

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME IX.

NUMBER 20.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'NEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA.

Wednesday Morning, October 18, 1848.

### THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

One balmy summer night, Mary,  
Just as the rising moon  
Had cast aside her treacher veil,  
We left the gay saloon,  
And in a sequester'd spot,  
Beneath a drooping tree,  
Fond words were breathed, but you forgot,  
That are still dear to me, Mary,  
That are still dear to me.

Oh we were then happy, Mary—  
Time linger'd on his way,  
To crowd a life-time in a night,  
Whole ages in a day!  
If star and sun would set and rise  
Thus in our after years,  
This world would be a paradise,  
And not a vale of tears, Mary,  
And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary—  
The glorious days of old  
When love was hoarded in the heart,  
As misters heard their gold;  
And, often, like a bridal train,  
The music and the soft low,  
The by-gone moments cross my brain,  
In all their summer glow, Mary,  
In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,  
As age comes stealing on,  
To bring the light and leave the shade  
Of days for ever gone!  
The poet's brow may wear at last  
The grey that round it fall;  
But love has rose-buds of the past  
Far dearer than them all, Mary,  
Far dearer than them all.

## HAND AND GLOVE.

BY PHIL FRINGLE.

### CHAPTER I.

"How—Why—What a hazardous and cruel style!  
A style for challenges: why, why, why, why, why!"

I have seen many coquettes by nature and many more who strove to obtain that killing title, but never one who failed so completely as my lovely little pet in her childhood, Rose Montrose. At eighteen she was mistress of rare beauty, a sparkling flow of spirits, and a most provoking, bewitching disposition;—in short, every qualification to succeed in her ambition, except simple heartlessness. Her mother was never more than a mere, fashionable, and had always sought to educate Rose for the same useless life. Even at the point of death, she strictly enjoined upon the guardian, a kind-hearted, but experienced old bachelor, to keep her daughter at a certain finishing establishment until she became properly qualified to enter the world as the fashionable daughter of a fashionable mother. One can hardly wonder, that her mind trained under these influences, took an artificial bias. And indeed, what young beauty, spoiled by education, fortune, and the close friendship of romantic school-girls, would have a different ambition on her first peep at the world from that of supremacy over the lords of creation? And so Rose Montrose flirted, and laughed, and played the unmerciful despot. But I who knew her well, was perfectly aware that all this was forgone for her character: I believed, in fact, that her arbitrary commands arose from a nervous timidity, striving to conceal itself in the role she would act, just as cowardly sometimes in endeavoring to assume coolness, rush desperately into the wildest dangers. In no other way could I account for her caprice of a moment and feeling for the next hour. Her lovers were as perplexed as they were disinterested. Her playful pettishness would occasionally subside, and then break forth in a torrent of sparkling wit at the first semblance of sentiment or feeling. The truth was, that she knew the sacredfulness of heart's emotion, and shrank from exposing it to one, who might see but could not understand. As was said to me, by a young friend, of whom hereafter, whose occasional puns betrayed his noble ungenteel propensity, her artlessness was so plain that none but an ignorant coxcomb could call it heartlessness, and he confessed with a blush that he was once such an one.

Their walk had been extended to the full second mile, before either of the pair availed forth that absorbing conversation. Rose Montrose was leaning on the arm of a young gentleman, whose dreamy, spirit-like eye had been passionately seeking hers for the last hour in vain. He had been pouring into her ear glowing descriptions of the olden days of chivalry, and in depicting the toils of others had artfully, yet without premeditation, drawn forth his own. It was the skill which love bestows upon even the artless. She had listened in silence though all tumultuous within, until their path ceased before the verge of a cliff, and she awakened herself to the artificial again. It was to stop the nervous beating of her heart, and intercept the burning words she yet longed to hear, that she stepped forward to the very edge and rattled on hurriedly.

"Mr. Sumner, all this is very fine,—the scenery I mean as well as your eloquence. But certainly those knights were as chivalrous as they were foolish to venture so much for such a simple, silly thing as a lady's smile. Look how way down this frightful cliff, and you will see a few wild flowers growing almost out of the very rocks. Now, if a cavalier were here, like those you have described, how gladly would he risk his neck and seize those flowers to wreath in some lady's hair! I am glad that the gallants of our prudent days have more sense."

She spoke nervously, and as he cast his eyes down the precipice, bent upon him on imploring look, as if beseeching him not to hear words that she would give worlds to unsay. But it was too late.

"Were such an one here, he would rejoice in the opportunity to earn a boon that she could not refuse. He would place the wreath in her hand, and she would place her hand in his."

The warm blood mounted to her cheeks. She felt her self-possession vanishing; yet spoke, eagerly the first words of her heart.

"And she would keep the flowers forever." Then she shuddered and calmly added, "Come let us leave this silly romance and return."

They walked back in silence. Late in the evening Sumner left the house of Mr. Nevers after an unsatisfactory visit. He saw that much of her coquetry was affected, but there was still enough to cause him serious uneasiness. Several times had he endeavored to draw from her an answer to his ardent and undisguised avowals of love, yet hitherto she had avoided the subject with the full tact of women, as he bitterly called her girlish blushing timidity. But she had now almost challenged him to the proof of his devotion, and he vowed to appear before her on the morrow with a claim for an audience, which she could not avoid. There was a room too, as he fancied in her tones when she praised the careful wisdom of modern lovers. He determined to obtain the flowers that very night when none were abroad to witness and ridicule his attempt.

The chivalrous plan required some rather unromantic means in the shape of an iron bar and a coil of rope. These he procured from his sleepy landlord, and after a few minutes brisk walking, prepared to descend the cliff with their help. The bar was firmly driven into the earth, and the rope with knots every few feet fastened to it securely. With a strong grasp he then commenced his descent.

About half-way down he stopped to rest for a moment upon a crag that pushed itself boldly out from the almost perpendicular side of the precipice. Descending still farther, he found that the rope rested upon the edge of this rock just above, suspending him at some dozen feet out from the main wall; but when he had swung just opposite to the flowers, a few violent springs enabled him to gain a firm foothold. The prize was now in his grasp; but in the eagerness of success, he loosened his hold of the rope, and it swung far out of his reach. However, there was nothing peculiarly dangerous in his position. Like the famous samphire-gatherer, in a similar predicament, he knew that a bold leap for the rope might save him, and at the worst the deep flood was rolling only fifteen or twenty feet below. Carefully securing the flowers in his bosom he watched the oscillation of the rope, and at the critical moment sprang nimbly out into the air. His agile limbs practiced in boyhood among his native Highland mountains and tall sea-cliffs did not fail him now. But his full weight, cast suddenly upon the rope, tore it at once from the bar, and he dropped into the cold sea. The first natural impulse was to swim for the nearest point of land, and the second to burst in a hearty, though somewhat silly laugh at this uncomfortable termination of his romance.

Once on shore he hurried to his quarters in the village inn. Like a true lover, he first dried the flowers, and arranged them into a graceful wreath, and then more like a man of sense, exchanged his dripping clothes for a warm bed. But his sense came too far behind folly, and on the morning after his chilly immersion, he awoke in a high fever. Rose Montrose was sitting alone with blushing cheeks, and a soft smile beaming from her half-closed eyes. There was nothing around her to cause this silent expression of pleasure; the maiden was only receiving delight from the thickening emotion that rose up from her heart, tremulous in first love. A sweet, uncertain tumult of thoughts surrounded with enchantment the single idea that love really reigned within, and swayed the fairy scepter over her, who had hitherto prided herself on her queenly command upon other beings. At that moment she did not think of his feelings for doubt on that subject had never arisen, but she trembled at the thought of her own deep passion. And then the delicious color, that consciousness had called forth, fled from her cheeks, and she clasped her hands suddenly at the idea of her mocking challenge the previous day. She feared that Sumner had not seen through her coquetish hypocrisy of the moment—that, which she then feared he might perceive; that, which was assumed to hide her heart. Suddenly his step was heard, and—oh! the mysterious working of woman's heart—was detected while his face was yet transparent of feeling, timid and fluttering, she raised her eyes desperately with a confused consciousness that she was about to finish her role of the coquette. In her blindness she fancied that otherwise her heart would be unavoidably revealed, and she awoke from an exposure of its depths—most of all to him. She was not yet sufficiently accomplished in her game, and always bungled sadly. Never more than now.

Sumner entered the room with irregular steps and flushed face, wherein lever plainly burned, and she fancied it to be more than a lover's natural trepidation. Had she not loved, it would have made her more cool, collected and unsparring in her coquetry, but as it was she trembled with him and fully shared in his supposed agitation. And she hardly knew whether she was right or wrong, as he hurriedly placed a wreath of wild flowers in her hand, saying abruptly, and in husky tones, "There—your hand."

"Ah, yes! these are the pretty field-flowers I admired so much yesterday. You are very kind in being so thoughtful, and really deserve some reward." Her words crowded on each other with desperate rapidity, "but my hand is to be useful a member to be parted with lightly. Will not this glove answer your purpose? Why you seem afraid of it! It is only a glove that I am giving you."

All this was very silly and very cruel, and so Rose well knew, but for her life she could not say otherwise. He received the glove she carelessly tossed into his hands: the color fled from his cheeks and lips; his tall form shivered as he bowed coldly, and staggered rather than walked, from the room.

"Gone! it was really there," Rose sprang to the

window, and as she remarked his faltering step, and remembered the wild, leech-like expression of his face, knew the truth and wept. The wreath was cast violently upon the floor and trodden under foot;—the cause of that sorrow had been obtained, at the peril of his life. But it was his gift—she raised it again and pressed it to her bosom. "Soon came the news that he was dangerously ill, delicious, and poor Rose wept that she had cast away the right to be by his side. Daily a servant was sent from Mr. Nevers to enquire after the sick man's health, but it was always Rose who met him in the hall and took the words from his mouth. At last the news came by his landlord that Sumner was slowly recovering, and Rose again wept, but now for joy that she could see him and frankly explain all. She felt no hesitation at the idea of exposing her own foolish weakness, for he had suffered from it, and had he not a right to know? But one day, a close carriage whirled by her house, and her next message brought the news that Sumner had suddenly departed, even before he was perfectly restored to health.

Two weeks after this, Mr. Nevers paused in his perusal of the paper and read aloud: "In the list of passengers for the last packet, we notice the name of L. Sumner, Esq., the talented artist. The point of his destination is understood to be Rome; his object of course, is to study the *mestros* in his art. We wish him success."

### CHAPTER II.

"Love comes the beautiful, free  
The crown of all humanity,  
In silence and alone,  
To seek the elect one!"

LORD BYRON.

One year from this time found Leonard Sumner still in his Italian studio, and happy only when the glowing subject of his art reminded him of a reality more perfect and beautiful than even the delicately created shadows traced by his pencil. From the first he felt no resentment at the seeming heartlessness that drove him from his native land. His noble heart only swelled with astonishment that such unworthiness could, and sorrow that it did exist in a form so captivating, and a mind which he knew to be so richly endowed. A smaller soul would have been considered puffing itself with of feuded pride: he thought of it only with sadness that a kinder spirit was imperfect. Still there was a wound, and without any angry haughtiness of feeling, he experienced a sudden modification, that he had been rejected, and in such a manner. Perhaps he thought less of it than at first, but this was natural and in healing, Time had also softened. His whole energies were turned to the cultivation of his favorite art, and already his studio was visited by the numerous patrons of genius.

One day Mr. Nevers unexpectedly entered the room. The young artist greeted his old friend with warmth, before he thought of the awkwardness of their meeting, but his inquiries for the health of Miss Montrose, were as cool and business like as any fashionable gentleman could have desired—Mr. Nevers was more embarrassed. The good old bachelor fidgeted upon his chair during the preliminary remarks that followed as usual, and then with awkward directions explained the particular object of his visit. It seemed that he had picked up a *protege* in the person of a Spanish boy, whom he found in the streets of Cadiz. The youth appeared to be educated, was friendless, homeless, and at the time Mr. Nevers saw him, was gazing away after a beautiful painting with a real in his pocket. Nature had evidently intended him for an artist, and Mr. Nevers' present object was to obtain for him a place in some studio as pupil, where he might fulfil all the expectations which his fine promise had excited. Mr. Nevers told the story quite well, although he was walking on strange ground, and acting a part, the very top of which, but two months before, would have made him roll up his eyes in comical amazement.

The idea of a constant companion was not peculiarly pleasing to Sumner, who lived only when alone with his memory, but the wishes of her guardian seemed almost to come from Rose herself, and he could not decline compliance. Mr. Nevers withdrew with an odd expression, half of pleasure, half of whimsical anxiety upon his honest countenance, and left the artist to follow out the train of delicious imaginings, which their sudden meeting had called forth. Foolish, certainly, and profitless, but he almost fancied himself again with Rose and the past year blotted out forever.

Early in the next day came his visitors. The young Spaniard, delicately formed, and with bright eyes throwing an air of intelligence over his clear olive and rather Moorish face, finely relieved by long jet tresses descending upon his shoulders, might perhaps in other circles have become that pet of all somewhat young ladies, a handsome boy—He seemed about seventeen, certainly not less by the long delicate mustache that dropped daintily from the corners of a finely cut mouth. Though clear and high toned, his voice seemed somewhat strained into a manly prolongation of a sound. At first sight Sumner involuntarily raised his hand as if to clear away something from before his eyes, but on second thought, and a deliberate survey of the other's person, merely formed the opinion that his hair ought to be cut. A short conversation confirmed him in this belief, and after the departure of Mr. Nevers, he proceeded to the first instructions with a hearty pleasure that astonished himself, and indeed seemed to confuse the boy. All Sumner's advances were received with a species of cool gratitude, that killed the artist's terror and really perplexed him, though it seemed to please inwardly the careless young Spaniard. But his hand was quick and skilful, so that after abandoning this sudden interest in the graceful boy, Sumner derived real pleasure as an artist in watching the magical elements of genius hitherto unskilled only in the four rules which eyes have drawn from the spirit of the great masters.

They had been together in this singular companionship but a day or two, when a Sicilian nobleman entered the studio of the foreign artist, whose

pencil had attracted so much attention throughout Rome. His desire was to obtain a pair of a free, glowing, and artless Swiss shepherdess, a "mountain nymph—sweet Liberty." He withdrew with munificent offers of patronage, leaving Sumner already rapt in the bright creation of his fancy, and impatient to be alone. Day after day he wrought with passionate skill upon the canvas, wholly absorbed in his labor, and scarcely exchanging a look with the boy, who was studying with equal ardor in the opposite corner of the room. Thus were they busied. Sumner upon his painting, the young Spaniard in mentally delineating the other's features in his earnest eyes, when the Sicilian again appeared.

"It is unfinished!" exclaimed Sumner.

"Unfinished!" said the noble, hurrying to the easel with an exclamation of delight, "then do not finish it. Touch it not with your brush again; it is mateless, another of such unfinished paintings and this shall be doubled."

He placed a heavy purse in the artist's hand. Sumner quietly returned it.

"I cannot part with this, either now while it is incomplete or at any other time."

"Not part with it?"

"Impossible."

They exchanged low bows and the Sicilian walked out in a dignified resentment. Sumner gazed one moment on the canvas with a burning eye, then turning about, he saw his pupil, and hurriedly seizing him by the wrist, drew him forward full before the easel.

"There! is there not something incomplete?"

For the first time the boy now saw the painting on which Sumner had lavished more than an artist's devotion,—the faithful portrait of Rose Montrose. A crimson dye strangely blushed through his dark complexion, as he gazed upon the living proof, that Sumner's heart had breathed upon his imagination and mingled the enchantment of memory with the creations of his soul. But the master saw none of this, for his eyes were again fastened upon that sweet and generous face. And then the pupil, with a powerful effort that sent the blood from his cheeks and lips, spoke very calmly, though his tones trembled somewhat in the earnestness of his words.

"Aye! the painting is perfect itself, but there is something incomplete in the expression of that face. I see there frankness and a generous nature,—perhaps a soul, but the emotions which springs from the very heart have not risen to beam from that countenance. The model from which that may possess inner nobility, and immeasurable depths of true affection, but that nobility has hitherto been stifled, and those depths remained as sealed fountains. And there must have been causes, too, which have restrained his natural development,—laughly educated, perhaps, or inexperienced, for that lady seems young, too young, it may be, to know that she carries a falsehood on her face; that years and epochs have not yet shown her how different she really is from the artificial character she bears. Yes, the portrait is incomplete. Emotions, the teachings of the heart, and the heart itself are not there. Yet she is not, or will not always be so, unless her existence is meaningless, and she no true woman. Believe me, they are lines and features in that face, which, if rightly traced, betoken a better future. In this manner it is incomplete."

Sumner gazed upon this noble boy with amazement, as he perceived forth these rapid words, his eyes burned with a strange brilliancy, and the whole frame seemed shaken with a powerful emotion which he was too proud to conceal. A new but undefined thought leaped into life within the artist's mind, and he longed for solitude to analyze it. He spoke in general terms, quite different from his impassioned manner but a moment before.

"It is true, and serious wrong may have been done through ignorance. But that was not my meaning. This, indeed, a portrait of a real model, and I may say, correct, in general, but still there is something in the original—I know not what—which is not here. I have tasked my memory in vain; that otherwise faithful representation lacks some hidden property of the original. Perhaps longer thought will enable me to reach it."

He seized his hat and departed, leaving his pupil in the same attitude, but now with a blush upon his cheeks, and softly murmuring to himself.

"He suspects but does not know. Ah! how rash and hasty those forward words that came before a thought of prudence. Will he now think the less of me? I know not—it matters not, for all is done. Something incomplete! I could have told him—I will tell him now, before I go, never to enter this studio again. First, away with this disguise."

A little water removed the dark Moorish hue from that arch and tempting face; a styretch, and the drooping mustache fell from the corners of her mouth, now drawn up into a merry laugh, and in toll beauty Rose Montrose stood before her less lovely image. Those slender fingers seized the brush and skilfully traced a fair wreath of wild flowers, such as the artist drew, all faded and dead, from her bosom. One hand of the portrait clasped tightly a single glove, and the other seemed passionately buried in the flowers. And then, with a glance, part of merry pride, part of anxious fear, Rose withdrew.

The next morning Leonard Sumner entered his studio with the determination to solve the mystery which his young pupil had thrown around him. A single step within, a single glance at the portrait, and the whole truth rushed upon his mind with clearness, even bewildering in its simplicity. He hastened to Mr. Nevers' without delay.

She was sitting alone, and as one might who knew that her lover was near. He walked straight forward, and seating himself by her side, said softly, "Dear Rose, may I repeat my last words at our last meeting—your hand?"

"Oh, forgive the past," she exclaimed, looking up with tearful energy, "and forget my silly, my

madness. Believe me, that I knew not what I said, that I feared to say what I felt; that I was weak, foolish—anything but earnest and heartless. Remember that no true light had ever shone upon me; that had I lived only in the world, and was all worldly. I see my failings; I know that in what constitutes the noblest part of human character, I was incomplete. The frame of my heart was unfinished."

"But there is a thing incomplete at this moment. When you stood before that portrait and hurriedly unveiled a heart of whose richness I had been ignorant, I saw at once where was my mistake, and indeed, my sweet pupil, half fancied that the earnest-eyed Spanish boy knew more of Rose Montrose than did even her lover. Ah, Rose, behold the glove you gave me once, and would grant me nothing more."

"And this is the hand that should have accompanied that glove," said the blushing girl, frankly placing it within his own.

Here Sumner would always stop, and obstinately refuse to relate a word further. But he often affirmed that he had no fear of Rose Sumner's ever playing the coquette in future.

### THE OLD CROW.

On the limb of an oak sat a jolly old crow,  
And chatted away with glee—with glee;  
And he saw the old farmer go out to sow;  
And he cried—"It is all for me—for me!"

"Look, look, how he scatters his seed around!  
He is wonderful kind to the poor—the poor;  
If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,  
I could find it much better I'm sure—I'm sure."

"I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,  
Who has such a regard for the crow—the crow,  
That he lays out his ground in a regular plan,  
And covers his corn in a row—a row!"

"He must have a very great fancy for me,  
He tries to entice me enough—enough;  
I measure the distance as well as he,  
And when he comes near me I'm off—I'm off!"

### Hokokmok—An Indian Tale.

To the west of the beautiful harbor on Townsend, in Lincoln county, Maine, there is an opening in the land, which furnishes a communication between the river Sheepscot and Townsend bay, and forms a passage well known to navigators as somewhat intricate, yet safe and convenient, and between the lower on the Eastern shores of Maine, and those lying upon the river Sheepscot and Kennebec. Those who have sailed through this wild but beautiful passage, with its green banks, now sloping smoothly to the water's edge, and anon rising in frowning cliffs, surmounted with towering pines, through which the unceasing sound of the wind suggests to the imagination the idea of a requiem over the ashes and departed glory of the red man of "Hokokmok," which rises perpendicularly from the water to a great height, casting the light sail boat or vessel that skims over the waters beneath into a deep dark shadow.

The breathless silence and upturned eye of all who pass the cliff, bespeak it connected with wild tales and startling legends. It was here the brave desperate band of native heroes, when there was no alternative but death or submission to the white man, resolved to die in the wild freedom of their ancestors, and to enter the land of warriors with a mind unshackled, and spirit unsubdued. Under this height the chieftain, Hokokmok, had reared his bark covered wigwam, and conveyed Nisanayah, the daughter of a chief, to this place, a fit residence for the bride of a warrior, even Nisanayah, of the brightly brow and dark eyes; with a spirit as bold and fearless to resolve, and as firm to endure as her husband. Though her eye turned with a haughty glance upon the warriors who thronged to the cabin of Hokokmok, when it rested on him, its calm liquid light spoke volumes of the wild love and gentle timidity of a savage bride. For him she wrought, uniting the feathery robe, the wampum belt and the gay mocasin. To please his eye, she culled the sweetest of flowers and sought the brightest of shells to ornament his wigwam, and when he would hunt on the opposite bank, Nisanayah was with him, and drew back the beaver robe, bared her round arm, and with the skill and graceful motion of a hunter's wife, paddled back the light canoe.

At night she watched at the extremity of the cliff until he returned from the chase, and then again she crossed the surge to meet him.

But the pale faced roes were fast encroaching upon the hunting grounds of the red man, the sapling the oaks had sheltered were fast crowding upon the branches of the protecting tree, and the followers of Hokokmok, left the wild deer and moose to roam the forests undisturbed, while they assembled in council to devise some means to fell the sapling; when its branches were yet young and tender, and before it should tower above the oak.

The women of the tribe were conveyed to an island many miles from the contemplated seat of warfare, but Nisanayah, the wife of their chief, refused to go, she chose rather to remain in her cabin, that she might sooner know the events of the war, and the fate of her husband. She had early been insured to danger, and her spirit was never known to quail.

The chiefs were assembled upon the cliffs of Hokokmok, the war hoop had been sung, the assistance of the Great Spirit invoked, and the warriors had sunk to rest with the green earth beneath, and the blue sky above them, that they might be prepared for the stealthy march before the dawn of day. They were to attack each of the white settlements in succession, and the tomahawk once raised, other tribes would follow their example, till the war of extermination should spread from the Narragansett of the south. The chief slept; there was one who had been admitted to the councils of the brave, who appeared not at the rendezvous. Hokokmok slept not; for he knew that the absent chief was a traitor. Before the dawn he called his followers, and commenced their march—and ere the morning began to break they were met by a band of whites,

who had come out to surprise them, conducted by the traitor savage. Hokokmok and his followers were unprepared by the whites, the Indians had dived their tall shadows upon the horizon.

The attack was given: The Indians sprang from their hiding places, and with the fierce wild battle yell, rushed upon their invaders. The battle raged wild and bloody; each knew his foe too well to yield. But the whites were more numerous, besides possessing the advantage of superior arms and skill, and the Indians fighting desperately, retreated toward the cliff of Hokokmok. Their numbers were every moment becoming less, and Hokokmok was always seen in the thickest of the fight, exciting his followers to exertion. Nearer and nearer they approached the cabin of Nisanayah. There is no retreat, they must yield or die.

Nisanayah caught her infant son in her arms, and sprang to the verge of the cliff. "Hokokmok!" cried the warrior's bride, as she raised the child above her head, and then pointed to the waters below. She clasped the infant to her breast, sprang from the cliff, and sank in the waters below.

"Hokokmok! Hokokmok!" repeated the warriors, plunging successively into the abyss of waters. "Hokokmok! Hokokmok!" cried they as they paused to take one last fatal aim at their pursuers, ere they disappeared from the cliff.

"Hokokmok! Hokokmok!" repeated their leader, in a wild mournful tone, and he sank to his wife and child!

A MAN WHO NEVER SAW A PIANO.—One time an Arkansas man, a genuine character, who had been born and bred in the back woods, happened to be in a river town on the banks of the Father of waters, when one of its largest and magnificent steamboats was lying at the pier. Our hero was magnificently clad in a wolf-skin cap, and blue home-spun trousers; thrust into his enormous cow-hide boots. His huge red hands were adorned with brass rings, and several wares as large as nutmegs, which gave note of his approach as he walked, the rattle of the rapelle. Attracted by the sound of music, the genius strolled on board the boat and accosted the captain. "Morning, stranger. Pretty pert music here, boats. What mought it come out of?" "A Piano-forte, sir." "A what?" "Piano-forte." "I never herd of them ere things 'fore. Where mought it be, stranger?" "In the lower cabin, sir." "Mought I take a look at that—?" "Certainly, sir, walk down."

The Arkansas man needed no farther invitation. He went "dovot stairs" into the cabin, where two tables were laid out for dinner. Walking up the narrow passage between them he swept off knives and forks, by the swing of his coat flaps, but so intent was he upon the music and the piano at the farthest end of the cabin that he heeded not the run he created. Approaching the instrument he literally dived into it with his eyes. "The young lady who was seated at it continued playing, and the stranger was wrapped in silent wonder."

At length when the sound ceased, he raised his cap respectfully and addressed the audience: "Ladies, I am much obliged to you for the kindness you lav down me. I never herd of one of them afore, and never spect to again. You appear to be very much pleased with it observed a lady. "Why, yes, ma'am, I am—some-what—and perhaps I should like it better if I had er for music—like my brother. Yes, I like it well enough—but if my brother Dick could only hear that ere thing, ladies, he tear his shirt and fall right thro' it."

JELLYBOY.—Jellyboy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves. Now because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty, and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side, so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing. His pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in the pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

A TAPE MAN.—Who is he? One who will not swerve from the path of duty to gain a pine of wealth or a world of honors. He respects all! the rich and the poor, the humble and the honorable. He is as careful not to speak an unkind or harsh word to his servant as to his lord. He is as attentive to the wants of a slave as to a prince. Wherever you meet him he is the same kind, accommodating, unobtrusive, humble individual. In him are embodied the elements of pure religion. No step is taken which the law of God condemns: no word is spoken that pain the ear of man. Be you like him. Then you will be prepared to live or die, to serve God on earth or in heaven.

WOMAN MUST LOVE.—Disguise or shun the fact as we will, woman must love with all her soul, or she ceases to be a woman. She may love an idea, or a cold hearted selfish man, or one who gives the deep passionate love of a warm heart in return; or she may love a child, or a lap dog, or a bird, or some gold fishes; any, or all these she may love, but love she must.

THE GRAVE.—It buries every error: covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throbbing that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering below him.

The hope of happiness is a bridge woven out of sunbeams and the colors of the rainbow, which carries us over the frightful chasm of death.

Truth is a hardy plant and when once firmly rooted, it covers the ground so that error can scarce find root.

Who does not prefer an erroneous honest man, before the most orthodox knave in the world?