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> Selected Boetry. THE PICKET GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say, "Except, now and then, a stray pickt Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro, By a rifleman hid in the thicket. 'Tis nothing -a private or two, now and then, Will not count in the news of the battle ; Not an officer lost—only one of the men Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming; The tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon, Or the light of the watch fires are gleaming. A tremulous sign, as the gentle night wind Trough the forest leaves softly is creeping ; While stars up above, with their glittering e yes, Keep guard-for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread. As he tramps from the rock to the fountain, And think of the two in the lone trundle bed, Far away in the cot on the mountain. His musket falls slack-his face, dark and grim, Grows gentle with memories tender, As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep-For their mother-may Heaven defend her

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then, That night, when the love, yet unspoken Leaped up to his lips -when low murmured vows Were pledged to be ever unbroken. Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes, He dashes off tears that are welling, And gathers his gun close up to its place, As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passed the fountain, the blasted pine tree, The footsteps is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light, Towards the shades of the forest so dreary. Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves! Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It boked like a rifle—" Ha! Mary, good bye!"
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

No sound save the rush of the river While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead-The picket's off duty forever!

Selected Cale.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.) TO ESTHER.

Rome one Winter's evening. I had walked stood with outstretched arms above the door staring out at the stars with dreamy eyes .at the drawing room door as Smith.

It was a long room with many windows, and guess at what was going on in your mind. la after days, light, mood, circumstance, may term of life is in it—the identical presence and I fancy it is rarely improved by keeping, by painting up, with love, or dislike, or long as it may, I think I knew you as well after the first five minutes' acquaintance as I do now .- | thought his rudeness might strike them." I saw an ugly woman, whose looks I liked

"I'm afraid it is my father who is after his," you said. " Mr. Halbert is coming, and he,

for about ten minutes. Yours is a kindly manner, and a sad-toned Py one ; you are well disposed toward every soul you come across; you love to be loved, and try with a sweet artless art to win and tharm over each man or woman that you meet. with me. But I did not care. My aim in life, least of all over those I like.

tare inherited from your mother, if such things very beautiful, oldish young lady, in a green

up, old gentleman, with a machine inside to same looks and tones which had misled me at dying of lonely thirst, you meet me smiling It did not greatly effect your father; but keep him going, and outside a well-cut coat dinner. and a well-bred air, and knowledge of the I left him still at it and walked home, wonworld, to get on through life with. Not a dering at the great law of natural equality streaking the bright horizon. Those were very moved by it? When I shook hands with you very large capital to go upon. However, this which seems to level all mankind to one stanis not the way to speak to a young lady about dard, notwithstanding all those artificial ones her father; and, besides, it is you, and not be, which we ourselves have raised. Here was a in whom I take the interest that prompts successful youth, with good looks and good these maudlin pages.

were the only other guests. You did not look and poor, and of commonplace intelligence, and round when Halbert was announced, but went as well satisfied with my own possessions, such in your face; until Halbert had, with great the treasures a prodigal fortune had showered empressement, made his way through the chairs upon him. Here was I, judging him, and takgreeted by you, as I and Latham were.

vague notions I had began to entertain, I am he was flirting and whispering with Lady Fanrather late in the field, and the city is taken ny, and both our nights sped on. Constellaand has already hoisted the conqueror's colors. Frenchman; and my brows may be as well

"I came up stairs with the dinner," Mr. Halbert was saying. "It reassured me as to my punctuality. I rather pique myself on my

"And I'm afraid I have been accusing you of being always late," you said, "as if it were "Have you thought so, Miss Oliver?" cried

"Dinner, sir," said Baker, opening the door. spirits, talked and laughed without ceasing .-You, too, laughed, listened, looked very hap-

us to drink our wine. The colonel presently "In that case I shall go and talk to your daughter in the drawing-room," Halbert said. horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; "I'm promised to Lady Parker's to night; it of cypress trees and cedars, with the sunset would never do to go there smelling all over

added, looking at his watch. I, too, had been asked, and was rather sur-prised that he should be in such a desperate hurry to get there. Talking to Miss Oliver in the next room, I could very well understand; but leaving her to rush off to Lady Parker's immediately, did not accord with the little theories I had been laying down. Could I have been mistaken? In this case it seemed trees; hard by, horses with drooping heads, to me this would be the very woman to suit and servants smoking as they waited. This me-(you see I am speaking without any reserve, and simply describing the abrupt little ever on their rounds; but somehow on this events as they occurred)—and I thought, who The first time that I ever knew you, was at The first time that I ever knew you. ed into smoke and ashes, it struck me that my through the silent streets-I see them now- little eastle had also wreathed away and vandark with black shadows, lighted by the blaz- ished. Going into the drawing room, where ng stars overhead and by the lamps dimly the lamps were swinging in the dimness, and Eve I looked for. flickering before the shrines at street corners, the night without streaming in through the turning into a narrow allev and coming pres- white dress, sitting alone at one of them. Mr. a glimmering court. A figure of the Virgin other door. And then you were silent again, feet dimly played upon the stone, worn and very pleasantly to Latham by the fire. I stained, of which the walls were built .- looked at you now and then, and could not Through the archway came a glimpse of the help surprising your thoughts somehow, and night sky above the court-yard, shining won- knowing that I had not been mistaken after derfully with splendid stars; and I also caught all There you sat, making simple schemes of the plashing sound of a fountain flowing in the darkness. I groped my way up the broad stone look beyond the present. You were very calm, staircase, only lighted by the friendly star- happy, full of peaceful reliance. Your world shine stumbling and knocking my shins against | was alight with shining stars, great big shining those socient steps, up which two centuries of meteors, all flaring up as they usually do be men and women had clambered; and, at last, fore going out with a splatter at the end of ringing at a curtained door. I found myself in the entertainment. People who are in love I s ball, and presently nahered through a dining have always found very much slike; and now, from, where the cloth was laid, and announced having settled that you belonged to that crack-brained community, it was not difficult to

abinets and tables along the wall, with a tall I, too, as I have said, had been favored carred mant lpiece, at which you were stand with a card for Lady Parker's rout; and as ing, and a Pompeian lamp burning on a table you were so absent and ili inclined to talk, and lear you. Would you care to hear what man- the colonel was anxious to go off and play of woman I saw ; what impression I got whist at his club, I thought I might as well from you as we met for the first time together? follow in Halbert's traces, and gratify any little curiosity I might feel as to his behavior modify this first image more or less, but the and way of going on in your absence. I found that Latham was also going to her ladvship's. As we went down stairs together Latham said, "It was too bad of Halbert to or weariness, as the case may be. Be this break up the party and go off at that absurd hour. I didn't say I was going, because, I

"But surely," said I, "Mr. Halbert seems to spend my life at your service. somebow; thick brows, sallow face, a tall and at home there, and may come and go Straight made figure, honest eyes that had no as he likes." Latham shrugged his ment, and then you glowed up-your eyes particular merit besides, dark hair, and a pleas shoulders. "I like the girl; I hope she is melted, your mouth quivered. "Oh, what ant, cordial smile. And somehow, as I looked not taken in by him. He has been very thick can I say? Oh, I am so lonely. Oh, I have at you and heard you talk, I seemed to be all the Winter in other quarters. Lady Park not one friend in the world; and now, sudaware of a frank spirit, uncertain, blind, way- er's niece, Lady Fanny Farsham, was going to ward, tender, under this somewhat stern ex- marry him, they said ; but I know very little terior; and so, I repeat, I liked you, and mak- of him. He is much too great a swell to be forgive me." ing a bow, I said I was afraid I was before on intimate terms with a disreputable little painter like myself. What a night it is !' As he spoke, we came out into the street again, peal our shadows falling on the stones; the Virgin too, is often late ;" and so we went on talking overhead still watching, the lamp burning faithfully, the solemn night waning on. Lady Parker had lodgings in the Corso. I felt al-Toice; I know not if your life has been a hap- most ashamed of stepping from the great entertainment without into the close, racketing little tea party that was clatterng on within. We came in, in the middle of a jangling tune, the company spinning round and round. Hal-1 saw that you liked me, that you felt at your | bert, twirling like a Dervish, was almost the ease with me, that you held me not quite your first person I saw ; he was flushed, and looked equal, and might perhaps laugh at, as well as exceedingly handsome, and his tall shoulders overtopped most of the other heads. As I Hearen knows, has not been to domineer, to watched him I thought with great complacenay down the law, and triumph over others, cy that if any woman cared for me, it would not be for my looks. No ! no ! what are mere The Colonel arrived presently, with his white good looks compared to those mental qualities hir trimly brashed and his white neckcloth which, &c., &c. Presently, not feeling quite leady tied. He greeted me with great friend- easy in my mind about these said mental qualbess and cordiality. You have got his charm | ities, I again observed that it was still better d manner; but with you, my dear it is not to be liked for one's self than for one's mental manner only, for there is loyalty and hearti qualities ; by which time I turned my attentess shining in your face, and sincerity ringing | tion once more to Mr. Halbert. The youth a trery tone of your voice. All this you must was devoting himself most assiduously to a

wits and position and fortune; and here was I, Mr. Halbert and little Latham, the artist, certainly no wonder, insignificant, and plain, on speaking to Latham, with a strange flush as they were, as he, Halbert, could be with and tables, and had greeted, rather than been ing his measure as accurately as he could take mine, were it worth his while to do so. Here So thinks I to myself, concerning certain was I, walking home under the stars, while

tions sinking slowly, the day approaching Perhaps those red flags might have been mine through the realms of space, hours waning, life had I come a little sooner ; who knows ? " De going by for us both alike ; both of us men tout laurier un poison est l'essence," says the waiting together amidst these awful surround-You and I met often after this first meeting -in churches where tapers were lighting and

heavy censers swinging-on the Pincio, in the narrow, deep-colored streets; it was not always chance only which brought me so con-

All around about Rome there are ancient and villas built long since by dead cardinals All dinner-time Halbert, who has very high and popes ; terraces, with glinting shadows, with honeysuckle clambering in desolate luxuriance; roses flowering and fading and falling py, and got up with a smile at last, leaving in showers in the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains plash in their basins, statues of fawns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn showing through their stems. At home, I of smoke. I must be off in half an hour," he lead a very busy, anxious life; the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude toward those mouldering pontffs, whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting places for generations of weary men. Taking a long walk out of Rome one day, I came to the gates of one of these gardens. I remember seeing a carriage waiting in the shade of some cedar was no uncommon sight; the English are forever on their rounds; but somehow on this men, and instead of passing by, as had been gat, which the angels with the flaming swords had left ungarded and unlocked for once, and after a few minutes' walk, I came upon the

You were sitting on some time-worn steps After crossing the Spanish-place I remember uncurtained windows, we found you in your you wore a geen silk dress, and your brown hair, with the red tints in it, was all ablaze ently to a great black archway, which led to Halbert was gone, you said ; he went by the with the light. You looked very unhappy, I thought : got up with an effort, and smiled a

> Are you come here for a little quiet ! I asked. "I am not going to disturb you," part, too. In that case I shall cry off, and do not suffer a cruel pang indeed; when I said, "with papa and some friends. I was ding good by, he left me. tired, so they walked on and left me." That is the way with one's friends," said

"Who are the culprits, Miss Oliver?" "I am the only culprit," you said grimly.—
"Lady Fanny and Mr. Halbert came with us to-day. Look, there they are at the end of

pointed, and I made up my mind. It was a very long alley. The figures in the distance were advancing very slowly. When they reach that little temple though I, I will tell her what I think.

This was by no means so sudden a determination as it may appear to you, reading over these pages. It seems a singular reason to give ; but I really think it was your hopeless fancy for that rosy youth which touched me and interested me so. I know I used to carry home sad words, spoken not to me, and giances that thrilled me with love, pity, and sympathy. What I said was, as you know, very simply and to the purpose. I knew quite your fancy was elsewhere ; mine was point with you, perhaps as hopelessly placed. I didn't exactly see what good this confession was to do either of us, only there I was, ready

When I had spoken there was a silent modenly, a helping hand is held out, and I can't, I can't push it away. Oh, don't despise. Oh,

only liked you the more for your plaintive ap-: though I wondered at it.

"Take your time." I said, " I can wait, and I shall not fly away. Call me when you want me ; send me away when I weary you. Here s your father ; shall I speak to him? But no. Remember there is no single link between us, der the archway. "Come with us," said he except what you yourself hold in your own

Here your father and Halbert and Lady Fanny came up. "Well, Esther, are you rest-ed," says the colonel cheerfully. "Why, how do you do (to me)? What have you been talk | side streamed with color and fragrance from ing about so busily ?"

your father's face. I said something; I for some green hills, and leaving the carriage get what. Halbert, looking interested, turned climed up the sides. Then we found ourselved from one to the other. Lady Fanny, who looking down into a green glowing valley held a fragrant heap of roses, shook a few pe- with an intense heaven above all melting into tals to the ground, where they lay glowing af light. You, with a little transient gasp of hap-

a day or two after this. But I wrote you a then-the light figure against the bright green letter, in which I repeated that you were entirely free to use me as you liked : marry me, make a friend of me-I was in your hands - be forever green and pleasant to you as it was One day, at last, I called ; and I shall never then, O eager face !

with a cup of sparkling water: a weary watch-er through the night—suddenly I see the dawn well that I instinctively guessed you were pleasant times. I remember now, one afternoon in early Spring, open windows, sounds coming | mine. in from the city, the drone of the afifferari buzzing drowsily in the sultry streets. You sat at your window in some light-colored dress, laughing now and then, and talking your tender little talk. The colonel, from behind The Times, joined in now and again : the pleasant half-hour slid by. We were still basking there, when Halbert was announced, and came in, looking very tall and handsome. The bagpipes droned on, flies sailed in and out on the sunshine : you still sat tranquilly at the open by your side. You went to one of those outcasement; but somehow the golden atmosphere of the hour was gone. Your smiles were gone; your words were silenced; and that happy little hour was gone forever.

When I got up to come away Halbert rose too; he came down stairs with me, and suddenly looking me full in the face said, "When is it to be?"

do," I answered. "You don't mean to say that you are not

very much smitten with Miss Esther?" said

is to me the most sympathetic woman I have Fate) went on its course quite unmoved by my gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens ever known. You are too young, Mr. Halbert, hopes or your fears. I thought that you looked to understand and feel her worth. Don't be almost handsome for once. You certainly offended," I added, seeing him flush up. "You seemed more happy. Your face flushed and young fellows can't be expected to see with faded, your eyes brightened and darkened.—
the same eyes as we old ones. You will think As you turned and saw me, a radient quiver, as I do in another ten years."

" How do you mean?" he asked. we begin by liking universally; as we go least but the faltering accents broke forth.

"What is it, dear?" said I, at last, with on we pick and choose, and weary of things which had only the charms of novelty to recommend them ; only as our life narrows we my hand.

torially; "as trust his daughter. Somehow You know how it has always been. You don't she and I chime in tune together;" and, as I know what it would be to marry one person, said woefully, that you had not one friend in it would be to have it otherwise than as it is"

part in the performance, and a cract old tenor | think that I am utterly conscien

a message for me, and tell the colonel I mean off, and turned away your face. to look in there this evening. That old fox the colonel-you have heard that he is actual-

so herself yesterday."

"I think her choice is a prudent one," I to toll, answered, somewhat surprised. "I suppose Coionel Oliver is three times as rich as yourself? You must expect a woman of thirty to be prudent. I am not fond of that virtue in very young people, but it is not unbecoming

Halbert flushed up. "I suppose from that you mean she was very near marrying me .-I'm not sorry she has taken up with the coloused to tell me . . . and I myself thought -, you know what I mean. But, of course, they have been reassured on that ing, with a number of his comrades, serenaded

" Do you mean to say," I asked, in a great panic, " that you would marry any woman who happened to fall in love with you?" " I don't know what I might have done a

year ago," said he, laughing; " but just now, you see, I have had a warning, and besides, it is my turn to make the advances." I was immensely relieved at this, for I did

not know what I was going to say.

Here as we turned a few street corner, came upon a black-robed monk, standing, vailed and motionless, with a skull in one hand Despise! scorn! . . Poor child! I This cheerful object changed the current of our talk, and we parted presently at a fountain. Women with black twists of hair were standing round about, waiting in grand, care-

less attitudes, while the limped water flowed

When I reached your door, I found the carriage waiting, and you and your father unand I gladly accepted. And so we drove out at one of the gates of the city, out into the Campagna, over which melting waves of color was rolling. Here and there we passed ancient ruins crumbling in the sun; the roadviolets and anemones and sweet-smelling flow-You did not answer, but fixed your eyes on ers. After some time we came suddenly on piness, fell down kneeling in the grass. I If you remember, I did not go near you for shall always see the picture I had before me he black hat, and long falling feather, the eager face looking out at the world. May it

a d said good night, your hand trembled in

"Won't you look in, too ?" said the Colo

nel. But I shook my head "Not to-night-no,

thank you." And so we parted. My lodgings were in the Gregoriana; the windows looked out over gardens and cupolas; from one of them I could see the Pincio. From the one next morning, as I sat drinking my coffee, I suddenly saw you, walking slowly along by the parapet, with your dog running lying terraces which flank the road, and leaning over the stone-work, looked out at the grand panorama lying at you feet-Rome, with her purple mantle of mist, regally spreading, her towers, her domes, and great St. Peter's rising over the house-tops, har seven hills changing and deepening with noblest color, her golden crown of sunlight streaming and melting with "You know much more about it than I the mist. Somehow, I, too, saw all this presently when I reached the place where you were

still standing.

And now I have almost come to the end e.
"Certainly I am," said I. "I should be of my story, that is, of those few days of my life of which you, Esther, were the story. stantly into your presence. You yourself were the chance, at least, and I the blind follower of fortune

To you mean. I daresay I shan't get her. She ward you, and fate (I fancied you were my you mean. I daresay I shan't get her. a piteous smile came to greet me strangely— You seemed trying to speak, but the words "Isn't it the way with all of us," said I; | died away on your lips-to keep silence, at

a queer sinking of the heart, and I held out

keenly? And surely a sweet, honest-hear ed young woman like Esther Oliver is a good thing. You caught it softly between both yours .last night, and-and, he says. . . . Oh "She is very nice." Halbert said. "She I don't deserve it. Oh! forgive me, for I am has such good manners. I have had more ex- so happy ;" and you burst into tears. "You perience than you give me credit for, and I am have been so good to me," you whispered on very much of your way of thinking. They say "I hardly know how good. He says he only that the old courtly colonel is dreadfully harsh to her—wants to marry her, and get her off when—when he saw you did not dislike me. his hands. I assure you, you have a very good I am behaving shamefully—yes, shamefully but it is because I know you are too kind not " I mistrust the old Colonel," said I, dicta- to forgive-not to forgive. What can I do? spoke, I began to understand why you once caring for another. Ah! you don't know what the world; and my thoughts wandered away to the garden where I had found you waiting ask it. "Ah! forgive me, and say you don't on the steps of the terrace.

"What do you say of the 'Elisire d'Amore' down with a certain sweet dignity, you went Lady Fanny and I have been performing late- on-" Heaven has sent me a great and nnex Halbert was saying meanwhile, very pected happiness, but there is, indeed, a bitter, confidentially. "Sometimes I cannot help bitter cup to drink as well. Though I throw fancying that the Colonel wants to take a you over, though I behave so selfishly, don't eless that "I came here for pleasure, not quiet," you give up my engagements." And then, nod think how you must look at me, when I remember what return I am making for all your I met him again at the Babuino a day or forbearance and generosity. When I think of two after. He came straight up to me, saying myself I am a shamed and humiliated; when I "Going to the Olivers, eh ? Will you take think of him-" Here you suddenly broke

Ah me ! turned away your face forever from me. The morning mists faded away; the midly going to marry Lady Fanny. She told me day sun streamed over hills and towers and valleys. The bell of the Trinita hard by began

I said, "Good-by, and Heaven keep you, my dear. I would not have had you do otherwise." And so I went back to my lodging.

Rev. Dr. Butler, of Washington, in a ecture at Cincinnati a few evenings ago, gave his audience a few instances of the amiable disposition of young ladies of secession persuasion. In Alexandria a gallant young artillery nel after all. You see my mother was always officer was spit upon by two young ladies, a writing, and my sisters at home ; and they few days before the battle of Bull Run. He immediately inquired their names and ascertained their residences, and on that same evenhem for three hours, singing the most sentimental songs in praise of the loveliness and gentlennss of women.

The second illustration given by Dr. Butler, was as followe: In Baltimore a young lady dropped her handkerchief one day. A Federel officer was sufficiently overcharged with etquette to pick it up and had it to her. The dear creature type of the graces that she was -gave him a side glance, and in dulcet tones quired : "Do you think I would accept anying from an Abolition hireling?"

The third is as good as the above. While a young lady of Baltimore was walking with an " air of impunity" along the streets, an officer rubbed against her dress. Displaying a flexibility of nose worthy the attention of a physiologist, the Dixianic beauty muttered the onosyllable "wretch," and shook her expansive skirts as if to remove something Northerny offensive. The officer quietly followed ber her elegant home, rang the door bell, and called for the gentleman of the house. To this gentleman he presented the alternative of an pology from her or a fight from her husband. if she had such an appendage, if not her beloved paternal relative must choose the weapons. Angelina was called and remonstrated with, and being so advised, made the requisite

A lady in Northwestern Missouri offers a premium for enough Yankee scalps to make a oed quilt.—Wheeling Intelligencer.
Perhaps she would like to take a whole Yankee as a comforter .- Prentice.

Hypocrisy .- Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the the an inheritance. As for the Colonel, your gauzy dress; and I now, with a mixture of hiher, if I mistake not, he is a little, shriveled satisfaction and vexation, recognized the very with wich you received me. A solitary man, denly remembered to give Halbert's message.

State of Herals at Port Royal.

The London Sur's correspondent at Hilton Head, South Carolina, is responsible for the following graphic picture of the state of morals at Port Royal :

"There are two classes of slaves in the cotton States, as in those of the border; the field hands black in complexion, bewhipped almost daily, and locked up at night, and the household servants, the offspring of incestuous intercourse between masters and good looking 'yellow girls,' who themselves are children of white men. I have seen a young girl in Washington, with light-brown smooth hair, clear rosy complexion, and blue eyes, who I was in formed, was a slave. I had previously heard of such cases, but attached small credit to the reports; my informant being resolved to satisfy my doubts showed me the girl, and we

questioned her as to her history.
"In a perfectly artless manner she told us she was born in Texas, and that at sixteen years of age her owner and father made her his mistress, brought her to Washington, and lived with her there until the secession of his State, when he went South, taking with him, as his new concubine, her young sister, also his own daughter. The girl seemed surprised at my astonishment and disgust, informing me, with the greatest naivete, 'Why, I belonged

to him ! " An officer of the Wabash told me the day

after the victory at Hilton Head that, going ashore with a boat's crew that morning on St Helena Island, he ran agaist a number of slaves of the household class; a few questions satisfied him they belonged to one of the richest planters in those parts. Among them was a handsome looking, olive-complexioned girl, who lamented to him that her baby had been carried off by the family after the battle .-Yaas, Massa,' said one of the male slaves, 'and it is Massa George's baby, too ;' and the girl showed by her manner how much she was pleased at the fact being made known to the

"It is the fashion with defenders of slavery to assume that morality is much higher in their section of country than in a free state of society, but such as the above between masters and slaves has no parallel among the most degrading vices in any civilized country.

SWEARING FOR A FAMILY.-Rev. R. S. Maclay, for thirteen years a missionary in China has written a book in which he relates the fol-

lowing anecdote: During one of our examinations of candidates for baptism at Ngukang, I observed that one woman and some three or four young peo. ole had the same surname. The circumstance ed to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men :

"I observe that you all have the same surname. Are you members of the same family?"

"Yes," one replied, "this is my mother and these are my brothers." "Where is your father ?' I continued.

"He is at home attending to his business."
"Does he approve of your embracing Chris-"Yes, he is entirely willing."

"Why does not your father himself become a Christian ?" " He says it would not answer for all the

family to embrace Christianity." "And why?" I asked with some curiosity, does he thik so ?"

"He says if we all become Christians our heathen neighbors will take advantage of that circumstance to impose upon us."

How will they do that ?" I inquired. "Christians are not allowed to swear or fight, and father says that when our wicked neighbors ascertain we have embraced Christianith, they will proceed at once to carse and maltreat us. Hence, father says to us, "You may all become Christians, but I must remain a heathen, so as to retaliate upon our bad neighbors. You can go to meeting and worship, but I must stay at home to do the cursing and fighting for the family."

THY MOTHER. - Dispise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray headed, but her mother relations is ever in its floorish. It may be an tumu-yea, winter-with a woman, but with a mother it is always spring.

Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living ! How heedless we are in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone-when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts-when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy - now few love us for ourselves-how few will befriend us in our misfortune-then, aye, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

A FACT WORTH REMEMBERING .- YOU may read many of the literary papers for a year, and scarcely find a fact that will make you wiser and better; all romance and fiction, les, relvet and feathers; little fiends, equipped in smiles and crinoline, big scoundrels in epauletts, with a love of a moustache, turning the heads of simpering maidens: the everyday history of life ingeniously belied, and beautifully outraged. Hundreds of persons who cannot afford a home paper, in the course of a year spend three times the amount it would eost, in purchasing the trash."

It is far better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

Experience is a torch hightened in the

It is oftener a nobler work to conquer a doubt than a redoubt.

The worst of all kinds of eye-water is roquett's tears.