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column, confined exclusively to their business, with

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JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fan- lian out of purgatory confess his sins withcolors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every va-Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can deavored to repeat, e executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Selected Poetry.

THE VOICE OF THE ARMY.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

From the West, where the rivers in majesty run. And the hold highlands catch the last kiss of the

From the South, where the beautiful summer

From the North, where the lakes are like mirrors unrolled.

And the Autumn woods frame them in purple and

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

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 he the hero who callantly strives To shield what the patriots bought with their lives. But cursed be the vultures that feast on the slain, Then 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

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

Who would strike down the truth that a race may

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 hetrays.

By the martyrs whose lives are the beacons of time Whose death made the cross and the scaffold sub-

By the graves of our brothers, who fell as they

By the heavens, where the world of eternity rolls O'er 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.

bred in the bone stays long in the flesh," to use the words of some wise individual who

inpany; and if the visitors happened to be ladies, I turned red in the cheeks and and awe in the heart of the most indifferent beholder

had callers; and once I came near being had ensconced myself on the appearance of

only decidedly more so. My debut at convenient school was like an entrance into the ancient halls of torture.

The austere school-master, with his dread cles and swallow tailed coat, was bad enough; the grinning, mischief-loving, and seemed to find to do was to giggle at me Of course I was the object of their sport; or they peeped at me over the tops of their ooks, from behind their pocket handker- the threshold. dubbing me "Apron string."

bibling me "Apron string."

The third day of my attendance at school as stormy and my home being at some you, if he is a bear!"

village. "I say go in! What on earth are you afraid of? Roy Sunderland won't eat strong three volumes of octavo.

At the end of the prescribed time I gradperhaps was stormy and my istance, I was obliged to remain, with most of the others through the noon inter- Hay, softly, "he is so bashful. Goodness, mission. The little girls got to playing at Kate, how can I?" pawns. I retreated to a corner near the

By and by a cherry lipped little girl had pay a forfeit and one of her schoolmates There was a slight scuffle, and then the o pay a forfeit and one of her schoolmates onounced the sentence in a very loud

Kiss Apron string, Sunderland !"

The Aradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

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NUMBER 38.

My momentum was such that I knocked hom Miss Patty from terra firma, very much as Business Cards, five lines, (per year)..... 5 00
Miss Patty from terra firma, very much as the successful ball knocks down the nine will be charged \$15. They will be entitled to \$15. The consisting of a fractured umbrella, a torn thoroughly mortified by my conduct, and calico gown, and a fearfully dislocated bondid not hesitate to lecture me soundly on a cough, and she wanted some of my tomatic meaning the consisting of a fractured umbrella, a torn thoroughly mortified by my conduct, and plied, quickly; "Mrs. Hay is troubled with in small causes.

Florence—dea net-Miss Hanson rose up-a Nemesis! my folly; and my Aunt Alice emphatically to preserves for it. You shall carry them And such a thrashing as I received at her declared I was the most consummate fool over. hands, would have made the blackest vil- she had ever seen. I knew it was true, but

out prevarication! I had heard my mother say that no one riety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The died till their time had come, and I felt sat-REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power isfied that my time had come. I vainly en-

> sion, but Miss Patty thumped the words out of me at the tune of the Umbrella My mother was delighted to see her, and Quickstep, in staccato.

Little Cherry lips came nobly to the res-

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

My enemy left 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

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 fled from, and, for the first time in my life, I realized that the knife. world would be a terrible humdrum sort it was dark. of a place if there were nothing but men

To confess the plain truth, I had dis- ed about her; she must go at once. covered that in spite of my bashfulness, I loved every single girl I had ever seen— she could not think of it; and while 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 bashful- ney ness got no better. It was confirmed; it had become a chronic disease, as irreme-

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 something the something to something the somethi have something to say to some of the feminine portion of the company.

If my mother sent me on any errand to a 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. You.
And after I had got in, and made known F my business,I knew no more what was told

face, and cut my finger nails; in fact I had from falling-I was penetrated with speech- and laid her hand on my arm. performed that operation for those digital less dismay. ornaments so often that there was very little left of them to practice upon. I most devoutedly wished that it had been so that devotedly wished that it had been so that that been so that that been so that the but expressive phrase, I was "in for it;" but expressive phrase, I was to be seen in Portugal, and which had been transplanted from the East. Plants indigenous to the steppes of Tartary, are

large, they were constantly in the way. have often seen the time when I would have I suppose there was no doubt but I was give, if I could have taken them off and orn with bashful tendencies, and "what is consigned them to obscurity in my pock-

One eventful day my mother took it into like many another great genius, shunned notoriety, and had for his nom de plume, afternoon I retired to the garret, as the "Roy, you can get over the fence" afternoon I retired to the garret, as the most isolated spot I could think of, and in the field, and I'll keep the road." on my face in the cradle when there was sooner have faced a flaming line of armed a sort of flying leap to her side of the street,

Such a gay, joyous time as they had of I longed to be witness of the frolic I knew they were injoying but I could not summon I remember that when a child of three or resolution enough to venture from my conour years, I used to take refuge behind the cealment; and so I wound the sheets great eight-day clock whenever my mother around my head to shut out the gay peak of laughter, and tried to think myself highly rozen to death in the refrigerator, where I satisfied with my achievement. I was comfortable, and safe, so far as I knew but the hours were long ones, and I praved Throughout my boyhood it was the same, Time to jog on his team a little faster, if

By and by, the merriment grew louder there was pattering of eager feet on the garret stairs, considerable loud whispering asignia of birchen rod, steel-bowed specta-les and swallow tailed coat, was bad giggling. Good heavens! What are they going to do? I clutched the bed clothes wind; and no doubt Will spread it, and I at times belligerent boys were worse. But with frantic hands, and drew them around the girls! Heavens! I feared them more my head, to the utter neglect of the rest of mother gave me a sound berating, and my

> could see me. Directly the door was thrown open, and

"But what will he think?" said Florence "Nonsense. You must pay the forfeit, turned.

oor, and stood a silent and not unterrified or your thimble remains in my possession. I won't be coaxed over this time," returned

eager hands of the coterie began to pull away my fortifications. I resisted with the strength of desperation, but I was no I have ever heard her make. That meant me. There was a wild match for a dozen frolicsome girls. They mother spoke of Florence. I had been leave me to the care of Will Richardson?" took ingloriously to flight, with the Cher- held my two arms, Florence Hay kissed me. Mahomet! Such a thrill as went through my heart! Idevoutly wished that I should have went the race in fine stand of drivers the operation! but in- had always been intimate, she said, and it should have went the race in fine stand of drivers the operation! Therefore Itay kissed longing to ask about her, but dated not hazard the question. My mether thought for give me, I was little less than a little! Is there peace between us?"

"Both peace and love," she whispered that I should have won the race in fine style, if I had not unfortunately in my blind room followed by her boisterous companions that I should be no more than corteous surprise them with my presence. laste, run against Miss Patty Hanson, the ions. Completely overcome, I crept under

-so perverse is man-I did not feel at all depend on that.

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

with whom she was a great favorite, and once more the face itself.

as both fitting and appropriate to the oc-

made her quite at home directly. It was a have thing for the little maiden to visit my showed me directly into the room where mother; but on such occasions I had al- Florence was sitting. ways hitherto taken flight to the field or mother to wind, so a retreat was next to inimitable grace, extended her hand. impossible.

Though in exquisite torture every moment lest the fair visitor should address some question to me and oblige me to I bowed—the jar slipped from my grasp

a saucer, upset the cream pitcher, and near-ly cut the end of my thumb off with my Maltese cat in a basket. The force of my fall up.

Florence declared she could not stop another moment. Her friends would be alarmned me into the entry.

should not go home alone!" the wisdom of "a matter" at once. guess nothing will devour her on her jour-

'Mv son!" she exclaimed with just severity, "I cannot permit you to speak in door. diable as the rheumatism, and a thousand that way of one whom I so highly respect! le—it did not yield; the door was fastened

my mother's favorite to shift for herself, any reliable man for a sixpence, with thirhouse where there are girls, I used to stand a half hour on the door-steps waiting but my austere relative had kept a firm ty days credit.

Mortified and ley, drew me back to the parlor.

Florence opened wide her blue eyes in bade.

'Roy! Florence is waiting!"

unrelenting mother.

a sort of flying leap to her side of the street, spattering the mud in every direction as I ed, reproachfully.

I had just begun to I had gone too far to retreat; the words when I heard somebody whistling, and look- ance. ing up I saw Will Richardson, a mutual acover, and threw myself down behind a pile age kept me firm.

gether in a vastly amused way-and then Do not keep me in suspense !"

compunction The ridiculous story of my adventure got was my namewas the laughing stock of the village. My than any suspected criminal of old did the terrible Council of Ten! All on earth they trich, that so long as saw nobody, nobody severest rebuke of all—he said I was a disclare, on my honor, that I was happier at

grace to my ancestors.

and with my diploma in my pocket, I re- lifted up her face and said quietly,

My friends were rejoiced to see me, they Roy?" said, and Aunt Alice informed me, that I handsome, she said, which remark I private- ford to wait." ly concluded, was about as sensible as any

longing to ask about her, but dared not "Confound Will Richardson! Florence tune-then it is that we think of the mothwould be no more than corteous for me to

up, and partly out of regard for my mother, four years. I was glad of an excuse to see fair. Armed with a letter of introduction, a glass jar of tomatoes, and arrayed in my My mother was delighted to see her, and best suit, I rang the bell at the door of Mr.

How beautiful she had grown during my the hay mow. Now, however, it was raining hard, and I was holding silk for my She rose at my entrance, and, bowing with

> "Am I right in believing that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sunderland!"

yet I enjoyed being where I could and fell to the floor; I made a hasty movelook into her bewitching face, immensely. ment to take the hand she offered me, and She had such blue eyes, and such cherry in so doing I put my foot on the jar; it was lips! And those cherry lips had kissed me! crushed to atoms, and the seeds and syrup I blushed red hot to think of it, and my flew in every direction. The obstacle begood mother anxiously commented on my neath my feet made me stagger; I grasped the routing, the untidiness they would oc high color, saying she was afraid I was the folds of a window curtain in the hope going to have the crysipelas. Erysipelas, of saving myself, but my equilibrium was too far gone-down came the curtain, over It rained all the forenoon. Florence stay- I went, head first, against a flower stand.

The force of my fall upset the stand, and sloven. Also, the rain had not ceased, and with all its favorites it went over on the carpet. Cat, bird, cage, plants, and Roy she could not think of it; and while she cry" which would have appalled the stoutup the skin with a violence worthy of the "Roy," she said decisively, "Florence admiration of all persons who believe in a cantious air of dread. the wisdom of "getting at the root of a

> I scrambled up and give the animal a blow that sent her to the other side of the room—and hatless and bloody made for the With frantic haste I seized the hand-

with the first and the with great difficulty reMy limbs trembled under me. I would strained from breaking into a decided ha! have darted from the back door, and left ha! Jut then I would have sold myself to

Mortified and crest fallen, I was very strongly tempted to follow the example of "If you must go," she said to Florence, the heroines in the sensation novels, and burst into tears; but crying it is said makes retained a domestic longer than a year, but the nose red, and remembering this, I fore- then she was as "particular" as her mis-

evident astonishment; and, as for me, the I suppose Florence pitied me; she must whole creation was in a whirl! The room have seen the woe-begone expression of my summer had a curved train.

whole creation was in a whirl! The room have seen the woe-begone expression of my summer had a curved train. At church, I habitually sat with averted obliged to grasp the back of a chair to keep endurance, for she came quickly to my side Turkey in the 16th century. Cutsus, a

"Come in, Roy," she said kindly-almost tenderly I thought-and drew me into a small boudoir opposite the setting room.— planting a slip he received from Smyrna. There was no appeal! To use a vulgar Things in the latter apartment were too Within living memory, the first orange tree

which sometimes comes to the aid of the one don't know what to do with his upper extremities.

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 tone would use to a child who had of which came in the saddle stuffing of the As for my feet, though not remarkably to the street. Florence followed leisurely burnt his apron or broken the sugar bowl, Russian troops who entered Paris in 1814. behind, shut the gate after her and fasten- "don't think anything more about it." She The Turkish armies left the seeds of Oriened the latch. How I envied her provoking was wiping to blood from pussy's auto- tal wall plants on the ramparts of Buda wolness.

We went on—she on one side of the road, "Accidents will happen you know."

I on the other, and about three yards in ad- She was too close to me-her sweet face two centuries ago out of the stuffed skin. vance of her. By and by, when we had so very near mine—and the temptation so of a bird. In 1501, when St. Helena was proceeded in utter silence for a quarter of great. I trust I may be excused especially as I am a bashful man and not in the habit plants on the island; there are now 750.

of committing such discretions. I threw my arms around her and paid My mother tells me that when an infant had the ridiculous habit of turning over the neighborhood were invited, and I would not endure her ridicule, so forthwith I made ing blush overspread her face.

The little jade was quizzing me! I could back the kiss I had kept so long. A burn-longing to the Roman Campagna.—English "Oh, Roy, he w could you?" she exclaim- Papers.

purple about the eyes, to such an alarming degree as could not fail of exciting wonder that occasionally floated up to my retreat. that sidewalk than on the one I had left, gled up to my lips and clamored for utter- cent old lady, who never before had rode on

"Florence!" I cried passionately, quaintance, approaching. The cold pers- love you, and I want you to be entirely peration started to my brow-how could I mine !- Take me, and cure of the bashful ndure to be seen going home with a girl? folly which has been the bane of my life." could not. No never! The idea was out | She did not reply. I was in a tumult of of the question. I flew to the wall, sprang fear and hope, but a sort of desperate cour-

"One word, Florence, only one word! I heard Will and Florence laughing to- Am I to be consigned to Hades or Paradise?

she took his arm and off they went. I shook | She nestled closer to my side; her soft my clenched hand after them-at that mo- cheek rested against mine; her breath ment I could have cudgeled Will without swept my lips. She spoke but one word in accent of deepest tenderness and that word

"Roy!"
"Florence! my darling!"

I trust that everybody will forgive me

severest rebuke of all-he said I was a disclare, on my honor, that I was happier at that moment than I had ever been in my I managed to live through it, though, and life before. Popping the question has alevidently there was a consultation upon a few months later I entered college. I ways been acknowledged to be a serious will not linger on the days spent with my piece of business, and if ordinary men find chiefs, through the interstices of their curls "Go in, Flory!" said the gay voice of Alma Mater; the history of the scrapes it a serious business, how much more terriand made me hopelessly wretched by Kate Merrick, the pride and tease of the which my mischief loving fellow students ble must it be to a bashful individual like

At the end of the prescribed time I grad- perhaps I was holding her so close to my uated with the highest honors, for I had al- heart that the effort of speaking was diffiways been a most determined bookworm, cult. I should not wonder. By and by she "Did you mean for me to marry you.

Marry me? Yes, dearest, and that, had improved wonderfully in manners, as too, before many days have elaped. I have well as looks; she thought me decidedly been a fool so long that now I cannot af-

"Yes; but if I promise myself to you. how can I be sure that on the way to the The day following my arrival home, my altar you will not jump over the fence and

> softly; and my heart was at rest. My mother was overjoyed at the turn af- bridge built there by the demon.

I told her the truth. I should be extreme- fairs had taken. Everything had happened

"Mother," said I, frankly, "you know it that it was through the agency of those

. Florence—dear little wife !--for she has sustained that relation to me for five years; and if she has not cured me of my bashful-Ah! it takes a woman to manage things; ness, she has at least broken me of its extreme folly. To other men afflicted as 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 from the village just as the shower came obligation in the case of the suggestion, for the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion, for the imaged face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion at the constitution of the image face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion at the constitution of the image face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion at the constitution at the constitution of the image face of Florence Hay had obtained as I caught eagerly at the suggestion at the constitution of the constitution of th

> THE PARTICULAR LADY.—Here is a portrait of more than one lady whome 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 your self, and for the first time, among decided

Everything is in painful order. The damask table cover has been in just the same folds ever since it came from the vender's shop, eight years ago; and the legs of the chairs have been on the exact diamond in the drugget they were first placed on; by-the-by, do you ever remember of seeing that same drugget off the carpet underneath? No-for she never has company casion, 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 It rained all the forenoon. Florence stayed to tea, and by the time the meal was over I had broken two plates, knocked down pots, and a Canary bird in a cage, and a saucer upset the creampitcher, and near-Maltese cat in a basket.

The particular lady generally lives in the kitchen-and an excruciatingly tidy one it Sunderland, all lay in one mass of ruins together at the feet of the astonished Miss curtains, Turkish carpets, mammoth mir-Hay. The cat was the first to recover her rors, beautiful mantles, and elegant paint-But presence of mind, and with a "midnight ings, are always closed. Nobody visits them; nobody enjoys them; the children was arranging her wraps, my mother beck- est heart, she sprang into my face tearing tread on tip-toe to steal a glance into them, their eyes expressive of wonderment and

> She is all the time dusting and washing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and washing 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 thin and genteel by re-

peated 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 ancles. Her constant color from her cheeks. She never can get a servant to stay long with her. We never

Busbegtius, an Austrian, introduced the lilac and tulip into Western Europe from Belgian, brought the horse-chestnut about the same time from the East. Pope, the and Venice. The Canada thistle sprung up in Europe from a seed which dropped discovered, there were only 60 species of From the straw and grass packing of Thorwalsden's pictures there sprung up in Cop-

THE WAY YOU ALWAYS STOPPED. -The Ver nont Record tells a good story of an innoa 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 things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers havng sought terra firma,) with a very placid expression upon-her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summersault over the seat in front, and her bandoox and bundle had go ie 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,"-Despise 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, but he was not saved, and his family were not blessed in him as they should have airer and fresher than she was twenty 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 heedess we are in all her anxieties and kindwhen 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 be friend us in misforit be Smith, Brown, or Jones. Paul took her mouth, falling asleep, awoke to find it er we have lost.

of virtue leads to pride, and there is a

How well I remember the morning my

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 bread and salt from his pack, it made an loving like a girl's, und he was what is excellent dinner. He then peeled birch and called "a mother's boy." There is no bet- gathered hemlock-boughs, and before he ter recommendation for a young man. His slept he had a comfortable camp. He was dress was striped home-made cloth, indigo much happier alone, with the angel in his blue and white, made in the form of a blouse, heart, the owner of the sunny curls, then with wide pantaloons, over which were he could have been in a log-house at the drawn long leather boots. The blouse had next opening. He had sundry adventures a square collar, which was tucked back, in his forest solitude. He cleared his land, which revealed a fine, white, and very neatly-made shirt. I made it, though "I say it some grand old forest trees in the places who should not say it." The blouse was where he would have set them had not na confined at the waist by a black leather ture forestalled his labor of love. Trees to belt. A very full knapsack, with a blanket strapped outside, a very bright rifle and axe, completed the accourrement of the maple, for sugar. Paul left groves of traveler. He walked as if his nerves were perfectly tempered steel springs, and as in burning. Others turned the growth of though all means of locomotion were con- ages, and which none can recall tempt.ble save those included in himself. the naked land, into ashes, and then into He was going to his farm in the woods, or salts, and then into money. Paul had his rather to his "lot of land," which was to time of making salts, a time of tiresome become a farm when it was cleared and and profitable interest, but his beautiful brought under cultivation. When he had home at this day is embellished with a glory walked twenty miles he came to Woodville, of trees. His place lay beyond, in the nameless re- One Sunday morning Paul was getting gion known as "the Heavy Timbers." hard wood and heavy growth frightened withstanding the common property in the many, but tempted my "live brother," as we used to call him. As he passed on his if he had them when he saw them in church way, he came to a house in the outskirts of -this morning he made a kettle of maize hamlet, consirting of a saw and grist mill, meal mush for his breakfast, and set it out a clothing mill, and five or six dwellings. of doors to cool, while he shaved; for no Paul was hungry-he was a genuine hero, one was hirsute in those days who was but heroes get hungry like ordinary mortals. At the edge of a slope, a little be- Presently he heard a series of horrid grunts fore he came to the house, was a spring, and looking out he saw a rear who had put his head into the kettle of mush without bright tin pail with the crystal water.— leave, and who was caught by the bail fall-

ne entered a neat, large, square room. Two winter, and a grand bear-skin for his bed. girls—almost as pretty as the one he had seen at the spring—were spinning; one was spinning woolen rolls, the other cotton a leach tub made of a hollow log, he leached front window a worn, faded, but lady-like rich cleared lands. and they "raised Cain" the year round. It was festooned all over with vines in bloom. made "elbow room" by holes in the sleeves

Joseph Jones soon learned that he was from ther, who was a man of mark among the and he said, "To the wedding, be sure." settlers, and that he was going to "the Heavy Timbers" to take up and clear a hundred acre lot. The girls were not frightened that he was going alone. They even going to be married?" ime, as they were only seven miles from his opening that was to be, and there were show.

many acres, but he was not persevering. pleased their appetite to do so They had sold out years ago, and he had the last years he had worked at shoemaking. the happy couple joy. Like a good, gen-This he had also "taken up," which means, that he had never learned the trade. He and faltering steps he entered the house of was clever, this Joseph Jones; but there feasting. The clergymen had just married was sorrow in that home, and he caused it. the couple, and was making a long prayer was not a habitual, daily drunkard, but at couple were standing together looking what all raisings, log-rollings, at Christmas, and is called cheap. Their awkward and sheepin all times of illness and trouble, Mr. Jones ish appearance made the joyful revelation was sure to be "in liquor," so as to be use-

for prizes, would have saved Joseph Jones. which he hid as carefully as if it were a ming counties occupies their site. thief. Why is it that the first conscious-But when she is dead and gone, ness of affection leads us to conceal? There The Juniatia Sentinel says a young wois one name that we can never utter freely and cheerfully, though the sound of it the 49th Peunsylvania, died from a singular away a great deal from that wayside house, with its large square working-room, and aid was summoned, but in vain. She linits various workers. Carefully as he con- gered for several days, and expired in the PRIDE.—It is certain that one of the sides cealed what he took, I have an inventory most excrutiating agony. What adds to of all. First, a pair of bright blue eyes; the sadness of this unexpected death, is next, a great lot of golden curls ; then red the absence of her father and brother in THE ANCIENTS OUTDONE .-- Talk of Dædalus | cheeks, rosy lips, and a form full of spring | the army. Women and children should be the bed, where I remained until nightfall sent our merry visitors to their respective age.

The Ancier's October 1 remained and happened against the dangerous habit of good lady idolizes tomatoes, insisting upon the Ancier's October 1 remained until nightfall sent our merry visitors to their respective age.

er. In this northern region this most beau-tiful and fragrant bloom is seldom seen till June. Paul carried away the wreath with the sunny curls, and to this day he has a special tenderness for trailing arbutus.— Cheerily and lightly he went his way with his hidden treasures to his lot in the heart of "the Heavy Timbers," and he did not sleep that night till he had explored a good deal. Laying his pack down on a good dry camping-knoll, he took his rifle and threw it up in the air, and caught it as it came down, many times in merry play that night, because his heart was full of companionship. He found a hill-side against which to build his camp, and the early morning shone on him with ave and shovel hard at work clearing a space for his shanty. His shovel had a steel-iron blade, and he had carried it in his pack with some screws, which helped him to fit a wooden handlebrother Paul left Grassville for his lot of holes having been drilled for the screws land in "the Heavy Timbers." Everybody Before noon the hill was partially dug away, and posts set with crotched tops to hold poles, on which a thatched roof of birch-bark and hemlock-boughs was to be it. Perhaps he smoked it a little, but, with

the blossom is always called the May flow

The ready to go to church at Woodville-not within hailing distance of civilization .-Whether the sight of the young lady inten- ing over the back of his ears, the bail havsified Paul's hunger I cannot say, but he re-solved to get his dinner at the next house, was trapped Paul split his head with his for hotels were unknown then in this re- axe, and had enough to do that day to dress gion. He had bread and cheese in his pack, the carcass. No doubt Emily was disapstill he had a fancy to rest and dine. He pointed in not seeing him at church, and knocked at the door of the wayside dwell- Paul was disappointed in having plenty of ing, a cheerful voice said "come in," and bear's grease, a barrel of salted meat for

oping. In each case the material was re- his ashes, and he boiled away the lye in luced by machinery to a roll about as thick huge cast-iron caldron kettle, and made as the little finger of the spinner. The salts. Salts are always silver to the set wheels occupied one side of the room, on the salts. The land is cleared of trees when another a man was making shoes, and at a this money is earned, and gold comes of the He built a house of hewn logs, and the woman with failing sight was mending boys' clothes. It was a sad fact that the neighbors helped him to roll it up when the

boys of this family were something of the time came, and then he put a neat paling nature of a nuisanc. The neighbors said around a goodly space for a garden, with the father did not like to give them his own the house in the centre. His fence, the trade, for he felt above it himself. Certain first of the kind in that region, was made it is, they were not trained to useful work, by driving sharpened poles into the ground but were sometimes made to do "chores." Next spring he planted scarlet runners, and They were imprisoned in school in winter, his fence became highly ornamental when

He planted currant-bushes and strawberof their jackets, they went swimming in dark deep pools in Black River, and they among the great black stumps. He went were any thing but "a real blessing to on for a year improving his farm, and drean ing of an Emily for his Eve, all that time In the country where openings alternate without saying a word to the young lady with forests, and a village has six dwellings, He had seen her at church, and he had a traveler is a sort of irregular newspaper. called at her home, but he had never found Every body is glad to see somebody, when somebody seldom comes along. There is life in the grasp of a stranger's hand in the termined to try to catch his bird. One bright monotony of forest life. Paul was made to feel at home at once. The family of Mr. not long alone, for the people were all smartly dressed, and out in the street. Paul Grassville that he was the son of his fa- asked a lad where the people were going.

> "Where?" "At Mr. Joe Jones." Paul gasped out, "Which of the girls is

"Why, the prettiest one, be sure." The boy starting to run lest he should miss the blazed trees to mark the way, so one of the Paul sank down on a rock by the way

boys could p lot them.
"But I will come for you," Paul said, hewn log-house, with real glass windows, gallantly. Mrs. Jones looked a little more twelve seven-by-nine panes in each? What worn and weary as the young people talked cared he for the pole paling, scarlet runit over, and said what "good fun it would rers, rose-bushes, and fruit, and great trees, Poor lady! she had made just such a and groves of trees, and sugar orchard? beginning with her husband twenty years His Eve was lost to him. The bears might since. She had helped him clear a good eat him instead of the hasty pudding, if it

They had sold out years ago, and he had "taken up" several kinds of business. For the last years he had not had business. The gentler neighbors said, "What a pity such a clever man should be unsteady!"

The bolder and less kind said, "What a Jones's square house, which no one ever shame that such a man should drink!" He dreamed of calling a cottage. The happy less. This terrible unreliability had broken Elvira, and not Miss Emily Letitia Jones his wife's spirits, and almost broken her How Paul wooed his Emily, or how happy heart, and at forty she was wrinkled, gray, and prematurely old. Some thought books and a superior education had spoiled Mr. Sons and daughters have grown in my Jones; others said more books, a Lyceum, brother's home. That faded mother has an agricultural association, and competing lived many years with Emily, a setting sun beam upon her children and her grand-chil been in a man of his education and ability. years ago. It is sad to think that the kind An hour's talk, a nice dinner, and the est thing Joseph Jones ever did for his wife smiles of these pretty girls, set Paul vig- and children was to die. The bird-nesting orously on his way. Did he steal any thing in that home? He took something away father, and all came to good. There are no with him which he never returned, and heavy timbers now, but one of the finest far