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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, February 19, 1863.

Original Poetry.

(For the Reporter.)
THE PRESIDENT'S COUP D'ETAT.
BY L'ASPIRANT.

The looked for day has dawned at last,
A day, which through all time shall be
Remembered, as the harbinger
Of universal liberty!
Our Nation has been slow to hear
God's edict—'till it felt the blow,
Until Jehovah thundered forth
"Let them who oppressed people go!"

Since first Columbia's life began,
She has God's justice set at naught,
Until the blow has fallen—yes!
Has fallen where it ought;
To day our nation feels the curse,
Of God's dreadful price were paid,
In human bones, for sacrifice
On Slavery's altar to be laid.

Throughout the years of countless toil,
Month after month—day after day,
The patient slave has bowed his head
And yielded to the nation's sway,
Until the accumulated curse
Of millions has gone up to God,
And answered—'tis for this to day
We feel Jehovah's chastening rod.

And thus it was when Egypt's King—
Pharaoh, defied the Lord,
Refused to let his people go,
Until he felt the avenging sword;
Until the lifeless plagues had swept
His brightening force throughout the land,
"Till felt God's power through Moses' hand."

For four score weary years and ten,
The slave has toiled, has hoped and prayed—
Prayed for the hand to set him free,
Hoped for this hour so long delayed;
Thank God! for His dawned at last—
And after years unjust delay,
Now out the bonds from every limb
And ring the galling chains away.

Today, our trembled nation hears
The welcome news, which speeding fast,
Proclaims to man, in East and West,
The die for freedom has been cast;
That with the dawn of the new-born year,
The weary, toiling slave shall be,
Through coming years—throughout all time,
"Thee toward and forever free!"

E. O. GOODRICH, Jan. 1, 1863.

Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF THE EYES.

A DEAD WOMAN'S PICTURE.

All that is here written happened many years ago, but I still remember every incident of the dreadful scene as though it had occurred but yesterday.

I had been mainly instrumental in rescuing from death a poor, wretched and desperate woman, who, sick of life, and lacking strength any longer to battle with its miseries, had wildly lunged herself, one winter's night, from the parapet of the bridge above, down into the murky waters creeping slobberly along beneath, black and silent.

Another woman passing at the time had seen the mad act of this hopeless creature, and her piercing shriek, and the loud splash in the water below, apprised me of the nature of the occurrence, although I had not seen the deed committed, and judging from the sound whereabouts the body had fallen, I plunged into the river at once and swam out to the spot, happily in time to save her.

I had been wandering about purposely upon the deserted quays on the Thames bank, close to the foot of the bridge. I often wander about alone, and I usually choose lonely and deserted spots, such as these. It is my fancy, and I indulge it without fear of opposition, for I am a friendless bachelor, and there was no one in the wide world like to trouble my ears with his coming and goings, until I go for good upon the long journey, and the charwomen at my chamber fight and scramble over the contents of my lockers.

Upon this particular night, chancing to be at hand when she made the rash attempt, I was able to save this woman's life, an act I cherish, with her first returning breath, she cursed me heartily, and I was able to make the acquaintance of the strange being who is the hero of this strange story.

I see nothing much to admire in my conduct upon the occasion. I did, it appears to me, only what any other man, who was not a heartless brute, and who happened to be a good swimmer, would have done under like circumstances; but the person of whom I speak was so profuse in his praises, and hung about and complimented me so persistently, that I thought he wanted to pick my pocket. There was something odd, too, in his manner. He was well dressed, but he wore his hair long, and looked wild. I thought he was either cracked or tipsy. When I had helped to carry the half-drowned woman into the nearest public house, and was standing warning myself before the fire, in a suit of dry clothes the landlord had lent me, the stranger and I got into conversation.

"That wouldn't make a bad picture," said I, pointing out the group clustered round the table, on which the woman was lying wrapped up in blankets, with the yellow light upon their terrified faces.

The stranger had been acting as the doctor's assistant, and was, with myself, one of the privileged few allowed to be in the room.

"That is my line."
"Then will you"—he inquired, with an appearance of great excitement, which astonished me—"will you take one for me?"
"Take yours?" said I.

"No, not mine," he replied, in some confusion. "Not mine—a lady's. How much would you charge?"
"That depends upon the nature of the work. Is it to be in oil?"

"No, that would be too long a process—You would not require more than one sitting."
"Yes. I ought to have several to do it well."

"That would not do then. I would rather have a slight sketch. Could you do it in chalk or crayons?" he inquired.

"Yes."
"At one sitting?"
"We will conclude the bargain then. What are your terms? Will five guineas be sufficient?"

I nodded.
"Then I will give ten, willingly, if you will agree to do what I desire."
"I will take the lady's portrait, if that is what you mean?"

"Yes. But you do not know all. You are a man of nerve. I know that well enough from what I have seen you do to-night. I will tell you then at once—she is dead!"

I was at first somewhat startled by this announcement. I suppose, though, that I did not look much terrified, because he squeezed my hand eagerly, and said, in a joyful tone—
"I see you will do it. Do you promise?"

I was so hard up at the time that I would willingly have done what he required for a tenth part of the amount.

"When shall I do it?" I asked. "Now?"
"No. I must make some preparations first. I will provide the materials. Besides, you cannot see her to-night."

"To-morrow morning then?"
"No; it must be at night when it is done."
"Very well; give me your address, and I will come to-morrow evening."

"No, no. You cannot call, and I can give you no address. I must call on you and fetch you, for I don't know where she will be."
"What!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "You know where she is now, don't you?"

"Yes; but you cannot see her there."
"When shall I see you, then?" I asked, when I had given him my address.

"In three days' time."
"But," said I, doubtfully, "won't she—won't you—when is she going to be buried?"
"The day after to-morrow."
"But you said in three days?"

"Yes. You must point her, after that—after she has been in her grave."

WHO THE WOMAN WAS.

I must own that the next three days I passed in some excitement, feverishly wishing for the time to come, and wondering over and over again whether the strange man would really keep his word and call upon me.

Upon the night that he had appointed I sat waiting for him in my solitary room in Lyon's inn, and when I heard a neighboring clock strike three-quarters past nine, I had given him up, although the time he had fixed had not yet arrived.

I could not help thinking, when I came to think the matter over, that my friend was undoubtedly a madman, that he had been ravaging at that time, and that the deceased lady was but a freak of his disordered brain.

He had given me neither name nor address as a security for his appearance, and the more I thought of the affair, the more unlikely did it appear to me that I should ever clap eyes on him again.

The most improbable part of the business was, that she should have to be buried and taken out of the grave again before I could see her. This happened in the days of body snatching, and if he had desired to rob a grave, or had required help, it was very easily procurable. I knew that well enough—But then, why should he wish to do so? Why need the woman be buried before he could show her to me? Who was she? What was she to him?

For the life of me I could not solve the mystery, and whilst I was puzzling my head for the fiftieth time upon the same subject, the clock struck ten. Simultaneously with the last stroke, a single blow fell suddenly upon my door.

I sprang from my seat and ran forward to admit my visitor.

He wore a kind of cloak or cape, and a large wrapper round his neck, as though he would have concealed his face to some extent. What I saw of it was very pale. He talked rationally enough, and his eyes did not look at all wild. Once I fancied I caught a glimpse of something shining in his breast pocket, which I took to be a dagger-knife.

I hardly liked the job, but I was hard up. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Come, then."
We descended the stairs without further conversation, crossed the court yard, and got into a cab that was waiting for us in the street without.

fire or ten minutes, and as we descended from the cab, I looked eagerly round in the hope of being able to recognize the locality, but I was unable to obtain more than a very limited notion of the objects surrounding us, so very dark was it.

We had stopped at the gate of what seemed to be a mean looking cottage standing by itself, in a plot of waste land. We were in a lonely country lane, as well as I could make out, for I could see no signs of other houses near us, and there was a sweet freshness about the air which spoke of green fields and pasture land hard by. Only this much could I make out, and then I followed my strange companion across the deserted, weed-grown garden path, into the cottage.

It was a whitewashed building, one story high, and there were two rooms upon the ground floor; into the front one my companion led the way.

He held the door open for me to pass in; then closed it noiselessly behind me.

I looked round the room, though not without some slight tremor, I confess. There were two large wax candles burning, one upon either side of a bed or couch, upon which lay a dead woman, the light falling full upon her white and upturned face. By the side of the bed there stood an easel and a small table holding drawing materials, crayons, charcoal, water colors, water, palette, &c.

By the easel stood a chair. The room was otherwise unfurnished, and the floor was bare.

"Have you all you want?" asked my companion.

"All," I replied.

"I will leave you, then," he said, after a pause, in which he had been silently and eagerly contemplating the still face of the dead; "my presence, perhaps, disturbs you."

"Not at all," I replied hastily, for I thought upon this occasion, in spite of the proverb, that three were company.

I continued to draw, while he stood silently at the foot of the couch; a half-stilled and convulsive sob from time to time, breaking the otherwise oppressive silence. As I glanced at him furtively, I noticed that grief or some other cause had wrought a great and dreadful change in his face since I last saw him, his cheeks were pinched and hollow, his eyes dull and haggard, his face altogether a leaden and unearthly hue, strongly resembling the face of the dead woman before us.

It was evident that since I saw him last, he had suffered intensely—he was suffering intensely now. I found, before long, that it was necessary that I should make some alteration in the arrangement of the body. It was habituated in a shroud, and the jaws were bound up in the customary manner, with a linen bandage. This latter I proposed that I should remove, and for that purpose I approached the couch.

But, before I could effect my purpose, he started before me, and wildly waved me back, his eyes glittering with an awful excitement which was little short of madness.

"No—no!" he cried fiercely, pushing me away with his left hand, "no one but me, no one but me!"

As he spoke he loosened the bandage, and then laid the linen down by the side of her. Then, he jet black hair in thick, glossy ringlets, fell about her face and upon her snowy bosom.

She looked very beautiful as she lay there, so calm and still. I involuntarily said as much; but the next moment I regretted having spoken, for my words called forth a burst of passionate ravings from my companion, which were terrible in their utterance.

"Yes," he screamed rather than cried, as he fell upon his knees by the bedside, and kissed and sobbed over one of the cold white hands which lay crossed upon the dead woman's breast. "Oh, yes, she is beautiful—an angel as she is. Oh, just Heaven, why was I robbed of her? What have I done that I should suffer so? Oh, God, give me strength to bear the sight of her whom I love more than my immortal soul, lying here stark dead before me. But what is there in her death that I should grieve for?" he continued, in quite an altered tone, at the same time tearing his hair and grinding his teeth in impotent fury. "I would rather see her dead than in the arms of the blackhearted wretch who robbed me of her. Ha! ha! she is dead! and I rejoice, for the bitterness of my grief is shared by him. I can console myself by the thought that every pang I suffer reads his heart as it does mine."

"She was not then your wife?"

"My wife!" he answered savagely. "No, she was another's wife. She was loved, and she was deceived, and she married him. That is why I have had to do what I have done to obtain her portrait. I would have her portrait. I would have her portrait though the grave robbed me of her dear self. I am determined to have something by which I may preserve her loved features in my memory—I gave her my portrait once—once when we plighted our troth. But they have robbed her of it, I suppose, as they have robbed me of her."

"What is that?" said I, pointing to the woman's neck, upon which it seemed to me, something glistened brightly. "It is a chain, I think."

He uttered a low cry and sprang at it—Next moment he held in his hand a gold locket to which the chain had been attached.

"It is mine!" he cried in a transport of delight. "It is the portrait I gave her. God bless her! God bless her! I thank thee, Heaven, for thy infinite mercy!" and stooping over her, he kissed the cold lips of his dead love with frenzied eagerness, babbling incoherent words of endearment as he did so.

Then springing to his feet, and heeding not an effort which I made to detain him, he caught up one of the candles, and clasping the locket to his heart, hastily quitted the apartment.

I called after him loudly, but he made no reply. Doubtless, he wanted to be alone to open the locket. I hesitated a moment, and then decided upon going on with the picture

as quickly as I could, and to put an end to this unpleasant business.

He had shot himself up in the next room, and was perfectly still.

The house was silent as a tomb, and I almost fancied for a moment that I was in a tomb, and buried alive with the corpse.

PAINTING THE PICTURE.

I am not quite so sure that a fellow inclined to be nervous at that sort of thing might not have been seized with a panic at the idea of being thus left alone to draw a dead woman's portrait. For myself, though, I must own I rather preferred the company of the corpse to that of the maniac lover. I was not quite sure that he might not suddenly take it into his head that I had in some manner injured him, and plunge that dagger into me, the handle of which I had caught a glimpse of.

I applied myself now seriously to the work before me and drew with all my might. Very soon I had sketched in the face and finished the hair. The picture was a tolerable likeness, and I have it now at home, where the curious can see it upon application; but it is very corpse-like. Without being told, one might have supposed that it was a posthumous portrait.

It was to relieve this ghastliness that I slightly tinted the lips and cheeks; but as I wanted to paint the eyes I required to know what color the eyes really were. The lover was not at hand to interrogate upon the subject. The only way left to me was to gently raise one of the eyelids and look at the pupil.

I hardly liked the job, though. In the first place, I did not relish the notion of touching the dead flesh. In the second, I was fearful lest my passionate friend should return and find me in the act. Thirdly, I was afraid that he might find out afterwards that the body had been touched, even if he did not surprise me.

I thought, with a shudder, that I might not perhaps be able to close the lid again when once I had raised it. I waited therefore a long time, until the irksomeness of the delay became absolutely unbearable, hoping that the stranger would return.

That I rose and drew near to the face, I stretched forth my hand with the intention of touching one of the eyes, and the next moment started back, struck dumb with horror. For, as I stretched out my fingers one of the eyes, without my having touched it, opened slowly under my hand and started straight at me, while I, in my turn, stared straight back at the eye, my hand still spread out in the air, as though I had been suddenly petrified in a stone. As I was endeavoring to recon- cile the horrible occurrence with any law of nature I could call to mind, the second eye slowly opened in like manner, and stared at me also.

Upon my soul, in all my life, I never remember to have felt such a nervous shock as at that moment. I was so startled—so taken aback—so utterly prostrated with terror, that for an instant I verily believed my heart ceased to beat and my blood to circulate. It was only for an instant, though, and then reason came to my aid. I saw that the eyes were alive. I understood that she had been in a trance and had been so buried.

Without being in the least able to account for so doing, or to restrain the strange impulse which tempted me, I fell back into my chair and burst out laughing hysterically.

Then, aroused by the sound, the woman heaved a deep drawn sigh, raised herself upon her couch, and sat shivering and looking round her with a scared white face.

I hardly knew what I ought to do, though what I dreaded most was the man's return, for I felt certain that the effect of this unexpected sight upon him would be terrible—No; I must see him first, and to the best of my power prepare him for what was to come.

Bidding the lady then not to stir for Heaven's sake, and assuring her that she was safe and among friends, and that there was no cause for alarm, I left the room in search of the lover. He had gone into the adjoining apartment, I thought; but I found the door locked. I could see a light through the keyhole; but although I hammered loudly and shouted to him, he made no reply.

After waiting awhile I went out to the front and called to the cabman dozing upon the box. Had he seen the gentleman? No, the gentleman had not come out of the cottage. Then he must be in the back room.

I called to him again louder than before; then, with the assistance of the cabman, burst open the door. The candle stood upon the mantle-piece. The man lay upon his face upon the floor, and he lay in a pool of blood—He was stone dead, and when we raised him we found that he had stabbed himself to the heart with his dagger-knife.

In wondering horror I cast my eyes around for some object that might act as a clue to the solution of this strange mystery. Presently, my eyes lighted on the locket lying on the floor at the farthest corner of the room. He had probably dashed it from him in a rage for the glass was broken; but I could see the portrait of the unfortunate man.

In a moment the meaning of the scene occurred to me. He had hoped to find that she loved his portrait—that she had been buried with his portrait next to her heart. The mortification at finding that she had removed his effigy from the locket and placed her husband's in its stead, had turned what little brains he had left and driven him to self-destruction.

I was never paid for the portrait neither by the lady herself or her husband, to whom I restored her.

Adam was fond of his joke, and when he saw his sons and daughters marrying one another, dryly remarked to Eve that if there had been no apple, there would have been no peering.

Letter from North Carolina.

CAROLINA CITY, N. C., Jan. 8, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER—Your last kind favor came to hand in due time, and doubtless you have wondered much that I have not answered it ere this. But circumstances wholly beyond my control have prevented me from replying to it until now, and even now my conveniences are those of a "soldier in the field," and not such as will enable me to write with any satisfaction. Doubtless you have heard ere this of our departure from Yorktown; so I will give you a brief account of our voyage, and safe arrival in Beaufort Harbor, N. C. We left Yorktown a little after 12 M., on Wednesday the 28th ult., on board the steamer Georgia, and ran into the harbor at Fortress Monroe just as the sun was sinking in the west. The sky was without a cloud, and as the setting sun cast his bright rays upon the noble old Fortress with her frowning guns, and glistened upon the windows of the many neat and comfortable looking white buildings, both public and private in and around her, and fell with sparkling brightness upon the smooth, dark waters of the Chesapeake, it presented a scene sublimely beautiful and interesting. I have read many descriptions of a sunset scene, pictured to the "mind's eye" by all the "flowery language of an eloquent and accomplished writer," and have fancied the scene very beautiful indeed. But I at once came to the conclusion that no writer, however eloquent, can do justice to a "sunset scene" in and around a harbor, when viewed from the deck of a vessel, as she approaches it. It could not fail to attract the attention and excite the admiration of every true lover of nature—I see I have digressed very much from that which I intended to write when I commenced, but I suppose no apology is necessary. We remained on board the Georgia Monday night, and next morning (Tuesday) she steamed up to the wharf, and I went ashore and took a stroll around the Fortress. Quite a town has been built up just outside the Fortress, which presents a neat and tasty appearance. In this town there is probably more business done than in any of our Northern inland towns of thrice its size. In this way I spent nearly the whole of that day. Just at night the transport Expounder, formerly the Daniel Webster, arrived from New-York, where she had been for repairs, and anchored alongside the Georgia. This steamer was to take us to our destination—so we went aboard of her during the evening, and then the work of re-shipping provisions, etc., and "coaling" commenced, and was not completed until near noon next day. We then weighed anchor and steamed up the Bay. The wind was blowing a brisk gale, and the Bay was very rough in deed. The vessel rocked and plunged violently from wave to wave, and as we neared Cape Henry the sea increased, and would sometimes dash the spray over the top of the hurricane deck. The mules and horses were in the bow of the boat, on the main deck, and as the vessel tipped from side to side, they found it rather difficult to maintain a standing position, and they reeled and tumbled about like drunken men. One of the mules being tied to the tail-rail near the gangway, as the vessel suddenly tipped that side of her toward the water, leaped overboard, with harness and saddle on, and disappeared beneath the foaming waves. In a moment he reappeared and struck out boldly for shore, which being so far distant, it is hardly probable that he reached it alive. We kept on our course, and left the poor animal to his fate; and as we "rounded the cape," and came out upon the broad waters of the Atlantic, we found it so rough the Captain of the boat dare not venture farther, as we would have to pass Cape Hatteras during the night, which is always very rough when there is but an ordinary sea at other places. Accordingly, he "about faced" the boat, and headed her for Fortress Monroe, and ran into the harbor and anchored for the night. Next morning (New Year's) the wind had subsided a little, and at about 8 a. m., we weighed anchor and started again, after getting our mail matter and express freight for the Regiment. The sea was running pretty high yet, but this time we kept on our course. As we passed Cape Henry, and once more came out upon the broad ocean, we found it still very rough, and, although the boat was heavily laden, the waves tossed her about as though she were but a feather. She would now rise upon the top of a huge swell, and again would plunge suddenly forward into the deep gulf between two waves, which seemed ready to swallow us up, in the boundless deep. I went up on the upper deck and sat down about midway of the boat, where she seemed the steadiest, and amused myself by watching and laughing at a number of the officers and men, who had become seasick, and were vigorously "casting up their accounts," and others who were trying to walk the deck, which it was now almost impossible to do. Here I remained nearly all day. At last, feeling chilly, I concluded to go below. I walked forward to the officers' room to return a spy glass which I had been using, and came back to the hatchway and descended the stairs. This I accomplished with some difficulty, but, by this time, I began to feel a little unsettled about the stomach, and I found it rather difficult to keep down my "disabilities." This, however, I managed to do, as I had a good berth, I made a "virtue of necessity," and "turned in" to sleep and rest for the duties of the coming morning. I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke the sea was dashing madly against the side of the vessel, and she rocked to and fro in a manner that made it a difficult matter to maintain a "stationary position" in bed. This was about 2 o'clock at night. I at once concluded we were just passing Cape Hatteras, and upon making inquiries I found that I was right in my conclusions. We had expected to find a rough sea at this point, and we were not disappointed. As we passed the Cape, the sea gradually grew less rough, and by sunrise next morning (Friday) there was little more than an ordinary sea along the coast of North Carolina. About this time we came in sight of what is called the Morehead Shoals. These shoals extend diagonally into the sea, a distance of three or four miles. Over these shoals the waves dash, throwing the spray into the air to a considerable height, and as the clear morning sun shone full upon them, they presented a beautiful sight indeed. It is impossible for me to give you even a faint idea of its splendor, as the huge waves leaped into the air as they came in contact with the shoals and their foaming waters sparkling in the clear sunlight, and reflecting innumerable colors upon the broad bosom of the heaving ocean—Therefore, I will pass it by, and leave you to form your own idea of it. After passing these shoals we soon ran into Beaufort Harbor, and landed about 12 M. We landed at the wharf and U. S. Military Rail Road Depot, opposite Beaufort. This Rail Road is in active operation from that depot to Newbern. We marched three miles along the Rail Road and pitched tents in our present camp. The sea was generally pretty rough during the voyage, but, take it "all in all," I enjoyed it very much. We were told by a naval officer, as we came into the harbor, that the Monitor, and all on board, went down off Cape Hatteras the night before we passed it; but I am in hopes there is some mistake about it, and that she is still safe. Had we kept on the first time we started, we must have passed it the same night, or perhaps met the same fate of the Monitor. Our whole brigade is camped here now. There is a large number of troops being landed here and at Newbern, and every preparation is being made for a vigorous campaign. Where, and when we are to strike the first blow, is a matter of uncertainty with us. However, the boys of this Company are all in excellent health and spirits, and are ready to undertake any duty that may be assigned them. I think I may safely say the same of the whole of the 52d Regiment, and even of the whole brigade. The weather is warm and pleasant, and seems more like the month of June than January.

But I must close. It is hardly probable that you will hear from me as often as you did while I was at Yorktown, as the mail leaves here but once a week, and I shall have less time to devote to letter-writing. But I promise you shall hear from me as often as possible. Meantime, I remain as ever,
Your brother,
A. M. HAIGHT,
Co. E, 52d Reg't, P. V.

Letter from Harrisburg.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
HARRISBURG, Feb. 19, 1863.

EDITOR OF REPORTER, Sir—The following proceedings were had in the House last night, which may interest your readers.

Mr. LILLEY presented a petition from citizens of Bradford county, praying that a law may be passed authorizing Towanda, Monroe and Asylum townships, to purchase a farm and erect thereon a Poor House.

Also, a petition from the citizens of Monroe Borough asking that a law may be passed, to transfer the Dockets of certain deceased justices of the peace late of Monroe township to the Justices in Monroe Borough.

Also, the petition of eighty citizens of Standing Stone township, praying for the repeal of the law relative to "Tonnage Duties."

Mr. LILLEY—Mr. Speaker, I understand this petition is but the forerunner of a large batch, soon to follow, of a similar import.—The gentleman who sent this to my colleague, thinks the matter is of sufficient importance to justify the House in hearing it read, and ordering it printed in the Legislative Record.

I therefore, ask for the reading of the petition. The petition was read by the Clerk.

Mr. LILLEY.—I now move that the House direct it to be printed in the Legislative Record.

On a division of the House a majority voted in the affirmative, and it was so ordered.

Some days ago I read in my place a bill to incorporate the Towanda Railroad Company. This bill has been reported back from the Committee on Railroads by Mr. Jackson of Sullivan, and will soon become a law.

This road is to start at a point on the Barclay Railroad near Greenwood, and connect with the Elmira and Williamsport road near Granville Summit. It will be about sixteen miles long. I think the construction of this road is very important to the citizens of our county generally, and I rejoice to learn from Mr. Macfarlane who has the matter in charge, that there is no doubt of its being completed at a very early day.

Yours, &c.,
D. LILLEY.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.

Balwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's continual abiding place. It can't be that our life is a bubble cast upon the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness! Else, why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are borne for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever."

DISCOVERED AT LAST—A physician told his patient that he could cure his toothache by simply holding a certain root in his right hand.

"What root?" asked the sufferer.

"The root of the aching tooth," replied the physician.