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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

TOWANDA:

Saintday Morning, February 18, 1854.

Selected Poetry.

THE COTTAGE DOOR

IT T. K. HRRYBY, ESQ. How sweet the rest that labor yields The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields Before his cottage door: The lark is singing in the sky, The swallow in the eaves.

And love is beaming in each eye

Beneath the summer leaves

The air amid the fragrant bowers And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays Around his humble cot. And happy nights and cheerful days Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell Rings out upon the gale, The father bows his head to tell The music of its tale—
A fresher verdure seems to fill The fair and dewy sod. To hear the word of God!

O, happy hearts !- to Him who stills The ravens when they crie, And makes the lily 'neath the hills So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays, to bless
His labors with increase;
Such " ways are ways of pleasantness,"
And all such " paths are peace!"

Selected Tale.

THE TËACHER'S TRIAL AND REWARD

BY MARY IRVING

Oh, it is a thankless task to teach!" exclaimed Mary, as she drew off her school bonnel, after a mmmer day's hard toil.

"What now Mary?" asked her hostess agently, oking un with an inquiring smile Mary tossed herself into the beckoning arms o

e rumson-cushioned rocking-chair, and shook wa her curls over hor flushed cheeks. "Nothing so very new nor strange to he sure leacher's trials are like-like these troublesome mosquitoes," she suid, crushing, as she spoke, one sithe melodious insects upon her hand, impatient-

r;" they are little to meet and conquer singly, but, aming in swarms, and without cessation, they ng one's nerves to distraction !!

She grew eloquent as she recovered breath, and

contine ideal of teaching, that will bear little of terough handling of reality. It is delightful in pereseventh heaven of self-complacency. It is deatious to fancy yourself the prime mover of an decircal battery, whose wires shall vibrate simulareously in a hundred small breasts, at your light estouch. But delusion is written on all those day' hems! You seat yourself on that magic platform, topeen, and you are disenchanted into a servant servants. The eyes which you nictured turning s jou, as the sunflower to the sun, are wandering irer desk and bench in search of paper balls, quitt ds or what note of mischievous contrivance. he 'young affections' are bestowed upon jackbires and long-tailed kites; and the 'vouthful ambion' works itself out through heels and hands, aread of head. You hammer away upon your m langs, with little enough impression upon peb-My souls before you! Don't shake you head so ngerly, Aunt Hannah! I know my duty, and I ill not shrink from it for these obstacles; but somemes they do swell mountain high !?

Abut Hannah." as Mary called her by the re-Monship of affection, not of kindred blood, was a Emng-liearted spinster-yes, a veritable 'old maid' ol filty years or more. She was calm and Qualedke in her manners and in her dress; but her partments were furnished in a style of comfortable tiegance, that made them peculiarly attractive to joung eyes Being a 'lone woman,' and a woman of fortune, she usually bound to her hearth some glad, warm, young heart, and kept her own soul bathed in its fountain of fresh life. Her house was thome for the homeless; and who is so homeless us young teacher in a strange city? So thought the kind old lady, at least when she took Mary to

her heart and home as a daughter. Mary was a sunny spirited creature, not often thadowed by an eclipse of discouragement; but when the cloud came, the shower must follow. So, the suddenty dropped her face on her hands, at the ast sentence of her little oration, and burst into lears, like a homesick child.

Aunt Hannah quietty laid aside her darning-neelie and basket pushed her speciacles up on her orehead, and sat looking at the crying girl with a

mile, half-arch, halt sympathizing. "Cheer up, my bird!" she exclaimed, at last, caning forward. "Why, you should toos off your

urden at the school-room door." "I know I should not bring it home, to plague on with it, dear, kind aunt. But do let me cry;

does me good, once in a while!" "Not a moment !" insisted the old faily, good elling him that you are tired of school-life in New England, and wood prefer a touch of 'life in the

"Oh nonsense !" interrupted Mary, looking up, habing, and laughing in spite of herself, as she be the corner of her handkerchief. "I will be vill come over me in some moments. Fou don't

"And what if you were mislaken, Mary ?" said Aunt Hannah, laying her hand on her shoul-

"Why! Did you ever teach, Aunt Hannah! I am sure there was no need of it; you were rich,

She glanced around her, without finishing her

"And you think teaching a penance, which none but the penniless would go through," said the lady, laughing.

She grew grave as she added-"Shall I give you a leaf of my own life's expe-

rience, May! You may distil some balsam trom yes, aunt," answered Mary, with deep

interest, bending over until her curls rested on the old lady's brown silk apron. "But first tell me how you came to teach? If it was from the love of teaching, you can never sympathise with

Aunt Hannah stroked Mary's soft hair, and looked steadily, almost sadly, into her hazel eyes for a few minutes, without speaking.

"I see a dream within these eyes, Mary," she said, at last in a low deep tone-" a dream that lies in your heart's core! No, do not drop the lashes; heaven long ago!"

"I did not mean to pain you, aunt," whispered Mary, pressing her lips to the withered hand that rested on her aunt's lap. " Forgive my inquisitive-

"It does not pain me, Mary," she answered, cheerfully; "for why should the thought of that which is immortal pain? But I will not sadden you with what your young loving, and loved heart would call a sad story to-night. I will only say that at the age of nineteen I found myself, by one stroke, cut aloof from lite's joys and hopes, and driven to life's duties for the support of an exisence that was long like a withered rose leaf." She drew herself up, took out her knitting and

commenced her story with animation. "I-became in short, Mary, a district school ma'am, in a small country village, actually from choice. But it was in none of your romantic little country school houses that I found myself ensconsed-no white, green blinded elm-shaded nook of science—uor even a neat corn field. No; a bare, bland, and weather-blackened establishment, unshaded by shrub, tree, or blind, in the exact tri-

angle formed by three dusty roads, was my seat of "It was a summer-school-ladies at that day were generally the 'lesser try,' whose brothers and sisters were detained at home, meanwhile, to cullivate domestic science in the cheese room or harfield. Small as they were, however, they were spective—this enthroning yourself on a pyramid of large enough to embody the imps of mischief that roung hearts, whose upgushings are to wast you in always lurk about the walls of the school-house.-But I pass them and their pranks long since remembered only to be smiled at. The two largest of my pupils shall be the heroes of my story.-They were only sizable scions in my nursery of

shooting ideas, and, as such, naturally assumed im

' ()ne was the minister's son-a high-browed and high souled boy of fifteen-pale and precocious, enthusiastic in his love of the beautiful, and his love of his books. He was a boy among athousand. The snows of the 'Jungfrau,' whose legend von were last night reading, cannot be ourer of contamination from the world beneath; than was his roung soul of that world's debasing influences.-But he was not cold hearted paragon of perfection carred in ice-my gentle, loving Eddie! His blue eve-1 can see it now, looking up at me from his brown pine desk, over which he was bending closely-alas too closely! and always poured a brighter gleam from its inner fountain of light as it met mine. His faults-if they could be called faultswere all involuntary. It I telt constrained, by consistency, to reprove him for the work of some musing moment, my voice unconsciously took a softer tone, and my eye catching the reflection of his winning glance, contradicted the reprimand -Such was Eddie Carroll-my prodigy, my pride,

"A very different youngster was Master Walter Raleigh R-, a year the senior of Eddie, but scarcely towering above the tall, slender boy .-Walter was the only child of the widow of a naval officer, who was passing the summer in the country air for the restoration of her health, and who wished to have her-wilful but darling boy cultivating the talents which he was disposed to squan der. He had been reared among city influences, and indulged, as I then thought, to his ruin. I scarcely wondered at this, for his face was one stamped by Nature beautiful and noble, and his turbulent will was quite enough to bear down the lips that seemed struggling to regain their usual indement of a grief-bowed invalid like his mother, He had, as the saying is, ' seen a little of the world' -quite too much for his years-and fancied himself equal to all exigences, superior to all authority. Yet, when his cloak of obstinacy was thrown off, he could be as generous and gallant as his namesake

of old. "Of course, 'Sir Walter' was not going to surrender, unconditionally, his citadel of pride and perverseness to a country schoolmistress-one, too, ufon whom he could literally 'look down.' He was a most provoking thistle in my carefully-tendumoredly, " or I shall write to Erank to morrow, ed garden, springing up everywhere to annoy and baffle me, Was a caricature chalked on the blackboard-I knew the hand at a glance. Was an un fortunate puppy tethered to my deek, or a sign of Blacksmithing' posted over the school-room door -each nore witness to my own mind of the usrpetrator, although he managed adroitly to elude proof. Note of a woman, there! But the childish feeling If a laugh went around the school-room, I could

aunt. Really, you cannot understand this 'con' ing with most imperturbable gravity over his slate tiqually dropping of vexations, that would wear or book, buried in obtrasescience. And when call- 10 a culprit so effectually as the commission of an ters. out the patience of a stone school-mistress, I be- ed up' for these or other offences, he would swagger a errand, be it ever so slight. Walter came back with plainly as words, 'I am a ford of creation-who hail-stones on an Alpine glacier; they slid off, leaving the same unhumbled smile upon his halfcurved lips. With a cool nod he would toss back his dark curlscrive a wink to the school, and stalk to his seat.

"He became a sort of omnipresent nuisance to my peace. I was ashamed to complain of him, and thus confess that I had failed in management; but he haunted my dreams at night, and my thoughts by day. I used, at last, fairly to tremble at his entrance, and almost fear to lift my eyes to

At length he ventured upon a trick of more consequence.

"One morning after the 4th of July, when I walk ed into the school-room, I found the children clusthe hearth. They had evidently been tossed down the low chimney, and had flown hither and thither, at no little risk, blackening the walls and desks in many places.

"Who did this?" I exclaimed, in dismay, the with little hope of any answer.

let me read, and recollect thus the dream that bad. of the little boys together; "I saw him climb the ded and grew in my heart, once-transplanted to root, and fire down the squibs and crackers," add-ed, as I said to myself. "Would that noble boy ed one, "and he said, too, Who cares for that little might be saved! Miss Willis ??

"My womanly dignity and indignation were fully aroused. At the instant Walter entered, whistling ' Yankee Doodle' as he moved to his seat. 1 called the school to order and silence.

"The boy that caused this disorder will please remove the fragments," said I.

Not a muscle stirred. I turned Jeliberately to the offender, and; facing is daring look, said-

"Walter, you sit convicted of this act, by the testimony of your school-mates. Have you may excuse to give ?" -

There was a moment's pause, in which Walter

studied the expression of my fixed eye; then clear and calm as a bell, his voice rang out-"No ma'am !" "Then your sense of honor will tell you what s expected of you, Watter! No one else is to re-

move this rubbish," I added, turning to the other echolars. His lips pressed each other more firmly; but he urned with apparent indifference, to his books, high only in the melting season. My scholars intermission I thought be mucht relent. But not my face had awakened thoughts which distressed

> be met " Walter R- will please stop a moment after school," said I, as I disbanded my little army for the night.

He kept his seat, while the others walked away. Eddie was the last to leave, and, as he passed pathy. through the doorway, he sen back to me a look of mingled anxiety and sympathy, that soothed and strengthened my heart. My culprit came up, boldy, to my side and confronted me with his willul.

black eyes. "Walter," I began, quietly, "this is worthy of hero! A mighty chevaluer a boy of sixteen must now my life is ended!" be, who undertakes to dispute the authority of a young lady, shorter than himself, and mistress of

some thirty little country children !" His assurance was rather taken aback by this marked a momentary confusion.

"I would be your friend, if I could, Walter. You see, very well, that in this room I must and shall he ofieved. If you choose to absent yourself from boys too old to be gentlemen I"

I saw his lips arch slightly, and added-

studies, Walter, should you not make me some re-No answer. His hand played with the leaves of

my Atlas." "Do you not owe me the assistance of your example, in maintaining law and order among the younger ones? Would you think little of the obedience and the respect of your oldest scholar? I

have this to your conscience and to your honor!" We parted without another word. "I was not surprised, although I was greatly relieved, on entering my premises the next morning, to find the " swept and garnished." The scholars had assembled. I rang the bell immediately, to prevent all needless observations. Walter was soon in his seat, with a bright spot under each eye, and

expression of pride. I saw and pitied the conflict. especially when I took a sealed paper from my desk and read-"I beg pardon, Miss Willis, for my offence

against law and order. You shall find me a supporter of both." "At the first moment of recess, the boys sprang tamultuously out. I stepped near the door to

"Ha, ha! so you had to clear up, after all,

sir!" cried the boy who had been my first infor-What's that to you, picaninny Pete?' retorted the sharp tone of Walter: " babies may mind their own business."

"And big boys, better mind their own brag " drawled the other, with a hectoring chuckle. "Harsh words followed fast, and blows were already on the way. I called suddenly from the stone

Walter! will you bring me a sprig of that wild tow anything about the trials of a public school, it commenced, as not to find Master. Walter beind, beginning.

imperlinently, though not ungracefully, to my desk, a countenance almost cleared, bringing a quantity to bring crew and passengers to our assistance and look me in the face with an air that said, as of the fragrant flowers. I opened my Botany, and willed him to stay, while I found the description are you!' Reasoning and reproof fell on him like of the plant, and explained the hard, dry terms that defined it. Then, as I laid it between papers to

press, his wondering eyes followed every motion. "I don't think I should like a herbarium," he said, bluntly, at last looking down at a fresh flower which he was yet twirling in his fingers.

"Why not?" said 1. "The flower von are holdwill tade—the flowers which you lett on the stalk. will lade. This one, though it is crushed for a little while, will not fade, but will keep its form and remnant of its beauty."

"Well. I think I should like to study flowers, at any rate," he said, with interest.

"I will teach you as far as I can, with a great deal of pleasure," I said as I arose to ring the bell. When I passed him, in returning to my seat, 1 whisnered. "Is it hard to keep good resolutions, tered about a heap of fragments of fire-works, on Walter?" He started and blushed deeply, for the first time, but took his seat in silence.

"From that day I found little to trouble my peace in Walter. He redeemed his pledge most honorably; and still he kept aloof from me, as though | pled hands. ushamed of his former conduct, and yet afraid to show that shame. He did not grow to my heart as "It was Walter R-, ma'am," exclaimed two. did Eddie. But I mourned the day of his return to the distant city of snares and temptations, and sigh-

"Three years later found me in the sunny South, was passing the winter in the uplands of Georgiawhen I received a letter from Mr. Carroll, Eddie's father. He informed me that his poor boy had left college, apparenty "far gone in a consumption," and that he had been ordered South, as a forlorn

" My heart bleeds that I cannot go with him. the letter ran, "and pillow his head on a father's breast, in the struggle which I fear is too near. But you know why that cannot be. It has a great consolation to feel that he will be in the neighborhood of one kind friend. I know how you have tefriended my precious boy, and I am sure you will not withdraw your kind offices now, when they will be his and one droll questions. only solace in a strange land."

" A few weeks later I met the invalid himself.-He sat propped up by sofa cushions; with the lurid themanly captain, who, with knot of gentlemen, hectic on his cheeks, and that unnatural light in his seemed assiduous in attentions to her. Franky hom his father. eyes which seems to pierce the shadow of death Was it my Eddie, indeed? that tall emanciated, spiritualized being. His voice was all that reminded me of the school-boy, as he started up with fewith something now and then, between a smile verish animation, and exclaiming, "Miss Willis!" and a sneer. I took note of all, but took no notice, sank back on his couch of cushions. I did not then by word of him or of his lessons. During the noon ask him any questions; for evidently the sight of the yet untidy school room. I grew desperate. I of the many evenings that I spent in soothing his felt that a crisis had come in my reign, and it must sufferings and restlessness.

"Oh, Miss Willis!" he exclaimed seizing my hand, and pressing it against his burning forehead -" to die so young!"

" Words of comfort would have done no good. and I only pressed his thin hand, in token of sym-

"Do you remember." and he smiled sadly as he looked up, " what an ambitious boy I was, when I used to sit upon that bench just before your desk, in that old school-house at home? You did not plans I formed, and have since formed for life-and | deck with one bound

" Did not your plan reach beyond life, Edward?" he again covered his face and was silent.

" Ambition had been the idol to which poor Eddie unexpected tone, and the first shade of a blush had given himself a living sacrifice. It was hard to say "Thy will be done!"

." But he did say it, as he lay in child-like helplessness, not many days after, waiting patiently for the Angel of Death to unlock the gate of a new life this room, very well. I have nothing to do with that has no sickness, no disappointment, no end! " I planted a laurel on Eddie's grave, and a sensitive plant beside it-mute emblems of the spirit "If you really wish my assistance in your that had struggled in the frail form below. "Why it the fast time : " had the wicked world no need spared before him!" Thus we complain, short- culprit?" sighted gropers along the shore of eternity!"

Aunt Hannah paused for the first time, and sat poising her needles upon her idle fingers, as though baried in reverie, Mary drew a deep breath and a-ked, solils, at last-

"And what of your self-willed boy, aunt, your Walter? Did he never cross your track again?"

" My Walter!" exclaimed the old lady, bright ening up. "You shall hear! I was thinking how many years had passed since my first journey to and yet it can hardly be," she said as if reckoning, all powers that be !' with her eyes fixed on Mary.

"Well, twenty years ago I was floating down the Ohio, on a fine steamboat; that is, fine for those days. I was alone, and rather adventurous. But I had an unconquerable curiosity to see the forced to sail many a long mile, beyond the Ohio, the railing of the guards, enjoying the waving panerama, when a little box about four years old, came running by me. His soft hair streamed back on the wind, and his from his nurse in the cabin.

"Franky?" called a shrill voice, and a woolly head was thrust through the cabin doorway,-"Come here, Franky, rogue."

"No, no! don't want to! exclaimed "Franky, rogue," in high gles; backing towards the railing eardof the boat, as she pursued him. All at once he boat's side, when I caught his velvet frock by the lout.

"Nothing restores self-respect and good humor skirt, and held him hanging over the dark blue wa-Nurse and child each gave a seream loud enough

> Among them was a vonng woman in a white dressing gown, with her long hair half braided, half streaming, to her waist. She looked more like a startled sunbeam than anything else, as she bound- | heart." ed through the crowd with a mother's energy, and caughed her rescued boy in her arms. "Oh!" she breathed, folding him to her heart. The nurse soon told her the story, and, turning to me, she caught my hand, and looking up tearfully, she said, "His et from its nestling place over the blushing girl's father will bless you for this! Oh! could I have heart." met him with one child wanting ?" Then seeming

ed back into her state-room, carrying her treasure " About an hour afterwards, as I sat studying the countenances that moved up and down the cabin, Master Franky's head peeped from behind a curtain, and soon he made his appearance in full, and fastened by one finger to his mother, who had regained her composure. Now, in a neat travelling dress, with a face above the order of a common ness to Heaven-child of my adoption-son of my beauty, she seemed a petite embodiment of grace ful dignity. The nurse followed with a year old her reward been great?" baby with peachy cheeks, dark blue eyes and dim-

to recover consciousness of her dishabille; she glid-

"I lured the little boy to my side, and asked his mother's permission to take him upon deck, as he son shall not be lost!"

seemed restless from confinement. "Certainty I can trust him with you, if you will take the trouble of watching him," she replied .- head of the young teacher, where the last tay of Franky is a sad rogue!" The smile that Jimpled summer sonlight had just gone out in glory. her face as she said this, admulled the shake of the head that accompanied it

"So you are a minister's boy, are you?" I asked in a few hours.

" No." said he shaking his curls archly.

"' What then, a doctor's boy ?" "' No, no!" he shouled gleefully, "I'm a professor's boy, that's what I am ! I want to climb that rope tree. I don't want to sit still."

"I found my task of guardian no very easy one for the little fellow insisted on being escorted over

The supper bell rang, and I saw the young mothwas called to her side, and I lost him for a time

ed "Here she is, mamma! I've catched her!"

nearing. A bright glow broke over her lace as she brook which still winds through the me laid her tiny gloved hand on my arm, and said-"My husband must see you, madaine, if you

board. What name shall give him?" "I gave her my name.

"I shall always remember it," she said, with side of the boat. You have made me tremulsome

me and look out for papa!" "Our boat struck the what soon, and the bustle and confusion of landing and unlanding began -Suddenly a tall gentlemen pushed his way through know half the dreams that dazzled me, half the the army of Irishmen on the pier, and sprang upon

"Franky clapped his hands and screamed with delight; the baby crowed an echo of his glee, I whispered. A spasm shook his slight frame, us though he knew not why. The young wite was already in the arms of her husband.

"L zzie! ' he exclaimell, but she did not speak a myself quite an intruder, I was turning away, when

she caught my sleeve. " Oh! Miss Willis stay! Walter you must thank this lady, for I cannot! She has saved our boy from

drowning!" "Miss Willis! exclaimed the gentleman, quick ly, seizing my hand, and scrutinizing my face with pair of keen dark ever the same the very same! was he taken? I a-ked with tears, as I turned from My dear lady what chance sent you in this quarter of the globe? Why, do you not recognise your of his pure spirit? How many hundreds it might of plague of schooldays, your thorn in the spirit, your has a mighty little character who has no enemies.

him in a kind of incredulous surprise, "Nobody but him self, dear Miss Willis, and as great a rogue as ever, as Lizzie there can testify .-But this is no place for parley! Come! you are not going on to-night? You shall not! Here, fellow, take off these trunks!" he called to a porter, "I ill, is to him a good. The strong tree is more shall settle the question of your destination to-night, leave or no leave, Miss Willis," he exclaimed archly, as he turned to search for my trunk, "You the Western country. It seems more than twenty; see Wal et R-has not forgotten his disregard of and braved bitter opposition.

"I never passed an evening of more unalloyed pleasure than the first evening in the home of my former scholar, now Professor R- of University, and his girlish wife. Walter had redeemed the rich promise of genius that his vouth had orand old woods of "the West" in their glory. They given, in the face of temptations that had beset his were all around me then. I suppose I should be path in no common degree. I saw at a glance the lawless vehemence of his boyhood had been turnnow a-days, to find the West, I was standing by ed into the broad current of useful energy, and was working mightily for himself and for the world.

" I asked him one day-tor I was detained a " close prisoner" by his hearth not a few dayswhen it was that he had changed from the idler to Ohio, recently inquired of the spirit rappens how the ever-busy-from the way ward to the enthusias

tic being that he was. 🕟 1 1 1 1 1 1 "He paused a moment, and then with a look into which his soul poured a world of meaning,

" "It was, Miss Willis when I laid a paper poon knocked a part of the guard, close by the gangway, your desk, pledged my support to law and order.that had been carelessly fastened. It gave way, Gud bless you, my teacher! my triend: He grasp-

"I will not weary you with a much longer story my patient Mary. It is enough to say that the happiest days-yes, months, of my later life, have been passed in the family of Protessor R, since then removed to a corresponding post of usefulness at the East, or in the society of his precious children. who come, like angels, to gladden my hearth and

Mary looked up with an inquiry on her surpriseparted lips. Aunt Hannah laid her finger on them with a smile of much meaning and much love, while with the other hand she gently drew a lock.

In short, let me finish my story in proper style, Mary. In short, you have met them here, have loved them here-and" she struck a spring of the locker, and held on a bright manly face before Ma-

ry's sparkling eyes, " And my Mary, to-day, is the chosen bride of the rogish Franky, whose steps I have watched on more than the one day's brief voyage of his childish memory. God guide him through Earth's wilderheart! Mary, the teacher's trial was light; has not

Mary dropped her tear sprinkled cheek on her friend's shoulder, put her arm around her, and whispered-" Dear aunt, mother of my heart! your les-

"In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not!" said the old lady, as she laid her hand on the lore.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE -The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the of the little fellow, af er some remark from him land in which he lives-by the law of civilized about his father, whom he expected to meet at L- nations-he is the rightful and exclusive owner of land he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed by any other source. He teels-other things being equal-more strongly than another, the chracter of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavene, a part is his-his from the whole boat, and getting answers to a thousand the centre of the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, as d no teels himself connected by a link with those er escorted to the head of a long table by the gen- who tollow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him

They have gone to their last home! but he can "I next caught sight of his round, curly pate, trace their toomeps over the scenes of his daily cased in a blue cap with gold tassels, as he ran to labors. The root which shelvers him was reared by my side, where I was standing on deck, and show. shose to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every co-"His mother came forward, in bonnet and shawle closure. The favorite from tree was planted by his ready for landing at the whatf of the city we were father's hand. He sported in boy hood beside the Through the fields lies the path to the village school of eather days. He still hears from the window will permit to introduce you. He will soon be on the voice of the Sabba h bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where. when his time has come, he shall be laid by his energy. "Franky, dear, d n't go qui e so near the children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil Words cannot paint them; they flow out all day. There! papa is coming soon. Stand by of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are the life spling of a fresh healthy and generous na ional character .- Edward Lowett .

The name " ludy" is an abbreviation of the Saxon "leofday," which signifies "bread gir. er." The Mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustemed, once a week or oftener. to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the gift with her own hand, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft word. She had forgotten me, I saw, and feeling words and gentle actions which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan "roso up and called her blessed;" the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises; all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the " leotlay," the giver of bread and dispenser of comfort a sort of minist-ring spirit in a world of sorrow-Who is a lady now

"HE HAS NOT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD."-Hasn't he! Well, we are sorry for him! For he He is no body who has not got plack enough to get " Can it be Walter B .- ? I asked, staring at an enemy. Give us rather, as our ideal of virtue and manliness, one who has many enemies-one who has candor, and fearless love of the thing he sees to be right. The man of earnest purposes, atrong will and love of principle for its own take, must have enemies. But this, so far from being deeply rooted and fastened in the soil by the blast than the summer breeze. A man never known how much there is of him until he has confronted

> The following, from the Warsaw Mirror, is decidedly the best thing in the wood line we have seen this winter:

> " Singular Transaction.—One day of last week, man, who lives not a great way from this village, drew us two loads of word, calling each load threequarters of a cord. On piling it, we found that each load measured three-quarters of cord plump. The case is so singular, that we think it worthy of public notice. We would give the man's name, but fear all the village will be after him for wood.

> RAPPER's SURPRISED .- A lady at Columbus, in many children she had?

" Four," rapped the spirit. "The husband, started at the reply, stepped up

and enquired:

" How many children have I?" " Two !" answered the rapping medium.

"The husband and wife looked at each other, with an odd smile in their faces, for a moment, and and, stumbling back he was just falling over the ed my hand warmly, dropped it, and went hastily then remained non believers. There has been a nustake made someuhere.