



Poetry

For the Chicopee Journal. BRING FLOWERS! Bring flowers, gay flowers, to wake the smile...

Select Tales.

John Pitman And The Wolves. A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

The following plain narrative has its foundation in fact. It is one of those deeply impressive tales of pioneer life, the recollection of which is warmly associated with the joys that in my childhood cheered the long winter evening, and endeared the fireside of home...

went to live with him on the very outskirts of the settlement. The red skins had all been driven away then, and the settlers were no longer in continual fear of being shot down and scalped...

ness with wolves all around her, and her husband away! But she feared only for him. Anxiety for his safety would not let her rest...

surface of the ground, fighting, growling and jumping up against the tree in their rage of famine. Occasional snarls and growls would set up a loud, dismal cry...

THE BOX TUNNEL

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a first class carriage were four passengers; of these, singularly enough, two were worth description...

such as Miss Haythorn, she became demurer and demurer: presently our Captain Dolignon, who was seated opposite her, elicited an enquiring look from Miss Haythorn...

have lost the bet? "That is hard when I won it?" Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance...











