TERMS OF PUBLICATION

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otion to the paper.

st rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Griginal Poctry.

SUSQUEHANNA'S POET, ritten after reading Mrs. Scott's Poe

walk amid the scenes she loved With eves anointed new to see

and see in leafless branches cast Against the winter's boding sky. he beauty that withstands the blast-Fair Nature's perfect tracery;

Such marvellous blooms—such shapely leaves that shed their perfumes on the air in tangled meshes sweetness wears

Of stern grey stone, the bridge's piers, that binds the near to farther land, As memory connects the year.

To hours illumined by her face To music sweeter for her sighs ;

And like the precious withered flowers. That keep thro' years their odorous breath, fer sweet thoughts nourished in those hours Survive the claims of time and death.

That her sweet voice hath thrilled the air, nd loveliness more beautiful For eyes—"the homes of earnest prayer."

he silver sweep of a mighty stream, And the islands in its wave. re lovelier for the poet's dream, And holier for her grave.

Selected Tale.

THE PAINTER OF ROTTERDAM.

BY MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

little distance from Schiedam, on the done nothing of the kind. But do you think that—that she would have me?"

hild I was, cherished one dream of ambition, ortunately, my own tastes led me to parpate; they wanted me to become a paint-Let me but see a picture of Frank inden in the gallery of Rotterdam," said ny father, "and I shall die happy." So, at urteen years of age, I was removed from hool, and placed in the classes of Messer Kesler, an artist living at Delft. Here I roade such progress that by the time I had eached my nineteenth birthday I was transtered to the stellar of Herrican and the stellar of Herrican and the stellar of the ste tered to the atelier of Hans van Roos, a scendant of the celebrated family of that Van Roos was not more that thirty ight or forty years of age, and had already ired considerable reputation as a paintof potraits and sacred subjects. ras an altar-piece of his in one of our finhurches; his works had occupied the of honor for the past six years at the mual exhibition; and for portraiture he abered among his patrons most of the of thy merchants and burgomasters of Indeed, there would be no ques-

domestic expenditure, and liberal to the This every one could tell you, and

ne knew more. ne number of his pupils was limited to th each other during the day ked almost like some stern old

sive, and we were all happier out of his all the winter; and when spring time came None of us resided under his I sent it in, with no small anxiety as to its I had a second floor in a neighboring probable position upon the walls of the galand two of my fellow-students occupied rooms in the same house. We used meet at night in each other's chambers, old houses with their gable and carved and make excursions to the exhibitions and theatres; and sometimes on a summer's evening, we would hire a pleasure-boat and canal flowing down the centre of the street, ow for a mile or two down the river. We the white draw-bridge, with a barge just were merry enough then, and not quite so passing underneath, the green trees deep silent, I promise you, as in the gloomy stu-

excelled those of the other five. My taste did not incline to the sacred subjects, like

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picting scenes of this nature-

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale, The willow-tuffed bank, the gliding sail—

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

that of Van Roos, but rather to the familiar said that it deserved a good position. He slow pace, and, like Penelope's web, seemed with the terrible energy of one who strugrural style of Berghem and Paul Potter. It was my great delight to wander along the on a more ambitious scale and a larger canrich pasture-lands; to watch the amber vass than usual. It was a sacred subject, at that time, for I was hard at work upon folding rocked beneath our feet. At length sunset, the herds going home to the dair, and represented the Conversion of St. Paul. my new landscape; and I was struck by I saw his strength failing. Suddenly

I was singularly fortunate. My master never praised me by word or look; but of other students, waiting impatiently be-when my father came up one day from fore the yet unopened door. When I arwhen my father came up one day from fore the yet unopened door. Schiedam to visit me, he drew him aside rived it wanted an hour to the time, but being finished. and told him, in a voice inaudible to the half the day seemed to elapse before we rest, that "Messer Franz would do credit heard the heavy bolts give way inside, and to the profession;" which so delighted the good distiller that he straightway took me barriers. I had flown up the staircase, and out with him for the day, and having given found myself in the first room before I reme fifteen gold pieces as a testimony of his membered that I should have purchased a satisfaction, took me to dine with his friend It was an however, to go back for it; so I strode eventful dinner to me. On that evening I | round the room, looking eagerly for my pic-Few people, I think, would at that time passed on to the next. Here my search very sorry

was unsuccessful. myself, " where all the best works are of it placed! Well, if it be hung ever so high, or in ever so dark a corner, it is, at all events an honor to have one's picture in the events an honor to have one's picture in the events an honor to have one's picture in the events an honor to have one's picture in the events an honor to have one's picture in the events an honor to have one's picture in the events an honor to have one's picture in the events and honor to have one events a third room !"

she sang some sweet German songs of her own simple accompaniment. We talked of with a sinking heart I ventured in. I could books and of poetry. I found her well read not really hope for a good place among the magnates of the art; while in either of the other rooms there had been a possibility that my picture might receive a tolerable position As we took our leave at night, the bur-

The house had formerly been the mangomaster shook me warmly by the hand, and told me to come often. I fancied that sion of a merchant of enormous wealth, who had left it with his valuable collection of paintings, to the state. The third room had been the reception-chamber and the pace over the magnificent carved changes, was assigned, as the place of honor, to the The painter of this picture There was so odd a difference in the way the hoginning and end space over the magnificent carved chimney best painting. The painter of this picture I dreaming? I stood still-I turned hot him full in the face. He was as smiling and cold by turns-I ran forward. It was and impenetrable as a marble statue. And there, too, was the official card stuck end of the Haring-vilet ?" in the corner, with the words "PRIZE PAINT-ING," printed upon it in shining gold letters. | ing, but had not been inside. I ran down the staircase and bought a catthe confirmation of this joy; and there, sure tions. tired of looking at my. picture. I walked give me your opinion upon them?" from one side to the other, I retreated, I advanced closer to it, I looked at it in every possible light, and forgot all but my hap-

Sir!" I faltered, "I-I-marry the Frau-"A very charming little painting, sir," said a voice at my elbow.

It was an elderly gentleman, with gold spectacles and an umbrella. I colored up ders," he said, smiling. "People will come ther, curtly, stopping short in his walk and leaning both hands upon the top of his and said falteringly :

"Why not, sir?" repeated my father, very "Do you think so?" "I do, sir," said the old gentleman. "I art, like a sign-painter, in the presence of thy, we enjoyed the means of procuring better? The young lady is handsome, good am an amateur—I am very fond of pictures. every blockhead who chooses to stand and tempered, educated, rich. Now, Franz, if I presume that you are also an admirer of stare at me."

> I bowed. nice," he continued, as he wiped his glasses and adjusted them with the air of a connoisseur. "Water very liquid, colors pure, sky transparent, perspective admirable.

buy it."
"Will you?" I exclaimed, joyfally. "Oh, ter would be as well pleased as myself; and thank you, sir !"

'Oh," said the old gentleman, turning suddenly upon me and smiling kindly, " you are the artist, are you? Happy to make your acquaintance, Messer Linden. picture as that. I congratulate you, sir;

So we exchanged cards, shook hands. and became the best friends in the world. I was burning with impatience to see Gertrude, and tell her all my good fortune; but my new patron took my arm, and said that | coal upon their intended site. he must make the tour of the rooms in my company; so I was forced to comply.

We stopped before a large painting that ccupied the next best situation to mine ; it was my master's work, the Conversion of While I was telling him of my studies in the atelier of the painter, a man started from before us, and glided away but not before I had recognized the pale without once daring to look down. countenance of Van Roos. There was something in the expression of his face that counted the first pale stars that trembled dark eyes and the quivering passion of his at he had loved, been accepted, and on last a time still happier, when, one still lip haunted me for the rest of the day, and but it had effectually sobered my exulta tion. I dreaded, next day, to return to the studio; but to my surprise, my master relaid her fair head upon my shoulder with a ceived me as he had never received me be- abominable perch. fore. He advanced, and extended his hand burgomaster readily sanctioned our betro-

"Welcome Franz Linden" he said smil-The hand was cold, the voice was harsh, here to the church below." the smile was passionless. My compan ions crowded round, and congratulated me: ful voices, and the close pressure of their musingly, "a hundred and eighty feet, friendly hand, I forgot all that had troubled dare say-perhaps two hundred.

me in the manner of Van Roos. Not long after this event. Gertrude's faconsole him for her absence, he said, when est skull would be dashed to atoms on the I should be so wicked as to take her away marble down there." from him. I recommended my old master, whose tutelage I had recently left; and Van Roos was summoned to fulfill a task that I would gladly have performed had it been in my power to do so. But portrait- "Does it? Fool!" he cried, as he seized ure was not my line. I could paint a sleek, me round the body in his iron clasp—"fool, spotted milch cow, or a drove of sheep, far to trust yourself here with me-me whom better than the fair skin and golden curls you have wronged, whose life you have

of my darling Gertrude. of no use; and she used to say, at the end | time has come." of every such conversation, that she wished she could help loving me. So our argu- my head.

ments always ended with a kiss.

passage of the public terckschuyt.* In de to be his master-piece, and the artist was There was a light in his eye, and a vibra-fell. evidently of our opinion.

The day of exhibition came at last. I tion in his voice, that I had never observed before; and when he rose to take leave he had age of silence seemed to elapse, and the cold days stood appropriate to the last of the la had scarcely slept the previous night, and there was a studied courtesy to his bow cold dews stood upon my brow. Presently

> It all came out at last, and one morning Hans Nan Roos made a formal offer of his then forced our way through the narrow hand and heart. Of course he was refused. catalogue at the door. I had not patience because he seemed to feel it so deeply. And ling hands and missy eyes, I unlocked it -and you don't know how dreadfully white and rushed into the street. he turned, and how he tried to restrain his ture. It was nowhere to be seen, and I tears. I pitied him Franz, indeed, I was

And the gentle creature could scarcely "It must be in the third room," I said to keep from weeping herself as she told me

to my surprise, for the second time in his But, though I spoke so bravely, it was life he held out his hand.

" A good day to you, Messer Linden," "I hear that you are on the high road to fame and fortune."

present proficiency to the hours spent in so we thought we could not do better than your atelier"

"If I thought that," said he hastily, "I

always received a costly prize, for which he in which he uttered the beginning and end was likewise indebted to the munificence of the founder. To this spot my eyes were sion in the first half, such deliberate politenaturally turned as I entered the door. Was ness in the last, that I started and looked

no illusion. There was my picture, my own picture, in its little modest frame, in- after a mement's pause. "Have you seen "I, too, have been fortunate," he said, stalled in the chief place of the gallery! the new church lately built near the east

I replied that I had observed it in pass-

"I have been intrusted," he said, "with alogue, that my eyes might be gladened by the superintendence of the interior decora-My 'Conversion of St. Paul' is purenough, was printed at the commencement, chased for the altar-piece, and I am now en-"Annual Prize Painting -- View of Rotten gaged in painting a series of frescoes upon dam, No. 127--Frank Linden." I was never the ceiling. Will you come in one day, and

I professed myself much flattered, and appointed to visit him in the church on the following morning. He was waiting for me at the door when I arrived, with the heavy keys in hiis hand. We passed in,

into the church if I leave the doors unfastened, and I do not choose to carry on my

It was surprising in what a disagreeable manner this man showed his teeth when he My heart is heavy, my heart is bold,

The church was a handsome building, in the Italian style which imitates the antique, and prefers grace and magnificence the dignified sanctity of the Gothic order. Corinthian columns supported the roof at each side of the nave; gilding and decorative cornices were lavished in every direction: the gorgeous altar-piece already occupied its appointed station; and a little to the left of the railed space where the communion table was to be placed, a lofty You are a very young man to paint such a scaffolding was erected, that seemed, from where I stood, almost to come in contact with the roof, and above which I observed the yet unfinished sketch of a masterly fresso. Three or four more, already completed were stationed at regular intervals, and some others were merely outlined in char-

Will you not come up with me?" asked the painter, when I had expressed my admiration sufficiently; "or are you afraid of turning giddy ?"

I felt somewhat disinclined to impose this trial upon my nerves, but still more disinclined to confess it; so I followed him up from flight to flight of the frail structure

At last we reached the summit; as I had supposed, there was not even room enough shocked me—something that stopped my for the artist to assume a sitting posture, breath, and made me shudder. What was and he had to paint while lying on his it? I scarcely knew; but the glare of his back. I had no fancy to extend myself on this lofty couch; so I only lifted my head above the level of his flooring, looking at came back again in my dreams. I said the fresco, and descended immediately to nothing of it to Gertrude that afternoon, the flight below, where I waited till he re-

"How dangerous it must be," said I shuddering, "to let yourself down from that

"I used to think so, at first," he replied, but I am now quite accustomed to it. Fancy," said he, approaching close to the edge of the scaffolding, "fancy falling from "Horrible?" cried I.

"I wonder how high it is from the level harpooning the meat and vegetables. and in the warm tones of their young, cheer- of the pavement," continued Van Roos

I drew back, giddy at the thought. ther desired to have her portrait painted, to the painter, still looking over. "The thick- under, started with two of his neighbors.

head swims at the very idea."

"Does it?" said he, turning suddenly

It sickens me even now to recall that He strove to tear me from it.

the lazy wind-mills, and the calm, clear wa- His pupils admired it warmly, and none the change that had come over my late loosed my hold, and threw my whole weight ters of the canals, scarcely ruffled by the more than myself. We all pronounced it master. He was no longer the same man. upon him. He staggered, he shricked, he

> the early morning found me, with a number of other students, waiting impatiently bestill the portrait was as far as ever from over. A shapeless mass was lying on the marble pavement, and all around it was red with blood. I think an hour must have elapsed before I could summon courage to descend. When,

"But as kindly as was possible, dear at length I reached the level ground, I Franz," she said, when she told me in the turned my face from what was so near my evening, "because he is your friend, and feet, and tottered to the door. With tremb-

from the brain fever broughton by that terrible day. My ravings, I have been told, were fearful; and had any doubt existed in the minds of men as to which of us two had been the guilty one, those ravings were I did not see Van Roos for some months alone sufficient to establish my innocence. speak the truth. By the time I was able to leave my chamber, Gertrude also had grown pale and spiritless, and all unlike her mer self. Rottendam was insupportable to i me. I found myself a hero of romance-a lion-a thing to be stared at wherever I "I have been very prosperous, Messer Van Roos," I replied, taking the proffered hand. "But I never forget that I owe my air and scene was recommended for us both; marry, and take our wedding tour for the A peculiar expression flitted over his sake of our healths. And I assure you, reader, it did us both a great deal of good.

THE OLD STORY.

My heart is chilled and my pulse is low, But often and often will memory go, Like a blind child lost in a waste of snow Back to the days when I loved you so,

I sit here, dreaming through and through,

The blissful moments I shared with you-The sweet, sweet days when love was new When I was trustful and you were true-The beautiful days, but few. Blest or wretched, fettered or free.

Why should I care how your life may be, Or whether you wander on land or sea? I only know you have been ruin to me Ever and hopelessly. Oh! how often at day's decline.

looked from my window upon thine, To see from your lattice the lamp light shine Type of message that, half divine,-Flashed from your heart to mine

The roses sleep by the old garden wall-The night-bird has ceased his madrigal, And hear again through the sweet air fall The evening vesper call. But summer will vanish and years will wane,

Once more the starlight is silvering all

And bring no light to your window pane, Nor gracious sunshine, or patient rain, Will bring other love to your life again-Nor call up the past in vain.

I watch no longer your curtain's fold, The window is dark and the night is cold, Is the story forever told?

CHINAMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A California letter has the following : Queer chaps these Chinamen are, and queer customs they have. In one corner of the peal to its delinquents by this touching appeal : "We must dun or we must be done." book upside down, and after the manner of his country, grinning like a chimpanzee over hieroglyphics that look like bunches of black radishes. He understands it all, though, and probably finds that style of literature very funny. I attended the Chines dinner which was given to Colfax, ate with chop-sticks, swallowed a little of each of the hundred and eighty-nine courses that that constituted the repast. We sat down at six sharp, and got through at one prompt Yes, I ate boiled bambo, and stewed whale bone-which perhaps may be styled the spring vegetables of the Chinese-sharks' fins, birds' nests, and other delicacies too recuperative to mention. By way of dessert they have pickled cucumber and melon seeds, and all manner of sweet things. Taken as a whole, however, I don't think I should like a steady course of Chinese diet. though the tea which they gave us was of a most wonderful flavor. It was served up without sugar or cream, and cost \$50 pound, wich is perhaps the reason why they did not ask us to take a second cup. would have been amused could you have seen each guest making frantic attempts to get something into his mouth with the op sticks. Try to eat with knitting nee dles, and you will have some idea of the difficulty of the feat. If I were a boardinghouse-keeper I think I'd ring them in upon my boarders to use instead of knives and forks. A little hash would go a won- shovel. derful great way with them. I flanked the ifficulty by taking hold of anything with them by sharpening mine off at the end and

HE WADED .- It was election day, and Grimes having assisted on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and the absorption 'No man could survive such a fall," said of about as much old rye as he could walk who were in the same state of elevation, to printers are so agreeable to nice young ladies, is make their way down to their homes. They make their way down to their homes. They "Pray, come away," said I, hastily. "My had to cross Brandywine Creek by a footbridge constructed of a single log thrown across, and hewn flat on the upper side, but without any hand rail to aid in the transit. There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs in crossing; but with our party it was felt not to be devoid of difficulty "under existing circumstances." blasted-me whom you have crossed in However the creek must be crossed. Grime's She could not endure the artist from the fame and in love. Down, wretch, down! two friends took the lead and with much first. In vain I reasoned with her-all was I've vowed to have your blood, and my swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the farther side. It was now Grimes' turn to face the music, and making the portrait were finished, and that she could no more help disliking him then, than had sprung back and seized a beam above one-third of the way over, when a loud one-third of the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was He foamed at the mouth; the veins rose overboard. Emerging from the water, it But this portrait took a long time. Van Roos was in general a rapid painter; yet though I felt my wrists strained and my Gertrude's likeness progressed at a very fingers cruelly larcerated—still I held on deliberation, "I guess I'll wade."

No man can be witty when he wants to, and her son. White his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not devel he is needy. Her affection flows from a pure fountain, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ,

NUMBER 36.

BIGOTRY murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost. Poor consolation to us survivors that "the

When we think of good, angels are silent;

hen we do it they rejo A distinguished teacher defines genius to be the power of making efforts.

THUNDER threatens but never strikes. The

Hogs have an excellent ear for musicbut it takes a dog to pitch the tune. The best government is that in which the

law speaks instead of the lawyer. MOTHER.-What comfort there is in the name which gives assurance of a love that can nei-ther change or fail.

The remains of a bachelor who "burst into tears" at reading a description of married life, has been found.

It was many months before I recovered There iz men ov so much learning impidence that the wouldn't hesitate to critisize the song of a bird.

Most of the shadows that cross the pathway in life are caused by standing in our own light. No snow falls lighter than the snow of

Domestic magazines—Wives who are al-cays blowing up their husbands. Age is venerable in man, and would be

woman-if she ever became old. When a man passes a day without reflection, he might well exclaim at night "I fear I have corn) left by the locusts, and the night bedone something wrong.

A Coquette uses her lover like a boquet carries him about a certain time for amusement, or show, and then quietly picks him to pieces.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other but is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

"What a fool !" said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff. Davis; "of the men would all run after him if he was as a woman, and he was sure to be caught.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vel, dis is a ting vot I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems

"What is colonizing, ma?" queried a hopeful miss of seventeen. "Colonizing, my dear," replied her mother, "is having a home, and raising a family." "Oh! ma, how I would like to colonize!" exclaimed the expectant daughter.

about to marry, that it was a remarkable case of

the triumph of hope over experience "Time works wonders," as the lady said

ling those of the corn.

A Boy entered a stationery store the oth-

He who indulges his sense in any exces- they were there. ses renders himself obnoxious to his own reason, and to gratify the brute in him displeases the man,

the olive trees in these mountains have all and sets his two natures at variance "How is it, my dear, that you have never the soil is so thickly covered with thes kindled a flame in the bosom of any man?" so an old lady to her pretty niece. To which the you lady replied, "The reason, dear aunt, is as you w know, that I am not a good match."

whose house an itinerant preacher was passing the night, who, when bed time came and family prayters were suggested, in searching for a fible final, ers were suggested, in searching for a fible final. ers were suggested, in searching for a Bible, finally produced a couple of torn leaves of the good book, with the naive remark, "I didn't know I was time. so near out of Bibles.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very drunk: "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine cellar into a book saller."

"I want to buy a sewing machine," said an old lady, entering a shop. "Do you wish for a machine with a feller?" inquired the clerk. "Sakes, no; don't want any of your fellers about me." "JANE, has that surly fellow cleared off

the snow from the pavement?" "Yes, sir." "Did he clear it off with alacrity?" "No, sir; with a An Irisman was about to marry a South-

ern girl for her property. "Will you take this wo-man for your wedded wife?" said the minister.— "Yes, your reverence, and the nagers, too." A Yankee being asked by a Southerner

why Yankees always say "I guess," while the Southern people say "I reckon," gave the follow-ing explanation: "That a Yonkee could guess as well as a Southerner could reckon. OUR "devil" says, the reason why the School in Detroit, a few Sundays since, was

Wно was the first jockey ?--Adam, for he

was the Father of the Race.

Why is an cruptive disease an advantage to a man in jail?—Because when he gets it he to a man in jail?—Because when he gets it he this country?" evidently intending to see

day brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride and has not since been heard from. One of our exchanges praises an egg, which it says was "laid on our table," by Rev. Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith seems to be a layman as wel

as a minister.

What is that process by which twenty yoman, assembled in one room, can be made equal-y handsome at the same moment?—Putting out

No man can be witty when he wants to,

THE PLAGUE OF LOUUSTS-SINGULAR

A letter dated at Jaffa, Palestine, June 20th, describes a visitation of locusts as

follows: In April last we twice observed large dark clouds, resembling smoke, moving to and fro as if swayed by the wind. One morning these clouds came down and proved to be locusts, so great in number that the whole land was covered with them. The grain at that time was full in ear and nearly ripe, but the locusts did not touch it, or any other vegetation. Soon after, how-ever, it was observed that they buried themselves in the soil and there deposited their innumerable eggs. The Arabs and peasants saw the approaching mischief, and went through the lands in thousands digging for these eggs; they succeeded to certain degree, and destroyed incredible numbers with water and fire, but all their efforts had very little effect.

About the middle of May small black creatures, at a distance resembling large ants, were observed accumulating in large heaps throughout the country, and a few days after they had been thus seen they began to leap, and manifested the coming calamity and invasion of the fearful army, as described so emphatically in Joel ii. The people now began to sweep them together and bury or burn them in ditches dug for the purpose. But all to little or no effect; and so they grew a little larger the effect of their multitude began to be seen, and the coming catastrophe could not be mistaken. The roads were covered with them, all marching in regular lines, like armies of soldiers, with their leaders in front, and all the opposition of man to arrest their progress was in vain.

They first consumed the plantations around Ramleh, Lydda and the smaller villages near them, and entering the towns and villages consumed the victuals, etc., in the market and streets, by degrees forcing themselves into the houses and covering the walls outside as well as inside. It seems that everything which is moistened by their saliva is poisoned, for the cattle that feed on the remnants which are left all die. I myself saw fifty oxen dead in the village of Delta, Daggon and Zaffarish that fore last twenty more died from the same

About two weeks ago they were seen to a fearful extent all around Jaffa, but still without wings. The town for several days appeared forsaken; all shops were shut, all siness suspended. Almost all the inhabitants had gone out to destroy and drive away the invading army; they made tremendous ditches and buried and burned countless myriads, but, as before, all in vain, for the more they destroyed the more seemed to arise from hiding places, and as they grew in size the more they seemed to grow in multitude, and toward the east from here they covered the ground for miles and miles to the height of several inches. As their wings are still too small to enable them to visit the several hundred gardens within the cultivated part of the district of "My dear Nicholas," said Lord Strang- Jaffa, they have hitherto confined their deford, "I am very stupid this morning; my brains are all going to the dogs." "Poor dogs!" replied his friend. every green leaf, vegetable, tree and even Dr. Johnson said of a widower who was bout to marry, that it was a remarkable case of these beautiful gardens look like birch tree forests in winter.

Our garden was one of the first attacked. when she got married after an eight years' court-ship.

Our galden was we saw the destructive host advancing; all our farm servants, as Ir was the custom of an old lady who well as some hired laborers, were employed formerly entertained travelers, before her guests commenced a meal to ask a blessing, which she generally concluded in this wise: "Make us truly thankful for the food before us. Nancy, hand around the corn bread first, and then the biscuit afterward. Amen." Who can doubt the word of God when we have these doubt the word of God when we have these A physician, who is a truly pious man, evidences before our eyes? True, our men A physician, who is a truly pious man, was speaking in a prayer meeting lately of the duty of impressing the idea of salvation upon those near death, and of a physician's opportunities in this way, and made use of the following language: For my own part, I am never called to see a patient without feeling delighted to learn that he is prepared to die."

Evidences before our eyes: True, our incursion without no sooner had they passed the men than they closed again, and marched forward through hedges and ditches, as if united by some mysterious power, causing them to open before man and to close again as soon as FLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not they passed him. On the 14th instant they ad of tick- forced their way into the garden, defying all human efforts to prevent them, and in "No pains will be spared," as the quack less than a day the whole garden, an extent said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of eight acres, was covered with them, and of the rheumatism. the trees, to the number of three thousand Daniel Webster used to say that the word as well as every other green leaf, with the would, in Rufus Choat's hand writing, resembled a small gridiron struck by lightning.

exception of the palm trees and the prickly pear hedges, were stripped. hedges, were stripped.

Whether eating or drinking, reading or writing, or lying awake in bed (for it is impossible to sleep) one hears the noise of armed hosts as of the running of many wa er day and asked the proprietor what kind of pens he sold. "All kinds," was the reply. "Well then I'll about you. At meals I am kept busy drivtake three cents' worth of pig-pens." Why are the Southern negroes now like away from the bread as many will jump in United States bonds?—Because they are non-taxto the sugar basin, or even into my tea,
able property; and because they are a burden upon
the poor white men. our very clothes, without our having known News has just reached us from Nablons:

been stripped, and near the river Oudge said creatures that many of the animals led there to drink refuse to pass on. Another letter of a later date says that they are in no wise decreasing, rather the A good story is told of a Methodist, at opposite. Every native inhabitant has

those who do not are fined £1 sterling each

HURRAH !- The exclamation of "Hurrah!" Why, which is so powerfully sounded through the air wherever bravery, courageous audacity and energy are intended to be praised is a slavonic term meaning in English "to the Paradise " The origin of the word is derived from the primeval idea that eve ery man that dies as a hero for his country will forthwith be trensferred to Heaven. During the heat of fighting and the struggle of a battle the combatants will sing out this call with the same religious feelings as the Turks cry their "Allah" The Hurrah will fill every warrior with enthusi-asm, inspiring him with the hope of instantly receiving the heavenly reward for his

> A LEADING democrat with pretty strong opinions, who superintends a Sabbath discoursing to his classes of the Israelites and the enemies they encountered in the nation of Moabites, when, by way of illustra-

how much his little auditors knew about THE man who "took a walk" the other the rebellion. "Yes, sir!" responded a bright little six

year old. "Who, my son?" queired the gratified superintendent.
"The Copperheads," responded the boy.

The illustration was not any further pressed on that occasion. A WRITER beautifully remarks that a man's

mother is the representative of his Maker. Mis-fortune and mere crime set no barriers between her

Merchants and others, advertising their busines be charged \$20. They will be entitled to 4

nfined exclusively to their business, with ilege of change.

OB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fandone with neatness and dispatch. Hand-Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every vaand style, printed at the shortest notice. The TER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power es, and every thing in the Printing line can outed in the most artistic manner and at the

For the Bradford Reporter.

BY EMMA 8. STILWELL he glory that enfoldeth all-

and leafless stems in fancy bear

he sun breaks thro' the leaden pall And greets the river of her love. That mocks the season's chilling thrall And mirrors clear the rift above.

dim the paths our minds retrace, As looking back with longing eyes,

November, 1865.

My father was a trader and distiller at edam, on the Maas, Without being energetically. "What could you wish for social comfort. We gave and receivisits from a few old friends, we went I thought you had been such a fool as to art?" nally to the theatre, and my father form any other attachment without

But my father and mother, whose only humoredly, as he resumed my arm.

n that my master was rapid y acquiring rising moon that tipped the masts and city fortune commensurate with his popular-Still he was not a cheerful man. It was hispered by the pupil that he had met into light. a disappointment early in lifeeve of marrige was rejected by the lady evening, as we sat alone, conversing in una more wealthy suitor. He came from frequent whispers, and listening to esland in the north of Holland, when a beating of each other's hearts, I told Gerry young man. He had always been the trude that I loved her; and she, in answer, gloomy, pallid, labor-loving citizen. He was a rigid Calvanist. He was sparing sweet confidence, as if content to rest for

ix. He kept us constantly at work, and until I had at ained my twenty fifth year carcely permitted us to exchange a word It was a long time to wait; but I sh re among us so silently, with the light om above pouring down upon his pallid and becoming absorbed in the somber s of his long black dressing-gown, he protrait . To tell the truth we were all somewhat afraid of him. Not that he assumed ny undue authority; on the contrary, he lip-garden told the passage of our golden stately, silent, and frigidly polite; but hours. In the meantime I worked seduis politeness had in it something oppres-

o, of Hans van Roos.

In the meantime, I was anxious to glean | St. Lawrence rising beyond against the clear warm sky. When it was quite finishevery benefit from my master's instructions. ed and about to be sent away, even Hans aproved rapidly, and my paintings soon van Roos nodded a cold encouragement and

have denied the personal attractions of Gertrude von Gael; yet I do not know that it was so much her features as her soft voice and womanly grace that fascinated me .-Though so young, she performed the honors

judgment and enthusiasm.

an income at my death.

"And he is rich."

ously.
"Marry her, Franz."

lein von Gael?"

walking-stick.

"So I should suppose."

sir," I replied.

ed what would come next.

oldest friends," said my father.

of her father's princely table with self-pos-

session and good breeding. In the evening

in English, French and German literature.

We spoke of art; and she discovered both

Gertrude's blue eyes brightened when he

said it, and I felt the color rush quickly to

once more in the street, "how old are you?"

surprised at the question.
"You will not be dependent on you

brush, my boy," continued my father, as he

leaned upon my arm and looked back at

the lofty mansion we had just left. "I

ful; and it will be my pride to leave you

I inclined my head in silence and wonder

"Burgomaster von Gael is one of my

"I have often heard you speak of him,

"Gertrude will have a fine fortune," said

my father, as if thinking aloud.

I bowed again, but this time rather nerv-

I dropped his arm and started back.

"And pray, sir, why not?" said my fa-

"Oh, sir, you do me injustice! I have

Try her, Franz," said my father, good-

am not very much mistaken, the burgomas

as for the fraulein-women are easily won."

the inn where my father was to sleep for

the night. As he left me his last words

sion, built of red brick, and situated upon

the famous line of houses known as the

Boompjes. In front fay the broad river

covered with merchant-vessels, from whose

mast fluttered the flags of all the trading

nations of the world. Tall trees, thick with

foliage, lined the quay, and the sunlight

flickered through the leaves upon the space

ous drawing rooms of Gertrude's home.

Here, night after night, when the studies

of the day were over. I used to sit with her

beside the open window, watching the busy

crowd beneath, the rippling river, and the

spires with silver. Here we read together

from the pages of our favorite poets, and

It was a happy time. But there came at

ever. Just as my father had predicted, the

thal, specifying but one condition, and this

was that our marriage should not take place

by that time, perhaps, have made a name

in my profession. I intended soon to send

a picture to the annual exhibition-and

who could tell what I might not do in three

years to show Gertrude how dearly I loved

the quaint old dial in Messer von Gael's tu-

lously at my picture. I labored upon it

ery. It was a view in one of the streets

door-ways, and the red sunset glittering

on the panes of the upper windows : the

in shadow, and the spire of the Church of

Rotterdam There were the the high

"Try her, Franz-try her."

We had by this time reached the door of

have been neither wasteful nor unsuccess

"Just twenty-two, sir," I replied, rather

my brow as I bowed and thanked him. Franz," said my father, when we were

the burgomaster, Von Gael.