

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every style and style, printed at the shortest notice. The Reporter Office has just been re-fitted with Power Presses, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Bradford Reporter.

THE REBELLION ENDED.

The long agony is over, the Union is restored. We may now count the cost of our late unparalleled struggle for the end draweth nigh, yet it is already attained. The surrender of Lee necessitates that of Johnston, and also of all other bodies of rebels now in arms against the lawful authority of the government. We have conquered. Our nation is, to-day, the most powerful nation upon the face of the earth.

1st. Because we have now a better disciplined army than any other power, and the broad ocean bears not upon its bosom a more gallant navy than ours. Whether upon land or sea our stars and stripes are borne upward by a power, invincible and irresistible.

2d. Because we have the means to pay every dollar of the debt we have made. It is, to-day, but little more than one-half as large as that of the first powers of Europe, and its entire extinguishment is only a question of time. With northern energy and enterprise, with our industry in the various departments of business, our commerce whitening the sea, our broad acres the Savannas of the west, inviting cultivation and capable of supplying the world with food, the increased emigration which the peace we have now will bring to our shores—with all these facilities of paying off our national debt, it must soon cease to exist.

3d. Because the moral courage we have gained in the strife will go far to prove us invincible in comparison with every other nation. Northern courage has conquered in a contest in which every other interest in the world was arrayed against us. In the darkest hour it has stood firm, yielding its blood and treasure at the call of patriotism and duty. Defeat has but rendered it more determined and disaster more willing for the sacrifice. In a just cause we may defy the world.

4th. Because slavery is abolished. Slavery that dark blot upon our fair fame is dead, dead. We stand a free people, redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled. We are men, all of us, not things. In the shape of men with hearts, souls, thoughts, passions, and affections, we are no longer chattels subject to the caprice of tyrants. We may no longer blush that our land is disgraced by a system that outrages reason and common sense, which strips a man of his manhood and thrusts him without the pale of humanity, and we may rejoice that no longer need our countrymen bow their heads in shame that they are American citizens.

Here, then, are so many reasons why we may consider ourselves so powerful a people, and in arriving at such conclusions we do not draw upon the imagination. Let the most sober and moderate among us seriously consider the circumstances under which we take this new lease of national life, and in the light of what is, and is most probable and likely to be, decide the question. While slavery lasted it would always be a drag upon our progress. The good God could never bestow his most beneficent smiles where his law was so openly transgressed. But now, imagination can but feebly express the high destiny which awaits us. Politically, commercially, and no doubt financially, we shall hold the balance of power. Gold, cotton, petroleum, iron, bread, are the great staples with which American labor is to supply the wants of the world. New York is our metropolis. Look north and south, look east and west, and where do you see an emporium commanding such facilities for growth, so many interests all centering there.—Where the city absorbing the trade of so vast an interior, and reaching that interior by such a system of communication, situated upon a coast line of tens of thousands of miles in extent, each mile paying its tribute, and receiving from it the production of every other mile on the globe? You see no where else such a world's center. Europe can furnish no rival in natural advantages. Her great emporiums are but the expressions of national interests, for although commerce has her general law of gravitation, yet that same law loses much of its force by the rivalry of distinct nationalities. London diverts trade from Paris, Amsterdam, and Hamburg; and they in turn from London. But New York has no competitor on the western continent. Had the rebellion succeeded, Charleston would have assumed a certain commercial importance—as it is, it will ever be but a suburb of New York.

Westward the star of empire takes its way. A hundred years will not pass before New York has a greater population than any other city upon the globe, and

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our political importance will keep pace with our population. The rebellion has swept from our path the only obstacle to our progress there was in it. Slavery not only finds in its quietude, but the pernicious doctrine of State rights is also exploded, and the pre-eminence of the Union established. No demagogue in search of political power and impelled by personal ambition will ever again dare to talk of State rights as a stepping stone to the popular consideration. That heresy is dead beyond the power of a thousand Calhouns and Davises to galvanize into spasmodic life. We are free from all southern heresies, we are free in heart and life, in soul and body. By the blessing of God we are free.

"Sound the loud timbral, &c." And what shall we say of those men who have taken their lives in their hands and gone forth to stem this torrent of anarchy and rebellion, that others no better than they might live and die in peace? Oh, here all language fails to express what should be our gratitude to those noble patriots who bared their bosoms to the shafts of battle, and said to an insolent foe, "strike here." They have conquered in a mightier warfare than, till now, the world has ever known. History has no parallel to their deeds, for history has no page on which is presented so vast a theatre for the red legions of war to occupy. Such great armies, such bloody battles, such important interests suspended on the issue, have not in modern times awakened the hopes and fears of men.

And not only the rank and file of our armies, but the leaders in this sanguinary strife, should, through all time, be endeared to our hearts by the liveliest emotions of gratitude and love. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Meade, are names that henceforth will take rank with the proudest and most renowned of ancient and modern war. During the last and closing year, each have enacted parts of a general plan, the consummate wisdom of which is now seen in the result. No part of the great circle which, in its slowly contracting progress was intended to crush the enemy in its centre, was left unexecuted. The end came—the great rebellion strangled and smothered in the folds of the Anaconda, gave up the ghost.

But what shall we do with Jefferson Davis if we catch him? Some magnanimous souls are already advocating his release from all the pains and penalties of his treason. Here is a man whose single will has occasioned the death of a round half million of innocent men; some by battle, some by fell disease, and a great many by absolute starvation in southern prisons. In the long list of those who have cursed the earth by their crimes and atrocities, who have cast a reproach upon humanity and exhibited the ferocity of demons, Jefferson Davis is chief. The slow murder of prisoners by starvation was a part of his cruel policy to deplete our armies, and a thousand, year, ten thousand northern wives and mothers will execrate his name and memory forever.

Treason is a more reprehensible crime than murder, because it reduces society to chaos and anarchy, it overturns all law and government, it lifts the hand of each man against the throat of his fellow, and the strongest bears sway over the weak. Into this black Gulf the personal ambition of Jefferson Davis plunged this nation, and although it has extracted itself from the horrible pit, yet it was his early, and late, and persistent effort, to confine it there. Ah, save such a dark spirit from the scaffold, whose hands are reeking in the blood drawn from hearts that once beat with good will to all men, with patriotism and love to their race, a love his sordid selfish soul never felt, and could never know. Save Jefferson Davis from the gallows! "angels and ministers of grace defend us."

Mr. REPORTER—The following statement was made in a prayer meeting in Camp Distribution, by Mr. J. W. Wood, who is a soldier in our army. It may interest at least some of your readers. The young soldier stepped out into the aisle and said: "The prayer meeting is a most interesting place to me, and especially so since I have been delivered in such a remarkable manner from the power of my enemies, for I think that none but God could have granted me such a deliverance.

"When the war first commenced, my father had warm friends in the South, and being offered a Generalship, he accepted it, and wished me to accompany him, which I refused to do. He threatened to disinherit me, and I told him I loved my country better than gold, and could not desert her in her hour of peril, and I left a home of opulence a penniless wanderer, and joined the army and went into the secret service of the United States.

"My mother taught me when a child to say, 'My Father,' and I learned to love my Mother's God, and I was willing to trust myself in his hands. I intend to be an honest man, but I did wear a disguise that I might render more efficient and valuable service to my country. I went by your lines, Yes! I went into their lines, and although I had some hairbreadth escapes, I was not detected until one evening as I was passing through the streets of St. Louis, I met several young persons, and you may judge of my surprise when one of them called me by name. I told

them probably they were mistaken in the person. They said no we are not. We know who you are. And they did know who I was, for they were my former associates, and I could not deceive them. They stepped into the house near by, and soon I was surrounded by Confederate soldiers, who ordered me to surrender, and I did not do anything else; and they seemed well pleased that they had a yankee spy in their power.

"I was very soon locked in prison, and in a cell 5 1/2 feet long, 5 1/2 high, and 2 1/2 wide, where I remained three months, and saw no light during the time. I was fed with bread and water twice a day, and being quite tall, as you see, I could not straighten my limbs during the time.

"At the same time 130 Union men were brought out and one of their number was to be burned alive. They cast lots, and the lot fell on an old man whose locks had been whitened by the frosts of more than seventy winters, and were as white as the driven snow, and fell gracefully down over his collar.

"Before being taken to the stake, prayer was offered, and oh! what a prayer meeting that was. Such earnest, sincere, heartfelt, agonizing prayer, very seldom ascends from mortals.

"Prayer over, the old man was led out, and a black man with him. Then they were bound back to back to the stake, their hands stretched out and a small chain was wound around them from their feet to their hands. Then brush was piled around them, oil poured on the brush, and then the fatal infernal match was applied, with words than infernal hands, and the flames instantly ascend in awfully majestic columns, and their fierce and lurid contortions seized the victims, and oh! what horrid shrieks rent the air. A few moments more and all was over with them.

To the remaining 129 was given the chance to take the oath of allegiance or die, and the instantaneous, unanimous reply was, we can never owe allegiance to a government which will tolerate such horrible crimes as that. We love the Union, and dear old flag, and then one by one they marched out and were shot.

"I was then placed on the scaffold, the rope adjusted about my neck, and the cap drawn over my eyes, and that was the happiest moment of my life. I thought in a few minutes I shall see mother, whom I loved as I do myself, and I shall see my Saviour, too, whom I love a great deal better than I do my mother or myself, and then all sin and sorrow, pain and anguish, will never mar the happiness which I felt confident I should forever enjoy. But hark! Who are those riding in such haste? Listen! Says one of them: 'I believe that is Joshua.' They came a little nearer; and Gen. Joe Johnson ordered the cap removed, and I confronted my father face to face.—It was an interesting moment. I was then sent back to the prison, but soon was put in an iron cage and exhibited as the Yankee spy who escaped hanging.

"But the officers who expected to hang me were not pleased with the idea of being deprived of the privilege of seeing a man who had been a great deal better than I do myself, and I shall see my Saviour, too, whom I love a great deal better than I do my mother or myself, and then all sin and sorrow, pain and anguish, will never mar the happiness which I felt confident I should forever enjoy. But hark! Who are those riding in such haste? Listen! Says one of them: 'I believe that is Joshua.' They came a little nearer; and Gen. Joe Johnson ordered the cap removed, and I confronted my father face to face.—It was an interesting moment. I was then sent back to the prison, but soon was put in an iron cage and exhibited as the Yankee spy who escaped hanging.

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"After being exhibited till they were satisfied, I was allowed to go out of the prison, and was sent to the outskirts of the city, on some pretended errand, which I always faithfully performed and immediately returned. One evening I came in and my keeper said to me: 'Wood, why don't you go away from here?' Said I, 'That would be forfeiting my word, and I consider my word when given, worth more than my neck.' Said he, 'If you will leave to-morrow we will consider it any violation of plighted faith.' The morrow came, and I left the prison forever. I wandered through the country and escaped detection until I was safely within our lines, and under the Stars and Stripes.

"I have told you this incident, my comrade soldiers, to show you how God can protect those who put their trust in Him. Come, put your trust in Him and you are safe."

Yours truly,
April 8, 1865. E. P. CORREY.

Why Jews are beautiful.—That a beautiful girl is a beautiful girl, is a fact that is not in dispute. The fact that the Jewish women are so much handsomer than the men of their nation.—He says Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The woman of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted in soothing him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment which she kept in a vessel of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewess. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living waters, and a compassionate judge of the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy woman accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices, and weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master." The reflection of some ray must rest upon the brow of the Jewess.

Selected Poetry.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing!
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us:
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing
Down war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ring
Bringing peace and freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning,
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The low-light lacks their faces,
The chorists wait their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister proudly doting
On the victories he won!
O maiden softly humming
The love song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home.

And yet—oh! keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark tomorrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empyrion's vault;
Wee! wee! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hope and believing
Thy we and I beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there the boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

Miscellaneous.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

By Mrs. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I would not condemn them so sweepingly, Robert, my boy."

Robert looked up in surprise, and the old father gave a meaning glance at his old wife, sitting opposite him, and chuckled amiably.

"What! do you mean to say, father, that you are in favor of runaway marriages?"

Robert looked at the earnest young man, and he had a exalted opinion of his vocation and of himself. He was accustomed to being listened to with much deference, and he by no means relished being laughed at. He got up and stalked out of the room with a most impressive tread and head considerably elevated. He was about equally puzzled and angry. The joyous ha! ha! of his dear old father's voice followed him as he strode away and made him somehow angrier. But angry at his parents! Surely that was wrong. He must go back and must humble himself to ask their forgiveness; he must not indulge in such sinful feelings a minute longer. So, without going into the garden, as he intended, he turned about and entered the room again.

His father and mother had never been ashamed to seem to love each other in the presence of their children. And now he found his mother, where he had often seen her before, sitting by his father's side, and listening with a well pleased smile to some very low-life talk. And she never looked so back as he must humble himself to ask their forgiveness; he must not indulge in such sinful feelings a minute longer. So, without going into the garden, as he intended, he turned about and entered the room again.

"Never mind, Bob," the father said, when his son, in a few hesitating but many words had signified the penitence for the anger he had displayed. "It is not strange for young people to believe their theories better than old people's experience. Your mother and I can readily forgive you for differing from us in opinion, especially as ours has the most substantial foundation, and has already withstood the tempests of well-nigh fifty years, though she had been a wife almost fifty years, and it was already planned to celebrate the golden wedding the following spring.

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hard to believe that this aged pair had signified the outset of their joint existence by an act which he, their son had just designated as "one of the insanest follies of which human beings are capable." He drew a long breath and sat down bewildered.

"I can hardly believe it yet, father," he said feebly.

"But it is true, nevertheless, my boy; and best you should be tempted to despise your parents—never mind depreciations—I'll tell you all about it. Sit still, mother you need not be ashamed to hear your youthful thoughts spoken of."

"Oh, Mr. Thorns! I never told any of our children. Do you think it best to tell Robert?"

"This was the most violent expostulation that good, gentle Mrs. Thorn ever uttered and after that, if Mr. Thorn signified that he did "think it best," she acquiesced placidly, perfectly satisfied that he must be right.

"How cruel you are, mother, to try to frighten father and prevent my hearing the story! I would not have thought of it, you!"

"This was an ancient household jest, to pretend to fancy the wild little woman frightening somebody, and putting the family in mortal terror for daring to dispute her will. It put them all in good humor with themselves and each other.

"Now, Bob," the old gentleman commenced again. I promised to stay, and immediately betook myself to the field.

"The Squire never alluded to what had occurred. He treated me much as he had done before, but I felt myself watched. It was very seldom that I could get access to Patty, and though living in the same house I was as effectually separated from her as though miles of space had intervened.

Matters went on this way all the summer. Occasionally we met for a few hurried words. But Patty's mother or her maiden aunt, were close upon her track at all times, and these hurried interviews only seemed to keep a faint ember of hope alive. Winter came, and I was again the teacher of the country school. But Patty was no longer my pupil. Her parents could not trust her so near me, and now we met more seldom than before. I began to feel sad and hopeless. What if she could be influenced by her parents and cease to love me? The few hurried words exchanged in our chance meetings hardly sufficed to keep the flame of hope burning. We both felt sad and disheartened. And so the months rolled on.

"Then suddenly there came to me rumors that old Dr. Tracy's son and heir, from Hadfield was often seen at Squire Evans'. Everybody said he was courting Patty, and some few professed to know that they would be married in the spring. I was in despair and I waylaid Patty on one of her visits to the village, and accused her of being false to me. For two winters I had taught school in the little log school-house on the hill, and all the summers I worked for one or other of the rich farmers in the neighborhood. This year I had hired out to Squire Evans for ten dollars a month.

"I guess you don't remember your grand-sire Evans do you Robert? He must have died before you were old enough to notice. Well he was Patty's father and counted a hard stern man, with gusty passions and given to harsh words if people or things displeased him. But Patty had been my scholar the two winters I had been teaching and I made up my mind that I could get along with her father for the sake of a closed with her offer and went there to live, though Deacon Thompson had offered me a dollar more a month.

"I should have been angry if any one held me a servant. I did not feel like one, nor was I treated as one. I sat at the same table and partook of the same food as my employers, and I was lodged as well as they. I retained my self respect and was respected by them. But still there was an intangible line of separation. In one sense I was acknowledged equal—labor did not degrade me; but poverty placed me lower in the social scale than the rich farmer and his family.

"Pretty Patty did not feel this, (you were pretty Patty then, you know, mother.) I think that in fact she really looked up to me. She had learned the trick of obedience as my pupil and she was as gentle and yielding then as I have always found her. It was not long before I found courage to tell my love and had the delight of listening to her confession that it was reciprocal. I felt a sort of indefinite fear of opposition but I did not imagine it of delay amount to more than a mandate of delay. That I thought myself prepared for. I must prepare a home and command the means of supporting a wife before I took one. We were both very young, and quite willing to wait till we could marry with comfortable prospects for the future.

"I, of course, had no thought of doing anything mean or secret. I went to the Squire the very next morning after the delectable summer evening that had witnessed the plighting vows, and, as the phrase went in those days 'asked his consent'. I remember this scene so well that it seems to appear tangibly before me as I speak—the great barn, with the fragrant hay piled high in the mows each side, and the Squire looking at this odorous wealth with a sort of grim exultation. Grain harvest was to commence next day, and I fancy he was wondering where to bestow the golden sheaves which, before the week's end, would be brought there. In truth, his barns were overflowing already.

"I disliked the task I had to perform, now that the time of it had come; but it must be done. And, after all, I reasoned, there could not be a more propitious time for the Squire in the best of humors. But there was the point of my mistake. The cause which put my employer in such a pleasant mood was the very one to prove most unfavorable to me. If I had more worldly-wise I should never have chosen that moment to propose my poor self as a son-in-law, of that rich man, exulting in his wealth. But I was young, and had never been taught in the hard school which degrades the honest man because of his poverty.

"So I cleared my throat, and went up to the Squire. 'What is it John?' he said quite pleasantly. 'Oh, directions for the day I suppose.' How I answered him I hardly remember, but I made him understand, at last, that it was his consent to

my marriage with his daughter that I asked for. And then what a change came over his face! What a towering passion he fell into! How he raved and scolded! And, finally, how fiercely he brandished the pitchfork as he drove me before its glittering points from the barn!

"I went to the house, hopeless and dismayed. Patty had been hanging near, and the tones of her father's voice, as well as some other words that had reached her ears left me nothing to tell. But she put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek, which she baptized with her tears; and then she tried to smile as she bade me good bye, and exhorted me to be of good courage. 'Father loves me better than anything in the world, and I think I can bring him round. Don't go home to your mother; to tell her would only be distressing her, but go into the field and to work. Father is short of hands, I heard him say this morning, and he will be more angry with you if you leave him now.'

"But," said I, 'he drove me out of the barn with the pitchfork, and ordered me never to show my face on the premises again.—And then Patty smiled up in my face and said 'Trust me, John, I know father better than you do, and I know that he don't really want you to leave. Can't you stay for my sake?'

"Very well the little minx knew that I would have done much more for her sake; and as much as I disliked to meet the Squire again I promised to stay, and immediately betook myself to the field.

"The Squire never alluded to what had occurred. He treated me much as he had done before, but I felt myself watched. It was very seldom that I could get access to Patty, and though living in the same house I was as effectually separated from her as though miles of space had intervened.

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"I went to the house, hopeless and dismayed. Patty had been hanging near, and the tones of her father's voice, as well as some other words that had reached her ears left me nothing to tell. But she put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek, which she baptized with her tears; and then she tried to smile as she bade me good bye, and exhorted me to be of good courage. 'Father loves me better than anything in the world, and I think I can bring him round. Don't go home to your mother; to tell her would only be distressing her, but go into the field and to work. Father is short of hands, I heard him say this morning, and he will be more angry with you if you leave him now.'

"But," said I, 'he drove me out of the barn with the pitchfork, and ordered me never to show my face on the premises again.—And then Patty smiled up in my face and said 'Trust me, John, I know father better than you do, and I know that he don't really want you to leave. Can't you stay for my sake?'

"Very well the little minx knew that I would have done much more for her sake; and as much as I disliked to meet the Squire again I promised to stay, and immediately betook myself to the field.

"The Squire never alluded to what had occurred. He treated me much as he had done before, but I felt myself watched. It was very seldom that I could get access to Patty, and though living in the same house I was as effectually separated from her as though miles of space had intervened.

Matters went on this way all the summer. Occasionally we met for a few hurried words. But Patty's mother or her maiden aunt, were close upon her track at all times, and these hurried interviews only seemed to keep a faint ember of hope alive. Winter came, and I was again the teacher of the country school. But Patty was no longer my pupil. Her parents could not trust her so near me, and now we met more seldom than before. I began to feel sad and hopeless. What if she could be influenced by her parents and cease to love me? The few hurried words exchanged in our chance meetings hardly sufficed to keep the flame of hope burning. We both felt sad and disheartened. And so the months rolled on.

"Then suddenly there came to me rumors that old Dr. Tracy's son and heir, from Hadfield was often seen at Squire Evans'. Everybody said he was courting Patty, and some few professed to know that they would be married in the spring. I was in despair and I waylaid Patty on one of her visits to the village, and accused her of being false to me. For two winters I had taught school in the little log school-house on the hill, and all the summers I worked for one or other of the rich farmers in the neighborhood. This year I had hired out to Squire Evans for ten dollars a month.

"I guess you don't remember your grand-sire Evans do you Robert? He must have died before you were old enough to notice. Well he was Patty's father and counted a hard stern man, with gusty passions and given to harsh words if people or things displeased him. But Patty had been my scholar the two winters I had been teaching and I made up my mind that I could get along with her father for the sake of a closed with her offer and went there to live, though Deacon Thompson had offered me a dollar more a month.

"I should have been angry if any one held me a servant. I did not feel like one, nor was I treated as one. I sat at the same table and partook of the same food as my employers, and I was lodged as well as they. I retained my self respect and was respected by them. But still there was an intangible line of separation. In one sense I was acknowledged equal—labor did not degrade me; but poverty placed me lower in the social scale than the rich farmer and his family.

"Pretty Patty did not feel this, (you were pretty Patty then, you know, mother.) I think that in fact she really looked up to me. She had learned the trick of obedience as my pupil and she was as gentle and yielding then as I have always found her. It was not long before I found courage to tell my love and had the delight of listening to her confession that it was reciprocal. I felt a sort of indefinite fear of opposition but I did not imagine it of delay amount to more than a mandate of delay. That I thought myself prepared for. I must prepare a home and command the means of supporting a wife before I took one. We were both very young, and quite willing to wait till we could marry with comfortable prospects for the future.

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