The REPORTER is published every Thursday Morning, by E. O. GOODRICH, at \$2 per annum, in ad-

ADVERTISEMENTS exceeding fifteen lines are inserted at TEN CENTS per line for first insertion and FIVE CENTS per line for subsequent insertions Special notices inserted before Marriages and Deaths, will be charged FIFTEEN CENT. per line for ach insertion All resolutions of Associations communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of Marriages and Deaths exceeding five are charged TEN CENTS per line.

| 1 Year. 6 mo. 3 mo. 3 mo. | 1 Year. 6 mo. 3 mo. 3 mo. | 1 Year. 6 mo. 3 mo. Merchants and others, advertising their business

will be charged \$20. They will be entitled to a n, confined exclusively to their business, with

Advertising in all cases exclusive of subription to the paper.

B PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fans, done with neatness and dispatch. Hand-Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every vaety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER OFFICE has just been re-fitted with Power sses, and every thing in the Printing line can cuted in the most artistic manner and at the owest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

# Original Poctry.

For the Reporter. PASSED ON

BY W. G. S.

The house is still, dear sister, And a line of care has passed Across your pure white forehead, Since I have kissed it last; and ever as evening shadows creep thwart the hall, you sit and weep-There's a pain in your heart, my sister, A thought that is sad as the sorrow deep.

The day goes darkly by, for the eyes that made your sunlight Neath the myrtle blossoms lie; The spring buds break and the roses bloom, And you hear the lark from your lonely room, And you loved them all, my sister, But you cannot smile with a soul of gloom.

You sing no more, dear sister, The rose-red lips that made Soft prattle-music near you, With your other loves is laid; Where the oak trees sigh and the violets hide, Are three little graves ranged side by side, And you loved them so, my sister, That you cannot sing since your treasures died.

But sing me the sweet refrain That your Granville and Frank and Walter, May never hear again; When the tempests rage and the whirlwinds moan,

Think not that they are under the cold, gray stone, Three cherubs have passed on, my sister To welcome you up to God's throne!

# Selected Tale. THE MINISTER'S SANDY AND JESS.

I .- WHAT SANDY WAS TO BE.

Sandy, Mr. Stewart the minister of Cloenford's only son, was to be a minister th wagged their heads in the pulpits behim. Second-sight had seen him in a

wore long-clothes and bibs. With the great end in view, many a day v came in fear and trembling from g bour-tree mills on the Hare Water, n the minister's little brown bed-

his fate at a Woodend subscription ball, tedded with dogroses and honeysuckle

dance a step himself. her bedroom scrupulously free for 'his ent with the family at "the worship," flars and the meetings of Presbytery, from the night-cap, broad-boarded, and with the world, credit. and Assembly; took notice of her a large bow right over the forehead, which ts, her flowers, her work.—for Mrs Stew-bore the picturesque Kimarnock cowl lovwas almost as great in knitting bed- ing company on the pillow. ers, tent-stitch-worked chairs, and camshawl over her head to the Kames, to the sun set behind the Beld Law, until took a part in defraying them. servants and the country-people called

The manse children consisted of Sandy been Jess, and Jess Sandy.

andy was not a scapegrace and a numface, and her sanguine, sensitive, imospective, with a greater bent for severe reading.

etly; while openly, the father address- ing in abundance in the garden, and the ed the son by the comprehensively dispar- whole cost was the sugar; and to substiging corruption "min," a term which, in tute for the old home-brewed wines, the

# The Bradford Reporter.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

\$2 per Annum, in Advance.

# VOLUME XXVI.

NUMBER 51.

TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., MAY 17, 1866.

Scotland, with the alteration of one letter. converts the honorable appellation "man" into an ostentatiously condescending and slightly contemptuous soubriquet. "O, min, is that all you're good for?" "There was more lost at Flodden, min." And it was true Sandy would have worked a more wonderful sampler, and proved a meeker and more gracious woman than Jess, for whom, with a spice of chivalry, all Mr. Stewart's outward favor was reserved.

E. O. GOODRICH, Publisher.

As for Jess Stewart, she would have reonded splendidly to her father's wishes but for the trifling accident of having been born a girl, coupled with the Apostle Paul's prohibition to a woman. She would have made a fine minister, frank, straight-formade a fine minister, frank, st when she was roused; having a real rel- manse could not at once have degraded ish for the solid study of history and ge- himself so far without great moral corrupography, in opposition to the practice of tion,—but to free mixed company,—the half so clever as Jess herself, or Sandy, the spinnet and the execution of satin company at harvest-homes, fairs, and the but attractive by the goodly glamour of his

jected property), and destroying three blast times as many clothes as Sandy, there was brow and neck; her tall, broad-shouldered, plexion, and slight, but active, long ele-

Jess was the young queen of the parish, and the position lent her an ease, a power, an air of born authority and command which became the girl, and which did not leave her when she passed from the yeo-men's houses to those of the gentry, where her best cloth mantle and white muslin frock were homely and out of date. Young Adam Spottiswoode, of Birkholm, his own ings.

bands, and sporting tights and silk stock- longer fit to appear in refined society and be Birkholm's chosen partner. master, who opened the balls at Woodend, would rather dance a reel with the minister's than a minuet with the member's daughter. Jess could dance minuets, too; a little French dancing-master, a poor emi gre, had imported the true Minuets de la end, but Jess's reels were something inspir-

Again, Jess, with the few old and ailing men and women, who were "on the box" her mother's endless train of calves, chickens, dogs, cats, pigeons, laverocks, linties, e his father and grandfather, who had the was also "beyond compare." Jess, carrying a stray lamb in her arms, or a broken winged bird in her bosom, showed unmiseneva gown and pair of bands from the takably whether she was womanly-that is, motherly-or no. Clovenford kirk and manse, with moss,

lichen, and weather-stain, doing something to redeem the barn and bothy order aying shinty with his sister Jess and of architecture, lay in a nest of wooded and well as an affectionate temper, and was in cipal vista, to Jess. It would have been ighboring farmers' sons on the coundact the state of the Scottisn landscape,—neither the height nor ill-considered and unjustifiable in the cir- to Birkholm, and counting herself, with a few days; a wretched visit, when his Mrs. Stewart told him, with a shake of the the breadth of savage mountains and cumstances. moors, where the eagle rears her bloody-beaked young, and "the whaup cries drea-her little apple-green shawl, filled in with r his parish, not unlike Dr. Johnson, in ry." But it had the Fir Tap and the Beld own, taking a turn down Fleet Law, the Hare Water and the Den of Mrs. Stewart had been an orphan, blackthorn and whitethorn, crabs and geans. ith a very slender patrimony, -a parlor ending in the feathery birks and stiff, darkparder of the Miss Allardyces, the old la- green boxes and hollies round the old white hes who from time immemorial had kept house of Birkholm. The fields were all boarding-school in the neighboring heights and hollows, sunshine and shade, own of Woodend. Mr. Stewart had met like dimpled faces. There were hedges when it was customary for ministers to water-courses yellow witth kingcups; tealcarry to balls their white neckcloths and dykes nodding with harebells, and twitter elvery shoe-buckles as a testimony in fa- ing with the swallows nestling beneath or of innocent enjoyment, and as a protest | their eaves. At Clovenford manse the sergainst Dissent and Jacobinism. There he vant lasses still span and sang ballants cumbed in a single evening to Miss every afternoon, on the bink by the kitchcan Clephane's dancing, though he did en-fire in winter, and at the back-door in summer. Andro Cornfoot, the minister's The marriage was a happy one. Mrs. man, lived with his deaf wife and his cattewart paid the minister loving homage echeesed laddie, the minister's herd, in the the greatest and best of men, and called thatched cottage at the manse office came rd and master to the extent of keep- to the house every evening and was presand spending the choicest of her ac- the minister commended in house, people, ishments in needlework on the plaited kirk, county, and the world to the care of of his shirts and the open-work of his the Great Creator. Andro came again at In his turn, Mr. Stewart was ten- sunrise to waken the lases, and to speak er to his wife, brought home what he sup in at the minister's window and tell him sed her taste in gaudy caps and spen- what the weather was like, never thinking s, as connubial gifts, on the striking of to avert his light gray-green fishy eyes

The cloud, the size of a man's hand, in flowers, as Mrs. Delany; humored her the Clovenford sky began with the expense her habits, squiring her three evenings of Sandy's college term; notwithstanding week in summer, when she walked with they were met without flinching, bravely borne, and every member of the family

The minister trudged many a long and beaten footpaths through the corn and weary mile to do duty at neighboring kirks a play; and Sandy has songs, though h clover "the Minister and the Leddy's and canonical meetings, in place of hiring a gig from the Crown in Wooden. Mrs Stewart gave up much of her visiting, for d Jesse; and it was a common remark the reason that she was delicate and unregard to the two, that Sandy should able to accompany the minister in his long walks. Jess could walk with the best, and thought nothing of crossing the parish, six He was a bonnie laddie, very like miles from one end to the other, and dancnother both in her sweet, fair, sunshi- ing half the night afterwards; but Jess was called on to resign all the little advanmative temperament. He was a shade tages and enjoyments such as even the faraghtless as regarded a divinity student mers' daughters could enjoy. These were her going to Edinburg and lodging with on the margins of his books and her Aunt Peggy, the writer to the signet's ies, and every scrap of paper that he widow, in the High Street, and there learnd come by, wonderfully faithful traning to bake pastry and cut out patterns for
the hills, and woods, and her gowns; and her attending the dancing the glint of a sunny shower, or the gloom ams around" Clovenford, and clever and singing classes for grown-up ladies deal likenesses of the master, his and gentlemen, opened every winter in ool-fellows, and his acquaintances, than Woodend. The very table at the manse was rendered plainer and more frugal on bearing of a doctrine. What about But his father was persuaded that se- Sandy's account. The box which travelled eness and application would come to every fortnight with the carrier to Edindy with riper years; and except in one burg seemed to carry away all the dainties. ce, when he punished the lad with Mrs. Stewart relinquished her little cup of fore he was known, to be gentle and simple, sterity for depicting the manse cat with tea in the morning, protesting she found it as a drawing-master? If Sandy would but ir of bands round its neck, holding bad for her nerves, and made a fashion of from a water-stoup to the cocks and supping porridge along with the minister and the rats peeping from the stacks and Jess. The minister denied himself his own business. There is Birkholm, as familiar with his passion from his earliest glebe yard, calling the sketch a pro- bit of Stilton cheese and glass of Edinburg good a judge of a straight rig, or a round years, they had not once contemplated the and scurrilous jest, he did not trouble ale after dinner, pretending they made him elf much about Sandy's shortcomings. sleepy. Jess had to be more sparing in ndy was the apple of the Minister's eye, preserving the fruit, though it was hang-

of. But as sessions came and went, and and extravagance were fatally depressing Sandy brought home no honors, got no bur- the balance in which hung the fortunes of sary to ease the burden, no private teaching, except once a summer tutorship, they Adam pressed more heavily.

pieces in the Miss Allardyces' course of in-struction clubs, in which Woodend aped more fa-mous places. Gentlemen of higher degree ly, honorable character corresponding to But there was nothing unwomanly or repulsive in Jess; on the contrary, as she Laird of Birkholm, for instance,—and even had a kindness for each other; but so long outgrew the boisterousness of her child- ladies, the eccentric old dowagers and spin- as it was no more than a kindness, or tenhood, --when she distressed her mother by playing more uniformly at boys' games blamlessly; but no one of them was to be to say that, if the couple had no opportu-

The word was not widely applied then; the prospect of her growing up a woman of but Sandy was tainted with Bohemanism. noble proportions. There was a charm in And the lad was still fonder of making fac-Jess's fresh, candid, intelligent face—her similes of the rural and genial life, inani-short, thick black curls in a crop about her mate and animated, he loved,—the very fronting the minister's bucht, and where he materials a waste of money, and the practice, which might have been amusing with the sermon, (in spite of Jess's despotfirm, erect figure -- at least equal to that of Sandy's bright blue eyes, sanguire comenough to his family in other circumstan-

Lines of care began to be drawn on Mr.

The ribbons at least were cheap, and the ter's big heart was sore.

On the other side, Sandy had a hasty as

mediator between the two sovreigns.

Yet Mr. Stewart had not swerved for a wild oats. aware of it, his heart might have been comforted by the seeming coincidence that "Mad Tam Chaumers," as Scotland was her great orator and philanthropist. And the minister would spare his bread as well as his cheese; he would take off his coat and break stones by a dike side for day's wages, if the laws of the kirk and his par ishioners would suffer it, sooner than Sandy should miss his natural call to do his fam ily, his parish, it might be his country and

It was Jess who came to a different con clusion. It was Jess who declared plainly in her secret chamber: "I don't believ our Sandy will ever be a minister. Better he should not if he do not put more hear into his work, or he will cover himself and us with disgrace, and bring down his father's and mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. It is not long since Mr. Home was put out of the kirk for writing has no sermons, flying loose about his room when I go in to make up his bed; it is well it is not one of the lasses who sees them. He brags of going every night to the theatre when Mrs. Siddons is in Embro (I wonder where the price of his tickets comes from); and I am sure, if the Assem bly put out one man for writing a play they could not in honesty keep in anothe whose pencil is never out of his hand. I catched him drawing the bethel and Miss Mysie Wedderburn below the book-board at the very summing up of the "heads" last Sabbath: and his excuse was, he must have their heads out of his head to be at of a thunder-storm, or the crook of a scrag of a tree, or the red of a gypsy's torn cloak, than ever I could see he cared for the minister of Duddingstone? I would like anybody to tell me wnether he was not licensed, presented, called, and placed, bemind his own business. I have no faith in headlong down all of Sandy in those good a man, however quick, who does not mind

humbler beverage of treacle beer.

At first all these sacrifices, regarded as temporary in their nature, were made light temporary in the li

Adam Spottiswoode of Birkholm liked Jess, and there was no constraint on his The fact was, that young Sandy Stewart, in the most critical years of his life, in ting for a portionless bride, Jess liked the comely, courteous, frank young man, not half so clever as Jess herself, or Sandy,

(Sandy in his tender years took up with an old-fashioned, hard-featured doll, Jess's resingle breath of scandal was sufficient to starvation, gradually on the woman's part, ism to other people with regard to their ces, miserable child's play in a lacking di-vinity student. treatment of the "heads") as they should vinity student.

Poor Jess had no longer gloves, shoes, Stewart's full massive face. He left off, sashes, to go to the subscription balls in with scornful magnanimity, inquiring into the Woodend and the parties in the counhis son's progress in his classes, when the try-houses; and when the manse family result was invariably disappointment; but had to dismiss one of the servants, and he suffered his tongue to scoff bitterly at Jess's hands red and her face blowsy with she could claim no precedence of birth and the degeneracy of the times, and the effe- continued houswork and garden-work, she breeding, and where, on the other hand, minate puppyism of "birkies," who put felt more and more that, without the com- ton's archangels, swaying by the breath of would prevent her having the honor and their pride in tying up their heir with rib- monest finishes to her toilette, she was no his mouth, for their salvation, multitudes pleasure of being one of the company at

Birkholm attempted one great advance. stockings were the fond transfer of the last Spas were then the height of fashion, not pair of six-and-thirty snillings' worth, -a foreign spas, but native, and not so much present to Mrs. Stewart, in handsome dis- as fountains of health, but as favorite recount from the gallant old bachelor, the sorts, where men and women saw the true kirk man, in his snuff-brown wig and world, met every morning in the pump- taking in scanty orders, and flattering ob-Cour at the service of the public of Wood-end, but Jess's reels were something inspir-called genteelly her "merchant" in Wood-by two, in high-pitched gigs, to all the en. Mrs. Stewart would ten times rather show-houses and breezy views in the see the stockings on Sandy's legs than her neighborhood, and danced together a couple own, that for once she might have the of long country-dances without sitting men at the Queen's levees and state foot- powder in his hair not blown away by the men still figure. It was neither just nor tempest of the French Revolution. Birk-generous in Mr. Stewart to taunt Sandy holm bribed an accommodating married with his mother's silk stockings, and to cousin and one of his sisters, by their share add the gratuitous reflection that puppies of the gayety, to invite Jess Stewart to acneither cared where their indulgences came from nor to what they led; but the minis- Wells. The excursion would have been like an admission to the Elysian fields with the temple of Hymen at the end of the prin-

> what manufacturers and women call question. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and Jess stone. Sandy was now as stone to his full of primroses, and sit and rest, "pines," and the cap of her own netting as herself, would not submit to Birkholm's father; for the sweet temper of the lad a drink, and gather the hyacinths round replies, and the cap of her own netting as fine as gossamer, a light cloud about a face paying Jess's share of the travelling exhalf being delicated the found the bird hissing the American flag, and arrested it for treason. still fair and delicate too fair and delicate penses, which, in the days of travelling when sweet tempers steel themselves to the thorn, if I were as good a walker as I for her years-was kept with both body post, were a serious calculation to families doggedness, less hopeful and tractable in have been. I cannot think what has come doggedness, less hopeful and tractable in have been. and mind on the rack, acting as a piteous with moderate incomes. But the Stewarts its despair, than any amount of original over our Jess" could and would have made a push to af- arrogance and perversity. ford the necessary sum, had not Sandy's oment from his purpose, and never sup- delay at college and want of success ren ly circle and rendered himself an alien from posed that Sandy had committed any grave | dered it impossible And Mr. and Mrs. it. He said to his mother and Jess that he Could the minister have been in the trouble of their middle age.

Jess said to herself she did not want not been so far wrong. anybody's regrets, and told the world she mistress for whose sake he had planned foolish to the top of his bent without her.

So Jess was cut to the heart by hearing rumors presently, now that Birkholm was dowed with friends; on the eve of his marriage with a beauty and fortune he had been introduced to at men had indulged in frolics for which the license of the time offered some apology, but which were far more culpable than any follies of Sandy's, and, to put the matter on the lowest footing, were far from becoming in the young man who aspired to the honor of being the minister's son-inlaw.

the debt he owed her?

II .- WHAT SANDY WAS "To desert his post and renounce the

highest commission a man can carry,-to themselves, and pitied the poor Stewarts they could not eat to rot there, with the starve, or feed off the great as a painter of for the sore hearts they had got from the draining of beer-vessels, and all manner of false faces, an idolater of stocks and stones, prodigality and ingratitude of their only unmentionable abominations. There was -give me patience." The minister had need of patience when

he received the letter with the tidings that ly knew, had abandoned the ministry and adopted the profession of a painter.

It is difficult to measure at present the people's estimation. Though they were his family knew nothing about him. in the country; yet he kept his term at an calling.

English university, and he is a member of the Hunt, and well his red coat sets him."

It was not that Mr. Stewart had any pure of their contents.

To Mrs. Stewart

The minister, like all wise, honest men habits of mind and dody were not much tongues. able dependence, perhaps vicious compromise, it would not have made a material diffamong "the writer lads," whom the minispainted marble palaces both within and haggling with Jewish dealers, whom Mr. more to say to "a haughty hizzie," Stewart . confounded with pawn-brokers ; or journeying wearily from town to town. taking in scanty orders, and flattering ob-sequiously the owners of the puffed-up, vul-Birkholm the cold shoulder when he came gular, mean faces, which he copied with

secret disgust? (that is, parish paupers), with bairns, with pleasure of looking on her bonnie laddie in the mother's endless train of calves, chick-the guise of a fine gentleman, as gentle-the ceremonies in pumps, and with the the minister's reasonable sul, in the middle ness. of his wrath and mortification, revolted at violence. He wrote to his son in stern re- shortly. proach and rebuke. Sandy defended him-Providence could not have designed him, since he had not the necessary qualifica-

Saudy of going nigh to blaspheming, --- of are more primroses on a single bank than reason, the happiest woman in the world. father never addressed him directly beyond head, but a smile; "still a wedding is a But nobleese oblige in all noble ranks. helping him at table, and his mother "look- bonnie sight, and I should like very well to

Sandy saw that he had broken the famioffence to forfeit what was in a sort of in- Stewart were deficient in their duty to had better go away and fight his battle for bands of such ladies as Mrs. Dash and heritance. Mr. Stewart knew full well their daughter, and maden o account of Birk- himself, and it would be best that they Lady Bril'iant, who find themselves face that many a distinguished divine and good holm's attention to her, because they had should not hear the accounts, because these to face with the Sheriff, and certain mysman had begun life by sowing a crop of forgotten similar passages in their youth would only cause fresh strife and condemterious documents adorned with red tape nation. Some day they might see he had and a wafer big enough for target exercise.

Sandy watched his opportunity; and one gray old St. Segulus was ringing at that did not care for jaunting, she found too fine harvest-day, when the minister, the quirements, but in gingerbread ornaments moment with the characteristic exploits of much to do among the spring calves and servants, and Andro Cornfoot, who had and gold-edged shutters. If Mrs. Dash chickens at the manse, and carried her high head as high and looked as strong. yet to ring with the virtues and renown of high head as high, and looked as strong, many a sunny morning lang-syne, were all stately, and blooming as ever. And the abroad engaged in the ingathering of the the wind out of her sails by getting up anworst of it was, Birkholm believed her, and was as much piqued as the slightness of hands with Jess, and departed without birds of paradise swimming in gravy made the relation between them permitted. The other leave-taking or blessing out into the prosperous young laird could not altogeth- world, which is generally cold enough for not the dabbling in railroad stock, er comprehend the straitness of the manse a penniless painter, taking no more with brings ruination to the fast men of finances, and draw his inferences from him than the stick and the wallet of one of street. The "ill-fortune" of which they so them. He went off in a huff to enjoy him-self at the Wells without the hard-hearted land of Wilhelm Meister.

the wandering apprentices of the kindly much complain, is no more nor less than a brainless wife. If they would come back

the holiday, not so much to enjoy himself his son's place vacant, he must have guess- tion, not to the fluctuations of the stock either, as to prove to Jess that he could be ed that Sandy was gone; but he made no sign. Wandering apprentices are gener own firesides. Thousand dollar repasts ally good pedestrians, and wonderfully entouch of frost nipped Mrs. Stewart's gilly- for a "duck of a wife," should not wonder flowers that night, Sandy's mother dreamt if the time eventually comes when a "goose the Wells; now that he and other young of him lying down like Jacob, with a stone of a husband" will lack shirts, or be but ill for a pillow, but unlike Jacob, the heir of the promises, under the serene sky of Palestine, rather unlike an Esau, getting his death of cold, shivering under the gray clouds and the bleak wind, by the bare Scottish roadside.

The door of the manse was thenceforth shut against Sandy; his name became a And is Birkholm were utterly lost to forbidden sound, not only as that of "a Jess, or if he should turn out wild and stickit minister,"-and the Scotch, with come to grief, would not Jess lay that to grim humor, deride a failure in proportion with rushes, which were not changed for Sandy's charge as the heaviest portion of as they applaud an achievement it a favorite line,-but as an ill-doer. Neighbors to the eating rooms, and fragments of meat carefully avoid mentioning Sandy to his and bones were thrown to them, which they family, while they talked loudly among

Sandy, after passing through four of his the heart-ache there was acute and inces- of rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef years at college, with what effort the fami- sant. Almost the only event-and it was and strong ale constitued the principal part never spoken of-was the arrival of one or of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar two foreign newspapers, with foreign post- refreshments, were served to her in bed for Mrs. Stewart and Jess were amazed and marks, addressed to Mrs. Stewart, in San- supper. At a series of entertainments givappalled beyond presuming to say a word. dy's handwriting, which proved that San- en in York by the nobility in 1560, where dy had managed to go abroad to follow his each exhausted his invention to outdo the studies, possibly as a travelling tutor; but others, it was universally admitted that

I was Jess who grew to grudge, almost art. But Mr. Stewart had no scruple as to pers were a dead letter; but the moment served for a chariot.—The Silent Revelafiercely, every shilling spent on Sandy, the lawfulness of dancing, and that would the minister had gone to his books, Mrs. tion.

currant, ginger, elder-flower, and elder- Yet deal gently with Jess's memory, for not have reconciled him greatly to Sandy's Stewart unfolded them, spread them out berry—welcome cordials to the sick of narrow means, who knew no better—the still
humbler beverage of treacle beer.

At first all these sacrifices, regarded as

At first all these sacrifices, regarded as

temporary in their nature, were made light

At Sandy's idlences.

She was no miser, and she was the chief becoming a dancing-master. Actually, old on the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if their here, regarded them out on the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if there any thing becoming a dancing-master. Actually, old on the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if there any thing becoming a dancing-master, had a far the interconciled min greatly to Sandy's here.

M. Le Roy, the dancing-master, had a far the interconciled min greatly to Sandy's and a service of another. Is there any thing becoming a dancing-master. Actually, old on the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them out on the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them out on the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them out on the knee, regarded them wistfully, as if the knee, regarded them out on the of the poor portrait painters who had found their way there. And it was not the poverty of the trade that was its crowning At last she folded them up, and deposited them carefully where they were all found one day, in the drawer with her best gown, thing possibly could.—Beecher. Scotchmen particularly-had a due res- and the silk stockings, as if she waited for pect for wealth and its power; but the the arrival of a scholar at Clovenford, who ministers of the Kirk of Scotland had also would bring the key and unlock the mysneed to be disinterested, and their hardy tery occcasioned by the confusion of

winter with his sisters, came back to his burn with shame, if you heard it. All this, own house, and called afterwards at the most credulous and romantic young ladies, erence in this case had the minister been manse to announce the marriage of his elacquainted with the changes in the world dest sister to a gallant naval captain, who fresh young faces admiringly, and send or which put a moderate competence within had been fortunate in obtaining prize mongries and caused the step he had ey, was on shore only for a short time, and No matter what "other girls do," don't you taken to be within the bounds of right reason. Sandy was right that, in the Edinburgh of the day, not only was there a wonderful and glorious maiden literature the knot at once at Birkholm.

ter classed together rather contemptuous-ly, but painting, as an art, for the first more rapidly on the man's. There should time coyly blushed and smiled as a true the young laird alluded to his sister's exbe a middle ground for the liking to wax sister of the belles lettres, which Mr. Stewnunto love. There was no middle ground art's cloth did not altogether despise when the compliment of being present at the cerleft to the couple; for the kirk, where Birkholm took his seat in the Birkholm loft, ic. Runciman's painting of the Clerks of Birkholm as company for his youngest sis-Penicuik's house seemed to promise a new ter Nancy, because Effie was to accompany

without. Better still, a national academy propitious, and very glad that Jess, who was really to confer status and impart in-had lived a dull life for a long time, should cerned. But what was the struggling in- their astonishment Jess declined the invifancy of art to the minister, who indulged tation for herself with the greatest prompt in the pictorial faculty in his own way, and quite another way, by drawing Sandy, as woode every happiness, hoped to see her he had fondly hoped, standing up severe in youthful beauty, not unlike one of Mil- that she had engagements at home which in simple country kirks, or in what the the wedding, and staying behind the other Reformation had spared of rich abbeys and guests to console Miss Nancy, thus sendcathedrals in towns and cities; and again, Sandy, haggard, and sordid, and soiled, and vowing vehemently to have nothing she was his early flame, Jess Stewart, ter times over.

or so kind an errand? If it is for the purecret disgust?

Mr. Stewart did not absolutely forbid pose of making yourself of consequence, and if the lad be of my mind, he will not Sandy his course, or threaten him with ut- put himself in your power again, madam, observed the minister, with affected light

"He need not try it," answered Jess,

"And you are not like your mother, self like a creature at bay, and refused to persisted the minister, chanking his cue; force himself into the priesthood, for which this day to dance at a wedding, and have the chance of walking every day in Birk-holm Den, when the birks are shaking out Mr. Stewart, beside himself, accused their buds and smelling like balm, and there

"My dancing days are over, minister."

# (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

How MEN "BUST UP."-Men with unassuming wives never fail. It is the hus-The desire of a New York feminine is to outshine her neighbors, not in mental acof melted pearls. It is this rivalry, and brainless wife. If they would come back When the minister returned and found to happiness, they must direct their attenmarket, but the ruinous absurdities of their dont pay; while the merchaut who but when the first chases one hundred dollar handkerchiefs supplied with them.

> Domestic Habits of Our Ancestors Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives curious lescription of an English interior of the bet-

The furniture was rough: the walls un plastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry; and floors covered

months, the dogs and cats had free access devoured among the rushes, leaving what The minister strove manfully not to nothing like refinement of elegance in the visit his pain on the blameless women-folk. luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgen-Peace was restored to Clovenford, but ces which their wealth permitted, consisted Lord Goring won the palm for the magnifiprobability of his taking to painting as a into the fire; but he never looked at them, was at that time thought magnificent: it though he alone could have read any part | consisted of four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sau-To Mrs. Stewart and Jess the newspa- sages to a huge pudding in a bag, which

a great many persons that are just begin-ning life, that are newly married, and that are just turning, I trust, away from the hotel and the boarding-house to keep house --for I think that next to virtue, housekeeping is the most desirable thing for newlymarried persons. You will perhaps wonder what I have to say upon this. I have this to say; that to any young person's life this is a change so marked, it is a step so different from any other, that if you know how, with the peculiar and critical step of your life, to take also one other, it will not be alone marrying for time-it will be love for eternity. Is there anything more beautiful than true love? No flowers show such colors or exhale such fragrance as does a true love, that makes one's life a sacrifice for and a service of another. Is there any thing beginning a virtuous wedded life is not religion; but if you make this the first step in a series, it will do more to lead to a

MARRIAGE AND HOUSEKEEPING.—There are

TELL YOUR MOTHER. - I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything? Not these "young ladies" who, going and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and affected by the prospect of poverty. But though the minister had little doubt that Sandy would starve, or lead a life of miserthey will do, although they gaze at your It is said that one marriage lightly turns woman's heart. But there is time for every tions. Render yourself truly intelligent .-And, above all tell your mother everything. "Fun," in your dictionary would be indescretion in hers. It will do you no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed of her, who should be your best friend and confiera never attained, such as prevailed at Venice when Tintoretto and Paul Veronese maid.

Betsy, the bride, in the capacity of brides dant, all you think and feel. It is very strange, that so many young girls will tell strange, that so many young girls will tell Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were altogether every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is very sad that different persons should struction where youthful genius was con- have the grand entertainment, when to know more about her own fair young daughter than she herself .-- Fanny Fern.

# FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

The dew lay glittering on the grass, A mist lay over the brook,

At the earliest beam of the golden sun The swallow her nest forsook,

The snowy blooms of the hawthorn tree Lay thickly the ground adorning, The birds were singing in every bush At five o'clock in the morning.

Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sang For the meadows were fresh and fair-The breeze of the morning kissed her brow, And play'd with her nut-brown hair;

But oft she turn'd and look'd around, As if the silence scorning Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe, At five o'clock in the morning

Over the meadows the mowers came. And merry their voices rang, And one among them wended his way To where the milkmaid sang; And as he linger'd by her side, Despite his comrades' warning,

The old, old story was told again

# At five o'clock in the morning. FUN, FACTS AND FACETIÆ.

Why is a doll like jelly ?-Because it is

ade with eyes in glass A man who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord, whether made of hemp, wire, or any thing else, in which he could not tie a double bow knot, was summarily put down by

A Michigander, who was arrested for

"Pat, can ye tell me why winter is like a dog?" "Faith, Mick, I can't." "Well, thin bekase of the coldness of its nose (its snows)."

When is a blow from a lady welcome ?--When she strikes you agreeably. REAL ENTHUSIASM.—Pumps is such a

thorough teetotaller that he declares he would rather prefer a watery grave than be preserved in spirits. nce between a hunt and a hot breakfast?-In the

latter case you come to the cover before the meat in the former to the meet before the cover. When is a sailor most like a thief?--

A minister having preached the same scourse to his people three times, one of his onstant hearers said to him after service; "Docor, the sermon you gave us this morning having three several readings, I move that it now

MILITARY DEFINITION FOR A KISS .- Report

An Irishman being in a church where the tion apparatus resembled election boxes, on ing handed to him, whispered in the carrier's er that he was not naturalized and could not

"William, my son, how came you to auddy your dress so Willie stopped a moment, chen, looking his fa-

er in the eye, very soberly asked: "Father, what am I made of?" Dust. The Bible says, Dust thou art. and nto dust thou shall return

Well, father, if I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?' A little keen, bright eyed girl of four

rears, on a visit one evening, was being helped to the knee of a gentleman friend, and on being told by her mother that she was too large a baby to hold, retorted almost immediately, accompanying her words with an emphatic gesture, "Why, girls nineteen years old sit on laps, and you wouldn't call them babies, would you?"

"Your whiskers are unprofessional," said a client to his legal adviser. "Why so?" cause a lawyer can never be too barefaced."

A NEW INVENTION .- The latest invention is a "palpitating bosom" for the ladies, which is set in motion by a concealed spring when an extra

THE RULING PASSION .-- A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he ha nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

A railway accident lately occurred, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences, the said. often followed by serious consequences—the sud-den breaking of a tender attachment."

WHEN are soldiers like blacksmiths ?-When they are drilling and filing.

A gentleman, talking to another on the bject of marriage, made the following observa-on: "I first saw my wife in a storm; carried her to a ball in a storm; courted her in a storm; married her in a storm; lived in a storm all her life; but, thank heaven, I buried her in pleasant

Why is the James River like a keg of lager beer ?- Because it flows into the Dutch Gap

" Are them all Bibles ?" asked a countryman the other day in the registrar's office, pointing to the big volumes of wills upon the shelves. "No sir," answered one of the clerks, "those are testaments."