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Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter.

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With a few lines from Mrs. Sedgwick's Poems.

BY EMMA S. STEWART.

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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

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that of Van Roos, but rather to the familiar rural style of Berghem and Paul Potter. It was my great delight to wander along the rich pastures...

The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale, The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail— I was singularly fortunate. My master never praised me by word or look; but when my father came up one day from Schiedam to visit me, he drew him aside and told him, in a voice inaudible to the rest, that "Messer Franz would do credit to the profession"

to the profession? which so delighted the good distiller that he straightway took me out with him for the day, and having given me fifteen gold pieces as a testimony of his satisfaction, took me to dine with his friend the burgomaster, Von Gaal. It was an eventful dinner to me. On that evening I first fell in love.

Few people, I think, would at that time have denied the personal attractions of Gertrude von Gaal; yet I do not know that it was so much her features as her soft voice and womanly grace that fascinated me. Though so young, she performed the honors of her father's princely table with self-possession and good breeding. In the evening she sang some sweet German songs of her own simple accompaniment. We talked of books and of poetry. I found her well read in English, French and German literature. We spoke of art; and she discovered both judgment and enthusiasm.

As we took our leave at night, the burgomaster shook me warmly by the hand, and told me to come often. I fancied that Gertrude's blue eyes brightened when he said it, and I felt the color rush quickly to my brow as I bowed and thanked him.

"Franz," said my father, when we were once more in the street, "how old are you?" "Just twenty-two, sir," I replied, rather surprised at the question.

"You will not be dependent on your brush, my boy," continued my father, as he leaned upon my arm and looked back at the lofty mansion we had just left. "I have been neither wasteful nor unsuccessful; and it will be my pride to leave you an income at my death."

I inclined my head in silence and wondered what would come next. "Burgomaster von Gaal is one of my oldest friends," said my father. "I have often heard you speak of him, sir," I replied.

"And he is rich." "So I should suppose." "Gertrude will have a fine fortune," said my father, as if thinking aloud. "I bowed again, but this time rather nervously.

"Marry her, Franz." "I dropped his arm and started back. "Sir!" I faltered, "I—I—marry the Fraulein von Gaal?"

"And pray, sir, why not?" said my father, curiously, stopping short in his walk and leaning both hands upon the top of his walking-stick.

"Why not, sir?" repeated my father, very energetically. "Why that could you wish for better? The young lady is handsome, good tempered, educated, rich. Now, Franz, if I thought you had been such a fool as to form any other attachment without—"

"Oh, sir, you do me injustice! I have done nothing of the kind. But do you think that—that she would have me?"

"Try her, Franz," said my father, good-humoredly, as he resumed my arm. "If I am not very much mistaken, the burgomaster would be as well pleased as myself; and as for the fraulein—women are easily won."

We had by this time reached the door of the inn where my father was to sleep for the night. As he left me his last words were: "Try her, Franz—try her."

From this time I became a frequent visitor at the house of the Burgomaster von Gaal. It was a large, old-fashioned mansion, built of red brick, and situated upon the famous line of houses known as the Boompjes. In front lay the broad river, covered with merchant-vessels, from whose masts fluttered the flags of all the trading nations of the world. Tall trees, thick with foliage, lined the quay, and the sunlight flickered through the leaves upon the spacious drawing rooms of Gertrude's home.

Here, night after night, when the studies of the day were over, I used to sit with her beside the open window, watching the busy crowd beneath, the rippling river, and the rising moon that tipped the masts and city spires with silver. Here we read together from the pages of our favorite poets, and counted the first pale stars that trembled into light.

It was a happy time. But there came at last a time still happier, when, one still evening, as we sat alone, conversing in frequent whispers, and listening to the beating of each other's hearts, I told Gertrude that I loved her; and she, in answer, laid her fair head upon my shoulder with a sweet confidence, as if content to rest forever. Just as my father had predicted, the burgomaster readily sanctioned our betrothal, specifying but one condition, and this was that our marriage should not take place until I had attained my twenty-fifth year. It was a long time to wait; but I should by that time, perhaps, have made a name in my profession. I intended soon to send a picture to the annual exhibition—and who could tell what I might not do in three years to show Gertrude how dearly I loved her!

And so our happy youth rolled on, and the quaint old idyll in Messer von Gaal's tulip-garden told the passage of our golden hours. In the meantime I worked sedulously at my picture. I labored upon it all the winter; and when spring time came I sent it in, with no small anxiety as to its probable position upon the walls of the gallery. It was a view in one of the streets of Rotterdam. There were the high old houses with their gable and carved doorways, and the red sunset glittering on the panes of the upper windows; the canal flowing down the centre of the street, the white draw-bridge, with a barge just passing underneath, the green trees deep in shadow, and the spire of the Church of St. Lawrence rising beyond against the clear warm sky. When it was quite finished and about to be sent away, even Hans van Roos nodded a cold encouragement and

said that it deserved a good position. He had himself prepared a painting this year, on a more ambitious scale and a larger canvass than usual. It was a sacred subject, and represented the Conversion of St. Paul. His pupils admired it warmly, and none more than myself. We all pronounced it to be his masterpiece, and the artist was evidently of our opinion.

The day of exhibition came at last. I had scarcely slept the previous night, and the early morning found me, with a number of other students, waiting impatiently before the yet unopened door. When I arrived it wanted an hour to the time, but half the day seemed to elapse before we heard the heavy bolts give way inside, and then forced our way through the narrow barriers. I had flown up the staircase, and found myself in the first room before I remembered that I should have purchased a catalogue at the door. I had not, however, to go back for it; so I strode round the room, looking eagerly for my picture. It was nowhere to be seen, and I passed on to the next. Here my search was unsuccessful.

"It must be in the third room," I said to myself, "where all the best works are placed! Well, if it be hung ever so high, or in ever so dark a corner, it is, at all events an honor to have one's picture in the third room!"

But, though I spoke so bravely, I could not really hope for a good place among the magnates of the art; while in either of the other rooms there had been a possibility that my picture might receive a tolerable position.

The house had formerly been the mansion of a merchant of enormous wealth, who had left it with his valuable collection of paintings, to the state. The third room had been the reception-chamber and the space over the magnificent carved chimney was assigned, as the place of honor, to the best painting. The painter of this picture always received a costly prize, for which he was likewise indebted to the munificence of the founder. To this spot my eyes were naturally turned as I entered the door. Was I dreaming? I stood still—I turned hot and cold by turns—I ran forward. It was no illusion. There was my picture, my own picture, in its little modest frame, installed in the chief place of the gallery! And there, too, was the official card stuck in the corner, with the words "PRIZE PAINTING," printed upon it in shining gold letters.

I ran down the staircase and bought a catalogue, that my eyes might be gladdened by the confirmation of this joy; and there, sure enough, was printed at the commencement, "ANNUAL PRIZE PAINTING—View of Rotterdam, No. 127—FRANK LINDEN." I was never tired of looking at my picture. I walked from one side to the other, I retreated, I advanced closer to it, I looked at it in every possible light, and forgot all but my happiness.

"A very charming little painting, sir," said a voice at my elbow. It was an elderly gentleman, with gold spectacles and an umbrella. I colored up and said falteringly: "Do you think so?" "I do, sir," said the old gentleman. "I am an amateur—I am very fond of pictures. I presume that you are also an admirer of art?"

I bowed. "Very nice little painting, indeed; very nice," he continued, as he wiped his glasses and adjusted them with the air of a connoisseur. "Water very liquid, colors pure, sky transparent, perspective admirable. Till buy it?"

"Will you?" I exclaimed, joyfully. "Oh, thank you, sir!" said the old gentleman, turning suddenly upon me and smiling kindly, "so you are the artist, are you? Happy to make your acquaintance, Messer Linden. You are a very young man to paint such a picture as that. I congratulate you, sir; and—I'll buy it."

So we exchanged cards, shook hands, and became the best friends in the world. I was burning with impatience to see Gertrude, and tell her all my good fortune; but my new patron took my arm, and said that he must make the tour of the rooms in my company; so I was forced to comply.

We stopped before a large painting that occupied the next best situation to mine; it was my master's work, the Conversion of St. Paul. While I was telling him of my studies in the atelier of the painter, a man started from before us, and glided away; but not before I had recognized the pale countenance of Van Roos. There was something in the expression of his face that shocked me—something that stopped my breath, and made me shudder. What was it? I scarcely knew; but the glare of his dark eyes and the quivering passion of his lip haunted me for the rest of the day, and came back again in my dreams. I said nothing of it to Gertrude that afternoon, but it had effectually sobered my exultation.

I dreamed, next day, to return to the studio; but to my surprise, my master received me as he had never received me before. He advanced, and extended his hand to me.

"Welcome, Franz Linden," he said smiling. "I am proud to call you my pupil!"

The hand was cold, the voice was harsh, the smile was passionless. My companions crowded round, and congratulated me; and in the warm tones of their young, cheerful voices, and the close pressure of their friendly hand, I forgot all that had troubled me in the manner of Van Roos.

I drew back, giddy at the thought. "No man could survive such a fall," said the painter, still looking over. "The thickest skull would be dashed to atoms on the marble down there."

"Pray, come away," said I, hastily. "My head swims at the very idea."

"Does it?" said he, turning suddenly upon me, with the voice and eye of a fiend—"Does it? Fool!" he cried, as he seized me round the body in his iron clasp—"Fool, to trust yourself here with me—me whom you have wronged, whose life you have blasted—me whom you have crossed in fame and in love. Down, wretch, down! I've vowed to have your blood, and my time has come."

It sickens me even now to recall that desperate struggle. At the first word I had sprung back and seized a beam above my head. He strove to tear me from it. He foamed at the mouth; the veins rose like knots upon his forehead; and still—though I felt my wrists strained and my fingers cruelly lacerated—still I held on

slow pace, and, like Penelope's web, seemed never to be completed. One morning I happened to be in the room—a rare event at that time, for I was hard at work upon my new landscape; and I was struck by the change that had come over my late master. He was no longer the same man. There was a light in his eye, and a vibration in his voice, that I had never observed before; and when he rose to take leave there was a studied courtesy to his bow and manner that took me quite by surprise.

Still, I never suspected the truth, and still the portrait was as far as ever from being finished.

"It all came out at last, and one morning Hans Nan Roos made a formal offer of his hand and heart. Of course he was refused. "But as kindly as was possible, dear Franz," she said, when she told me in the evening, "because he is your friend, and because he seemed to feel it so deeply. And—and you know how dreadfully white he turned, and how he tried to restrain his tears. I pitied him Franz, indeed, I was very sorry."

And the gentle creature could scarcely keep from weeping herself as she told me of it.

I did not see Van Roos for some months after this disclosure. At last I met him accidentally in front of the stadthouse, and to my surprise, for the second time in his life he held out his hand.

"A good day to you, Messer Linden," said he. "I hear that you are on the high road to fame and fortune."

"I have been very prosperous, Messer Van Roos," I replied, taking the proffered hand. "But I never forget that I owe my present proficiency to the hours spent in your atelier."

A peculiar expression flitted over his face. "If I thought that," said he, hastily, "I—I should esteem myself particularly happy."

There was so odd a difference in the way which he uttered the beginning and end of his sentences—so much hurry and passion in the first half, such deliberate politeness in the last, that I started and looked him full in the face. He was as smiling and impenetrable as a marble statue.

"I, too, have been fortunate," he said, after a moment's pause. "Have you seen the new church lately built near the east end of the Haring-vliet?"

I replied that I had observed it in passing, but had not been inside.

"I have been inside," he said, "with the superintendent of the interior decorations. My 'Conversion of St. Paul' is purchased for the altar-piece, and I am now engaged in painting a series of frescoes upon the ceiling. Will you come in one day, and give me your opinion upon them?"

I professed myself much flattered, and appointed to visit him in the church on the following morning. He was waiting for me at the door when I arrived, with the heavy keys in his hand. We passed in, and he turned the key in the lock.

"I always secure myself against intruders," he said, smiling. "People will come into the church if I leave the doors unfastened; the gorgeous altar-piece already occupied its appointed station; and a little to the left of the raised space where the communion table was to be placed, a lofty scaffolding was erected, that seemed, from where I stood, almost to come in contact with the roof, and above which I observed the yet unfinished sketch of a mastery fresco. Three or four more, already completed were stationed at regular intervals, and some others were merely outlined in charcoal upon their intended site.

"Will you not come up with me?" asked the painter, when I had expressed my admiration so liberally; "or are you afraid of turning giddy?"

I felt somewhat disinclined to impose this trial upon my nerves, but I still more distinguished to confess it; so I followed him up from flight to flight of the frail structure, without once daring to look down.

At last we reached the summit; as I had supposed, there was not even room enough for the artist to assume a sitting posture, and he had to paint while lying on his back. I had no fancy to extend myself on this lofty couch; so I only lifted my head above the level of his flooring, looking at the fresco as it descended immediately to the light below, where I waited till he rejoined me.

"How dangerous it must be," said I, shuddering, "to let yourself down from that abominable perch."

"I used to think so, at first," he replied, "but I am now quite accustomed to it. Fancy," said he, approaching close to the edge of the scaffolding, "fancy falling from here to the church below!"

"Horrible!" cried I. "I wonder how high it is from the level of the pavement," continued Van Roos, musingly, "a hundred and eighty feet. I dare say—perhaps two hundred."

I drew back, giddy at the thought. "No man could survive such a fall," said the painter, still looking over. "The thickest skull would be dashed to atoms on the marble down there."

"Pray, come away," said I, hastily. "My head swims at the very idea."

"Does it?" said he, turning suddenly upon me, with the voice and eye of a fiend—"Does it? Fool!" he cried, as he seized me round the body in his iron clasp—"Fool, to trust yourself here with me—me whom you have wronged, whose life you have blasted—me whom you have crossed in fame and in love. Down, wretch, down! I've vowed to have your blood, and my time has come."

It sickens me even now to recall that desperate struggle. At the first word I had sprung back and seized a beam above my head. He strove to tear me from it. He foamed at the mouth; the veins rose like knots upon his forehead; and still—though I felt my wrists strained and my fingers cruelly lacerated—still I held on

with the terrible energy of one who struggles for dear life. It lasted a long time—at least it seemed long to me—and the scaffolding rocked beneath our feet. At length I saw his strength failing. Suddenly I loosed my hold, and threw my whole weight upon him. He staggered, he shrieked, he fell.

I dropped upon my face in mute horror. An age of silence seemed to elapse, and the cold dew stood upon my brow. Presently I heard a loud sound far below. I crawled to the brink of the scaffolding, and looked over. A shapeless mass was lying on the marble pavement, and all around it was red with blood.

I think an hour must have elapsed before I could summon courage to descend. When, at length I reached the level ground, I turned my face from what was so near my feet, and tottered to the door. With trembling hands and missy eyes, I unlocked it, and rushed into the street.

It was many months before I recovered from the brain fever brought on by that terrible scene. My ravings, I have been told, were fearful; and had any doubt existed in the minds of men as to which of us two had been the guilty one, those ravings were alone sufficient to establish my innocence. A man in a delirious fever is pretty sure to speak the truth. By the time I was able to leave my chamber, Gertrude also had grown pale and spiritless, and all unlike her former self. Rotterdam was unimportant to me. I found myself a hero of romance—a lion—a thing to be stared at wherever I went; all of which only served to shatter my nerves still more. In short, change of air and scene was recommended for us both; so we thought we could do better than marry, and take our wedding tour for the sake of our healths. And I assure you, reader, it did us both a great deal of good.

THE OLD STORY.

My heart is chilled and my pulse is low, / But often and often I'll remember you, / Like a blind child lost in a waste of snow, / Back to the days when I loved you so— / The beautiful long ago.

I sit here, dreaming through and through, / The blissful moments I shared with you— / The sweet, sweet days when love was new, / When I was truest and you were true— / The beautiful days, but few.

Blest or wretched, fettered or free, / Why should I care how your life may be, / Or whether you wander on land or sea? / I only know you have been true to me, / Ever and hopelessly.

Oh! how often at day's decline, / I looked on my window upon mine, / To see from your lattice the lamp light shine / Type of message that, half divine, / Flashed from your heart to mine.

Once more the starlight is silencing all / The roses sleep by the old garden wall— / The night-lark has ceased his madrigal, / And hear again through the sweet air fall / The evening vesper call.

But summer will vanish and years will wane, / And bring no light to your window pane, / No gracious sunshine, or patient rain, / Will bring all over to your life again— / Nor call up the past in vain.

My heart is heavy, my heart is bold, / And that proves dross which I counted gold; / I watch no longer your curtain's fold, / The window is dark and the night is cold— / Is the story forever told?

OHINAMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A California letter has the following: "Queer chaps these Chinamen are, and queer customs they have. In one corner of the room sits my Chinese boy, reading a book upside down, and after the manner of his country, grinning like a chimpanzee over hieroglyphics that look like bunches of black radishes. He understands it all, though, and probably finds that style of literature very funny."

I attended the Chinese dinner which was given to Colfax, ate with chopsticks, swallowed a little of each of the hundred and eighty-nine courses that constituted the repast. We sat down to six sharp and got through at one prompt. Yes, I ate boiled bamboo, and stewed whale-bone—which perhaps may be styled the spring vegetables of the Chinese—sharks' fins, birds' nests, and other delicacies too repugnant to mention. By way of desert they have pickled cucumber and melon seeds, and all manner of sweet things. Taken as a whole, however, I don't think I should like a steady course of Chinese diet, though the tea which they gave us was of the most wonderful flavor. It was served up without sugar or cream, and cost \$50 a pound, which is perhaps the reason why they did not ask us to take a second cup. You would have been amused could you have seen each guest making frantic attempts to get something into his mouth with the chop sticks. Try to eat with knitting needles, and you will have some idea of the difficulty of the feat. If I were a board-house-keeper I think I'd ring them in upon my boarders to use instead of knives and forks. A little hash would go a wonderful great way with them. I flanked the filletly by taking hold of anything with them by sharpening mine off at the end and harpooning the meat and vegetables.

HE WADEN.—It was election day, and Grimes having assisted on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and the absorption of about as much old rye as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to make their way down to their homes. They had to cross Brandywine Creek by a foot-bridge constructed of a single log thrown across, and hevn fall on the upper side, but without any hand rail to aid in the transit. There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs in crossing; but with our party it was felt not to be devoid of difficulty "under existing circumstances."

However the creek must be crossed. Grime's two friends took the lead, and with much swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the farther side. It was now Grimes' turn to face the music, and making a bold start he succeeded in getting about one-third of the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, it being about to his breast, he quickly said, as if this course was the result of mature deliberation, "I guess I'll wade."

FUN, FACTS AND FACETIE.

BROTHER murders religion, to frighten fools by her ghost. POOR consolation to us survivors that "the good die first."

WHEN we think of good angels are silent; when we do it they rejoice. A distinguished teacher defines genius to be the power of making efforts. THUNDER threatens but never strikes. The bolt comes from a silent source.

HOES have an excellent ear for music—but it takes a dog to pitch the ear. The best government is that in which the law speaks instead of the lawyer. MOTHER.—What comfort there is in the name which gives assurance of a love that can neither change or fade.

THE remains of a bachelor who "burst in to tears" reading a description of married life, has been found. THERE is men of so much learning impudence that the wouldn't hesitate to criticize the song of a bird.

MOST of the shadows that cross the pathway in life are caused by standing in our own light. NO snow falls lighter than the snow of age; none heavier, for it never melts. DOMESTIC magazines.—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

AGE is venerable in man, and would be in woman—if she ever became old. WHEN a man passes a day without reflection, he might well exclaim at night "I fear I have done something wrong."

A COQUETTE uses her lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement, or show, and then quietly picks him to pieces. A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other but is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

"WHAT a fool!" said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff Davis; "not counting the man would all run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was sure to be caught." "MY German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vel, dis is a ting vot I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."

"WHAT is colonizing, ma?" queried a hopeful miss of seventeen. "Colonizing, my dear," replied her mother, "is having a home, and raising a family." "Oh, ma, how would I like to colonize!" exclaimed the expectant daughter.

"MY dear Nicholas," said Lord Strangford, "I am very stupid this morning; my head is all going to the dogs." "Poor dogs!" replied his friend.

DR. JOHNSON said of a widower who was about to marry, that it was a remarkable case of the triumph of hope over experience. "TIME works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after an eight years' courtship.

IT was the custom of an old lady who formerly entertained travelers, before her guests commenced a meal to ask a blessing, which she generally concluded in this wise:—"Nake us truly thankful for the food before us. Manky, hand around the corn bread first, and then the biscuit after the dumplings."

A physician, who is a truly pious man, was speaking in a prayer meeting lately of the duty of impressing the idea of salvation upon those near death, and of a physician's opportunities in this way, and made use of the following language: "For my own part, I am never called to see a patient without being delighted to learn that he is prepared to die."

PLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used will box your own ears instead of tickling the ears of the corn.

Daniel Webster used to say that the word "good," in Rufus Choate's handwriting, resembled a small griffin struck by lightning. An exchange paper begins a forcible appeal to its delinquents by this touching appeal:—"We must do or we must be done."

A boy entered a stationery store the other day and asked the proprietor what kind of pens he sold. "All kinds," was the reply. "Well then I'll take three cents' worth of pig-pens."

WHY are the Southern negroes now like United States bonds?—Because they are non-taxable property, and because they are a burden upon the poor white men.

HE who indulges his sense in any excess renders himself obnoxious to his own reason, and to gratify the brute in him displeases the man, and sets his two natures at variance.

"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of any man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece. To which the young lady replied, "The