

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Selected Poetry.

THE VOICE OF THE ARMY.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

From the West, where the rivers in majesty run,
And the bold highlands catch the last kiss of the sun;

From the East, where the Gentiles saw Bethlehem's
born;

From the South, where the beautiful summer is
born;

From the North, where the lakes are like mirrors
unrolled,
And the Autumn woods frame them in purple and gold,

We come in the name of the Nation and God,
To crush the last viper from Liberty's sod.

Stand out of our sunlight, beware of our wrath,
Ye hounds that would rise on the fugitive's path.
Who over your country's destruction would gloat,
And treasure the knife that is aimed to her throat.

Go, follow the chieftain, who, yoked with the brave,
Renounces a life with the noble and brave,
And leaving the eagles of freedom, can take
To the nest of the buzzard or den of the snake.

No more shall the North, with a gag in her mouth,
Bow down to the self-breeding lords of the South;
No more shall her children from mercy refrain
At the crack of their whip or the clank of their chain.

Our legions will face the red fires of death,
And like icicles melt in the cannon's hot breath,
Ere they ask for repose that will tarnish their fame,
Or "peace" that is black with dishonor and shame.

Thrice blest be the hero who gallantly strives
To shield what the patriots bought with their lives,
But cursed be the vultures that feast on the slain,
And croak that the mountain birds battle in vain;

And woe to the leaders, and woe to their tools,
When the land shall remember its traitors and fools.

When serpents are writhing in dust and disgrace,
And the children of liberty reign in their place.

Let their deeds be recounted with hate and disdain,
And their names only mentioned with Judas and Cain.

Who would strike down the truth that a race may
be slaves,

Or sell it in secret to robbers and knaves;
One raises his hand with a murderous rod,
At the brother whose works were accepted of God;

One stands on the grave of his holier days,
And kisses the master he basely betrays.

By the martyrs whose lives are the beacons of time,
Whose death made the cross and the scaffold sublime;

By the graves of our brothers, who fell as they fought
For the gift which the blood of our forefathers
bought;

By the heavens, where the world of eternity rolls
Over the armies of earth with its armies of souls,
We swear that our homes shall behold us no more
Till the land is redeemed, or bedewed with our gore.

Miscellaneous.

HE IS SO BASHFUL.

I suppose there was no doubt but I was born with bashful tendencies, and "what is bred in the bone stays long in the flesh," to use the words of some wise individual, who, like many other great geniuses, shunned notoriety, and had for his non de plume, anonymity.

My mother tells me that when an infant I had the ridiculous habit of turning over on my face in the cradle when there was company; and if the visitors happened to be ladies, I turned red in the cheeks and purple about the eyes, to such an alarming degree as could not fail of exciting wonder and awe in the heart of the most indifferent beholder.

I remember that when a child of three or four years, I used to take refuge behind the great eight-day clock whenever my mother had callers; and once I came near being frozen to death in the refrigerator, where I had ensconced myself on the appearance of a couple of lady visitors.

Throughout my boyhood it was the same, only decidedly more so. My debut at school was like an entrance into the ancient halls of torture.

The austere school-master, with his dread insignia of birchen rod, steel-bowed spectacles and swallow tailed coat, was bad enough; the grinning, mischief-loving, and at times belligerent boys were worse. But the girls! Heavens! I feared them more than any unspected criminal of old did the terrible Council of Ten! All on earth they seemed to find to do was to goggle at me!

Of course I was the object of their sport; for they peeped at me over the tops of their books, from behind their pocket handkerchiefs, through the interstices of their curls—and made me hopelessly wretched by dubbing me "Apron string."

The third day of my attendance at school was stormy and my home being at some distance, I was obliged to remain, with most of the others through the noon intermission. The little girls got to playing at the door, and I retreated to a corner near the door, and stood a silent and unperceived spectator.

By and by a cherry lipped little girl had to pay a forfeit and one of her schoolmates pronounced the sentence in a very loud voice.

"Kiss Apron string, Sunderland!"

That meant me. There was a wild scream of laughter, in which all joined, and I took ingloriously to flight, with the Cherry lips close at my heels. I strained every nerve and sinew—it was a matter of life and death to me—and I have no doubt but that I should have won the race in fine style, if I had not unfortunately in my blind haste, run against Miss Patty Hanson, the primmest and most ill-tempered spinster in Hallowell.

The Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

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My momentum was such that I knocked Miss Patty from terra firma, very much as the successful ball knucks down the nine pins; and from the debris of the wreck—consisting of a fractured umbrella, a torn calico gown, and a fearfully dislocated bonnet—Miss Hanson rose up—a Nemesis!—And such a thrashing as I received at her hands, would have made the blackest villain out of purgatory confess his sins without prevarication!

I had heard my mother say that no one died till their time had come, and I felt satisfied that my time had come. I vainly endeavored to repeat,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

as both fitting and appropriate to the occasion, but Miss Patty, thumped the words out of me at the time of the Umbrella Quickstep, in staccato.

Little Cherry lips came nobly to the rescue.

"For shame! Miss Hanson," she cried, "to beat a little boy at such a rate! It won't mend your umbrella, or straighten your calash! And the perspiration is washing the paint all out of your cheeks!"

My enemy felt me to fly at my defender, whose name was Florence Hay. But Florence was a little too agile for the old lady, whom she speedily distanced, while I made good my escape into the sheltering foliage of an apple tree, where, securely perched on a strong limb, I remained until school was out, and the girls had all gone to their homes.

After a time, at my urgent entreaties, my parents removed me from the village school and placed me at an institute for boys. I had thought previously to the change, that I should be perfectly happy when it was effected; but I had somehow miscalculated. I missed the bewitching faces of the girls I had left from, and, for the first time in my life, I realized that the world would be a terrible humdrum sort of a place if there were nothing but men here.

To confess the plain truth, I had discovered that in spite of my bashfulness, I loved every single girl I had ever seen—not even excepting good black Bess in my mother's kitchen, who concocted such admirable turn overs and seed cakes. But at that time, sooner than have acknowledged such a weakness, I would have been broiled alive!

As I grew toward manhood, my bashfulness got no better. It was confirmed; it had become a chronic disease, as irremediable as the rheumatism, and a thousand times more distressing.

I was frequently invited to quiltings, apple parings, huskings, etc.; but I never dared to go least I should be expected to have something to say to some of the feminine portion of the company.

My mother sent me on my errand to a house where there were girls, I used to stand a half hour on the door-step waiting to rap; and if one of the aforesaid girls, happened to answer the summons, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could restrain myself from taking refuge in flight.

And after I had got in, and made known my business, I knew no more what was told in return than we know why the comet last summer had a curved train.

At church, I habitually sat with averted face, and cut my finger nails; in fact I had performed that operation for those digital ornaments so often that there was very little left of them to practice upon. I most devoutly wished that it had been so that folks could have been created with knitting work or something of the kind, in their hands, that I might have been so nice when one don't know what to do with his upper extremities.

As for my feet, though not remarkably large, they were constantly in the way. I have often seen the time when I would have given all the world, had it been mine to give, if I could have taken them off and consigned them to obscurity in my pockets.

One eventful day my mother took it into her head to have a quilting. Early in the afternoon I retired to the garret, as the most isolated spot I could think of, and unconsciously myself in bed. All the girls in the neighborhood were invited, and I would sooner have faced a flaming line of armed batteries.

Such a gay, joyous time as they had of it, judging from the sound of merriment that occasionally floated up to my retreat. I longed to be witness of the frolic I knew they were enjoying but I could not summon resolution enough to venture from my concealment; and so I wound the sheets around my head to shut out the gay peals of laughter, and tried to think myself highly satisfied with my achievement. I was comfortable, and safe, so far as I knew; but the hours were long ones, and I prayed Time to jog on his team a little faster, if convenient.

By and by, the merriment grew louder; there was patterring of eager feet on the garret stairs, considerable loud whispering in the passage, and an indefinite amount of giggling. Good heavens! What are they going to do? I clutched the bed clothes with frantic hands, and drew them around my head, to the utter neglect of the rest of my body, probably believing, like the ostrich, that so long as saw nobody, nobody could see me.

Directly the door was thrown open, and evidently there was a consultation upon the threshold.

"Go in, Flory!" said the gay voice of Kate Merrick, the pride and tease of the village. "I say go in! What on earth are you afraid of? Roy Sunderland won't eat you, if he is a bear!"

"But what will he think?" said Florence Hay, softly, "he is so bashful. Goodness, Kate, how can I?"

"Nonsense. You must pay the forfeit, or your thumb remains in my possession. I won't be coaxed over this time," returned Kate, decisively.

There was a slight scuffle, and then the eager hands of the coterie began to pull away my fortifications. I resisted with the strength of desperation, but I was no match for a dozen frolicsome girls. They unsnatched me, and while four of them held my two arms, Florence Hay kissed me. Mahomet! Such a thrill as went through my heart! I devoutly wished that she would repeat the operation! but instead of doing so she scampered from the room followed by her boisterous companions. Completely overcome, I crept under the bed, where I remained until nightfall sent our merry visitors to their respective homes.

Well, as the year passed on, and brought my eighteenth birthday, I had lost nothing of my besetting difficulty. My mother was thoroughly mortified by my conduct, and did not hesitate to lecture me soundly on my folly; and my Aunt Alice emphatically declared I was the most consummate fool she had ever seen. I knew it was true, but—so perverse is man—I did not feel at all obliged to her for uttering it.

One day it rained a little; in fact, it often does so. Florence Hay was returning from the village just as the shower came up, and partly out of regard for my mother, with whom she was a great favorite, and partly from the fear of ruining her new spring bonnet, she stepped into our house.

My mother was delighted to see her, and made her quite at home directly. It was a new thing for the little maiden to visit my mother; but on such occasions I had always hitherto taken flight to the field or the hay mow. Now, however, it was raining hard, and I was holding silk for my mother to wind, so a retreat was next to impossible.

Though in exquisite torture every moment lest the fair visitor should address some question to me and blige me to speak, yet I enjoyed being where I could look into her bewitching face, immensely. She had such blue eyes, and such cherry lips! And those cherry lips had kissed me! I blushed red hot to think of it, and my good mother anxiously commented on my high color, saying she was afraid I was going to have the erysipelas. Erysipelas, indeed!

It rained all the forenoon. Florence stayed to tea, and by the time the meal was over I had broken two plates, knocked down a saucer, upset the cream pitcher, and nearly cut the end of my thumb off with my knife. Alas, the rain had not ceased, and it was dark.

Florence declared she could not stop another moment. Her friends would be alarmed about her; she must go at once. My mother urged her to remain all night. But she could not think of it; and while she was arranging her wraps, my mother beckoned me into the entry.

"Roy," she said decisively, "Florence should not go home alone!"

"I can't help it," said I doggedly. "I guess nothing will devour her on her journey."

"My son!" she exclaimed with just severity, "I cannot permit you to speak in that way of one whom I so highly respect! It is ungentlemanly! Your father is absent, the servant is busy, and Florence has a full half mile to walk. You will attend her home."

My limbs trembled under me. I would have darted from the back door, and left my mother's favorite to shift for herself, but my austere relative had kept a firm hold of my arm, and without further parley, drew me back to the parlor.

"If you must go," she said to Florence, "I will not urge you. Roy will walk with you."

Florence opened wide her blue eyes in evident astonishment; and, as for me, the whole creation was in a whirl! The room went round and round like a top—I was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to keep from falling—I was penetrated with speechless dismay.

"Roy! Florence is waiting!" said my unrelenting mother.

There was no appeal! To use a vulgar but expressive phrase, I was "in for it," and I needed by a set of desperate courage, which sometimes comes to the aid of the weak in great extremities, I flung open the door, blundered down the steps, and out into the street. Florence followed leisurely behind, shut the gate after her and fastened the latch. How I envied her provoking coolness!

We went on—she on one side of the road, I on the other, and about three yards in advance of her. By and by, when we had proceeded in utter silence for a quarter of mile, my companion said demurely:

"Roy, you can get over the fence and go in the back yard and I'll keep the road."

The little jade was quizzing me! I could not endure her ridicule, so forthwith I made a sort of flying leap to her side of the street, spluttering the mud in every direction as I landed beside her. I had just begun to think how much better the footing was on that sidewalk than on the one I had left, when I heard somebody whistling, and looking up I saw Will Richardson, a mutual acquaintance, approaching. The cold perspiration started to my brow—how could I endure to be seen going home with a girl? I could not! Never! The idea was out of the question. I flew to the wall, sprang over, and threw myself down behind a pile of stones.

I heard Will and Florence laughing together in a vastly amused way—and then she took his arm and off they went. I shook my clenched hand after them—at that moment I could have cudgelled Will without compunction.

The ridiculous story of my adventure got wind; and no doubt Will spread it, and I was the laughing stock of the village. My mother gave me a sound berating, and my staid, punctilious father administered the severest rebuke of all—he said I was a disgrace to my ancestors.

I managed to live through it, though, and a few months later I entered college. I will not linger on the days spent with my Alma Mater; the history of the scrapes which my mischief loving fellow students got me into during those four years, would fill three volumes of octavo.

At the end of the prescribed time I graduated with the highest honors, for I had always been a most determined bookworm, and with my diploma in my pocket, I returned.

My friends were rejoiced to see me, they said, and Aunt Alice informed me, that I had improved wonderfully in manners, as well as looks; she thought me decidedly handsome, she said, when I remarked I privately concluded, was about as sensible as any I have ever heard her make.

The day following my arrival home, my mother spoke of Florence. I had been longing to ask about her, but dared not hazard the question. My mother thought I had ought to call on the Hay family. We had always been intimate, she said, and it would be no more than courteous for me to surprise them with my presence.

I told her the truth. I should be extremely happy to do so, but I lacked the courage.

"Mother," said I, frankly, "you know my cardinal failing. Be merciful unto me. I should only make a fool of myself."

"I will make an errand for you," she replied, quickly; "Mrs. Hay is troubled with a cough, and she wanted some of my tomato preserves for it. You shall carry them over."

Ah! it takes a woman to manage things; depend on that.

I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imagined face of Florence Hay had obtruded between my eyes and endless Greek roots a great many times during the past four years. I was glad of an excuse to see once more the face itself.

Armed with a letter of introduction, a glass jar of tomatoes, and arrayed in my best suit, I rang the bell at the door of Mr. Hay. A servant girl admitted me, and showed me directly into the room where Florence was sitting.

How beautiful she had grown during my absence! I had never seen so fair a vision. She rose at my entrance, and, bowing with inimitable grace, extended her hand.

"Am I right in believing that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sunderland?" she said, with gentle politeness.

I bowed—the jar slipped from my grasp and fell to the floor; I made a hasty movement to take the hand she offered me, and in so doing I put my foot on the jar; it was crushed to atoms, and the seeds and syrup flew in every direction. The obstacle beneath my feet made me stagger; I grasped the folds of a window curtain in the hope of saving myself, but my equilibrium was too far gone—down came the curtain, over I went, head first, against a flower stand, on which were a nondescript array of flower pots, and a Canary bird in a cage, and a Maltese cat in a basket.

The force of my fall upset the stand, and with all its favorites it went over on the carpet. Cat, bird, cage, plants, and Roy Sunderland, all lay in one mass of ruins together at the feet of the astonished Miss Hay. The cat was the first to recover her presence of mind, and with a "midnight cry" which would have appalled the stoutest heart, she sprang into my face tearing at the skin with a violence worthy of the admiration of all persons who believe in the wisdom of "getting at the root of a matter" at once.

I scrambled up and gave the animal a blow that sent her to the other side of the room—and hatless and bloody made for the door. With frantic haste I seized the handle—it did not yield; the door was fastened by a spring lock and I was a prisoner.

I imagine my dismay. Florence stood looking at me, and there was a smile on her face that she with great difficulty restrained from breaking into a decided laugh! ha! Just then I would have sold myself to any reliable man for a sixpence, with thirty days credit.

Fortified and crest fallen, I was very strongly tempted to follow the example of the heroines in the sensation novels, and burst into tears; but crying it is said makes the nose red, and remembering this I forbade.

I suppose Florence pitied me; she must have seen the woe-begone expression of my face that I was in the last stages of human endurance, for she came quickly to my side and laid her hand on my arm.

"Come in, Roy," she said kindly—almost tenderly I thought—and drew me into a small boudoir opposite the setting room.

Things in the latter apartment were too neatly arranged to make it pleasant for occupation, I suppose.

"There," she said, seating me on a sofa by her side, and speaking in the consoling tone that one would use to a child who had burnt his apron or broken the sugar bowl, "don't think anything more about it." She was wiping to blood from pussy's autograph on my face with her handkerchief—"Accidents will happen you know."

She was too close to me—her sweet face so very near mine—and the temptation so great, I trust I may be excused especially as I am a bashful man and not in the habit of committing such indiscretions.

I threw my arms around her and paid back the kiss I had kept so long. A burning blush overspread her face.

"Oh, Roy, how could you?" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

I had gone too far to retreat; the words which for years had filled my heart struggled up to my lips and clamored for utterance.

"Florence!" I cried passionately, "I love you, and I want you to be entirely mine!—Take me, and cure of the bashful folly which has been the bane of my life."

She did not reply. I was in a tumult of fear and hope, but a sort of desperate courage kept me firm.

"One word, Florence, only one word! Am I to be consigned to Hades or Paradise? Do not keep me in suspense!"

She nestled closer to my side; her soft cheek rested against mine; her breath swept my lips. She spoke but one word in accent of deepest tenderness and that word was my name—

"Roy!"

"Florence! my darling!"

I trust that everybody will forgive me and feel charitably towards me when I declare, on my honor, that I was happier at that moment than I had ever been in my life before. Popping the question has always been acknowledged to be a serious piece of business, and if ordinary men find it a serious business, how much more terrible must it be to a bashful individual like myself.

A silence fell between Florence and me; perhaps I was holding her so close to my heart that the effort of speaking was difficult. I should not wonder. By and by she lifted up her face and said quietly,

"Did you mean for me to marry you, Roy?"

"Marry you? Yes, dearest, and that, too, before many days have elapsed. I have been a fool so long that now I cannot afford to wait."

"Yes; but if I promise myself to you, how can I be sure that on the way to the altar you will not jump over the fence and leave me to the care of Will Richardson?"

"Confound Will Richardson! Florence forgive me, I was little less than a brute! Is there peace between us?"

"Both peace and love," she whispered softly; and my heart was at rest.

My mother was overjoyed at the turn affairs had taken. Everything had happened just as she wished; and to this day the good lady idolizes tomatoes, insisting upon

it that it was through the agency of those preserves that Florence and I came to an understanding. It might have been—I cannot tell—great events sometimes originate in small causes.

Florence—dear little wife!—for she has sustained that relation to me for five years; and if she has not cured me of my bashfulness, she has at least broken me of its extreme folly. To other men afflicted as I was with constitutional shyness, I can conscientiously recommend my course.—Don't be afraid; the ladies admire courage, and "none but the brave deserve the fair."

THE PARTICULAR LADY.—Here is a portrait of more than one lady, whose it has been our fortune to meet.—There is a coldness and precision about this person's dwelling, that makes your heart shrink back (that is, if you have the least atom of sociability in your nature) with a lonely feeling the same which you experience when you go by yourself, and for the first time, among decided strangers.

Everything is in painful order. The damask table cover has been in just the same folds ever since it came from the vendor's shop, eight years ago; and the legs of the chairs have been on the exact diamond in the druggist they were first placed on; by-the-by, do you ever remember of seeing that same druggist off the carpet underneath? No—for she never has company; the routine, the untidiness they would occasion, would cause the poor soul to be subject to fits for the rest of her natural, or rather unnatural, life. Though untidiness is a fault all people should avoid, especially the young, yet for mercy's sake urge them not to be particular. She will become as hateful in the sight of her friends as a sloven.

The particular lady generally lives in the kitchen—and an excruciatingly tidy one it is. The great parlors, with their crimson curtains, Turkish carpets, mammoth mirrors, beautiful mantles, and elegant paintings, are always closed. Nobody visits them; nobody enjoys them; the children tread on tiptoe to steal a glance into them, their eyes expressive of wonderment and a cautious air of dread.

She is all the time dusting and washing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and washing and dusting. The door-step, the window sills and sashes, the wash-boards must be daily scrubbed, though immaculately white they already be. The very knives, forks and spoons are rubbed till and gented by repeated cleaning.

You can tell her crossing the street; she watches for every vehicle and waits until it has passed a square, for fear of being splashed; and even in dry weather she crosses on the joints of her toes, and holds her dress above her ankles. Her constant fidget wears the flesh from her bones and color from her cheeks. She never can get a servant to stay long with her. We never heard of but one "particular lady" who retained a domestic longer than a year, but then she was as "particular" as her mistress.

BESNETTES, an Austrian, introduced the lilac and tulip into Western Europe from Turkey in the 16th century. CURTIS, a Belgian, brought the horse-chestnut about the same time from the East. Plants indigenous to the steppes of Tartary, are now flourishing in France, the first seeds of which came in the saddle stuffing of the Russian troops who entered Paris in 1814. The Turkish armies left the seeds of Oriental wall plants on the ramparts of Buda and Venice. The Canada thistle sprang up in Europe from a seed which dropped two centuries ago out of the stuffed skin of a bird. In 1501, when St. Helena was discovered, there were only 60 species of plants on the island; there are now 750. From the straw and grass packing of Thorwald's picture there sprang up in Copenhagen twenty-five species of plants belonging to the Roman Campagna.—English Papers.

THE WAY YOU ALWAYS STOPPED.—The *Record* tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had rode on a railroad, who was a passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting their scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought terra firma), with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summer-sault over the seat in front, and her hand-box and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several injured."

"La, me; didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

A KIND WORD FOR "MOTHER."—Despite not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, sense, and estate; but her relation as 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 motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring.—Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are in 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—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

PRIDE.—It is certain that one of the sides of virtue leads to pride, and there is a bridge built there by the demon.

THE ANCIENTS OUTDO.—Talk of Dadaeus and Icarus! A man made wings to his house, and had a fly in it!

BROTHER PAUL.

How well I remember the morning my brother Paul left Grassville for his lot of land in "the Heavy Timbers." Everybody would call our home Grassville, though we struggled long and hard for Graceville. However, when the nickname got into the Gazetteer, we gave it up. Paul was a fine, strong fellow, five feet eight inches high, with a ruddy complexion, and life in his eyes. His brown hair curled, his lips were loving like a girl's, and he was what is called "a mother's boy." There is no better recommendation for a young man, His dress was striped home-made cloth, indigo blue and white, made in the form of a blouse, with wide pantaloons, over which were drawn long leather boots. The blouse had a square collar, which was tucked back, which revealed a fine, white, and very neatly-made shirt. I made it, though "I say it who should not say it." The blouse was confined at the waist by a black leather belt