# The Facto Temerta

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."-Thomas Jefferson.

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LIME FOR FARMERS, AS A FERTILIZER VERNOY Meshoppen, Sept. 18, 1861.

## Poet's Corner.

[Published by Request.]

From the Portage Ohio Sentinel. The following Poem was written by Mr. LEVI STODDARD, formerly of Brimfield, Ohio. It was found deposited in the ballot-box in Brimfield, on the 11th of October, 1853 .-The writer, (who is now in the 84th year of his age,) was long and favorably known in Litchfield. Conn., for his musical talents, his amiable eccentricities of character, and his many ingenious contributions to the press in that town, when under the superintendence With peace and with plenty our union is blest; of the late Isaiah Bounce, Esq: WRITTEN FOR THE COMING ELECTION.

On the billows of Time, I've continued to roll. Till its surges have brought me once more to the Poll: I come to entreat, to exhort and advise All parties to vote for the good and the wise; They're the bulworks of freedom, the sait of our

land. The first to obey and the best to command. 'Tis wisdom and virtue exalteth the nation. But vice is degrading in whatever station. Then call me a Democrat, call me a Whig-For a choice in the titles I'd not give a fig: I was taught in the Jefferson Democrat school, When measures, not men, was the cardinal rule, When Democrat measures have had the control. I've been true as the needle that points to the pole; But when they've contended about a mere name, I've left them to shuffle and play their own game ; As with the Democrats, so with the Whigs. When wrong, they must fiddle and dance their ow

When Taylor was fighting our battles for peace, Each action his fame and his merits increased; He was prudent in council and brave in the field. No numbers or barriers induced him to yield ; He sat unappalled, where the heralds of death Were hissing round him, above and beneath; With eyes of discernment he viewed the dark foe, With wisdom and firmness directed each blow. Though bold and intrepid, still he was kind. And would not leave his disabled behind. The aims of his country to glory he raised, His wisdem and prudence each Democrat praised, But when it was rumored that he was a Whig, They set him aside as a rusty old prig: I thought such indignity rather unfair. And welcomed him into the President's chair ; But God in his Providence called him away, To receive his reward in the mansions of day. Our new Constitution I mainly approve, To gain its adoption conscientiously strove. I readily voted for Governor Wood, I knew he was candid, impartial and good. I trust that Ohio will shine in her station, The most brilliant star in the great constellation But still there are some, it grieves me to say, That would barter our peace and our union away They profess great concern for the African slave. I fear their concern is more ambitious than grave; And sworn into office according to law, They could not free a slave that was bound with

Their efforts are vain, they are under restriction, The slaves still remain beyond their jurisdiction. If they tear into fragments our wise Constitution, Involve us in anarchy, war and confusion, Before they can liberate twenty-five slaves, Ten thousand brave freemen they'll send to their

graves. After this fearful and bloody disester, The slave will obey the commands of his master :-I know they are human, but still I aver That nature has placed them a grade below par: If the blood of our ancestors ran in their veins, How soon would these Africans throw off their chair They'd rise in conjunction, and this be their cry, Like freemen we live, or like freemen we die! This bold intervention would spread such alarms, As would soon bring their haughty oppressor

It was wrong to entice or to force them away From a country that nature had formed for their stay The wrongs of my country I deeply deplore, No Northern Freesoiler can do any more. I am no friend to slavery, far be it from me. If I owned a slave I would set him tree: And when I released him from under my hand, I would transport him back to his forefathers land Until this can be done, I freely declare. I am willing the slaves should remain where the

I have oft been reminded that we are all brothers,

But Isaac and Ishmael had two different mothers,

One gendered to bondage, the other was free;

Thus runs the immutable All wise decree. Again they refer me to some higher law, I appeal to the highest that man ever saw, On the page of Divine Inspiration I find The duties of master and servant defined : St. Paul and St. Peter repeatedly say That servants should always their masters obey. St Paul found a runaway servant in Rome. With a friendly epistle he sent the slave home With solemn injunction that he should thereafter Observe and obey the commands of his master. The examples and precepts of that highest law, The visions of angels or man never saw. I believe a slave holder may be as good As any Freesoiler that's lived since the flood Else where are the Patriarchs, where the good Seer That punished his covetous servant severe? Behold St. Elijah, the first of mankind. He left an obedient servant behind : He passed over Jordon, threw off his old leaven, In a chariot of glory ascended to Heaven. Many more texts of the like affirmation. I could readily quote from Divine Inspiration; When the Savior his banner of mercy unfurled. He told us His kingdom was not of this world, He came to redeem from the bondage of sin, His kingdom is virtue implanted within: His redemption included the whole human race, The master and slave have access to his grace : He taught his disciples with dilligent care, To remain in the same situation they were: If any were calle I being bound with a chain, They became the Lord's freemen, so let them remain If others were called, being legally free.

They became the Lord's servants, thus runs the d

Let's bow to his throne and submit to his rod: leis ways are unsearchable, past finding out, In the means he's appointed to bring them about; He takes up the islands as very small things, He holds in his hands the devices of kings, Like rivers he turns them wherever he will: His decrees to enforce, his designs to fulfil. His ways may be dark to the offsprings of dust, His mercies are sure, his judgments are just; He comes in his glory to rule and to reign, He solves the enigmy, the mystery explains, Our God is the author of union and peace, May his kingdom advance and subjects increase. Our union has raised us to that high renown, From which on the kings of the earth we look down; Our empire extends from the east to the west, The flag of our union waves proud o'er the world, Respected and honored wherever unfurled. These are the blessings our Union has brought. The blessings for which our brave ancestors fought What lovers of freedom can court the dark hour, When the foes of our freedom possess regal power; If disunion prevails, and blest union retires. On the plains of Phillippi our freedom expires ; Our stars and our stripes will be struck to the foe And the tree of our liberty fall by the blow; Our eagle receive an incurable wound, And sickened, and cowering, descend to the ground. I call on the statesman, I call on the printer, To advocate Union thro' summer and winter : I call on the doctors of eminent skill. To administer Union with every pill; I call on the mechanics. I call on the farmers. To cultivate Union with plows and with hammers; I call, on the Laity, call on the Priests To advocate harmony, union and peace. Let the fair sex the anthem of union prolong, Till the wide arch of Heaven re-echoes the song; Let all hearts and voices in un son mingle, Till they make every ear of disunion to tingle. Let us follow the great Washin gton's admonition, And frown on the man that would name a disunion Let union and freedom in harmony run, Till the last trump of Gabriel shall blow out the sun. Now, brother freeman, I bid you adieu, To God and your country prove faithful and true; May peace and prosperity bind you together, And the blessings of Heaven attend you forever, With tears of affection bedewing my face, I tender my hand for a farewell embrace ; But don't shake it roughly its feeble, you know, But kindly impress it and then let it go. Now my pledge is redeemed, and my song at an end-But still may you hail me your faithful old fried. Should the sands of my life still continue to run, Till another important election shall come. And I to the ballot my ticket should bring, I will cordially greet you, but never more sing : My harp is decayed, its cords are all strained No more will they sound from the sweep of my hand Four score and two winters have ravaged our clime Since my name was enrolled on the records of time, What bard could suppose that I longer could play On a harp that I tuned in a juvenile day? My utmost endeavor no capital brings, My harp to repair or furnish new strings.

Brimfield, Oct 10th, 1853.

THE STAGE DRIVER. BY MISS S. C. E. MAYO

Over the Torrey hills regularly came and

went, on alternate days, one of the numerous

mail stages from Vermont. It was a new coach treshly painted in tright vellow with large bouquets of red roses upon the panelling, and narrow black stripes upon the wheels. Bandboxes, covered With blue, green, pink. white, yellow and parti-colored paper, or perbaps carefully secured from the incidents of a journey by a bag of coarse brown cloth, were piled together with valises, carpet bags and bundles of various shapes and sizes, in huge mountains upon the top. Among these, occasionally, an "extra passenger found a place -nine grown persons and five small children within and, six upon, and above, the driver's box without, being considered the full complement for a load. To speak of the trunks behind, would require a greater compass of arithmetic than we possess. They were of wood, of hair, of leather; black, red, yellow, white, blue; some strapped and buckled? some corded with ropes; some whose shattered locks had half burst away from their screws, and a few smaller ones upon the top sporting their brass padlocks. This vehicle was drawn by six large white horses always in the finest order and hey-day spirits. In

its passengers no oftener than this large whirl ing, rattling world, that we call Earth. Well, as we have said, daily rolled and rumbled this gay mail stage over the Torrey hills; and daily ran Lizzy Hatch to the win dow, to glance between the scarlet bean-vines -at what? The white horses, or the stagecoach? The bandboxes, or the trunks? The passengers, or-the rosy cheeked young driver? We will not say. Peep she did, with her bright little laughing eyes, and smile she did with her sweet rosy lips. "What makes him always so merry, I won der!" thought she .- "What can he be alway singing about so loud? One would think that on a rainy day, at least, he might be sober; but instead of that, he only screams the louder when the rain pours the hardest !"

short, it was an exhibarating sight, that, whirl

ing, rumbling, rattling, jolting little world,

regularly revolving in its orbit, and changing

"What a curious little chick that must be always prying between the bean vines !" dai ly thought the rosy cheeked driver, when passing the house of farmer Hatch. "One would think she might sometimes be at work instead of which, there she forever stands

a sweet little witch on my word! Fal de ral, lal de ral Fal de rol, lal de ra!

Gee up! whoa there! gineral!" The gay painted stage-coach could be seen the hill rose up, and up, till it seemed fair to touch the sky; and the coach came rattling down, and down, and down, till one would verily think it was sent on a despatch to the bottomless abyss. So regularly every alternate morning at precisely eight o clock, Lizzy shook up her bed in 'he western bed-room | message. and hung the snowy pillows on the windowsill to air; and precisely at five o'clock on every alternate afternoon, she sat sewing at you are not." the east window in the parlor; and precisely

yellow couch and the six white horses.

A quarter of a mile on the road below was the Torrey post-office, the store, the tailor's shop, the church, and a few white and yellow houses called the village. Here the stage the driver jumped off, and chatted with the loungers about the door; here he met the little dandy tailor in his light blue pants, plaid vest and, and invisible green coat, and delivered him sundry packages from the city .-Said tailor, by name Orlando Schneider, was no unimportant personage in the eyes of Frank Gale, the driver; for though he had a hearty contempt for foppishness, he had an unaccountable dislike and dread of his pretentions in another direction. In short Frank had often observed him strutting up to the door of Farmer Hatch's Cottage on a summer's afternoon, or loitering near the open window where Lizzy sat; and it was whispered by male gossips around the door of the tavern and post-cflice that a match was

hatching between the young people. Now why should Frank care, if it were so What claims had he on a young maiden with whom he had never exchanged a word in his life? None, to be sure, but then, he pshawed and fretted at this match as though it were doing him a great wrong; and he called the tailor "a blasted fool," though if this were a specimen of his folly, it was one, it must be emiessed, which Frank would himself have been both proud and happy to have committed.

"I don't believe it! I won't believe it." he cried to himself. "Lizzy Hatch would never marry such a little tittering, twittering spindle-shanked jackanapes as he! She's a fool if she does! but these girls are all run-

young driver's mind, as the coach rattled life. down the hill one bright October morning. Near the foot of the hill, there were several dangerous inequalities in the road, which demanded a slackening of the horses' speed, and great skill and caution in the driver; at least. this was supposed to be the case, from the fact that Frank Gale always drew up the reins, and moderated the cattle's pace just at this point. His eyes, meanwhile, instead of being fixed on their steps, wandered indus and cheered only by the hope of rest at night. triously to the little bean-shaded window, and the laughing, rosy lips behind. This morning the lips were not there : but presently the little body herself skipped from the door, and waved her handkerchief for Frank to stop. He obeyed immediately, and Lizzy, rising on tintoe (oh what little tintoes those were!) extended to him a small package.

" Will you please leave this bundle at Mrs Wainwright's in Court St.? I have forgotten the number but you will find her sign on the door-she is a dress maker. Here is the ninenence for you."

"None of your ninepences for me," said Frank good humoredly, receiving the bundle, but dropping the coin; "I charge nothing for serving an old friend,"

"But I cannot claim your services on that score," replied Lizzy.

"At least call me such whenever I can be of use to you," said Frank, eagerly.

"Oh! you are too good," Lizzy cried laughing. "How many such 'old friends' have you to serve? You will find many eager enough to be your triends in that way," " But we have made friendship through those little sly windows. Isn't it so?"

"I shall draw the curtains in future." "What to pay me for carrying your bundles? No. sit there every day, as you have done before, and sometimes look up with a smile when I pass. It will make my day's ride twenty miles shorter."

"Well, I will," said Lizzy gaily; and then skipping back into the house, left Frank, with light heart to pursue his way.

From this time numerous little packages were sent to and fro; and very often a bunch of autumn flowers, a golden peach, a large red apple, or a fine cluster of grapes, was found lying on the grass-plat under Lizzy's window just after the mail coach had passed. But cool November days were coming. The frost had laid its destructive hand upon the beau-vines the little window was closed; never had Autumn seemed to Frank so desolate as now. What increased his mortification, was to observe that little contemptible jackanapes of an Orlando Schneider often seat-

grew sober, dumb, demure. His passengers vine no cause. Frank himself did not fully understand why he had lost his spirits. He western windows, for, from their door-way, hills somewhat fiercely, though he was not, in reality, the man to mind them.

About a fortnight before Thanksgiving when the weather was softer than usual, and seemed brooding over the hills, Lizzy once

"Are you not tired of being troubled ?" she asked in a voice that seemed to say "I know

"Yes Lizzy, I am !" he replied, somewhat at these very hours came either to or fro. the gravely; "but I am not tired of doing any thing to oblige you."

" And does any thing else ever trouble you but me ?" she said, laughingly.

He was on the point of answering, "Orlan do Schneider!" but he checked himself and always stopped to have the mail changed, here asked her soberly, what message she had for

"I am ashamed to trouble you," she replied, "but I have no other resource. I want a pair of white kid gloves, which cannot be obtained in this part of the country. Do you think you can make such a Lady's pur-

Frank jumped from his seat to the ground. "Yes," he said if you will let me see the size of your hand."

Lizzy laughed and colored behind her little stuffed hood, but held out her hand, which, though it showed signs of having been usefullo employed, was nevertheless very small and pillow, he heard the deep voice of prayers

"What a little kitty's paw it is, Lizzy !-Nothing but the wild fox-glove from the fields will fill it. Just tell me now, Lizzy, in secret, if it is wedding gloves you want ?"

"Perhaps they will be worn on such an occasion," said she, smiling.

"And is Thanksgiving to be the day ?" "Yes, and the hour, seven in the evening."

"May you be happy!" said Frank, suppressing a sigh, and turning to remount his

"And you, too," cried Lizzy, smiling again and showing her white teeth, like pearls among roses

The next night Frank brought the white gloves, and upon trial they proved to be a perfect fit. Frank's minuteness of observation was truly miraculous.

The next Monday morning, the gossip of ning mad after little tripping dandies in their the post-office and store door loungers all ran starched linens, and whalebones, strutting upon the publishment of Schneider and Lazzy about on their toes, because their pants won t Hatch. The matter was then no longer doubtful, and Frank resigned himself to the Thoughts similar to these were filling the thrst dark and bitter disappointment of his

> The day came at length in which all hearts are 'pecially invited to gratitude; the old stately Thanksgiving day, with its long dull sermons, its sumptrous dinners, and its merry party givings. The stage-driver, alone with this class, was not permitted to enjoy its festivities. The same work remained for him-the same long ride over the Torrey hills broken only by a hasty dinner at the tayern. The day was dark and drizzling. The

> roads were muddy and dangerous. Night fell in the middle of the afternoon. At five o'clock it was densely dark. As he left the Torrey tavern, they cautioned him to look out for a bad place in the road just above Farmer Hatch's, on the hill. As he drew near the critical spot, his eyes were caught by the glare of the wedding illumination in the Farmer's Cottage. Wreaths of evergreen hung before the windows, and tall candles were suspended among them. The dazzling effect of these lights, entirely took from his eyes the power of seeing in the darkness before him; and possibly also, the associations connected therewith, might have rendered his nerves slightly unsteady. Whatever might have been the cause, it is certain that Frank did not guide his horses with usual caution. and before a thought of danger had occurred to him, the coach upset, and poor Frank was thrown with terrible force far down into the unfathomable darkness. The noise of this disaster reaching the in-

mates of the cottage, the old Farmer and his two stout sons rushed forth to ascertain the extent of the calamity. They found the coach down upon its side, and the two passengers within crying out lustily for help. Having extricated these, who were fortunately much more frightened than burt, though a little bruised, they began to search for Frank. But Lizzy, with a lantern, was before them, She had found him at the foot of a steep bank on the road-side, lying bloody and senseless. She cried out piteously for help. The Farmer and his sons bore the poor youth into their house. One then ran for a surgeon, another to get help from the village to take charge of the coach and horses. It was a Frank, only was insensible to it. He lay in Lizzy's own little bed-room, bathing her white weeping.

The surgeon came in a few moments, and on applying restoratives, brought poor Frank back to cosciousness. But he was frightfully thinking herself hid by the bean-flowers ed by the window and Lizzy not far distant, bruised and wounded. The surgeon was a family circle to see a happy fire ride,

Oh! the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of | which only make her show the fairer. She's | The once merry, singing, roughish Frank, occupied two hours in dressing his wounds, while Lizzy sat all the while scraping list in noted the change with regret, but could di- the adjoining room. Every now and then he would open his eves and catch a glimpse of her as she ran in and out supplying the surattributed it to the cursed chill winds ; and | geon's calls. At last the bandages were all a long way up and off from Farmer Hatch's to be sure they sweep down the long Torrey applied, and Frank resigned to what little rest he could hope to obtain with a bruised head and mangled limbs, fortunately no bones were broken, so that his case did not seem very desperate. While he lay in his darkensomething like an Indian Summer atmosphere ed room, with only a few rays from a rushlight behind a screen, the door softly opened. more beckoned the driver to stop to receive a and Lizzy entered in her bridal robe of whits muslin. She looked pale and beautiful as a spirit, in that dim light, and her voice was as sweet falling upon his dizzy brain.

"Forgive us all for leaving you a short time," she said. " Perhaps you remember it is the wedding night. The minister has arrived, and they are only waiting for me .--You shall have better attention when that is

"Go, and God bless you, Lizzy. Do not think of me. I am quite easy, and in want of nothing. You have all been very kind to me forgive me for bringing my sufferings here to disturb your joys. Why didn't you send me back to the tavern? it was the place for me to night."

Lizzy put her soft fingers gently over his lips. " Don't talk so," she whispered. "16 is the deepest of our thanksgivings to-night that we have been able to do something for you. Think of that, and let it console you."

Before he could reply she had glided softly away from him, and left the room. The wedding ceremony was performed in the parlor adjoining; and as he lay helpless upon his lifted in consecration of the nuptial vows. He heard the names spoken-Orlando Schneider, Elizabeth Hatch"-; then there was a bustle of the guests seating themselves; and a general suppressed tittering, and muraturing, and rattling of plates, and wine-glasses.

The hour was a long and painful one to Frank. At last the door opened into his room again, and the old Farmer approached. "Well, the job is over," he cried. "Considerable business we've done here in one night."

"I am afraid I am in your way, at this time," said Frank, in a mournful voice, that sounded strangely coming from his lips.

"Not a jot! not a jot! Schneider takes his wife away to-night, so we have an empty crib just in time. We're just about packing 'em away, and then we'll have an eye to you again."

He left the room, and presently Frank heard a carriage drive to the door. As it rolled slowly away, he could not suppress a deep groan, not of bodily, but of mental terture. "Are you in such pain?" sighed a tender, pitying voice in his ear. " Can I do nothing for you?"

"Why Lizzy! how came you here? I tho't you were gone."

" Not I, nor do I intend to go."

" Your father just told me that you were to leave to-night." "Oh no, you misunderstood him. He

meant the bride, not me."

"Not you!" cried Frank, almost springing from his pillow, in spite of his wounds and bandages. "Who in the name of Heaven is the bride, if not you?"

"It is my aunt Lizzy," said she, laughing a little rougishly, notwithstanding her pity for Frank.

"Then I have been deceived, and you ard not Scheider's wife ?"

"No, thank heaven! I am free from any such claims. Aunt Lizzy is happy in being married at the ripe age of forty, and Uncle Orlando, in claiming with his wife's hand a title to five thousand dollars. I am far happis er in being here to wait upon you."

"Dear Lizzy! weak and wonnded as I am. not a being breathes this night with so thankful a heart as I. Tell me, Lizzy, in a word, is there a man in the world who has a claim on you ?"

" Only my father."

"Then I may lie here in peace, and dream sweet dreams, may I not ?"

"Yes, any thing to make you happy." "And you will wait on me?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

"Then I am the happiest man alive." Here the door opened, and old Farmer Hatch entered with his wife, just as Frank

had managed to clasp Lizzy's hand. " Ho! ho! another wedding in the wind!" he cried.

But Lizzy ran out of the room in a twinkling of an eye, or I am not certain that the old Farmer would not have settled the bargain at once. Any way, it was not many weeks before the young people had settled it for themselves, which, after all, is much the best way in such cases.

NAMES .- There is much, pay, almost all in names. The name is the earliest garment time of general bustle and excitement .- you wrap round the earth, to which it henceforth cleaves more tenaciously (for there are names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) pillows with his blood. She stood by him than the very skin. Not only all common speech, but science-poetry itself-is no other, if thou consider it, than a right naming.

It is the best proof of the virtues of