

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
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Selected Poetry.

BATTLE-WORN BANNERS.
I saw the soldiers come to-day,
From battle-field afar;
No conqueror bore before their way
On his triumphant car.
But captains, like themselves, on foot,
And banners sadly torn,
All grandly eloquent though mute,
In pride and glory borne.
Those banners, soiled with dirt and smoke,
And rent by shot and shell,
That through the serried phalanx broke—
What heroes they could tell!
What tales of sudden pain and death
In every cannon's boom,
When even the bravest held their breath
And waited for his doom.
By hands of steel these flags were waved
Above the carnage dire,
Almost destroyed, yet always saved,
Mid battle-clouds and fire;
Though down at times, still up they rose
And kissed the breeze again,
Dead tokens to the rebel foes
Of true and loyal men.
And here the true and loyal still
Those famous banners bear;
The longed wind, the flies blow shrill,
And clash the cyphals, where
With deviated ranks they come,
And through the crowded street
March to the beating of the drum,
With firm though weary feet.
God bless the soldier! ere the folk
Whose cheers of welcome swell;
God bless the banners' black and smoke,
And torn by shot and shell!
They should be hung on sacred shrines,
Baptized with grateful tears,
And lived embalmed in poetry's lines,
Through all succeeding years.
No grander trophies could be brought
By patriot sire or son,
Of glorious battles nobly fought,
Brave deeds admirably done,
And so, today, I cherish with pride
And solemn joy to see,
These remnants from the bloody tide
Of glorious victory!

Select Tale.

THE LOVER'S RESCUE.
The morning sunshine was streaming in rivulets of broken gold athwart the craggy wilderness that skirt the easterly shore of Mount Desert.
Along the whole iron bound coast of Maine there is no single spot so feared by wary skippers and worshipped by art-tornists as the beetling cliffs and hollow-sounding caverns of Mount Desert. Woe betide the luckless bark that loses her reckoning in a foggy morning near the treacherous breakers that lurk beneath the restless tide! Woe betide the good ship that trusts herself too near those dreadful cliffs!
There are few dwellings scattered along this bleak and inhospitable shore, yet the September sunshine gave a sort of home-like look to the weather-browned cottage that seemed to have nestled down among the rocks, where a shelving terrace offered a bit of garden-room, and walls of black green ferns and spruces leaned against the cliffs beyond. It was not much of a garden, however: a single gnarled apple-tree, leading over the porch in an attitude that seemed to convey the idea that it had wrestled with the fierce coast gales until it had become completely discouraged, and didn't care whether it lived or died; a few shrubby vegetables on a sunny slope, guarded by a sturdy battalion of currant-bushes; two mammoth hydrangeas, in green-painted boxes, whose rank leaves hung over the door-stone, and a bright border of orange marigolds and blue German asters along the narrow path. Brave-hearted! the autumn blossoms they were; for when the tides ran high and the winds unloosed their fatal regions the driving showers of spray fell like rain over all the garden domain.
Of course one could hardly expect any thing more real than a sea-nymph in this marine wilderness; but there was nothing shadowy or unsubstantial in the rosy New England face of Lettice Moore as she stood at the gate, shading her clear eyes with one brown hand, while the salt wind, fresh from the curling billows of the Atlantic, lifted the curls from her low pure forehead. She was rather small, but little and quick, with eyes as blue and dewy as freshly-blissed morning-glories, and cheeks where the crimson glow of perfect health shone thro' the dire shadow left by sea-winds and fervent suns. For Lettice Moore was a sea-captain's daughter, and had grown up in the open air, just like the native pines and spruces whose moaning branches sung her to sleep in the cloudy autumn nights.
She looked very lovely in her dress of madder-red calico, with its coquetish ruffled pockets fastened with red buttons, and the trim collar fastened at her slender throat with a fantastic bit of coral, almost like a glowing drop of blood, that her father had brought from foreign shores years ago.
Suddenly the carmine deepened on her cheeks, the blue eyes sparkled into soft brilliancy.
"He's coming!" she murmured; "I hear his footsteps on the rocky stair." And she fluttered back into the house like a red autumn leaf. It was very evident that she did not intend to know how long she had stood there shading her eyes with her hand.
A tall, straight young fellow, with bright hazel-brown eyes, and a tawny mustache overhanging a mouth whose frank smile was better than a dozen letters of introduc-

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tion, you might have known him for an artist by the sketching-stand and camp stool that were slung carelessly across his shoulder. And as he came round the curve in the path, whistling softly to himself, his face shadowed by the broad brimmed Panama hat, whose black ribbon was fastened into his button-hole, he never for an instant imagined that Lettice Moore's blue eyes were shyly watching him behind the dense leaves of the hardy scarlet-runners that veiled the kitchen window.
Mrs. Moore's kitchen! Ah, reader, if you could only have seen it you would have admired the vanities of bull and ornolu, rose-wood and beauteous from this time forth for evermore: the square of rag carpet in the centre was so bright and fresh—the boards were scoured to such snowy purity, and the golden light came sifting in so vividly through the dancing leaves of the scarlet-runners! And then the tin dishes shone like silver on the trim dresser, and the red peppers hanging from the beams overhead glowed like giant rubies, and the black-bird in his wicker cage talked softly to himself, and kept an eye on the chickens that were skimming round the open door, like a policeman in a new jet-black suit! While Lettice herself, deliciously unconscious was nestled in the window-seat with a bit of fine stitching in her brown fingers, singing the low refrain of some old fishing song she had caught from sailors on the bay.
"Mr. Wayne!" she exclaimed, looking up suddenly as a bright sprig of sea-weed fluttered into her lap. "Why, how you startled me! Is it possible that you are back already?"
"Already!" repeated Kenneth Wayne, with an indescribable something of pique in his tone, "it is nearly eleven o'clock."
"So late as that?" said Lettice, biting off the end of her thread with teeth that were white and even as grains of rice.
Mr. Wayne stood leaning against the window ledge, his eyes fixed dreamily on the bright disheveled curls, and the olive cheek with its wine-like glow, where the moving leaf-shadows came and went at every second.
"How lovely she is!" was the unsyllabled fancy that shaped itself in his mind—"I wonder," he thought, setting his teeth close together, "if I am but a mad, conceited fool, blindly putting my own interpretation on every look and glance, or if she really loves me!"
As the thought floated through his brain Lettice looked up.
"Are you going out again this afternoon, Mr. Wayne?"
"Yes, I am going down to take a study or two from the great cavern."
"How?"
"The little boat lies at the landing. You need not laugh, Lettice, I am enough of a hand at the oars to get across to the cavern even if I haven't grown like a barnacle on those rocks."
"Did I laugh?" said Lettice, demurely surveying her bit of stitching.
"You'll go with me, Lettice? Think how deliciously cool those green waves will be at noon!"
"I don't think I care to go to-day," said Lettice with an air of supreme indifference.
"Lettice!"
"Well, Mr. Wayne!"
"Why will you be so provoking?"
"Am I provoking? Really I wasn't aware of it!"
"Lettice," said the young man, with a sudden spot of crimson burning on his cheek, "I can not endure this uncertainty any longer, I must know your fate!"
She lifted the blue, rapid eyes to his face with the innocent wonderment of a child, while her scarlet lips, half parted, were like the deep incarnadine of the West Indian shells that lay on the shelf beyond.
"I love you, Lettice!" he said passionately; "I have loved you since the day I first looked upon your face. The time is coming when I must leave this desolate shore; let me take you with me to be the sunshine of my life. Don't turn away from me, Lettice Moore—give me one word, one look, to which I may cling and still hope on."
"You hurt my wrist," said Lettice, pettishly. "Don't Mr. Wayne!"
"You have not answered me, Lettice."
She stole a shy, arch glance at him under her long, brown lashes.
It was neither more nor less than woman's instinct, this strange impulse that prompted Lettice, in that moment when the fate of her whole life trembled in the balance, to play with her lover's earnestness, and hide behind a mask of simulated indifference.—And so Lettice pouted her pretty lip, and twisted the bronze-brown curl round her finger, and looked out at the blue sweep of the distant sea and answered never a word.
"Tell me, Lettice, do you love me? Ay or no—an answer will have it."
"Would have an answer, indeed! A pretty idea, thought wifful Lettice, to pretend an object and humble devotion, and then use such lordly phrases at this! He should have his answer—for the present at least. It would be a good lesson, and one that Mr. Kenneth Wayne appeared to need. So she drew herself up, and replied in one hanghtily unanswerable,
"No!"
He stood looking at her a moment, while the blood seemed to recede from his face, leaving an ashy ring around the lips, and then turned quietly away, and took a slow, listless stroll down the rocky path, with eyes that saw not the blue glimmer of the distant sea, nor the lines of cloud that skirted the far away horizon.
The instant his footstep crossed the threshold Lettice started up as if to call him back. But the words seemed to die in silence upon her lips, and she sank back on the window-seat, hiding her face in her hands.
"What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"
But the next instant she dashed the moisture from her eyelashes with a quick, haughty movement, and took up her work, as if fully resolved to dismiss the whole affair from her mind.
How long she sat there, mechanically plying the needle, she could never have told; it might have been five hours. Her mind was in too fevered and restless a state to take much note of time; and the old wooden chair in a grove of asparagus between the windows ticked monotonously on, as if it had ticked for thirty years, while the blackbird dived in his cage, and the cicadas chirped shrilly from the stunted bushes along the cliff.
"Why, Lettice, you ain't sick, are you?" Mrs. Moore had bustled into the room,

with a basket of shining crimson apples on her arm, and through her bright spectacles keenly regarded her daughter's face.
"No, mother, I am not sick; why did you ask?"
"You're as white as a sheet, child; you've been sittin' too close at that fine work. However, the color's beginnin' to come back a little now!"
Mrs. Moore sat down in a cushioned rocking-chair, and untied her bonnet strings; a plump, cheery little body, with cheeks like the sunny side of a Bartlett pear, and bright gray eyes that had a winning sparkle in them yet.
"I've been over to Desire Peabody's to find when Mahala Ann was to be married," began she; "and I come by way of the meadow on the south hill, and the ground under that tree was just red with these 'ere apples. I calculate they blowed down last night, when the gale come up. Jest as red as though they'd been painted; they will make beautiful pies, won't they, Lettice, with a pinch of fennel-seed and plenty of 'good brown sugar? The very tree your father insisted was Rhode Island green's. I told him better, but Isaac always was dread-fol sot in his ways."
Mrs. Moore broke into a mellow laugh as she surveyed the glossy treasures in her basket.
"By-the-way," she resumed, looking around the room, and leaning back in her chair to get a furtive glimpse into the little parlour beyond, "where's Mr. Wayne?"
"He went out to go over to the Great Cavern," said Lettice, bending over her work till her cheeks rivalled the scarlet runners without.
"The Great Cavern!" ejaculated Mrs. Moore, lifting up both hands in dismay, "when there's a storm blowin' up, and the tide runnin' at the top of the cliff like all possessed?"
Lettice sprang up and went to the eastern window, with a strange, undefined foreboding at her heart.
The sky was covered with a rack of lurid clouds, breaking into ragged shreds before the wind; and even where she stood she could hear the hollow booming of the sea—the "roting," as it is significantly called by those who follow fisher-craft, with ever and anon a sudden report like the discharge of artillery, as some gigantic breaker shivered into clouds of spray against the rocky headlands.
She glanced across at the clock.
"It is strange that he has not returned—it is later than I thought," she murmured.
Once more at the garden gate, the wind wildly flinging her curls about, and her eager eyes straining out upon the dizzy rise and fall of the ocean beyond.
"Mother! the glass. Give me the glass!"
Her voice had risen almost to a shriek. Mrs. Moore caught the glass from its case under the mantle, and was at her daughter's side in an instant.
"What is it, daughter? Lettice, what do you see?" she asked clinging to the slender girl, with a thrill of terror at her heart.
"Look, mother!" said Lettice, eagerly giving the glass into the elder's hand, and speaking in quick, gasping tones. "Do you see that black speck just beyond Schooner Head? There—it is drifting towards us."
"I see it," said the mother, looking steadily out at sea.
"What is it?" questioned Lettice, breathlessly.
"A boat—our little fishing-boat!"
"I thought so," said the girl.
"Oh, mother, mother! it is the boat that Mr. Wayne rowed away in this very morning. It is loosened from the moorings, and has drifted away, and he—O Heavens! he is tide-bound in the Great Cavern!"
They looked at one another, pale and appalled, these two helpless women, with eyes full of unspoken horror.
"Jabez is not here, mother?"
"No; he went to Ellsworth this morning."
"But his boat is moored below."
"I—I believe so, Lettice! my child—you would never risk your life in such a sea as this?"
Lettice turned upon her mother with sudden fire.
"Mother! I may be in time to save his life—who knows? But if his dead corpse is thrown upon these dismal rocks, when the tide rolls in, mine shall lay beside it."
And then, as she saw the white terror on her mother's face, she added, speaking in a different and softer accents, "Don't be afraid; you know that father always said I could manage a boat as well as any fisherman on the coast."
Before Mrs. Moore could answer Lettice was springing down the cliffs like a deer. A moment later she saw the little boat unfastened, and her daughter's practiced hand steering it out to sea.
And then she fell on her knees, hiding her face against the rocks, and moaning in anguish.
"God protect my child! God's mercy go with her across the cruel sea!"
Onward toiled the little boat, straining and cracking in every seam; but Lettice cared not for that, as she sat gazing out toward the rocky point, fringed with silver birches and funeral spruces beneath which, like the yawning mouth of some sea-monster, lurked the Great Cavern of Mount Desert. Drenched with flying sheets of spray—defeated by the perpetual thunder of the waves—rocked to and fro by the heaving tide, if her tiny craft had been but a floating leaf, she thought only of Kenneth Wayne, and struck her oars into the green tumbling billows with the frenzied strength of a madwoman.
"I will save him, or I will die!" was the sentence that seemed burned into her brain in characters of fire.
And what was Mr. Kenneth Wayne doing all this time?
Not much sketching, certainly; he was scarcely in a mood for that, as he sat there on a projecting ledge of rock, moodily watching the translucent breakers toss their foamy wreath against the wall of the cavern, and listening to the resonating crash of the great deep. He had come down with some vague intention of sketching the Porcupine Rocks, whose stupendous heights have been familiarized to us by Wiles' painting; but he soon gave up that idea, and abandoned himself, despairing, lover-like, to the contemplation of his own misery.
"I don't care if I never touch another square inch of canvas," he muttered to him-

self, clenching his hands. "If Lettice could have loved me, I might have devoted myself to my art, with a reasonable chance of one day becoming a distinguished man.—Now, it don't matter a pin's point whether I live or die!"
Poor Kenneth! All this might be very harrowing to our feelings if half the civilized world hadn't passed through this very Slough of Despond, and afterwards got married, and like the people in fairy tales, "lived happy ever after."
All of a sudden he sprang to his feet.
"Hallo, the tide appears to be rolling in at a deuce of a rate!" he exclaims, half aloud, "and the sooner I get out of this place the better. Who would have supposed it was so late? Confound those breakers, how they bellow! One might almost fancy then possessed demons."
Kenneth Wayne picked his way leisurely down the sloping floor of the cave, already becoming wet and slippery with the advancing tide, to where he had fastened the little boat.
A sudden thrill passed across his heart as if it had been clasped by icy fingers—the full peril of his situation flashed on his mind in appalling distinctness. Alone in the Great Cavern, with his boat gone, and the tide coming in with the howling fury of a wild beast!
"It does not matter a pin's point whether I live or die!"
Those were the idle words that had rested on his lips scarce half an hour ago; but he had never dreamed when he spoke them that he should so soon stand face to face with Death. Now, as the cold dew broke out on his forehead and the fall of dead horror launched his very lips, the rashly spoken sentence came back to him freighted with deep and solemn meaning.
Yet Kenneth Wayne was no coward.—When once the dreadful certainty was impressed on his mind, he leaned with folded arms against the jagged wall, resolved to meet his fate as a brave man should.
So the world was passing away from him—the bright sunshine, the blue outer air, the song of robins in the gnarled apple-tree at home. All the bright visions he had formed—the aspirations he had built up in the cloudy vistas of the future—the loves and hopes that had clustered around his pathway—all, all passing away. And even through the roar of the raising tide, he could hear the silver ticking of his watch, and smiled bitterly to think how soon Time would be but a meaningless name to him.
Dead! He could not fancy the strong, warm, throbbing vitality within his frame transformed to a cold corpse, with dank, streaming hair and livid, upturned face, tossed hither and yon upon the cruel crests of those leaping billows. Would he be carried far out to sea, and picked up days afterwards by some passing ship? Or would his body be dashed to pieces against the hidden breaker of that fatal coast, and none know how or where he died? Or perhaps some wave might throw him on the beach at Schooner Head, and Lettice might look on his dead face with a pitying pang.
Lettice! Ah, there was the bitterness of death!
The waves were creeping around his knees now, and throwing tongues of spray about him, as a serpent throws his slimy tongue over its prey before the deadly sting, and his head began to whirl strangely with the hollow boom of the waters against the coloring walls. He closed his eyes in a sort of dumb agony of despair to await the fate that was so certain, so relentless.
"Kenneth! Kenneth Wayne!"
Was it but the sickly phantasy of the death-hour, or did Lettice Moore's wild voice sound under these vaulted recesses?
It was no phantasy—a warm, living hand was drawing him through the black waters.
"Quick—the boat! Oh my God! I to think that you were standing so close to your death!"
He started blankly at the white, eager face opposite him—when then he did not fully realize that he had escaped from the very jaws of destruction.
"Kenneth, speak to me! Oh, Kenneth! you have not lost your reason in that dreadful place!"
He bent forward with a look of deep gratitude that brought the scarlet blood into her cheek, but neither of them spoke.
"Let me take the oars, Lettice," he said, after a few minutes. "The waves are very high, and you are weak and worn out."
She shook her head.
"We shall reach the Head soon, and a mistake might cost us our lives. You have not been used to the management of a boat since you were a baby; I have!"
Slight and slender as that pale girl was, what a brave dauntless spirit she carried! Kenneth Wayne looked at her with a feeling almost akin to awe, as the salt blast blew the hair away from her ashen face, and the clouds, drooping in black ragged masses overhead, cast a strange reflection on her forehead.
Suddenly she leaned over and looked at the shores they were approaching.
"The moorings are under water," she said, calmly. "We can not land there."
"Can not land there! Then what are we to do?"
"Kenneth, listen to me," she said, in low distinct tones. "They are waiting for us on yonder shore, but no boat can put out now, nor can they aid us to land. A rope would part like cotton thread in such a sea as this. Do you see that ragged edge of rock projecting from the Head beyond?"
"Yes."
"I shall wait until yonder great breaker rolls in and let the boat ride in upon its crest. Then I shall throw the coil of rope over that rock."
"But, Lettice, the receding billow will snap it like a hair."
"You must not wait for the receding wave. Spring to the shore; they will be able to help you before the next breaker sweeps you away."
"And you, Lettice?"
"I shall have saved your life—that will be enough."
He sat silently watching her, until she rose up in the boat, poising herself like a beautiful Diana, as the boat rocked on the crest of a giant wave.
"Now is the time," she said, turning to him. "Don't forget me in the years that are to come!"
As she tossed the rope over the point of rock, with an accuracy of eye and motion known only to those whose lives are spent

beside the sea-shore, he clasped the frail figure in his arms and sprang.
For their lives! A misstep on the slippery shore would have precipitated both into the boiling whirlpools of the sea—a moment's hesitation would have been their doom; but Kenneth Wayne had carefully husbanded his strength, and calculated the exact distance with a precision learned through his artist-life.
He felt a clasp of kindly hands, the bonds of aiding fingers, as they were dragged up the wet and yielding sands; but one terrible apprehension filled his mind with strange dismay.
"The Lettice! is she safe?"
For if death had taken her from him in that moment of peril, life would be scarce worth having, dearly bought though it were.
And then he heard her mother's voice whispering softly,
"Thank God! my child is alive and unharmed!"
Not all the pictured gloom of cathedrals, nor the chant of white-robed priests, could give more passionate fervency to the prayer that went up from the desolate rocks of the storm-girded island—the prayer of thanks too deep for words, that burst from Kenneth Wayne's inmost soul!
And so the tempestuous night closed around the cliffs of Mount Desert.
The next morning rose bright and cloudless, as if no murky vapors had ever obscured the liquid dome of heaven; and when Kenneth Wayne came down stairs Lettice was standing by the window in a pink morning dress—a little pale, but very lovely—in a mood unusually subdued, and she looked up with a faint smile and a few murmured words of greeting as he entered, but he had made up his mind not to be put off by any such maidenly subterfuge. He went straight up to her, and looked fully into the blue eyes with a tender searching glance.
"Lettice," he said gently, "I have come to plead my cause with you yet again. We are nearer to each other than we were this time yesterday. You are my preserver, Lettice. You would have given your life for me yesterday; I am here to ask you to give that life into my keeping now. I will cherish it dearest with an everlasting love! Lettice, will you be my wife?"
She put her hand shyly in his.
"Oh, Kenneth, I never knew how much I loved you until I thought you were lost to me forever."
BRIDESMAIDS.
Next to being a bride herself, every good looking young woman likes to be a bride's maid. Wedlock is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious, and much to the credit of their courage, fair spinners are not at all afraid of catching it. Perhaps the theory that the affection is communicated by the contact is correct. Certainly we have known one marriage to lead to another, and sometimes to a series of "happy events" as to favor the belief that matrimony, as John Van Buren might say, "runs like the cholera."
Is there any book entitled "Rules for Bridesmaids" in secret circulation among young ladies? It seems as if there must be, for all the pretty heads of women are precisely alike. So far as official conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmaid you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to treat the bride as a "victim led with garlands to the sacrifice." They consider it necessary to exhort her to "cheer up and stand by." It is assumed, by a poetic fiction, that she goes in a state of fearful trepidation to the altar, and upon the whole would rather not. Her fair aids provide themselves with pungent essences, lest she should faint at the "trying moment," which, between you and us, reader, she has no more idea of doing than she has of flying. It is true that she sometimes tells them that she "feels as if she would sink into the earth," and that they respond, "poor, dear soul," and apply the smelling bottle; but she goes through her nuptial martyrdom with fortitude, nevertheless.
In nine cases out of ten the bridegroom is more "flustered" than the fragile and loved creature at his side; but nobody thinks of pitying him, poor fellow. All sympathy, compassion, interest, is concentrated upon the bride, and if one of the groomsmen does recommend him to take a glass of wine before the ceremony, to steady his nerves, the advice is given suspiciously—as we should say, "what a spongy you are, old fellow."
Bridesmaids may be considered as brides in what lawyers call the "inchoate" or incipient state. They are looking forward to that day of triumphant weakness when it shall be their turn to be "poor, dear creature," and Preston saluted, and otherwise sustained and supported, as the law of nuptial pretences directs. Let us hope they may not be disappointed.
Divorces.—A Philadelphia paper says application for divorce have, it is said, greatly increased within the last few years in our city. It does seem astonishing what a hurry some people are in to under the sacred bond, who a few months ago were in just as great a hurry to take upon themselves the obligations and responsibilities of married life.
They kiss and twitter like mated birds for a brief fortnight, and the third week are brought up before the courts for throwing smoothing irons at each other, and indulging in other little endearments peculiar to double-blessedness. In some late cases husbands and wives have been off the hooks before the taste of the bridal cake and ale had been washed from their mouths. There must be a screw loose somewhere. The fact is the whole preliminary business of courtship is one grand systematic course of mutual deception; both parties persistently shut their eyes to each other's true character, and insist upon investing each other with attributes which neither possesses, and which none but angels ever do.
They picture to themselves for the future an earthly heaven of music, dancing, billing and cooing, gas-light soirees, and picnics. This is the poetic side of the question. The prosaic reality comes "the morning after the revel," and then—look out for coffee, buttonless shirts, neglected hair dye, pallid cheeks, abandoned ringlets, and all the other accompaniments of domestic torture.

JOSEPH BILLINGS, REAL ESTATE AGENT.
I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a pallas, a sweet and penesive retirement, located on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of nature and art, into pasture and tillage, into plain and declivity, into stern abruptness, and the deliciousness of moss-ferns, meadows; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout), dance through this wilderness of buty, the low music on the cricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs at the evening zephyr flirts through its shad-owl buzz, and the aspen trembles like the loven-smitten harte of a damsell. Fruits of the tropics, in golden bud, melt on the bows, and the bees go humming and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives.—The mansion is of Parian marble, the porch is a single diamond, set with rubis, and the mother of pearl, the floors are of rosewood, and the ceiling are more beautiful than the stary vault of heavin. Hot and cold water bubbles and squirts in every apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pra for, or art could portray. The stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the studs of Akilles, and its henery was built expressly for the birds of paradise; while somber in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dog-house. Here poets have cum and warbled their laze—here heroes have cut, here painters have robbed the scene of dreamy landscapes, and here the philosopher discovered the stum, which made him the alkimist of natur. Next northward on this thing of buty, sleeps the residence and domain of the Duke John Smith; while southward, and near the spine-breathing tropics, may be seen the baronial villy of Earl Brown, and the Duchess, Widder Betsy Stevens. Walls of op primitif rock, laid in Roman cement, bound the estate, while upward and downward, the eye catches far away, the magesta and slow grander of the Hudson. As the young moon hangs like a sate, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B. This angel goes with the place.)
Diagrams can be seen at the office of the broker. Terms flattering. None but principals delt with. Title as pure as the breath of a white male infant, and possession given with the lark. For more full discription, read O'Ri's art of Luv, or call (in pure argente) on Josh Billings, Real Estate Agent.
THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passed the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows, sent out from the windows in a great grief, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend, whose eyes we close in their last sleep long years, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.
A VERY GREAT RASCAL.—Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor, and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed nearly every topic, Brown suddenly in his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:
"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home with all its ease and comforts, and emigrate to the Far West with a young lawyer who had but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a new home which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful and happy like this?"
Drooping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered: "I think I could, Archy."
"Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him."
A young New England manna, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trousers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so she fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little victim, was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight at the baggy garment, "so fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."—Little Pilgrim.
He that waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. Life is made up of little things. It is very rarely that an occasion is offered for doing a great deal of good. The greatest consists in being good in little things. Drops make the ocean, and the greatest works are done by littles. If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little things.
QUIP reports that a party of ladies were discussing the question of the draft, when a young lady somewhat ignorant of what a cartridge is, inquired the reason why men were exempt who had lost two or three teeth. "Because they could not bite the end of the cartridge." Then, replied the questioner, "why don't they soak it in their coffee?"
How to be CHEERFUL.—A cheerful life must be a busy one. And a busy life cannot well be otherwise than cheerful. Frogs do not croak in running water. Active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. They come up only from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstimulated by generous impulses or the blessed necessities of honest toil.
To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile upon all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse-lads; go to church every time you get a new dress.
Why does the new moon remind me of a giddy girl? Because she's too young to show much reflection.
Why is a washerwoman like grief? Because she wrings the men's bosoms.