The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

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Do. 11th—FRANCIS W HUGHES,
Do. 12th—THOMAS OSTERHOUT,
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Do. 14th—REUBEN WILBER,
Do. 15th—GEORGE A CRAWFORD,
Do. 16th—JAMES BLACK,
Do 17th—H J. STAHLE,
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Do. 20th—J A J BUCHANAN,
Do. 21st—WILLIAM WILKINS,
Do. 22d—JAMES G CAMPBELL,
Do. 23d—THOMAS CUNNINGHAM,
Do. 24th—JOHN KLINE,
Do. 25th—VINCENT PHELPS.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.—The conclusion of the leading editorial article in the Nashville *Union* of Tuesday last is as follows:

"One thing we predict with the most perfect certainty—all the bickerings they may have will be over *men* and not over *principles*. They will be a *unit* on the question of a platform. Democracy is the same everywhere. Its nationality will secure it against any internal feuds upon all the important questions of principle. And therein consists its strength and its pride—the safety and stability of the government. Every member of the Cincinnati Convention might turn black republican to-morrow and the Democratic party would still remain *intact*. Its foundation is based upon the great cardinal doctrines of civil and religious liberty, a strict construction of the constitution, and the sovereignty of the States. Men are, therefore, but its advocates, not its vital parts."

MR. BUCHANAN'S AGE.—The New York *Tribune* speaks of Mr. Buchanan as "past his seventieth year." As Mr. B., says the Troy *Budget* was but sixty-five in April last, he will serve out his first presidential term before he reaches the age the *Tribune* gives him. Mr. B. is younger than either Jackson, Cass or Taylor were on their nominations, and is in the full ripeness and vigor of intellect and physical health. His recent sojourn in England, where he won the admiration and respect of all Europe by his solid abilities, has greatly improved his health, in the enjoyment of which, together with the sincere confidence of his countrymen, he has lately returned with unostentatious manners and a truly American heart.

THE PEOPLE, WILL FURNISH HIM WITH A HALL.—The following prophetic paragraph appeared in the New York *Journal of Commerce*:

"The Know-Nothing Councils of Philadelphia have refused the use of the Hall of Independence for the reception of the Hon. James Buchanan. Never mind; the people will furnish him a call, after the 4th of March next, which will be 'sufficient for all practical purposes.'"

—Affidavits are published in the Tampa (Florida) *Peninsula*, disclosing the fact that a band of white men have been organized in Hillsborough and Manatee counties for the purpose of committing depredations in the name of the Indians. The disclosures were made by a man named William H. Willingham, who gives the names of a number of persons belonging to the band.

YORK COUNTY.—Years ago, York county gave a majority of 1700 for Andrew Jackson. So far, that result is without a parallel in the history of political contests; but York now promises to act equally as handsomely next November for "Old Buck," and "Young Brick."

PANDERICISM.—The other day at a public meeting held in Faneiul Hall, Boston, a negro orator said that he would spit upon Washington as a slave holder. This assertion called forth immense applause from the audience. Oh! shame where is thy blush!

KNOW-NOTHINGISM IN VIRGINIA.—A general caving in of the caverns of Dark-Lanterndom. Eight of the fifteen Know-Nothing Electors for the State of Virginia have declined. Truly Sam is in a rapid decline all over the country.

TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis morn—the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear;
But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis noon—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue wave of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad and magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lonely star;
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis eve—on earth the sunset skies
Are printing their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down and trembling glow
Like blossoms on the wave below,
And like an unseen spirit, the breeze
Seems lingring 'mid the orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot;
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis midnight—with a soothing spell
The far-off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as the mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child,
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay;
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in dreams—low, sweet and clear
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my neck thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,
Thy head is pillowed on my breast,
Oh, I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

For the Democratic Watchman.

THE Great West and Sunny South.

BY FRANK M. STREAMER.

CHAPTER VII.

Chicago and Galena Railroad—Description of the Counties—Stephenson, Elgin, Belvidere, Rockford and Freeport counties, etc.

We have now, carefully, in the foregoing chapter disposed of our views and descriptions of the country along the Chicago and St. Louis road. We shall now proceed to a short description of that country through which the Chicago and Galena railway passes.

The Chicago and Galena road is said to be the best paying road in the United States, and judging from the amount of business done upon it, and the densely inhabited country it passes through, we would feel convinced that it does an extraordinary business.

The road is a pretty good one, but we have rode upon better; at some places it is very uneven and rough, and at others again it is very nice and level. The cars are well finished, but nothing extra, and their rate of speed is twenty-five miles per hour The road is as crooked as the Mississippi river, whilst the intention, we presume, the stockholders had, was to accommodate every man living in the North West, by running the track close by his door The distance from Chicago to Freeport, which is now the terminus of the road, is one hundred and twenty-one miles, and the fare is three dollars and sixty cents.

The Illinois Central company purchased the right of way from the Chicago and Galena stockholders, consequently the latter company only run their cars to Freeport, where the former take them to Galena and the State line. Passengers who have no through tickets to Iowa will have to purchase a ticket at Freeport for their destination.

The Galena cars leave their depot every six hours. There is not much to be seen from the time you leave the city until you arrive at the junction of the Rock Island or Burlington and Quincy road. The land intervening between those two places is marshy, though high and rolling lands are visible in the distance. Junction is in Dubuque county. Kane and Brown counties are two of the oldest settled counties along the route. The land lays high and rolling, with plenty of timber, good running water, and pretty good soil. The principal town in the former county is Elgin, which is handsomely situated on a high table land, whose base is watered by the limpid waves of Fox river. There are many handsome buildings in Elgin, it presents quite a city-like appearance. Extensive beds of yellow building stone are found within its vicinity, and the quarrying of stone has become quite a business. Belvidere, is the county seat of Boone county. It is tastefully laid out; Pulaski river forms the eastern boundary of the town, and empties its waters into Rock river a few miles south west of the town.

The population of Elgin is about four thousand, and that of Belvidere about two thousand. Winnebago county is a very hilly and uneven county, well timbered and watered. Rockford, the county seat, is a flourishing city, beautifully laid out. There are several beautiful buildings, churches and hotels in the place. Rock river runs to the east side of it. It has a population of about five thousand.

Stephenson county, which lays west of Winnebago, is one of the healthiest, prettiest and best timbered counties in the State. The water is pure and good, the land rich and fertile, and the prairies high and rolling. It was never our good fortune in all our journey South or West, to get into a country so suitable to all our tastes as this is. Almost every third man you meet is from Pennsylvania, and every sixth person from Centre, Clinton or Lycoming counties. The good "old Dutch" is spoken out there in all its mingled beauty, and the "heavy gears" and "big red barns" are frequently seen. And the password of "Pennsylvania" gives you a credit and confidence among all classes of men, that makes the long subdued and oppressed heart beat proudly with ambitious aspirations. Freeport, the county seat of Stephenson county, is a flourishing city. It contains four large hotels, viz: the Clark, "Pennsylvania," "Bloss," and Freeport Exchange. The three former are situated on Stephenson street and the latter on Galena street. Mr. George Lohr, formerly of Centre county, is the proprietor of the Exchange.

The "Pennsylvania House," and "Freeport Exchange" are both large three story buildings, and their proprietors are "good old Pennsylvanians." Both houses are fitted up in style and well worthy of the patronage they receive. There is also in this city a large machine shop, car works, gas works, two City Halls, the Plymouth and Phœnix, a Court House, eight splendid churches, and several of the largest wholesale and retail stores west of Chicago. There is also three Banks which do an extensive business. The Pecatonica river passes along the north-east portion of the place. On first entering Freeport city from either road, the beholder is struck with the beautiful site of the city, the splendid edifices erected in Gothic, Cottage, Spanish and French styles, the wide and beautiful streets, the ornamented and shrubbery planted yards, and the well shaded avenues. There are two English papers and one German paper published in Freeport. The population of the city proper is about six thousand.

Lancaster, Rock Run, Cedarville and Rock Grove townships in this county, we give the preference to for all agricultural purposes. Land can be bought in these townships for twenty to thirty dollars per acre, and some probably, for less. Cheaper lands can be bought in Lena, but they are not as well timbered.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wisconsin, its Lands etc—Racine and Mississippi Railroad—Illinois Central Cars—Galena—Dunleith, etc.

Much has been said about the good lands of Wisconsin, and it may be not out of place in this chapter to give a few of the counties a passing notice.

It is true that there is more timber in Wisconsin than in any other of the Western States. But it is also true, that the land is not near so good or the soil so rich. The climate, also, is to a great extent colder, and it is the next thing to an impossibility to raise fruit of any kind in some portions of the State, as the late springs and sudden changes of the weather, nip the buds of the fruit trees before they are properly sheltered by the leaves There is, probably, no healthier State in the Union than Wisconsin, and but few States that excel it for railroad enterprise and all other kinds of public improvements, considering its youthfulness, its fewness of inhabitants and its thinly settled lands, we must confess that for its advantages and facilities, it outrivals many of our Eastern States, and in point of public enterprise, must, at some future day, stand as one of the chief of Western States.

The principal cities of Wisconsin are Milwaukie, Racine, Kenosha and Ozankee on Lake Michigan, Madison, the capitol of the State, is situated in Dane county on a beautiful elevation between the four Lakes.

Kenosha, Walworth, Green, Lafayette and Grant are the choice counties. The land is rolling, with good soil, good water and plenty of timber. There is raised in these counties a better quality of wheat than is produced in Illinois, and Wisconsin; wheat will always bring from six to eight cents more on the bushel than Illinois wheat. The above counties border on the Illinois State line, and the farther north you go in this State the heavier and more extensive the bodies of timber become.

There is now building from Racine on Lake Michigan, to Savannah on the Mississippi river, a railroad, which is an air-line running south west, and which will give great inducements for persons to settle in the counties through which it passes. They are Racine, Walworth and Rock, in Wisconsin, and Stephenson and Carroll in Illinois. It is the intention of the stockholders to make one continuous route of it, through to Fort Des Moines, Iowa. If they fulfil their designs, and we have no doubts to the contrary, the road will pass through some of the prettiest and largest populated counties of Iowa, namely: Clinton, Cedar, Johnston, Iowa, Powesheek, Jasper and Polk. Should Fort Des Moines be the place settled upon for the Capital of Iowa, it will be the means of making this road a very valuable one to the stockholders. Any quantity of land can be purchased at the Land Offices yet, in Wisconsin, and second handed for four to ten dollars per acre. But these counties that border on Illinois are nearly all taken up, and could not be bought for less than twenty dollars per acre.

We stated in our seventh chapter that the Galena and Chicago cars ran no farther than Freeport, and consequently, passengers for Iowa are compelled to wait at that place until the Illinois Central trains arrive. The distance from Freeport to Galena is 55 miles, from Galena to Dunleith, which is opposite Dubuque, is ten miles. The fare to Dubuque from Freeport is one dollar and ninety cents.

Not much, worthy of note, here is to be seen in some portions of Joe Davies county. The land is either hilly or marshy along the road, but in the distance some high and beautiful prairies present themselves. Timber land is plenty in this county, and sells for ten to fifteen dollars per acre, and prairie land from twenty to thirty for good locations, and from ten to twenty dollars for common uncultivated ones.

Galena, the county seat of Joe Davies county, Illinois, and the principal town in the lead region, is situated on Fever river, nine miles east of the Mississippi river, and about four hundred and thirty miles above St. Louis. It derives its great importance from the lead business which is here extensively carried on. Immense quantities of lead ore are found in the north western corner of this county. From twenty to thirty millions of pounds are smelted in one year, and the supply of ore is supposed to be inexhaustible There are some fine buildings in Galena, and the city presents a lively appearance at all times. Population about eight thousand. There are several churches, three printing offices, several extensive manufactories, including mills, (flouring and saw mills) sheet lead manufactories, &c. An immense amount of business is transacted here, as it is the place of import and export for the populous and very extensive and fertile country. Fever river is navigable to Galena in all seasons for the largest steamers.

Dunleith, in the same county and opposite Dubuque, is the terminus of the Illinois Central road. It is a flourishing place, beautifully situated upon the east bank of the Mississippi. It contains several handsome buildings and a population of nearly one thousand.

Taking everything into consideration, this route, from Dunleith to Chicago, is certainly the most interesting of any one route in the West, and it is, undoubtedly the most densely inhabited country, as well as the healthiest in Illinois.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LOST BANK NOTE.

BY A RETIRED ATTORNEY.

For the present, with its serene joys, I sometimes look back upon the past, with its trials and its struggles. In my quiet home in the country I feel as though the battle had been fought and the victory won. To me life has been a busy, bustling scene, and here, in my quiet library, surrounded by the well-thumbed volumes of Blackstone, Chitty, and their fellows, I feel as though I had completely emerged from the din of the world, and that my heaven had commenced here on earth

In thirty years of practice I have been an actor in many a life-drama, which may possess to others some portion of the interest with which I regard them; but more for my own amusement, however, than for the edification of the reader—though I trust my narrative may not be without its moral—I transcribe from the page of memory an incident from my experience.

I was seated in my office, busily engaged in hunting up the law for a certain case of some importance, when the door was timidly opened, and a young lady, apparently not more than seventeen years of age, stepped into the room Without being very pretty, she had a countenance and an expression which failed not to attract the interest of the beholder.

She was quite pale, and seemed to shrink with instinctive dread from the glance I bestowed upon her. But her sweet face and gentle manners had already won my sympathy. Her sad face and timid movements assured me that she had a painful tale to tell; yet I was not indisposed to hear it.

A visitor with a less prepossessing face would have called forth a frown and a short answer, for I was in the very midst of an investigation which promised to reward my search in a satisfactory manner.

She advanced towards my desk, and I closed my book, and rose to receive her.

"Mr. Docket!" said she, and I saw her lips tremble with emotion as she spoke.

I signified to her that I was the person she sought, and handed her a chair; a civility which her trembling frame enabled her to appreciate, for her agitation seemed to be entirely beyond her control.

After allowing her a few moments to recover her self possession, I gently inquired her business with me.

"I have a brother," she began, and the hot tears filled her eyes, and for a moment obstructed her vision. Her heart seemed to choke with its wild beatings.

"May I know whom I address?" I asked, moderating my voice, so as to afford her all the encouragement which gentle tones could convey.

"Alice Wade," she replied.

"You seem to be in distress. Let me beg of you to be calm; perhaps your case is not so bad as you suppose."

"May Heaven grant that it be not!"

"Take your own time, Miss Wade. Perhaps you had better wait a few moments, till you feel better able to proceed, and in the meantime I assure you of my desire to serve you."

"Thank you, sir," sobbed she, as I turned to my law books, so as not to embarass her by seeming to be waiting for her to recover her calmness.

But I had lost the clue to the investigation, and though I fixed my eyes on the book, it was only to think of the weeping by my side. I waited till her sobbing ceased, and then carefully approached the object of her visit.

"I am taking up your time, Mr. Docket; but I have heard that you were a kind and charitable gentleman, and I have ventured to seek your aid."

It was a very blunt compliment, but I doubted not its sincerity. There could be no hypocrisy in that gentle maiden—none, even to accomplish the most cherished purpose.

"Whatever I can do for you, Miss Wade, shall be done with the greatest pleasure," I added.

"Thank you, sir."

"You must not look on the dark side of your case, In law, we regard a man as innocent, till he is proved to be guilty; and you must not regard anything as hopeless until all efforts to redeem it have failed," I continued, with a smile, from which she seemed to gather the hope I desired to impart.

"I have a brother, an only brother, who is in the deepest distress."

"His name?" I asked, taking a pen, ready to note down the facts in the case as she detailed them.

"Richard Wade,"

"And what is your brother?"

"He is a book-keeper, in the store of Denley & Co."

"Ah," and I wrote it down, and being acquainted with the firm, I began to feel more confidence in my ability to aid my fair client.

Denley & Co. were merchants of established reputation for integrity and uprightness.

"My mother is a widow, and dependent upon Richard for support. She has been afflicted with a cancer for more than three years, so that I can do nothing but take care of her and do the work at home. It takes all of Richard's salary to support us and pay the doctor's bill; but he has labored cheerfully for us, for his poor suffering mother. Richard is very kind, and never thinks of the many deprivations which our circumstances compel him to endure. He is contented to work early and late, and never spends a dollar upon himself. Oh, sir, he is such a good brother!"

"Your mother must be grateful for such a son, and you for such a brother."

"Oh, we are, sir! But, poor Richard! he is in jail now," and again she sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Indeed! In jail!"

I was not quite prepared for such a catastrophe as this, and I confess that my feelings, lawyer as I was, were much moved. But it was possible that the poor girl was deceived in regard to her brother—that he was an angel at home, and a demon abroad, as I have known more than one man to be. Yet I could not reconcile the glowing eulogium which the young lady had pronounced upon his character with such a conclusion.

"Of what is he accused, Miss Wade? Nay, do not weep, he may be innocent."

"I *know* he is!" she answered, with considerable vehemence.

"Then be assured his innocence shall be made apparent to the world."

"Would that I could feel so!"

"Now, if you will please state the facts of the case, I will make a memorandum of them, and I doubt not we shall be able to make a good case of it."

"Why, mother's sickness had reduced my brother's finances down to the lowest ebb—so low that we had not even enough to pay our quarter's rent, and the quarter bills. Richard was much disturbed by this difficulty, and for several days he was very sad. But one day he came home with an unusually cheerful face, and informed us that he had paid the rent all the bills.

"We inquired where he had obtained the money. He told us he had borrowed it of a friend, who had started that day for New Orleans. We thought nothing more about it till a week after—that was yesterday—when he did not come home to dinner. We were not alarmed, however; but when he did not come home to supper, we were much disturbed; and I went to the store to seek him.

"Mr. Denley told me that he had been arrested for stealing a hundred dollars from him about a week before. I was horrified the charge, and had nearly fallen upon the floor."

The poor girl wiped her eyes, and I inquired the ground upon which her brother was accused.

"Mr. Denley was inclosing a hundred dollar bill in a letter to send away by mail, at the desk where Richard was writing, when a runaway horse dashed by the store. He flew to the door to observe the mad animal, leaving the hundred dollar bill, as he declared, and the half written letter, on the desk.

"On his return, the money was nowhere to be found. Richard had not seen it.—Search was instituted, but it could not be found. It happened that our landlord, who is a brother-in-law of Mr. Denley, wished to change a hundred dollar bill, and casually mentioned that he had received it from Richard in payment of his rent, which had been delayed several days.

"Mr. Denley immediately indentified the bill as the one he had lost. He is very positive, and is ready to swear it is the very bill he lost. An officer was called, and poor Richard was thrown into prison. Of course he could not produce the person who lent him the money, and Mr. Denley chooses to regard Richard's explanations as mere invention."

It was a heavy blow to the poor girl, and heavier still to her sick and suffering mother.

"It certainly looked like a bad case. The young man's sadness in view of his unpaid bills, his sudden cheerfulness, though the debt itself still remained, and worse than all, the positive nature of Mr. Denley's evidence, were all against a successful defence. But I had hopes of getting him off, for the identity of the bill, unless actually registered by number, was a matter to which few could positively swear.

I made up my mind to clear him, if there was any such thing—even to clear him on a quibble, if no other means offered. I had little hope of establishing his innocence for my reason assured me that Richard, good son though he was, was guilty of the crime with which he was charged.

I succeeded so well in assuring Alice Wade that her brother would be restored to her, that she was tolerably cheerful before she left.

"You are very kind, Mr. Docket; and I fear we shall never be able fully to repay you. Here are twenty dollars; it is all we have, but you are very kind;" and she tendered me a roll of bills.

"No, Miss Wade, nothing. Keep your money; you may want it, though I pray that you may not."

She took her leave, after thanking me again, and I proceeded to consider the case.

I need not detail to the reader the particulars of Richard Wade's examination, upon which he was fully committed. The Grand Jury found a true bill, and he was arraigned for trial.

All that my poor skill and humble eloquence could accomplish for the prisoner was unsuccessful, and, to my grief and consternation, the jury brought him in guilty, after being out five hours.

Poor Alice! I could not endure the thought of meeting her and telling her of the destruction of all her hopes, and instead of going to my office, where I knew she awaited my coming, I took Mr. Denley's arm, with the intention of getting him to make a statement, by the aid of which a mitigation of the unfortunate young man's sentence might be obtained. Almost unconsciously I led him into Parker's, where we seated ourselves at a table, and called for a lunch.

"It is a very hard case, Mr. Denley," said I; "poor Wade's mother will suffer more than he."

"I know it, but one cannot submit to be plundered in this manner. Besides it is a duty we owe to society to assist in punishing the guilty."

"True; but after all, Mr. Denley, you may be mistaken about the bill."

"Mistaken! Impossible. I am *sure* of the bill. It was the same one; if there had been a particle of doubt about it, I should not have sworn to it, of course"

"It might have blown out of the window."

"The window was closed."

"You must think Richard Wade was a fool to take such an opportunity of robbing you, when, as you testified, he handled hundreds of dollars of your money every day. If he had meant to rob you, it seems to me he would have chosen a better opportunity."

"The fact is undeniable."

"Oh, no; I could mention a dozen plainer cases than this, where innocent men have been punished."

"There is no chance for a mistake."

"You might have thrust the bill into your pocket and lost it."

"But the same bill reached me again through my brother-in-law, who received it from Wade," replied he, involuntarily thrusting his hands into his vest pockets.

Suddenly I observed a nervousness in his manner, and with both hands he began to fumble with great violence at the left hand pocket. He had thrust one finger through a hole near the top of the pocket, and was exploring the recess inside of the lining of the garment.

"My God!" exclaimed he, suddenly rising from his chair, in the highest excitement, while with a nervous twitch he tore away the pocket and drew out a bit of crumpled paper.

My heart leaped as his trembling hand unfolded the paper. It was a hundred dollar bill!

"God forgive me!" exclaimed he, and his cheek glowed with shame.

"You were mistaken, then?"

"I was; come to the Judge with me, Docket," and he rushed furiously towards the court house.

I need not inform the reader by what formalities the judgment was reversed—but it was done at once. Perhaps some violence was done to the forms; but Richard Wade walked with me to my office, where he was folded in the arms of his loving and devoted sister.

He was saved! He was innocent! What a thrill of joy ran through the veins of that fair girl!

We were immediately joined by Mr. Denley, who took to himself much blame for the part he had acted. He apologised in very humble terms to his book-keeper.

"You meant right," Mr. Denley," said Richard, taking his proffered hand, in token of his forgiveness.

"I was wrong, and the events of this day have taught me a lesson which I shall never forget," replied the merchant. "I shall make you such amends as are in my power, and I begin by raising your salary."

"Thank you, sir, you are too kind. My innocence is established, which is of more consequence to me than anything else."

The parties left my office soon after. The scene, when the poor mother was informed of the result, can easily be imagined by the reader. Since that day, I have been proud to number among my personal friends the members of the Wade family.

Richard's friend returned from the South a few days after. He had not received the letter Richard had sent him, and was ignorant of the events which had occurred in his absence. Richard paid him, and it is not very singular that this same friends became the husband of Alice two years after. Mr. Denley kept his word with Richard; the year after he was admitted as a partner, and has long since made his fortune.

INCIDENTS IN THE WAR OF 1812.

"FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE."

A military officer with whom we have long been intimate, relates two incidents connected with Croghan's gallant defence of Fort Stephenson; both of which afford strong positive proof of the above quoted adage.

As the British and Indians, in their operations, had violated the pledge and usage of civilized warfare, by wantonly murdering their prisoners, the commander of the little band, (only 160 strong with a six pounder, surrounded by about 600 British troops and that number of Indians,) had mutually agreed to stand their ground to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as possible.

When all was ready, the British commander sent a messenger, under a flag of truce, to treat for a surrender of the Fort. Croghan, pointing to him as he approached, exclaimed:

"It will not do to let him enter here and see our weakness; who will volunteer to meet him?"

As it was pretty certain that whoever should leave the Fort on such a mission, would be murdered by the dastard foe there was a brief pause, when Ensign Shipp replied:

"I will, upon one condition."

"What is that?" asked the captain.

"Pledge your word, as an officer and a man of honor, that you will keep that gun bearing directly upon me, and that you will fire it off the moment you see me raise my hand."

The pledge was given, and Shipp went forth.

To all the arguments and persuasions of the enemy, his unvarying reply was:

"I am instructed to say that we defend the Fort."

Soon the Indians began to surround him. One clutched his sword, another his epaulette. Shipp, who was a man of Herculean frame, released himself by powerful effort, and turning to the envoy, coolly said;

"Sir, I have put myself under the protection of your truce without knowing your mode of warfare. You see that gun, said he pointing to a six pounder; it is well charged with grape, and I have the solemn pledge of my commander that it shall be fired at the instant I give him the signal, therefore restrain these men and respect the laws of war, or you shall instantly accompany me to the other world."

This was enough. Shipp was no more molested, he returned to his comrades in safety, fought out the desperate action that ensued, and obtained promotion for his bravery.

The other instance referred to at the head of our paragraph was as follows.

After the British and Indians had withdrawn, Croghan missed one man, (only one) who had belonged to their little band and all efforts for his discovery were for some time unsuccessful. At length his remains were discovered in the garret of one of the block houses, where he had crept for safety and was cut in two by a cannon ball.

All the rest, considered their chances of life not worth a thought, and only sought to do their duty, and escape alive from perhaps the most desperate fight on record.—The only man that was killed happened to be the only man that proved himself a coward.—*New York Atlas.*

OCCUPATION.

What a good thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes the master. When troubles flow dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek by occupation, to divert the dark waves that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duty of life always presents. Before you dream it, these waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the paths of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow man.

A USEFUL LESSON.—A farmer in Ohio, last fall, put up his wheat crop for a high price. In February he was offered $[illegible]. In April he offered to take $1,000. He finally will probably sell for $5,000.

GOOD.—The Sunbury Gazette recommends Maj. Dewart for Congress. He is a