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VOLUME VI. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1849. NUMBER 48.

WOOD-NOTES WILD—No. 1.
Nature.
There's melody in nature's voice
To every listening ear.
Chiming with that within the heart,
The soul of man to cheer.
There's beauty in her every form
To the inquiring eye.
In giant mountains—ocean vast,
And in the evening sky.
There's soft, sweet music in the hum
Made by the sipping leaves,
And in the tiny insect's wings
Beats to us on the breeze.
There's beauty in the morning morn,
With floods of golden light,
And in the fervid noon—oh! oh!
How beautiful is night!
There's music in the rippling stream,
As with each sparkling gleam,
It courses on through wood and glen,
So easy and so free.
There's beauty in the wind's soft sigh
Breaking the clouded sky,
And in those thought-provoking folds
That keep the storm on high.
There's music in the thunder's voice,
As through the air it peals;
In the sound of the rattling rain,
While earth its influence feels.
There's beauty all around—above,
Nature as wondrous fair,
In all her round of various forms—
There's beauty every where.
Music is borne on every breeze,
And heard in every voice
Of nature—sweetly cheering man,
Lulling his heart to repose.
Oh! then, spare not the magic spell
That rules all things of earth,
But cherish in your heart each voice
From nature breathing forth.
Harris, Pa., Nov. 13, '49. IOWA.

THE SHOEMAKERS.
HE works with his hands,
The gentle Craft of leather;
Young brother of the ancient guild,
Stand forth with me in protest;
Call out again your long array
In the olden merry manner;
Once more on my trumpet's day
Fling out your blazoned banner.
Hap, hap! upon the well-worn
How talks the polished hammer!
Hap, hap! the measured sound has grown
A quiet note to each ear.
Now shape the sole—now softly curl
The glossy tann'd around;
And close the whole in leather's fold,
Whose gentle fingers bound it.
For you go on the Spanish main,
A hundred leagues are flowing;
For you the Indian sea's plain
Is laid out as a highway;
For you deep waters with blackened dark
The wooden ark is lighting;
For you upon the Freedom's trumpet call,
The woodman's axe is ringing.
For you from Carolina's pine
The roan gun is stealing;
For you the dark-eyed Florentine
Is busy at the spinning wheel;
For you the busy goat herd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
And from the wilds of the western
Bloom England's thorny hedge.
The foremost sail of day or night
On mounted need or heather,
Where'er the need of trumpet ring
Brought to the aid of each man;
Where the free burglar from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Then ye, at Freedom's trumpet call,
No craftman's raised feet.
Let fopling ruff, let fowl deride,
Ye heed no ill concern,
Free hands and hearts are all your pride,
And daily duty, ye have sworn.
Ye dare to trust for honest fame
The jury time engrossed,
And leave to Truth each man's name
Which glorifies your name.
Thy song, Hans Bach, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German,
And Rhinefeld's lay and Griffin's
And the old-world of the shepherd;
Still from his book a mystic leer,
The soul of Beethoven's teacher,
And England's patriot's heart to hear
Of Fox's leather breeches.
The feet in years: wherever it falls
It tramples your well-worn leather,
On ocean floor, in marble halls
On carpet, or on heather.
Still there the sweetest strains are found
Of music's grace or vocal,
As Hebe's foot has set the sound
Among the old celestials!
Hap, hap!—your stout and bluff brow,
With fopling slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue space
Shines down upon the Freize.
Ye steppe shins on Beauty's feet,
By burning's fountain,
Oh! lead, like moon-dew falling mate,
The dance on Catbail mountain!
The red brick in the mason's hand,
The leaver's nail to the tiller's;
The man in years shall woe command
Like any of the young men;
As they who changed the household maid,
But the crown upon her,
No shall we never be weary,
With health and hand and honor.
Then let the tent be truly qualified
In warm and cold weather;
"A better to the good old Craft,
In every man and woman."
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Once more on my trumpet's day
Fling out your blazoned banner!

The Girl I Left Behind Me.—Of the two thousand letters which have been written by Orestes Hyde in the last year, one thousand five hundred were directed to females.—Boston Chronicle.

How To Sell A Clock.
AN ADVENTURE OF JASPER C.
Such was Jasper C., the pedler, who made his appearance at the house of Mr. M., at the time and under the circumstances already named. He had made known his errand, and had received a denial. Most pedlers would have retired. He took a seat. There was a seeming rudeness in so doing, especially as the woman had given no such invitation; but the manner of his doing it directed it to the lady's privacy. It was taken kindly and with an appearance of weariness, and still more in his favor, he did that which is not always done by pedlers, he civilly removed his hat.
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"May I ask," inquired the pedler, advancing within the door a little, but cautiously and civilly, as the woman retreated— "may I ask, madam, whether you have a clock?"
The woman cast, I will not say an indignant look at the clock-man—but a look certainly not kind; at the same time saying with some spirit—"I want none of your clocks, sir."
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The sentiments of Mr. M., moreover, had obtained no small notoriety among the pedling fraternity. They all understood the matter—those we mean who conducted this sort of trade in those parts; and although prompted by a more than ordinary desire to do justice in their selling powers, had made a visit to the place, determined not to leave the game.
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"Never mind," said he—"I'll try my hand, and if Jasper C. fails it will be my very first time."
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And Jasper C. was in truth no ordinary specimen of a Yankee. What from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, or Vermont, he scarcely knew himself, as in all the States his parents had lived—but in the limits of which one they happened to be, at the precise time he first opened his eyes on this mundane sphere, he never could give an accurate account of the time and circumstances of his birth, and all the hardness and impenetrability of the Granite State—and I may add, all the determination of a Green Mountain boy—were in his mind, and he was ready to fight where his States could unite, he would be the first to do so. He had a very sharp point of view—where Jasper C. had his beginning. But however those matters may be, he was a Yankee—and one of the "straightest" in the land. He was a ready-witted man, of some two or three and twenty years. He was a great tactician as selling—no matter what was the article or commodity, he could always sell; and he delighted in nothing more than to follow hard upon a pedler, and to compare notes with him at the end of their common tour. Generally, Jasper could show more dollars taken in a given time than any brother pedler who traveled in the "Old Dominion."
He had some confidence, therefore, and he had a right to it. And, besides his personal acquaintance was in his favor; but what was of more consequence, he was well-mannered. He was seldom out of his guard, and seldom betrayed into language which he had occasion to recall.

Such was Jasper C., the pedler, who made his appearance at the house of Mr. M., at the time and under the circumstances already named. He had made known his errand, and had received a denial. Most pedlers would have retired. He took a seat. There was a seeming rudeness in so doing, especially as the woman had given no such invitation; but the manner of his doing it directed it to the lady's privacy. It was taken kindly and with an appearance of weariness, and still more in his favor, he did that which is not always done by pedlers, he civilly removed his hat.
"Madam, can I sell you a clock to-day?" inquired a pedler, as he was met at the door by the woman of the house at which he had stopped.
"No," replied the woman civilly, yet decidedly, "I want no such article."
"I have several fine clocks, madam," said the pedler.
"Very likely," said the woman, "but we want none—at the same time retaining a few paces from the door.
"May I ask," inquired the pedler, advancing within the door a little, but cautiously and civilly, as the woman retreated— "may I ask, madam, whether you have a clock?"
The woman cast, I will not say an indignant look at the clock-man—but a look certainly not kind; at the same time saying with some spirit—"I want none of your clocks, sir."
The pedler took a seat.
The scene which we have thus briefly described occurred, some years since, in the "Old Dominion"; but in what particular section we are not at liberty to say. The house at which it occurred was a well-known habitation; old, indeed, but kept in clever repair. It was owned and occupied by a farmer of some consideration in those parts, but singular and very set in his way. Like some others, in other quarters, he had imbibed strong antipathies against Yankeeism and all its insinuations. He fairly hated the pedler; and, although he was disposed to treat his species with civility, he had not at all times been so fortunate as to do so. In several instances, indeed, he had dismissed with some severity these itinerant pedlars, who had offered their commodities for sale within his premises. Even his dog seemed to growl when one drove up, and snarled and growled with more than ordinary spirit, to the evident satisfaction of the master. As to purchasing an article of any of the detestable franchise, he never did so, and he never would, whatever were his necessities. And he was true to his word. For more than once, it happened that articles had been offered just at a time when he needed them, and which could not be obtained in the retail situation which he lived in; but he would not even look at them. The owner might remain unaided, and the horse never be swept, but he would purchase a horse or a broom of a pedler.
The sentiments of Mr. M., moreover, had obtained no small notoriety among the pedling fraternity. They all understood the matter—those we mean who conducted this sort of trade in those parts; and although prompted by a more than ordinary desire to do justice in their selling powers, had made a visit to the place, determined not to leave the game.
"Oh! they had run it down,
they had all to a man been foiled. The Virginia farmer was proof against their strategy. In general he was civil—but he was sternly opposed to their wares, especially if urged by a traveling merchant to purchase, when he had peremptorily refused. And so not had become, that on more occasions than one, he had urged his wife never in his absence, to purchase any article, especially a clock. I am not certain that in terms he had forbidden her; but she knew his wishes; and being a good woman, she intended to act accordingly.
The day we are speaking of Mr. M. had gone to a neighboring town, a few miles distant, to transact some business; expecting, however, to return the same evening.
Shortly after his departure, which was early, the pedler of whom we have made mention drove up, with the hope of disposing of a clock. Neither he was apprised of the absence of the lady, nor was he not transpired; but he was not ignorant of the fact before him. He had received ample information from several of the profession of the unlucky star that presided when they made the experiment; and moreover, they had predicted his similar success.
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