THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER." VOL. XVII.—NO. 49.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 14, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from Heaven again,
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.
In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue eyes of Heaven laughed between,
And, far in the forest depths unseen,
The topmost linden gathered green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song;
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong;
Sometimes the spar-hawk wheeled along,
By grassy capes, with fuller sound;
In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut buds began
To spread into a perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere,
Rode through the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear,
She a part of joyous spring:
A gown of grass green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light green tuft of plumes she bore,
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
On mosses thick with violet,
Her cream white mule her pastern set;
And now more fleet she skimmed the plains
Than she whose chin prancer springs
By night to her airy warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle reins.

As she fled fast through the sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid;
She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rein with dainty finger tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

SYMPATHY.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobb'd the youth, "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying they kept company.

"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
"Save now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
"The weather is cold for a watery bier:
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company."

Selected Tale.

[From Household Words.]

KESTER'S EVIL EYE.

I.

In the cottage to the left hand of the forge at Harwood there lived, about five and twenty years ago, a man of the name of Christopher—or, as the country folks abbreviated it, Kester—Pateman. He had formerly held the the post of village blacksmith and farrier, but had long since retired from the exercise of his craft. He was said to have the gift of the evil eye; not that he was a malicious man, but that involuntarily his blighted whatever it fixed upon. Friend or enemy, his own children or aliens, it was all one; Kester's eye settled on them, and they withered away. No single thing prospered with him. The crops on his little farm were always either frosted, blighted, or miserably thin; or, if they were good and good and abundant, rain came after the corn was cut, and it lay out until it sprouted and rotted away; once he got it all stacked and the stack took fire; another time the grain was threshed out and stored up in safety, but the rats devoured a third of it. His cattle were the leanest in the country; his sheep died of disease; his children perished one by one as they grew up to manhood and womanhood; every horse he shod, fell lame before it had gone a mile. Kester was a miserable man; all the country avoided him as if he had got the the plague.

Kester had one child left; a daughter, born long after the rest; she being the offspring of a young Irish girl whom he had chosen to marry in his old age. The Irish girl ran away soon after the child's birth, on the plea of having a husband in her own country whom she liked better.

Kester made no attempt to bring her back, but contented himself with spoiling Katie.—Katie was not a bit like what his other children had been; she was her mother over again. Two wide opened dark blue eyes, a white skin considerably freckled, black elf locks always in a tangle, a wide red mouth, and little teeth like pearls; a figure smart and lissome, and a step that lilted along as if it kept time to an inward tune, made of Katie a village beauty and a coquette.

The strangest thing of all was (so the people thought at least) that Kester's evil eye had no effect on Katie. She grew as strongly and bloomed as hardily, as the wild briar in the hedge-row. Everybody remembered the five children who were born to him by his first wife; how they pined from their cradle. They had a sickly hectic in their faces like their mother; while Katie's cheeks were red as a damask rose; they crept about home weary and ailing always, while Katie was away in the woods, the wonder of the village, healthier more wilful, and bonnier than any girl in the district.

II.

The blacksmith who had succeeded Kester Pateman at the village forge was a young man of herculean strength, and a wild character.—He was more than suspected of a tenderness for the Squire's pheasants, but the gamekeeper had not yet been found bold enough to give him a night encounter in the woods; his name was Rob McLean; he had been a soldier, and was discharged with a good conduct, after ten years' service and two wounds. He was Katie's first sweetheart. She was very proud to be seen walking with him in the green lane on Sunday nights; but it was more child's pride than anything else, for, when he began to talk about marrying, she laughed and said no, she was not for him, he was too old.

Jasper Linfoot, the miller's eldest son, next cast his eye upon her, and followed her like her shadow for a month; but no—Katie did not fancy him, he was too ugly; he squinted, he had red hair, and his legs were not both of the same length. Then there was Peter Askew, the squire's huntsman, but he was a widower; and Phil Cressy, the gardener, but he was a goose; and Tom Carter—but Katie could not abide a tailor.

While Katie, very hard to please, was coquetting with her would-be lovers, perfectly safe and perfectly heart-free, Kester Pateman had settled all the time who she should marry—Johnny Martin, and nobody else. Johnny was the only son of Martin, the squire's coachman, who had saved money. He was a simple young man, with lank hair, a meek expression of countenance, and some gift for expounding, which he practised to small select congregations in Pateman's barn every Sunday evening. When Kester announced his intention to his daughter, Katie pouted her red lips and tossed her head, saying, with an accent of superlative contempt, "That Johnny!" But she answered neither yea nor nay to her father's word; and the next Sunday "that Johnny" came courting with a little basket of cabbages on his arm, as an offering to his belle.

Katie looked as if it would have done her heart good to fling them, one after the other, in his fat foolish face, but she restrained the impulse, and only said:

"I'll plant 'em out to-morrow, Johnny."

"Plant them out Katie! Why they're to eat."

"Pigs?" asked Katie, in innocent bewilderment. "We don't keep any."

"No, they're for you, Katie; they're the finest white-hearts."

"Hearts! Oh, Johnny, take 'em away directly; hearts!—I never saw a heart before," and she peeped into the basket with a face of horrified curiosity

Now Johnny had proclaimed that his affections had fallen on Katie because she was such a clever girl, and could do everything; but this exhibition of her talents by no means equalled her former impressions. He tried her again:

"Can't you cook, Katie? Did you never stuff and roast a heart for your father's dinner?"

"Oh, Johnny, and you putting up for the schoolmaster's place; what wicked nonsense you are talking! Surely you've called at the Blue Cow by the way?"

Johnny at this monstrous insinuation broke out into a cold perspiration; he was the most abstemious of young men, and had a name in the village for every variety of excellence; and Katie was quite capable of telling her suspicions everywhere. He endeavored to take her hand and to put his arm around her waist; but Katie brought her palm against his cheek with such hearty good-will that he was fain to subside upon his chair in meek dismay.

"If you do that again, Johnny Martin, I'll tell my father," she cried; and with an affectation of great anger, she bowled his cabbage out into the garden, and ordered him to march after them in double quick time. He took up his hat and obeyed her, casting on her, as he went, the most pitiful and expostulatory glances.

"Don't stop at the Blue Cow, Johnny; go straight home," she cried as he went out at the gate, and the defeated swain crept away quite dejected.

Katie returned into the house, and began to sleek her hair before the little glass by the kitchen fire, humming a tune all the time and thinking how well she was rid of Johnny, when that worthy's voice sounded through the open window:

"I didn't stop at the Blue Cow, Katie."—She turned shortly around with such a shrewish face that Johnny added, in haste to deprecate her wrath, "I left my basket, Katie; let me get it—it's in the corner."

"At your peril set foot over the doorstone, Johnny!" Johnny's plump countenance instantly disappeared. She snatched up the basket, threw it after him, and then took a hearty fit of laughter to herself.

III.

It was the beginning of harvest; and, on the evening of the day after Johnny Martin's inauspicious courting visit, Kester Pateman and Katie were sitting on the wooden bench before the door, she knitting, and he bemoaning, when a party of Irish reapers, with their sickles in their hands came up the lane. They stopped at the gate, and one of the men asked if Kester wanted hands for his corn?

"No, I see nae the use o' hands," replied the old man; "it'll all be spoilt."

It had been a splendid season, and Kester's little fields showed as rich and ripe a crop as any in the country; it was quite ready for cutting, and the weather was settled and favorable.

"But, father, you must have hands," said Katie, who had a most irreverent disbelief in the evil eye; "two reapers and a binder, with you and me, will get the crops in this week, and I'll overlook 'em for luck." Kester stopped two men and a lad, and bade the others go higher up the lane to Marshall's farm. "But where's the good of it, Katie?" he added. "You'd have had a tidy fortune but for me. Go into the barn, lads, you'll get your supper 'enow." The old man was very despondent; for he had just lost a fine calf, which he thought to sell at a good price. Kate bade him cheer up, and went indoors to set out the supper for the reapers. When it was ready, she called to them to come; three as Ragged Robbins as ever might have served for scarecrows appeared at her bidding.

One of them was a tall fine young man, with a head well set on his shoulders, a roguish eye, and a very decided national tongue. He looked at Katie, and she at him; and for the first time in her life, the girl's eyes fell, and her color rose. Alick seemed slightly bashful too—very slightly—for, after dropping his glance on his plate for a second, it followed Katie to and fro in the kitchen without intermission, until she went out into the little garden again. Alick could see her through the branches of briar across the window, standing at the gate with her father, talking with Rob McLean, and he immediately conceived an intense dislike for that well-built son of Vulcan, with the scar across his forehead. Alick jumped to conclusions very quickly; he had fallen in love at first sight, and was ready to quarrel with any man who so much as looked at Katie.

Having made an end to his supper, he went out into the lane to his comrades, who were sitting under the hedge, resting and munching lumps of bread and cheese—Marshall's kitchen not being big enough to hold them all. Alick kept Katie at the gate in sight; and, though she seemed never to look this way, she knew perfectly well how he watched her; and moved, perhaps by the natural spirit of coquetry, she marched with her knitting into the house, and shut herself up in her bed-room. It had a window looking out the lane, and Katie sat near it with her pins and stocking, peeping out sometimes to see how the evening went on, and whether there was promise of fine weather next day to cut the corn. Alick wandered off by-and-by. How should he know that tiny lattice in the bushy pear-tree was Katie's?

IV.

Alick, Kester, Katie, and the rest, were all in the fields next morning, as soon as the sun was up. The reaping began. Katie would bind for Alick; and, during the day, the two exchanged a good many sharp words. Rob McLean came to lend a hand in the afternoon and the men soon found each other out; but Rob had a decided advantage over the other. "Was there ever such a wild Irishman, all tatters and rags, ever seen in the country-side before?" whispered Rob to Katie, as they sat under a tree, at four o'clock, eating the 'lowance that had been brought from the house; Katie gave Alick a sly glance, and said "No." And, as Alick overheard both question and answer, he vowed vengeance against Rob.

The night in the lane there was Jasper Linfoot and Phil Cressy; and Katie talked and laughed with both of them; and the next day she was gossiping with Peter Askew over the field style; and in the evening Tom Carter brought her shreds of scarlet cloth that she wanted to weave into a mat, and Katie chattered with him; and the next day Johnny Martin came with an offering of summer apples, which (Alick being there to see) were graciously accepted. So Johnny was heartened into staying half-an-hour, sighing and smiling spasmodically. Alick went out very wrathful. "So many rivals are too many for one man," thought he. And, all the following morning, he took no more notice of Katie than he did of Kester—I mean, he seemed not to take much notice of her.

Katie was as cross as sticks, and pretended to be ill, and must go home. Home, accordingly, she went, and tangled her knitting horribly. She had not been there long, when Alick came in at the gate with a long face, holding his hand in a handkerchief, all stained with blood. Up sprang Katie, the color going out of her face with fright.

"You're hurt, Alick! O how have you done it? Let me see and bind it up."

"The least bit in creation, Miss Katie; but you're the best binder in the world, and it'll heal under your eyes," replied the wily Alick, uncovering the injured hand.

Katie got a sponge and water, and bathed it, and her pity fled.

"It's not much more than a scratch," said she; so Alick groaned miserably.

"Surely, Miss Katie, it's the hard heart you've got, for all your bonnie face," said he reproachfully.

Kate blushed. Nobody else's compliments had ever had that pleasing effect before; and Alick suddenly took heart of grace, and said one or two more pretty things that did not seem to vex Katie very much. The dressing of the wound being done, Alick was obliged to go back to the field; carrying the 'lowance was an excuse for Katie to return too; so, leaving her ball to the mercy of the cat on the floor, she got the basket and stone bottle of beer ready, and followed Alick. The reapers said 'lowance was was early that day, and her father found fault about it.

Alick's reflections were of a more cheerful turn now. "Too many rivals may be good as none," he thought. Indeed, he had found out—who knows by what freemasonry?—that Katie liked nobody so well as him; and he turned his discovery to good account. Did she encourage Rob, or Jasper, or Peter, or Johnny, or any one of her numerous admirers, by word or smile, he devoted himself Jennie, the pretty Irish girl, who was binding at Marshall's farm; and Katie's pillow could have testified that he had ample revenge.

Thus they went on till the last shock was in stack, and the Irish reapers began to travel north in search of fresh pastures All went but Alick; and he, from his quick wit and sharp eye, had won favor with the Squire's head keeper, who retained him as one of his watchers.

Although he had arrived at Harwood a scarecrow of rags, who so trim and spruce now as Alick? Katie had a secret pride in his appearance, as, with his gun on his arm, and his game-bag slung over his shoulder, he followed the Squire in the woods, looking, as she thought, far the finer the handsomer gentleman. That Johnny's face had now become perfectly sickening to her, and none the less so because Kester would talk of their marriage; schoolmaster, with a salary of thirty pounds, a cottage and garden rent free, and coals ad libitum; so that he had a home to take her to.

Katie was having a good cry one afternoon in the house by herself, over the thoughts of Johnny, when there came a knock to the door. She got up and opened it, expecting to see a neighbor come in for a gossip; but, instead, there stood Alick.

Directly he saw what she had been about he cried, "Who has been vexing the, Katie?—Only tell me, tell me, Katie!" A a smile broke through her tears as she said, "O Alick it's that Johnny!" And they looked in each other's faces and laughed.

What Alick said more, this tradition betrayeth not; but, whatever it was, Johnny's prospects of a wife were not increased thereby; and when Alick went home to his cottage at the park gate, it was with a triumphant step and his curly head in the air; and Katie cried no more over her knitting that afternoon.

V.

Village gossip soon proclaimed the fact of Alick's visits to Kester Pateman's cottage; and amongst the first to hear of them was Johnny. He went and remonstrated with Katie, and threatened to tell her father. Katie's blood was up, and she dared him to tell at once. So Johnny did tell and Kester bade Alick keep away. "Katie's for no Irish beggar, but for a decent Harwood lad," said he, surily. "And you'll come about my place no more, Sir Gamekeeper—d'ye hear?"

Alick feigned obedience; but he and Katie met in the green lane on Sundays. There was a little gate from the pasture where Kester's cows were, into the wood; and often at milking time, you might have seen Alick leaning over the gate, talking to Katie at her task; but, as the evening grew cold and the cattle were brought up to the house, these meetings were less frequent; for Kester began to watch his daughter as a cat watches a mouse. He suspected her.

The neighbors noticed Katie become graver and paler, and shook their heads portentiously. "She's fading, like the rest of them," they said; "she'll not see the Spring. Kester's smitten her, poor man!"

And, by-and-by, Kester saw the change himself. When he did see it, his heart stopped beating. "Why, Katie, my bairn!" cried he, with fully awakend love and fear; "Katie, my bairn? Thou'st not going off in a waste, like thy brothers and sisters?"

Katie was knitting by the firelight; and as her needles went, her tears fell. "I don't know, father, but the neighbors say I look like it. I'm sick and ill—." And her tears flowed faster.

Kester kissed her, and went out in a black mood.

"Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do for thee, Katie, my bairn?" said he, aloud. I'm fit to tear my eyes out o'my head! What have I done, that all goes ill with me?"

It happened that Alick was loitering about in the hope of a chance word with Katie, and he overheard Kester's lamentation.

"What's the matter, Master Pateman? Katie's not ill, is she!" he ventured to ask. Glad to unfold his misery to anybody, Kester told Alick of his daughter's changed looks, and what every body attributed them to.

"Go to the wise man, Barm Rex, at Swinford, to-morrow: he's got a charm agen the Evil Eye," suggested Alick in haste. "He'll tell you what to do: you may trust him."

Somewhat comforted, Kester re-entered the house. Alick went off to Swinford to prepare the sage for his visiter the next day.

VI.

"Where are you going, father?" Katie asked, the following morning, as her father came to breakfast dressed as if for church or market.

"I'm going to 'Bram Rex, Katie, to hear what he says about something. He's a wonderful wise man."

"Is it the stacks, father? I'd fear none: all's right so far. Them Irish reapers brought yon luck, I'm thinking."

"It's not about the corn, Katie, but thee. I maun't lose thee, my bairn. Alick says 'Bram has got a charm, and I'm going to get it for thee. I don't like thy white looks and thy crying."

Katie dropped her spoon, and smiled to herself as she stooped to pick it up again, with a face like a rose, which she was fain to hide by looking away through the window for ever so long.

After breakfast, Kester mounted his old gray mare, and went slowly to Swinford, very mournful, and much troubled in his mind. The village of Swinford was, by the river, seven miles from Harwood, and the high road ran along the bank, with a steep fall to the water which was covered with hazel, and low shrubs "Wherefore shouldn't I fling myself in there, and save the poor bairn?" he said to himself, as he saw the river shining and glancing through the bushes. "But after all" he added, "it will be as well to see old 'Bram Rex first, and hear what he's got to say to her. My poor bairn! Poor Katie!"

So he went forward to a small slatted cottage at he entrance of the village, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a rough voice. Kester fastened his bridle to the paling of the garden, and entered.

The wise man was sitting in a large chair by the fireside, stirring a composition in a pan which had far more of the perfume of a poachhare than hell-broth, which the gossips said he was in the habit of making. 'Bram was an old man with a long beard, and the subtilist and most wily of smiles. He looked up at his visiter from under his brows cunningly and shrewdly, then motioned him to be seated, by a wave of his hand. Kester was not here for the first time; many a half-crown had he paid 'Bram for prognostics touching the weather, information about lost articles, and charms for his cattle against disease, and his crops against blight; but he never before felt such a perfect submission to the awful sage in the chair covered with cat skins

"I know your errand, Kester Pateman," said 'Bram, solemnly. "I have been working out the horoscope all night. It is a case of difficulty."

Kester was profoundly impressed by this prescience, and his poor old hands shook as he drew out his leathern purse, and said:

"'Bram, it's not money nor corn this time; it's my bairn Katie."

The sage nodded and echoed,

"Katie! I knew it."

"What must I give? This?"

And Kester took out a gold piece, and laid it on the seemingly unconscious palm of 'Bram.

"Enough, Kester Pateman," replied he; "enough. Tell me what you want—your daughter is smitten——"

"Yes 'Bram; but there was one told me you had a charm agen the Evil Eye. Would it save her? Will you sell it?" asked Kester, trembling all over with anxiety, and stretching out his feeble hands with the purse to 'Bram.

'Bram took the purse, but said severely:

"I do not sell, Kester Pateman—talk not of selling. Describe to me the child's symptoms, and be at peace."

The wise man had a voice of such preternatural depth that it really seemed as if his words were also of superior sagacity; Kester listened to him with the profoundest faith, and then gave a description of Katie's state—her pale cheeks, her stillness, and her crying.—'Bram shook his head.

"I don't say she'll die, Kester, and I can't say she'll live; but there's one chance, if you'll try it."

"I'll do anything, 'Bram—why I'd die for that bairn! You don't know how I love my Katie. What's the chance, 'Bram!"

"The stars will not be hurried, Kester Pateman; they have not spoken yet. Come and see."

The sage led the way into a second room, in the middle of which was a table whereon lay a sheet of paper with sundry figures and scrawls thereon.

"Look here," and 'Bram began to trace a line with his forefinger. "This is a girl's line of life. Mark it well, Kester Pateman."

Kester, dizzy with anxiety, fixed his eyes on it intently.

"Here is a man of battles; it passes him. This part shows them that seek her in matrimony; them that she must not marry, Kester—you mark me?"

Kester nodded his head.

"She must not marry any one of these with the cross agen 'em. Not this with the spade, the figure with the sack, nor him with the tailor's goose, nor yet this man leading of a horse, nor yet that one with the peaked cap and ferule—the stars have spoken agen 'em all."

Kester wiped his forehead, and said he saw that clearly enough.

"Mark me agen, Kester," pursued the sage, sinking his voice until it sounded as if it came up out of the toes of his boots; "mark well, for I can't show you it a second time. This is the sign of a powerful man who has come over the sea—he's got a sickle and a gun.—The sickle means that he shall reap abundance o' corn, and live on the fat o' the land all his days, and the gun is a token that he's a brave man; and his face being to Katie's line o' life is a sign that he loves her, and that she has a thought for him. Are you hearkening Kester?"

"Yes, 'Bram, I hear. Oh! but you are a knowledgeable man. These," following the first marks with his fingers, "are surely Rob M'Lean, and Jasper Linfoot, and here's Phil Cressy, and Peter Askew, and Tom Carter, and Johnny Martin——"

"Them's their names! None o' 'em must your Katie marry, the stars has otherwise bespoke for 'em. Do you know who this last is, Kester?"

"It maun be Alick, the wild Irish reaper; him that's at the Squire's now."

"Him it is, and no other! The interpretation therefore is just!" said 'Bram, emphatically, and he rolled up the sheet of paper.

Kester Pateman was greatly in awe of 'Bram, but he endeavored to protest against the conclusion.

"'Bram, couldn't you bring forward another?" said he, hesitatingly.

"Can I alter the stars, Kester?" replied the sage in his sternest tone; "I do not make, or mend, or mar, I only read for the blind what is written. You must give your bairn Katie to Alick, or she'll die."

"O! I will—surely I will, 'Bram!" in great haste cried poor Kester. "He's honest if he's poor, and Katie'll not have a penny. Tell me, Kester, will I sell my corn well this time!"

"You shall," responded 'Bram; "you shall sell it as others do."

"Have you that charm agen the Evil Eye that one told me of 'Bram?" Kester humbly inquired.

"Yes, Kester; but it is not to be bought with silver nor gold. Send me half a bushel of your best aits, and you shall have it. I've parted with a many, but I've only one on hand now, and it's a good one."

"Let me have it, 'Bram. You'll get the aits to-morrow morn."

'Bram went to a drawer in the dresser, and, after rummaging for some minutes amongst its contents, he brought forth a hare's foot with a string attached to it. He smoothed it carefully with his hand, muttering a formula of words to himself as he did so.

"You must put this in your pillow, Kester, and every morning, the first thing when you get up, open the window, and fix on some particular tree or bush, and look at it steady while you spell your own name backwards three times. You must look every day fasting at the same thing, and in time it will wither away and die. And so you'll be cured, and in smiting the tree the rest o' your things'll be safe."

Kester took the hare's foot as tenderly as if it had been a sacred relic, and put it in his bosom.

"Thank you, 'Bram—and you're sure Katie'll be well if I let her wed Alick?"

"Yes, man! You'll find the lass' face shining when you get home, for she's feeling that your heart's changed towards her already. The stars have been whispering of it to her."

Quite cheerfully Kester trotted the grey mare home, and, as if immediately to prove the sage's words true, Katie came to meet him at the gate as rosy as a peony. Alick, at that minute, was escaping by the cow house door into the pasture, after telling Katie of his visit to 'Bram Rex, and preparing her for its probable results.

VII.

In the centre of the great meadow directly opposite Kester Pateman's chamber window there was a fine old oak tree, quite in the maturity of its years and strength. Under its wide-spreading branches a herd of cattle could shelter from the Summer heat, and in its giant bole was timber enough to build a frigate almost. When Kester rose the morning after his visit to 'Bram Rex, he opened his window, and his eyes fell on this tree the first thing, as they had probably done for many a year. This time he gazed at it fixedly, half expecting to see the leaves and branches shrivel under his gaze; but he spelt his name backwards three times, and there were no visible effects. He went to market after breakfast and sold his corn, and bought a new cow; so implicit was his faith in 'Bram's charm; and, meeting Johnny Martin, told him ruefully, that he must leave off thinking of Katie; for she was not permitted to be his wife.

"Why not, Master Pateman?" demanded Johnny, to whom this sudden change was incomprehensible.

"Because thou's bespoken, Johnny, for another woman; and there'd be contradiction and the mischief and all if we tried to go agen what's ordained. I spoke to 'Bram Rex yesterday—it was he tell't me."

"'Bram Rex! the vagabond fortune teller!" exclaimed Johnny, puffing out his fat cheeks in token of contempt, for Johnny pretended to more light than his neighbors. "Is that Katie's best reason, Kester Pateman?"

"Maybe not, man; she's no inkling that I've changed my mind yet. I 'ant spoken to her, but I maun."

"But it's not fair to jilt a poor fellow, because 'Bram Rex tells you a pack of lies," remonstrated Johnny. "I'll speak to Katie myself, with your leave, Master Pateman, and ask her her reasons."

"Her reasons, Johnny, are that she can't abide thee; thou's a good lad, but it goes agen the grain with her to think o' thee. She's a saucy lassie, and her that's bespoken you by the stars has a mint of money

This happy invention of Kester's was uttered boldly as a consolation to the forsaken swain, and he, as such accepted it, for Johnny was as credulous as his neighbors.

In about a month after Kester Pateman's visit to 'Bram Rex there was a wedding at Harwood, and such a dance in Kester's barn as had never been heard of in the country-side before. All the defeated swains were there. Johnny Martin and Tom Carter made the music on two independent-minded violins, and lost, in this opportunity of distinguishing themselves, the sore sensation of disappointment.—Johnny behaved nobly; he presented Katie with a half a peck of apples as a wedding present, and looked glorious all night. When Katie came near him once he whispered:

"Katie, did you tell anybody about the Blue Cow?"

"No, man; it was only in fun," replied she mischievously; and Johnny drew a long breath of relief.

What a dance that was to the tune of Merrily danced the Quaker's wife, and merrily danced the Quaker! It seemed as if it would never come to an end. So loud and hilarious was the mirth at the supper after it, that nobody heard the thunder rattling overhead, or saw, when all separated and went home, the lightning leaping about the hills. But there had been certainly a terrible storm that night, though few people at Harwood recollect it; and the next morning when Kester opened his window, as his custom was, to give the charmed gaze at the oak tree in the meadow, behold! one side was reft entirely of its boughs, and a black, scarred trunk faced him instead of yesterday's majestic growth. Kester started back affrighted. Could this be the effect of his Evil Eye?

If you go to Harwood, as you ride into the village, in the meadow opposite the blacksmith's forge you will see the blasted trunk of the giant oak tree; and, should curiosity prompt you to ask how it came to be destroyed, any gossip will tell you that one Kester Pateman withered it away by the power of Evil Eye—he having gazed at it every morning, fasting for that purpose. They will tell you also that, from having been one of the most unlucky of men, he became one of the most prosperous in the district, with grandchildren and great-grand-children, and flocks and herds innumerable.

Alick and Katie still live in the farm house down by the water pasture, which the Squire let them have when they were married. But dint of talking of it, they have come themselves to believe in the Evil Eye. 'Bram Rex's descendants live and flourish in various districts; though 'Bram himself, for some mistake respecting another person's property, was transported to a distant colony to exercise his craft there—with what success, this tradition saveth not.

PUZZLING.—A lady being asked by a gentleman to join in the bonds of matrimony with him, wrote the word "stripes," stating at the time that the letters making up the word stripes, could be changed so as to make an answer to his question. Who knows the answer.

☞ A Young Irishman, who had married when about 19 years of age, complained of the difficulties to which early marriage subjected him, said that he would "never marry so young again if he lived to be as ould as Methusalem."

☞ Thirty rafts and arks passed Harrisburg in less than one hour, April 21th.