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TOWANDA:

Saurdny Morning, Inne 15, 1886

For the Bradford Reports

THE FLOWER HE GAVE ME He placked a bright and beautoous flower felt the soft endearing power, for he was like that dow ret fair,

He breathed in accents soft and low. The language of that simple boon for Hope even in misery"—but oh for That sentence breathed—I was also

wandered forth that believ hour, In shady nook by attenuist bright a The breeze caught up my gentle flower. And proudly bore it from my sight. Long I'd have cherished that fair flowers

And worn it for the giver's sake; o waten thoughts no art can break in little dreamed that one like me

th merry laugh and eye so gay Had hidden in the heart's deep sea. Interta Landele, May 1850.

## Belf-Sagrifice.

The "days of chivalry," in the steel armor and one-prancing schoo of the phrase, have doubtless used away-into-the limito reserved for all social maragances; but the apith which, in the eyes of mential men, redestited its the-vain shows and missories from unmitigated contempt, interwith the prossic drams of conventional mode survives in more than all its ancient vigor, Hom time to time gleams forth; and illumines unber hose of our neutral-tinted civilization with abilliant prismatic colors of the dawn. In othrends there are deeds constantly enabled in matter-of-fact world of ours which, for real being have no parallel in the glittering annuls sistemed and painted chivalry. A romantic epius in the life of a well-known and gallant sedfor the exact verity of which I, and indeed may others still living, can vouch-affords, I think, rivid illustration of this brief text.

m of a worthy and somewhat secontric gentlean of Devonshire, who had passed the greater at of an active and successful life in the naval evice of the East Ittdis Comrany. He retired at active purmits at the for this bustling, go need country-early age of lifty five; and having scarely invested the davings of his life-amount g is about twenty thousand pounds-in the funds mind to an old fashioned rustic residence called liciands, to enjoy in leisured solitary dignity—he hid been long a widower-the remainder of his most retired seamen, was speedily decorate a s wind-vano and a flag-staff, on which was quently exhibited bunting of every has and deknown and recognized beneath the sun; but was with the kelp of these interesting time-killthe hours passed slowly and heavily with the duariner, still it was soon abundantly evident uto be thus everlishingly anchored, stranded in enot, was ruinous to his health as well as tem-He grew daily more and more realises, fidge T and irritable, and drank a deal more than be be been accustomed to. Fibility, on the very porning after the news arrived that his son had redually passed for a lieutenant in the Royal Na-15, Mr. Travers was found dead and cold in his bed. The coroner's inquest resorded that he died by "the visitation of God."

Eletterant Travers, the sole buir of his father's wealth, was at this time a fine sperimen of a wellslucated, intelligent naval officer; and rich, wellinking, and of robust health, might be fairly lookupon as an extremely fortunate person, whom all probability a brilliant, cloudless future awaits le the young officet's own optition, however, these aids and appliances were nothing, if they bled to obtain for him the one sole object, after unional fame, of his ambition—the hand of the beriful girl by whom, since his first visit to his er at Marhards his whole being-heart, settl, had been engrossed. His admiration of Mry Wharton was perhaps all the more enthantwit and intense from having femained as yet titly confined to his own breast. His beart slone her and brooded over its own secret, and was tely, it received, to do so for an indefinite time to one, hasmoch as the daring sailor, who had already been twice wounded in desperate boat expeditions more which he had volunteered, doubted much whether he should ever master sufficient audeity to disclose his pession even to the fair lady

it is the faith or immerination of the weathippe Thich investe the ideal excise whene with its trune beient attributes ; and offers as Francis Dravers had conted up his own salvantages related, a person thich even his moderny could not but admit was be in frighten the gentler sex; a professional repmion for skill and daring; and now, since the all of his father, a nandanne infane she probreed them all more dines rage when weighed binst the divine perfections of the lady. It is very he arrived at the same conclusion Mary With was indeed an amiable, graceful girl; and her Party, if not of the brilliant kind which at first en dazzied the belieffer, was searcely less ultibuely danifernos in its pensive thoughtfolioses, and ha beseechiem gentleness which, gleaving from in the transparent depths of her sweet bigs eyes. red the pale, finely-turned cheek with varying arms. But excepting this beauty of expression has then of three and an unquestionably sevietemper and disposition, she hall readly nothing boart. Of worldly fortune she would not presbe one shilling, and was neither fashionably nor telibily connected. Her Sir Richard Whatten madhrift, gembling berenet of eld creation; it

nd her danghter; after attending his fathof, seald not help wondering, as he gas ed upon the fall, gentle girl, and felt her calen reand manner sweep coldly

the tricks which the blind god with the eyes and understandings

stic votaries. The which Liettenant Travers we shot knocking about the channel through the winter, picking up a few trifling prines, have her defects made good; but being found thoroughly infected with dry rot, was put out of commission, and unimusely broken up. The brush off Trafalgar had cripplied Napoleon's marine; and

as the breeze with Brother Jonathan had not yet sprung up. lieutenants were in somewhat less requeet than usual, and Traveta took an his abode at Marlands, undisturbed for a considerable time by intimation or command from the Admiralty. Mary Whatton, more beautiful, more interesting than ever, received him, he imagined, with much more cordial frankness than formerly; Lady Wharton seemed pleased with his return : whilst Sir Richard who, he instinctly felt, had long since penetrated his secret, and with whom; by the way, he had always been a great favorite, expressed unqualified pleasure at seeing him. What woulde thee, that the allosions dispelled by former coldness should reappear beneath the genial warmth of such a reception? There was no rival in the case: of that He felt assured. Indeed with the exception of the Reversed Edmund Harford, curate of the parish church, and Mary's cousin, Lady Wharton and her daughter lived at Archer's Lodge in almost entire seclusion. Sir Richard for three fourths of the year resided in London, and when visiting Devon shire, surrounding himself with asse whose manners and pursuits were anything but congenial with those of his wife and daughter. As to the curate, accomplished scholar and elegaen divine as he was, and thuch as Miss Wharton seem Fracis Travers; as I shall call him, was the oned to take pleasure in his varied and brilliant conversation-not more, however, than did her mother and Travers himself-any notion of marriage

> question. Edmund Harford's salary #5 curate was only about ninety pounds a year-he had no influential connections to push him on in the church -and Travers thought he had ill read human character if Lady Wharton, did any chance exist of Mary allying herself with poverty and wretchedness, would permit an intercourse likely to have so fatal a result. Thus reasoning, believing, hoping Travers surrendered himself unresistingly to the influence by which he was enthralled. He walked fished, played at billards with the baronet, partici pated freely in all the various modes he adopted for killing time, awaited with torturing anxiety a favora. ble moment for terminating the leverish doubts which, reason as he might, still haunted him inreseantly. A circumstance, sadden, unexpected and terrible, cut short his besitation, and pushed him to a decision he might have else delayed for

with him was, the liestenant felt, quite out of the

months—perhaps years. A dispute arose late one night between Si Richard Wharton and one of his companions respecting alleged unfairplay at cards. Injurious epithets were freely interchanged; and, after a fruitless attempt by the persons present to adjust the quarrel smicably, an appeal to the arbitrament of the pietol was arranged for an early hour the next morning.-The meeting took place, and both combatants were wounded at the first fire-Sir Richard, as it proved

The baronet was hastly conveyed to the neares public-house, and medical aid as the locality atfooded was instantly procured. On examining the wound, which was in the chest, and bled internal ly, the surgeon at once informed the sufferer that nothing could be done to prolong, much less to sare, his life,

"I thought so-felt so !" murmured the unfortnstate gentleman, with white lips. "Accurace chance!" A few moments afterwards he added. " How long, think you, my life-this agony-may mas f'

"Not long; an hour perhaps—no more."

"So soon! I must be quick then." Let the room be cleared at once of all except my surrect lames," he added as soon as his orders were obeyed hasten to Maliands to Mr. Travers tell him I must see him instantly. Be swift, for more than life depende upon your speed ?"

For the next half hour the ground wrea the dying men; in his closing strangle with the farrible for that held librar in his from grasp, were liene beard in the apartment; and then burrying feet sounded along the passage, and Lies Travers, greatly excited, rushed in

"Carrthis terrible intelligence be true?" he besuthearly exclaimed. "that you are"

Dying I Yes; a lew more paleutions, my young friend, and that which man call life will be past.

and I shall be nothing? "May not something be still attempted ! Where s the su geon ?"

"Gine, by my orders! You, Francis Travers, an more and me in this extremity." "1! What can you mean ?"

for ; but to receive an ancient name, which I have alread; tamisted, from indelible diagrace and infamy. You live Miry Whiston ?" " As my own soud?" replied Travers, flushing

"Not, indeed, to my life—that is part hopfing

" have long known it. You are awars that the satales go to my nephew, and that she is portion

"Perfectly but that is a circumstante "How much per amount of floor stallable

Travers : but, after a moment's passe, its replied-"Including my professional income, about a

"Except! Hand me a glass of water. Now, ome nearer, Travers, for my eyes grow dim, and my speech, beneath the chocking grasp of this fell death, is faint and difficult. You know that Lady Wharton and myself, though occasionally fasiding under one roof, have been for many years thoroughly estranged from each other. For this I know the rorld blames me, and, I admit, quite justly. Well, he world, wise and praying as it is, as yet heither knows nor guesses a thousandth part of the writing have done my wife and child." "Sir Richard ?"

"When I married Ellen Harford, her fortune secured to her by settlement, was invested in the funds in her maiden name : the annual interes mounted to about eight handred peends"-

"Indeed! I never heard"... " Perhaps not. This revenue Lady Witarion ias constantly drawn, half-yearly, through Child's banking hobes. It was devoted by herso the main enance of our establishment. A few mouths since, f-bend lower that I may him the accurred contession in your ear !- I, pressed by enormous gaming debts, and infattrated by a belief that I might, had I the means of playing for large stakes, retrieve my losses, forged-do you hear!-forged my wife's name to's warrant of attorney; draw out the entire capital, played with, and lost all ! And nownow," cried the miserable man with spasmodic violence, "you know all-know that by my act my wife, my child, are paupers - beggars - home less-friendless : and, but for you, without resource or kope!"

"Mertiful powers! can this be true!" "As death !" rejoined the baronet, his hacky ac cents again sinking to a feeble whisper, "And you on whom I counted, hesitate, I see, to save my name from infamy, even though the reward be Mary Wharton"-

"Sey not so !" passionately exclaimed Travers But how-by what means can I conceal-can

"Easily. Continue to pay the dividend as usual through Child's till you sre-where are you!-till you are married. Lady Wharton will live with you and Mary, till-till --- You understand ?" "I think I do," stamered Travers "but-"

"That's well!" A silence of several minutes acceeded, followed by incoherent marmurs, indicating that the senses of the dying man were wandering. "Cold, cold-and dark! Loced! and spon three trumps! Light the candles; we canot see the cards! Ah! what shapes are these !. Ellen. Mary ! so stern too, now that-Travers has promised has promised." The death ratile choked his utterance, and in a few minutes Sir weeks after the funeral of the deceased baronet. Lieutenant Travers received a letter, on service, from the Admirality; antiouncing his appointment to a crack frigate fitting the sea at Portsmouth, and directing him to report himself on board immediately. This summons rendered further delay or hesitation impossible. He could not leave Marlands without coming to a frank explanation with Lady and Miss Wharton, and he resolved it should take place that very morning. Not a syllable had yet passed his line relative to the extraordinary dislosure made by Sir Richard Wharton in his last moments, of to the wishes he had expressed fegarding his daughter. In the event, Travers mett. ally argued, of the acceptance of his suit by Mile Wharton and her mother, there could be no reason for any concealment from them; they would not betray the late baronet's disgraceful secret. At all events he would not, by first revealing to Mary Wharton that she was penniless, and afterwants proflering her his hand and fortune, seem to wish o purchase her consent to a union with him. Full of these cogitations and resolves, he arrived at Archer's Lodge, where, to his extreme actonishment. he found the servants packing up the furniture, as for immediate removal. He hurried to the breakfact room, where he found Lady Wharton and her daughter both bosily engaged arranging books, music, and papers.

"What is the meaning of this?" he commide with intense azitation. "Surely you are not leaving Archer Lodge?"

"Indeed we are, Mr. Travers," replied Lady Wharton. "We received a letter yesterday, acceptian an offer we had made for the lease of & ne in Wales, close to Edmand's new onracy, which he cays will sait so admirably."

" Us !- Edmund !" grasped Travers. "Mary, love, place these papers," said Lady Wharton, "in the writing deak in my dression room. Mr. Travers." she added us the door class ad. "you are iff. The walk has perhaps fatigued you. Let me give you a glass of wine."

No-no-no! What is it you say! Mary-Edward! Speak, and quickly; my brain turns?" " I feared this," said Lady Whatton southingly. is she approached, and gently took his hand : " and perhaps I have been to blame in delaying the explanation which most now be made?"

" Wint explanation—relative to whom? "To Mary and her cousin, Edmond Harford,"

"They are betrothed lovers, and have been so with my consent, for many months. Listen to me calmly. Mr. Travers," continued Lady Wharton, terrified by the wild expressions of the young man's eyes. " Mary some time since whited me to give you my coufficence. I besitated ; for, alas! bitter experience has taught me to place but little relance on the faith of men. I was wrong, I see

but pray try to calm yourself." "Go on-go on. Let me at least know all-the

"I will be frank with vott. The falling book! of Sir Richard Wharten has for small time warned me that but a brief space remained to him on earth. Modernis, gambling inspired of side creation, it come do you persons? interrupted Bir Bichael The highest exercises of the other day ber hand and his end, in all probability, by the discovery, were soon absorbed by

menths. Mary's sole dependence was, in that event, I knew, the marriage portion secured to me the interest of which amounts to over eight handred deads per annum."

"I know-I have heard." ". foeda!"

"Yes; but no matter. Proceed, I beg of you." on of an income in my own right. houselicki, warranted me. I conceive, in consen ing with an engagement with her toosin whom she has known from girlhood, and of whose worth no one can speak for highly. My silence and reserve have I perceived, Mr. Travers misled you; but lorgive the I did not know-I could not conceive. "Let me pass, madam," exclaimed Travers, disengaging his hand, and staggering towards the door

"I will thin presently." A whitiwind of amotion was awarping through his brain as he harried from the house into the adoining shrabbery. Wounded affection, despair

mpassion, tugged at his heart, and ruled it by turns. The open air beloed to cool and revive him and after about an hoer's bitter conflict with him self he returned to the apartment where he had let Lady Wherion. She was still there. "May I have your ladyship's permission

Mist Wherten alone for a few minutes ?" he ask-

but at once acceeded to it. "I will rend her to you, immediately," she replied, and left the

A considerable interval elapsed before Miss Wharton, trembling, blushing, painfully agitated, aimost, indeed, in tears, entered the spartment.

"Pardon my freedom-my opportunity, Miss Wharton," said Travers, in as calm a tone as he could command as he led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her, "I have a question to ask you, of the last importance to you as to myself, and entreat you to answer it frankly, as to a brother" The lady bowed, and the lieutenant proceeded with somewhat more firmness.

"You are, I am informed, dependent as to fortune, upon Lady Wharton. Is it then, I would ask, of your own free choice and will that you are contracted to your cousin-to the Reverend Mr. Hartford? Nay, lady, be not offended at my boldness. It is in virtual compliance with the injunctions of Sir Richard Wharton, expressed in his last moments, that I ask this questiott."

The momentary glance of indignant surprise passed from Mary Witarion's face at the mention of her father's name. Her suffused eyes were again bent on the ground, whilst the rich color came agilated voice-

" Edmund and I have known, have been stach ed, almost betrothed, to each other from his boy-

"Euough, Misa Wharton," said Travers, hastily rising; "I will not the far further on your indulgence. May good angels good and bless you! he added, seizing her hand and passionately kissing it; " and, for your sake, him-Farewell !" He harried from the house, and the same evening took couch for London; made the necessary arangements for continuing the payment of Lady Wharton's dividend through Childs, as before; then proceeded to Portsmouth, and joined his ship, which, a few days afterwards, sailed for the Scoth American station.

Lady Whatton and her daughter removed, as they had imitated, to Wales, where Edmund Harford had obtained a curacy, scarcely of so much money value as that which he had left in Devonshire. After the lapse of a twelvemonth he was married to Mary Wharton; still, however, retaining his curacy as a means of usefulness. The union was a happy one. In the enjoyment of an amply sufficient income, and soon begirt with joyons intancy, their days fled past in tranquil happiness : and each succeeding year, as it rolled over them in their beautiful reneat, augmented with some new blessing their stim of worldly felicity. If a thought The process is to ent the young, thrifty succors or of the noble hearted man to whom they were un-schools of two or three years old; and having share consciously so deeply indebted crossed their minds. it was chiefly when a present for one of the childrent of some rich or curious product of distant climes, arrived, or a gazette of that stirring period nunclineal one of the bold deeds which rapidly adranced Lieutenant Travers to post-captain's rank. Peace, for which the harassed, trampled world had so long sighted, was at last proclaimed, and Edmund Harford, who corresponded with Captain Travers, thought it possible he might now pay them a visit-perhaps take up his abode in this relablement, for Marlande, they know, had long since bean disposed of. He, however, came not; and the next letter received announced that he field mined the experience aminet Algiers, under Lord Exmouth. Tidlegs of the triumph of the Brilish floot over that colebrated next of pivates reached them in due season, accompanied by victory's ever present drimson: shadow-the list of killed and wounded ... Harford slanced anzionivent the and colored and an excludiation of dismay and sorrow broke from him-Captain Travers was returned montally wounded!" Greatly pained and sho as they all were by this intelligence, they were some days before they knew how deep can had for ariel. About a fortnight, it might have been, afterwards, Mr. Hartord, by Ludy Wharton's directions wrote Mesers. Child to maning the reas son that the last ball year's dividend had not been forwarded as aspal. The answer-revealing as it did the crime of Sir Richard Wharton, the heroic sacrifice of Travers, and their own offer worldit min-stanned overwhelmed them! "The report ed death of Contain Traters," the bankers wrote. atter fully explaining the source from which, since the death of Sir Richard Wharton, the remittances had been derived, want a consequent clare to his property by a distant relative, an heiral-law, nec-

erdurily mathoded them from continuing the held yearly phylomes?

nation at the prespect before them-sudden ly deprived, as they were, as by the stroke of an " wand, of their imaginary wealth. " Our children !" exclaimed Mrs "Harford, with tearful messe, " what will become of them, name as they have been in case and luxury ?"

"God will provide both for them and us, Mary," splied her hasband. "If we exercise but faith and patience, I have no four; but my heart swelle to think that that noble-minded man should have pessed away tisassured, unconscious of our deep gratitude and esteem."

4. Do not deem me selfish, Edmund," rejoine Mrs. Harford, "I feel his generous kindness . desply as yourself: It is for our children I am anx -not les myself, not even for you."

A Be arecred," said lady Whatton, recovering from her punic, "that Captain Travers has not neg lected to provide for such a probable contingence in his protection as sudden death. His unselfi devotedness to you, Mary, will shield you and your from beyond the grave, of that be satisfied."

Lady Wharton was not mistaken in her judgment of the character of Captain Travers. By the very next post a letter arived, under cover of Mesers Child. from a selicitor, informing them that by will executed by Captain Travers on the same day. that he had directed the bankers to remit the usual amount to Lady Wharton, the whole of the proper ly of which he might die was bequesthed to Mare Harford; for her sole use and benefit, and not pass ing by marriage to the husband. "The instant of ficial news of the douth of Captain Travers arrive ed." it was added, " probate would be at once ob tained on the will, and the proper steps taken to put Mrs. Harlord in possession of the legacy."

All doubts were speedily set at rest. A carriage drave slowly up the avenue one evening, just as i was growing dusk, and Mr. Harford was informed that a gentleman wished to speak with him. He hastened out, and a pale mutilated figure extend ed its hand to him, exclaiming, in a teeble voice-Edmund! Do you not know me !

"Captain Travers!" almost shouted Harlord Can it indeed be you ?"

"A piece of me, Edmund," replied the wound ed officer, with an effort to smile. "I am come to ask permission," he added in a grave tone, die here: I shall not I think, be refused !"

He survived for several months ministered with tenderest solicitude by Mrs. Hartord and her husband. The last tones that sounded in his ear were those of Edmund Harford, reading with choking voice the prayers of the church for the dying : the last object his darkening eyes distinguished was the tearful countenance of the beloved of his youth and methood; the last word his lips uttered was her name Mary!

CONTINENTAL SHIMPLASTERS .- Various attempts continental money, but without success. The whole amount issued during the revolutionary war was four hundred millions of dollars; but one half was cancelled by collection. Congress paid it out at forty dollars for one of specie. It afterwards fell to five hundred for one, when it fost all its value The whole public debt, not including continental money, was a foreign debt to France and Holland, at four per cent, of \$7,853,085, and a domestic debt, in loan office certificates, of \$4,115,290 to which were added the claims; of several States, amounting to \$21,500,000. The whole debt was \$91,000,000, which finally went up to par. The campaign of 1778-9 cost \$135.000,000, continental money, while, while the whole amount in the reasury in specie was \$151,566. Taking the reduction in value on continental money, it only amounted to a tax of about five dollars per annum for each person. It was doubtlers a great loss to our lorelathers, but what a rich heritage have we

THE WILLOW AND THE LONDARDY POPLAR-These trees are sometimes propagated for fuel. pened the butt ends, thrust them into the soil where they are to stand. The sandy hills and ridges, which often occur on farms, may, in this way, be appropriated to a valuable use, and plantations of thrifty trees secured at a comparatively slight exnense. Such lands from their incorrigible tendency to wash-which keeps the vegetable stratum too thin for profitable cultivation, cannot be devoted to a more judicious and economical use, especially where there is a segrainy of wood for fuel, or where such an evil lies within the pale of readinable expretation: A very few years suffice to bring a plantation of these trees to a suitable size for the

PRINTERS, ACTHORS, AND NEWSPAPERS.—Willie thinks that all authors should serve a year in a newspaper office. And we think eve y editor should be a printer. The aspiring genine, more noted for money than brains, who mo oncoolizes the editorial chair too often, is continually driving the intelligent and active printer, who doesn't happen o have his dollars, out of the position he has serted an apprenticeship to fill.

"Did you see the fire in my eye ?" asked a swanzering toper of a temperance lecturer. "I did nt make any observation beyond your

ine," was the answer. "" Do vou mean any reflection, sir ?"

"If the fire was in your eye, as you infimated, think it must have been a reflection." The leafer esuld at stand the fire.

A drunken man maile his way into a Menageria some time since, and the keeper fearing that he would get hurt, told him to leave the place. An Irishman who was looking on, said to the keeper, Why don't you let him alone; eare this is the right place for him, don't you see he has been ma-La bade of himself ?"

Come well led in widter, give more male in

Its gathering shades o'er vale a Ard half in sun-light he thought of all that And had and feared o

The st

The normal hand the forcest freedet voice no more Shall aweetly, thrill the listening ear, The glow that Love's first vision wore,

And Disappointment's pangs-are bere-But ooft o'er each reviving scene The chastening hues of Memory spread g And smiling each dark thought between, Hope softens every tear we shed.

O thus, when Death's long night comes on And its dark shades around me lie. lay parting beams from Memory's sun Blend softly in my evening sky.

## Death-Place of Pontins Pilate

A legend is popular among the people of Vienna concerning the death of Pontius Pilate. The story is of a strange character, and throws a wild and pleasing interest over the locality which commembrates the event. Not far from Vienna is situnted a small Roman tower; its walls are built square, and rise to an unusual height. Its lanicework overlooks the waters of the river, and the lofty shadow of its exterior envelops the shining flood winding at its base, with a perpayal gloom, that seems to borrow an additional feature of melan-choly from the character of the deed which is presumed to have been enacted there. This place is named the Tour de Manconseul. After the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, Pilate, broken in spirit, retired to the tower, to indulge in his grief and to conceal his lamentations from the eyes of his unbelieving people. Here, violently susceptible of the great wrong and wickedness he felt himself to have participated in, in a paroxysm of despair he threw himself from the lofty windows of the tower, and perished in the waters beneath. The Swiss have likewise their traditionary account of the death of Pilate. A the foot of one of the Alpine mountains called by the name of Pilate, stands onite a small lake : it is constantly in a disturbed state, and often the scene of violent storms. Gloom and solitude are the leading characteristics of this unfrequent place, which presents but a wild and ill boding picture to the eve of the traveller. Enteebled in body, and his mind a prey to cesseless remores, Pilate is said to have reached the margin of this lake and drank of its waters. An alien from his country and his race, without friend or solace, he resigned himself to the bitterest of reflections, and finally threw himself into the water at his feet. The tranquility of the scene is said to have become changed from that time. The waters are often visited by severe and unaccountable egitations, which the legends say are caused by the writhings of the troubled spirit of Pilate. The adiscent mountains are shadowed all the year through. and the superstitious inhabitants of the district atfirm that apparhlous are frequently seen in the neighborhood, and lamentations are sometimes heard upon the winds, waking the echoes of the

A Mother's Love.—Some of our readers may recollect a thrilling ballad which was written by Mr. (not Mrs.) Seba Smith on the death of a woman who perished in the snow drifts of the Green. Mountains of Vermont. That mother bore an infant on her bosom, and when the storm waxed lond . and furious, she rent her own garments, and true to a mother's love, wrapped them around her babe -The morning found her a corpse, but the babe surnot obtained for it, if we are wise enough to keep vived. That babe grew to manhood, and is now the Speaker of the Ohio Smate! How thrilling must be his thoughts of that mother if he be a frue laine hearted man!-If he could know her wishes how religiously would be conform to them! How deep a mother's love! How many a mother is there that would die for her son if called in Providence to do so. Let sons when far away on the deep, when the eje of no mother is upon them, remember her love and be restrained by it from entering the paths of vice. Let them say nothing, do solking which a mother would not approve, and they will never bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

nountain fastnesses.

STANDING UPON HIS RIGHTS .- Some forty years ago, when a man's respentability depended much on his taking a newspaper, a certain shrewd old fellow was one morning enjoying the luxury of retusing his reper (although he labored under the great disadvantage of not knowing a single letter of the alphabet.) when a more knowing naighbor of his happened to come in-perhaps to borrow his paper-observing to him that he had his paper wrong end up. The old gentleman, drawing himself up in all the pomposity of offended dignity exclaimed: "I would have you to know, sir that. if I take a paper and PAT for it. I have a tight to read it which end up I please,"

OPINION OR THE FARMORS. - " My con," said an old turband Turk one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite sice a Frenchmun just imported in all the elegance of Parisian costume, a my son, look there! if you ever forget God and the Prophel you may come to look like that!"

A Lawrer in one of our courts commenced a defense as follows :-- May it please your honor, the Deluge has passed over the earth—the Ark has rested upon the mountain, and the rainbow of Justire shines as beautifully on my colored client; as it does upon any in court, including the jury.

HARD CARS.—A key to everything in life, except. health and happiness.

WARRINGTON NEWS - Eight Dollars and are The state of the s