiersman as he was, yet they had rushed
upon him in a body, determined to have a scalp if
it cost a warrior. It did too, and one of their chiefs,
at that; for the eye and nerve of the gallant fellow
did not fail him in that fearful moment, when they
closed so madly, dashing around him, that their
lances met, grating in his body. A chief, whose
lance first touched him, tumbled stiffly forward amid
the trampling hoofs, and the hunter was avenged.
One of the women made a very narrow escape,
and was only saved by the courage of her dog,
and sprang at the nose of the Canache's horse,
and made the animal shy just as the rider was
about to transfix her, as she was climbing the pick-
eting stiles. She got over safe, and the buffaloes
punged the gallant dog into the river, where it also
escaped, much to my gratification.

During these scenes a portion of their number
had been busily engaged in collecting all our mules
and horses that were loose on the prairie, and now
they started after the frightened animals, who were
tearing off like mad in the direction they wished
them to go. In a few minutes they were out of
sight, all was still for a little while as before; but,
fortunately, we had not been quite so silly as to
have turned out our favorite riding horses, and in a
short time there was a gathering, in hot haste, of
all the men who were at home. They galloped up
to my house from every direction, rifles in hand,
with hot brows, flaming eyes, and curses deep-
breathed between their teeth, eager to be led in
pursuit for vengeance. Still more fortunately, just
as we were starting on the trail, the very party
which had been absent on the mustang drive came,
breathless and foaming, up. It seems that they
had met with the Canache trail, and suspecting
what had occurred, had run their horses in at full
speed. With a few hasty words, explaining the
extent of the mischief, and a wild shout of ven-
geance for poor Thompson, we off on the chase,
numbering thirty determined men.

Of course, there was no difficulty in tracing the
trail, which was broad as a wagon-road through the
grass; and we followed at the best pace of our hor-
ses; for our success in coming up with them all de-
pend upon the speed of our animals. As we swept
by the farm of old Hicks, one of the earliest
settlers, who had posted himself on the very out-
skirts of the grant, the gray-haired veteran was see-
ing his horse across his field to meet us. As he
approached we could see, from the eagerness
of his gestures, that something was wrong. We
halted for an instant, and the glare of his eyes, and
ashy pallor of his rigid face, as he joined us, were
even more eloquent of his terrible news than the
few words he with difficulty gasped out from be-
tween his clenched teeth.

"My children!"
"Great God! which?"
"John and Mary! they've carried them off!"

Nothing was spoken, but bending forward with
a perfect howl of fury, the rangers lashed their hor-
ses, like madmen. Such an incident was suffi-
ciently calculated to arouse a delirium of wrath, in
their fiery natures. In addition to the other out-
rages, these two children had been torn from their
old parent to be dragged off to a horrible captivity
in the distant hills, unless we could catch the
brutal spoilers before they had gained a covert. No
marvel that horses were graded even when faith-
fully at their utmost speed; that swollen veins were
knotted along flashed temples, and curses and yells
burst at intervals from tightly drawn lips, as the im-
age of those fair young children, wreathed in the
black, naked arms of a filthy and ferocious warrior,
would rise before us. For every body loved little

Molly Hicks, "with the lint-white locks," and John-
ny, was it second "Benjamin, the child of his old
age," to the hardy pioneer.

As he rode in front, which position he somehow
maintained, with all the leading eagerness of the
younger members of the party, with his features
stiffened and set, his eyes fixed on the distance be-
fore him, and his long white hair streaming from
his uncovered head, I thought I had never looked
upon a more striking picture of stern, mute agony.
It was enough to have struck the nerves of a
dastard to reckless daring, one look at that silent
old man.

The trail was leading in the direction of the dense-
st portion of the Cross Timber, where, too, among
wooded and broken ridges, the head waters of the
Trinity took their origin, breaking in numerous
springs from dark gorges; and in this rugged and
extensive tract we supposed they would endeavor
if possible to conceal themselves by throwing us
off the trail.

Soon we were scudding beneath the shade of the
fall forest. There was no undergrowth, but the
shaft-like trunks rose dark and bare to a conside-
rable height, leaving long open vistas between them.

A chill came over us at this swift transition
from the sunny expanse of the prairie to the so-
lenn gloom of this great natural temple.

Contrary to our expectations, the trail, instead of
diverging north, toward the hills, kept on west, di-
rectly through the belt of the Cross Timber. These
Indians have an unquerable aversion to the
brush, and our hopes were greatly elevated to find
that, true to this instinct, they were keeping in the
open woods, and probably making for the plains
beyond the deep forest. This course offered us
much greater assurance that we should be able to
keep the trail, and finally overtake them. But it
was nearly six miles across, and our reckless haste
was beginning to tell upon our horses; so that, with
all the tumult and intensity of our excitement, we
were obliged to check our gallop. For several miles
we continued silently galloping down those dim,
leaf-freighted aisles, the old man still retaining his
position in front, never for an instant turning his
eye to the right or to the left, but staring fixedly
ahead.

Suddenly he raised himself quickly in his stir-
rups, and with a sharp, shrill shout, "There!"
plunged the spurs into his horse. I looked ahead
and could just distinguish objects gleaming swiftly
past the trees far before us. With a shout that
made those tangled arches shiver again, we all fol-
lowed him. The wild whirl of maddening excite-
ment was beyond any description. The men fair-
ly shrieked with the exultation of savage joy. Our
horses caught the spirit, and seemed energized
with supernatural speed, as they fled by the trees
so swiftly that the trunks seemed run into each
other, and to form a continuous wall. Now and then,
though a wider opening before us, we would get a
full, but momentary view of the spotted horses of
the foe streaking across it. Then such a burst of
shooting from our men!

In this way the chase had continued for several
miles, without lessening materially the distance be-
tween us, and we were beginning to fear that our
horses would fail us even, when the old man, point-
ing ahead, laughed out with the exultation of a
fiend; and, as we swept past the object, I saw it
was a horse of one of the warriors that had drop-
ped dead from exhaustion. How the men yelled
at this sight.

Their horses were going out, and we were sure
of them! Another! and yet another! I led by the
trail! I saw one of the warriors, on foot, running
off through the woods! But on! on! never mind
him! The main body is before!

Suddenly we burst upon the dazzling light of the
prairie. There they are. The whole body of them,
within a quarter of a mile, strung winding along the
deep grass like a great snake.

The clamor of pursuing wolves never sounded
more terrible to a herd of exhausted deer than did
our shout to those frightened thieves.

See how they look behind. They are uncertain
what to do.

Ha! they make to the timber again. The rapid
tramp of the avenger's tread turns to top. They
are panic-stricken. The old man, with the un-
earthly wildness of his mien, looks upon like a
phantom of wrath to strike an army with terror.
They rushed to the edge of the timber, and threw
themselves in frantic hurry from their horses'
backs—some head foremost.

We, too, having dismounted quicker than tho';
the black robes are ranged, and the platoon hurts
a leaden nail among them before they reach the
trees. Such staggering and tumbling; but not a
sound from them. With clubbed guns we rushed
after the old man in the timber; and now the strug-
gle is hand to hand, and foot to foot, with the little,
desperate wretches.

They turn at bay a moment behind the covert of
the trunks; but the fury of our charge over-bears
everything. For a moment the rustle of struggling
feet, the dull ring of crushing blows, the low growl
and heavy fall are the only sound that break the
awful silence; and then the peal of our victorious
shouts proclaims that they are flying.

The pursuit is continued some distance but they
are too swift for us; and one after another of the
almost distracted members of the scattered party,
panting and exhausted, make their appearance on
the prairie.

"The children! the children! Have they been
seen?" I shouted.

"Here they are!" replied a deep voice from a
distance in the woods.

We all ran in, and never shall I forget the scene.
At the foot of a large tree the old man was bending
like a trodden worm. Little Mary, with large,
blue, tearful eyes that looked as if they would ne-
ver wink again, stood by him, holding his hand.
The ashamed and bloody gun of the old man lay
on the ground by him, with his nearest neighbor,
a tall, powerful man, stood off, in respect for the

sacredness of grief, gazing upon the group with
dimmed eyes.

There was a heavy pause. The old man looked
up with blood-shot eyes, saying,
"Water, man! Water! water!"
"We had all been so much shocked by the scene
as to have lost our presence of mind for the mo-
ment; but instantly, as he spoke, a dozen men
sprang off—and ran to where our horses had been
left, for their water-gourls.

The boy grasped one with a famished eagerness
it is impossible to convey, and drank copiously—
In a moment the color began to return to his blue
lips, and light to his glaring eyes.

This convinced me that his wound was not so
desperate as we had feared. No one had exam-
ined it; for there was the lance leaning against the
tree, with the red stain upon its blade for several
inches; and that, we had thought, was conclusive
enough.

As I was stooping to bathe his feverish temple
and examine the wound, little Molly turned her
quiet eyes upon my face, and said with a solemn
innocence that thrilled me strangely, "That bad
Injuns wouldn't kill me?" As if she felt that grie-
vous injustice had been done in selecting Johnny
instead of her. I could not resist catching the little
creature in my arms and kissing her while the hot
tears burned over my lids at that touching exhibi-
tion of forgiveness of self in the sister's love.

On examination, the wound looked bad enough,
to be sure. There was nothing for it, however, but
to prepare a litter and get him home. This the
men soon did with twigs and buffalo robes which
the Indians had thrown away, together with some
arms, in the fight.

Poor little boy! his plaintive moans were very
distressing. The roughest of the men, with all the
flush of fight upon them, seemed to be greatly mo-
ved; and gentle Molly was carried with as conside-
rable tenderness as if the crowns of all the world
had been her heritage. Strange, incongruous ani-
mal is man! We were stepping over the corpses of
the slain. A few minutes before, these men had
been wilder than starved tigers for blood and their
eyes were now moistened at the sight of these two
children and their old father. It is a custom, never
deviated from by the Canaches, to kill their male
prisoners, of whatever age, when they see a prob-
ability of their being retaken. If it be a child, as
in this instance, they say, with stern foresight, "It
is one future warrior out of the way!" For, as
their "hand is," emphatically, "against every
man, and every man against them," all mankind
are alike their enemies; but there is too much
female charity among them ever to kill or misuse a
female prisoner, a thing they have never been
known to do. They will kill them, and take their
scalps in attacking a town or settlement; but when
they have once spared them as prisoners, their per-
sons are forever afterwards sacred.

There is a deal of talk of nobility about these
Canaches; and if they should ever learn to use
rifles well, they will be far the most formidable
enemy our race have yet had to dispute the pos-
session of territory with. That they have not yet
overcome their superstitious dread of fire-arms is
the sole reason why we are still able to cope with
them at such advantages.

We learned from little Mary's story that the In-
dians having herself and brother in charge had, when
we rushed into the timber after them—although she
and her brother were standing hand-in-hand—only
struck him down with a lance, and left her unmo-
lested. "The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me!"

We had lost two men in the skirmish among
the timber, and had several wounded. There were
ten Indians that we knew to be slain. We recovered
all our horses and mules, and in addition, secured
forty or fifty Indian horses, with all their quaint
accoutrements. Some of these horses were noble
animals, and most of them curiously and beautifully
marked.

Our return home was a painful blending of sad-
ness and triumph; but it was a prodigious relief to
us all, when we heard, next morning, that little
Johnny was doing well. Indeed, in about two
months he had almost entirely recovered.

A BOOK FACTORY.—The Harper's of New York,
are perhaps, the greatest manufacturers of books in
the United States. Their establishment is quite a
curiosity. One of the buildings is five stories high,
with five windows in each story, and extends from
Cliff street to Pearl. Two other buildings, as we
learn from the industrial agent, join this on Cliff,
and opposite on the same street, are two buildings
more, of vast size, in which the type-setting and
stereotyping are done. There are nineteen Adams
and three Napier presses, worked by steam, which
throw off 70 reams of paper per day—that is to say,
\$1,000 sheets—making 501,500 sheets per week,
and 104,488,200 per year; which is equal to 1000
octavo vols. of over 800 pages each per day; 6000
per week, and 312,000 per year. We understand
that during the past year the number of volumes of
all sizes, thrown off, was not less than 1,500,000.
The fixtures in the bindery are valued at \$18,000.
Here 52 barrels of flour are used per year for paste;
of glue, 45 barrels; 750 packages of gold leaf are
used in the same period for lettering, ornamenting
&c. Here likewise are used 700 pieces of muslin,
of 40 square yards each, and 60,000 of pasteboard,
14,400 sheep skin slugs per annum to supply skins
for the establishment. In the immense vaults under
the establishment are stored 300,000 pounds of ster-
eotype plates valued at from 7 to 9 cents per pound,
800 pounds of metal are used weekly for casting,
making 41,000 pounds per annum. In the compos-
ing rooms there are from 80 to 90,000 pounds of type.
The stock in trade is estimated at \$2,000,000.
They employ of 400 persons, a little less than one
quarter of whom are females. About 1,500 per-
sons are supposed to depend upon this establish-
ment. The sum paid to persons employed is about
200,000 per annum. Messrs. Harper & Brothers,
have paid to authors immense sums of money—
Stephens has received from them \$50,000; Pres-
cott, 20,000, and Dr. Anthon, too must have received
a fortune at their hands.—*Bicknell's Reporter.*

'Tis Now the Promised Hour.

A SERENADE.

The fountains serenade the flowers,
Upon their silver lute—
And, nestled in their leafy bosoms,
The forest birds are mute:
The bright and glittering hosts above,
Ubbur their golden pipes,
While Nature bolts her cortex of love,
And for her client waits.
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
To now the promised hour,
When torches kindle in the skies
To light thee to thy tower.

The day we dedicate to care—
To love the winking night:
For all that's beautiful and fair
In hours like these arise.
Even thus the secrets to flowers given,
The moonlight on the tree,
And all the bliss of earth and heaven,
Are mingled, love, in thee.
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
'Tis now the promised hour,
When torches kindle in the skies
To light thee to thy tower.

FEMALE ARTISTS.—The New York Post says—

We have been informed that several female artists
in this city are preparing to dispute with the other
sex in the province of wood engraving. An emi-
nent painter of New York, to whom the art of
engraving on wood in this country is under great
obligations for his assistance and instructions, main-
tains that they are more likely to excel in that
art, on account of the peculiar adaptation of their
organs to tasks which require an eye for minute
lines and delicate shadings, and for greatly superior
dexterity of hand and nicety of touch. Aboard
there are many females employed as wood engra-
vers, and perhaps the most extraordinary progress
which this art has lately made in the fineness and
precision of its execution may be, in considerable
degree, owing to them.

The Academy of Design begins to have its fe-
male pupils who attend regularly upon the instruc-
tions of the professors. Last winter they looked
about for a class of young ladies sufficiently ad-
vanced in the arts of design to be admitted as pupils
of the arts Academy, but were not able to find them.
This winter they have a class of six.

While we are speaking of matters connected
with the arts of design, we take occasion to remark
that an idea of their importance in a utilitarian
point of view seems to be gaining ground in the
community. The advantage of knowledge of draw-
ing in the mechanical arts is well illustrated in an
anecdote which the artist referred to in the com-
mentary of this article is fond of relating. He
was applied to not very long since by an artisan,
a worker in the precious metals, for a drawing
intended to be a model for a spoon. He executed
several, from which the goldsmith made his selec-
tion, and asked the artist what he should pay him.
The answer was, "Nothing at all." "Since you
insist upon making it a matter of business," replied
the artist, "you may give me thirty dollars." The
man was paid, the goldsmith took the drawing, and
some time afterwards meeting the artist said to
him, "I shall make ten thousand dollars by your
drawing. The spoons made according to your
model cannot be finished as fast as I have orders
for them. I have long had the idea of a spoon made
somewhat like your pattern, and if I had been able
to draw I might as well have made the ten thou-
sand dollars years ago as now.

THE DROUPE.—The following—which is brought
again to our recollection as a paragraph making the
round of the papers—has always seemed to us one
of the most affecting records in language. Sterne's
captivity with "the iron entering his soul" loses in
terrible significance beside the picture in the last
line. The passage is from Count Confolonier's
account of his imprisonment—"I am an old man
now; yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than
my body! Fifteen years I existed (for I did not
live—it was life) in the selfsame dungeon 10 feet
square! During six years I had a companion—dur-
ing nine I was alone! I never could rightly dis-
tinguish the face of him who shared my captivity
in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year
we talked incessantly together; related our past
lives, our joys, our sorrows and our griefs. The next
we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas
on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to
communicate; we were beginning to lose the pow-
er of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a
month or so, we would only open our lips to ask
each other if it were indeed possible that the world
went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a
portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent.
The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where,
to the execution or to liberty; and I was glad
when he was gone—even solitude was better than
the grim vision of that pale, vacant face. After
that I was alone. Only one event broke in upon
my nine years' vacancy. One day (it must have
been a year or two after my companion left me)
the dungeon door was opened and a voice—
whence proceeding I know not—utter these words:
"By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to
you that your wife died a year ago." Then the
door was shut; I heard no more. They had but
flung this great agony upon me, and left me
alone with it again."

SEVENTH TREE.—A single tree in front of your
house will confer the following benefits:—It will
increase the value of your estate;—It will afford a
shade for your children to play in;—It will be grate-
ful to the passing stranger; it will invite the birds
to its branches, who will repay you in rich gabes
of free music; it will add to the beauty of city or
town; it will prove you to be a person of wisdom,
taste, liberality and public spirit. Will you not,
then, do the simple deed which secures these great
benefits? Now is the season to prepare for it—to
purchase your trees and select your positions.—
The frost is fast leaving the ground, and everything
is getting in readiness. Sterne places the "planting
of a tree" among the four cardinal virtues. Let all
govern themselves accordingly.

THE CLIMAX OF HUMAN INDIFFERENCE has arrived,
when a woman don't care how she looks.

A Story of Leap Year.

Sam Smith sat at home on New Year's day, in
distrustful. His beard was unshaved, his hair was
uncombed, his boots were unblecked; and he was
leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his
heels against the mantle-piece smoking a pipe—
Sam thought to himself that it was leap year; and
how gloriously it would be if the ladies could only
be induced to pop the question, in accordance with
their ancient privileges. As he sat musing, the
smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glow-
ed with the idea. How delightful it would be to
have the dear creature kneeling on bended knees
with tender glances entreating to do the agreeable!
As he meditated his heart softened, and he began
to feel a sympathetic, "womanish" sympathy "diffu-
se" over his feelings; and though he would faint
with propriety the first time a young lady should
squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded at the door. Sam
peeped through the Venetian blinds, "Henry,"
explained he, "if there isn't Miss Jones, and I all
in a dishabille, and looking like a fright—goodness
gracious! I must go right away and fix myself
up."

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and with a
composed air, intimated that she should wait. Miss
Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights,
and now that the season was propitious, she deter-
mined to take advantage thereof, and do a little
courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's
privileges which had been usurped by the tyrant,
man, and she was determined to assert her rights,
in spite of the hollow formalities of a false system
of society.

Meanwhile, with a palpitating heart, Sam went
through a series of personal adornments. The last
twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his
whiskers, and with white cambic in hand, he de-
scended to the parlor. Miss Jones rushed to receive
him, and grasping his hand with fervor said—
"Dearest, how beautiful you look!" accompany-
ing the words with a look of undisguised admira-
tion.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man,"
said Sam, applying his cambic to hide his emba-
rassment.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan;
"turn not away those lovely eyes, dark as jet, but
sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of
love affection. Here let us rest." Said she, drawing
him to a sofa; "here with my arm around thee,
will I protect my true affection."

"Leave me, oh, leave me!" murmured Sam,
"think of my youth, my inexperienced—spare, oh,
spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave me," said Susan pressing him closer to
her, "never! until the story of countless nights of
quiet days, of aspirations, fond emotions, and un-
dying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I
have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell
how each manly beauty moved me,—how I wor-
shipped like the sun-flower in the lurid light of those
scarlet-trees,—how my fond heart was entrapped in
the meshes of those magnificent whiskers,—
how I was willing to yield up to the government of
that "imperial" thy thinner, so modest, so deli-
cate, enchanted me—joy to me—for thy joy was
my joy—My heart is thine—take it—but first let me
touch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The over-wrought feelings of the delicate youth
was too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy.
Meanwhile the enamoured maiden hung fondly over
her limb and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened—he gazed
wildly around him—then meeting the ardent
gaze of his "lovely," he blushed deeply and behind
his "kerchief family filtered out."—"Ask my pa!"

GOODNESS.—To be constantly in the presence of a
good person—of one whose words and acts tend to
purify and exalt—how pleasant and useful it is!—
We have no disposition to speak an impure word,
to perform a wrong act, or even to think of evil.
The presence of the good is a guardian angel to
keep and preserve us from the sins and temptations
by which we are surrounded. Suppose that being
who moves about to bless, should be the compa-
ny of our bosoms—the one to whom we can make
known our joys and sorrows; what a powerful influ-
ence for good it could have over our lives! We
should rejoice daily in feeling how blessed good-
ness is, and be so elevated in all our thoughts, that
it would become a difficult task for us to sin. Wo-