

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 11.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1845.

**OPINIONS OF GENERAL JACKSON IN EUROPE.**  
The news of General Jackson's death has made a deep impression in Europe, and many of their most prominent papers are teeming with comments upon his life, public career, and manly and patriotic virtues. Europeans who understood his character, place him in the niche of fame beside our beloved and lamented Washington as his most worthy companion, and the second Bar of his country.

We copy below an article from the Dublin Journal, illustrating the sentiments of respect and admiration entertained towards this eminent man in Ireland the land of his forefathers.

### Death of Andrew Jackson.

A packetship, arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday last, furnishes us, though having but one day's later news from America, with the deeply to be lamented tidings of Gen. Jackson's death. This event took place at his private residence, the "Hermes," in the western state of Tennessee, on the 8th of June last, in the 78th year of his age. An old comrade in arms, hurrying to the veteran's dying bed to side with him in the final conflict, which it is the lot of man to sustain, met his physician on the way, proclaiming that the hero was no more.

We can imagine how this intelligence has been received throughout America. Friends paled with a sudden grief, and they who were once his foes, now voluble eulogists of his character. Over his grave there is indeed a national calamity to his countrymen, and a wide void left in the ranks of manhood. Though for years he had not mingled in active public life, the oracle, venerable for truth and age thus veiled in honored privacy, was heard in the furthest and respected in the highest quarters. His very mutterings were treasured by the favored few, who lately saw him face to face; and the word of his mouth decided the destiny of his Country.

A great career, indeed, is closed; a luminary has gone down in the west; and the flash of his sunset has come out to us, across the waters.

America may well lament her loss. He had grown with her growth, a limb of the giant oak; and in his fall the stem and all the branches were shaken. Kings die often, and the common herd of conquerors rush down the precipices of time to their own undoing, but the fall of a virtuous citizen, brave and merciful in war, straight forward and incorruptible in peace, who made his arm a shield, and his power beloved, cannot be sustained by any country, however rich in public virtue, without the sense of bereavement which is entirely forgotten. The world has lost a second Washington in Jackson's death, for though their characters may differ somewhat, their moral construction was the same. Times and temperaments modify the operation of similar principles and so with them. Jackson was more ardent, more tenacious, more of the iron cast of Napoleon in his action. He was a man of unparalleled firmness in the camp, and in the cabinet. Made as it mould the future national character of America, blazoned deeply marked with all the great Republican lineaments. And he has impressed himself more deeply than any other man, Washington or Franklin not excepted, on the general character of his people. He has given them a boundless national ambition—an ambition not to enslave but to liberate—not to centralize, but to diffuse power—not to heap wealth in one imperial fortress, but to partition its influence, and scatter its advantage over the area of the confederacy.

General Jackson was born in March, 1767, of Irish parents. While yet a lad, he entered the army of the Revolution, and carried his musket through the war of Independence. The greatest event in his military career was the proud prerogative he enjoyed, of terminating by one master-stroke the war with England of 1812-'15. On the banks of the Mississippi, at New Orleans, he encountered the veterans of the Peninsula, and their arid hosts were levelled with the marshy waste, which they had polluted by their presence. In punishing the incursions of the Indians, his usual fortune attended him—civility and skill and savage will were alike broken before him.

There grew up in America after the second war with England, a monied monopoly, called the United States Bank. This great machine, in the hands of reckless and negligent men, would, if suffered to exist, have long since jeopardized the liberties and the prosperity of that country. Jackson was made President, and he overthrew, by an exertion of his daring genius, this dangerous enormity. The factious railed, and the sycophants conspired against him; never was statesman so baited by the marbling enmities of a bastard aristocracy: he mayed not to retreat or to hear, but working under the fury of the storm, with a faithful few, he swept away this standing army of usurers, as completely as he had swept away the bones of Pakenham. The public voice at last was heard in his defence, and he was placed a second time in the chair of the President. In his eight years of office he gave a new complexion to American politics, and one which has never since been changed.

We cannot here enter at length into the consideration of the varied events of the long life of this illustrious man. We say illustrious, not in common place of selfishness, but because we consider that great integrity, without pretension, ambition without selfishness, and success without arrogance, are among the best titles to that high appellation. The world has known no man more pure than Jackson. America will feel his loss most intimately. But why should we not we regret, throughout the hero's fatherland, give voice to deep regret and utterance to our melancholy pride in the departed? The home which his parents loved—the altar where they were married—the last spot of Irish soil they saw may be unknown, but the fame of their son reflects back upon their country too brightly and brightly to be confined to localities, or have limits less extensive than his. Ever in his life he was proud of his descent, and his heart would glow at the sight of any of Ireland's humblest sons. While a grateful people—over whose growth he has watched, for whose rights he has braved death in the field, and the fury of a strong bad faction in peace—while they are rendering due honor to his virtues, his services, and his example, some son of Ireland, banished by exile, will, we trust, as a representative of the people of the hero's father, mingle in their grief, and claim, as a descendant of his birthright, to mourn for the illustrious dead.

(Written for the Bradford Reporter.)  
A Fragment.

The noon is still, and Sabbath reigns among These pine-clad hills with a pervading power Of solemnity and life.—Such deep repose Embalm'd Judea's mountains when the Lord Of life proclaimed to willing ear the words Of hope and peace. An overruling hand Above him spread and earth beneath, while down The mountain's shady side the multitudes Were gathered. Canaan's sunny fields and hills And peaceful villages were smiling near; And all that living landscape and th' abode Of men were imaged in the speaker's eye And heart. How sweetly rose that voice divine Upon the ravished air and died away To silence in the distant space! How sank Its sacred accents into burning hearts That felt the majesty and power of truth— And tears of penitence and joy and love Descending wet those cheeks, embrown'd by toil Which sin had hardened—melted now by touch Of grace divine. And there was age with locks Of silvery white and ripening infancy Unconscious in its mother's arms; who sat With earnest eye attentive to the words Of wisdom. Boy boys, and laughing girls With sun-bright hair, and eyes of childhood's light, Forget their sports and gather round with looks Of wonder. Each young heart is wafted on That stream of heavenly sound, proceeding from The Savior's lips. Each childlike countenance Upraised in attitude of innocent Enquiry, marks with earnest look the mild And placid majesty that overpreads The Savior's face—but who describe that face Where Deity his bright effulgence shows And chanted all and manifest to sense, The Godheads stands revealed in human form Illustrations. What pity quite beyond The reach of human hearts to comprehend Gleams in the sweetness of that smile. What radiance in those eyes from whose Calm depths beam infinite intelligence! And love.

With simplest, plainest imagery And illustration, did the Man Divine Convey to simple hearts profoundest truth, And solve the grand, momentous problem of Man's destiny and Heaven's purposes To be evolved in this our mortal state. Yonder the city set upon an hill— And here the sparrow chirping on the bough— The lilies of the field were growing near— And each became the vehicle of truth. Poor abject man, whose practice still Bores the language of his lips, was made To know even from the perishable grass, One common Providence is over all.

TOWANDA, August 17, 1845. H. B.

### The Wedding—A Backwood Sketch.

During a residence in America, no observing person can fail to have remarked, whether he travel in Canada, the United States, or Texas, the vast number of Irish families everywhere to be met with. They bear such distinctly marked peculiarities, that no mistake can occur in attributing to them their native soil. It has been my lot to visit many of the settlements of these wanderers from the green isle; but nowhere did I meet any family which so singularly interested me, as one which a few months back was residing within the limits of the republic of Texas, consisting of the father, mother, a son, and two daughters. Old Rock, as he is generally called, Captain Rock—a name doubtless assumed—emigrated to America seventeen years ago—his family then consisting of two daughters; for the son was born afterwards in the land of his adoption. For seven years, the sturdy Irishman, (originally well informed and well educated, though his early history was never known,) contended with the difficulties incident to new settlers, with various success in different parts of the Union, when he was induced to join the first band of adventurers who, under General Austin, obtained leave from the Mexican government to locate themselves in Texas. The family obtained a grant of land, as a matter of course; but old Rock did not fancy settled agricultural pursuits. To have round him a well-stocked farm, cleared and productive fields, and herds of cattle, would have required a degree of perseverance and patient personal labor of which he was incapable. He preferred the life of a wandering squatter, upon which he at once entered, and which he has never since deserted. Building a boat, old Rock embarked in it at one of the Texian rivers, with his family, an old gun, and a small stock of ammunition, and, following the windings of the stream, did not stop until he came to an abandoned log hut, or frame house, where he thought he might find temporary accommodation.

Of these deserted houses Texas has many, their abundance arising from various causes—death from fever, the terrible civil war, or, often still, from men having hastily chosen a location, and built thereon, before it was found out that the spot was undesirable and unproductive. Rock was not nice. If the neighborhood supplied game, he was satisfied.— Sometimes an acre of sweet potatoes, Indian corn, and pumpkins, might be put under cultivation; otherwise, the family lived entirely upon venison, wild fowl, fish and oysters, and it was whispered, pork upon occasion. A reported fondness for this latter article was one of the causes of old Rock's frequent migrations. No sooner did he pitch himself in any neighborhood, than it was said pork was at a premium. Pigs certainly disappeared most mysteriously; but though all threw the blame upon Rock, he ever averred the panthers, wolves, and stray hunters to have been the real culprits. However this may be, after some months' residence in any particular spot, the family usually received a polite notice to quit, and find another dwelling-place. Eighteen several times has the Hibernian patriarch removed his tent at the bidding of his fellows; any neglect of orders being usually followed

by the infliction of that summary justice called Lynch law.

When I became acquainted with the family, early in the autumn of 1842, they were residing on one of the tributaries which pour into Galveston bay—known as Dick's Creek.— The son was sixteen, a small-made lad, who entirely supported the family by means of his gun, being one of the most expert hunters I ever met with in the backwoods. Every article not produced by themselves—their clothing being entirely of deer skin—was obtained by bartering venison hams, which they always carefully preserved for this purpose. Rock and his wife were now old; the former, though still sturdy, moving about only in his boat, and smoking over his fire; the latter doing all the cooking. Mary and Betsy Rock, the daughters, it would be vain to attempt faithfully to delineate. Fat, brown, and healthy, dressed in petticoats and spencers of deer skin, they were the most original pair it was ever my lot to encounter. They could neither read nor write, but could hunt and fish most excellently well; and two adventurous days they were that I spent in their company. They had never seen an Englishman before since they were grown up, and my pictures of life at home enraptured them. With the younger daughter, Mary—the other was engaged to be married to a Yankee—I became a prodigious favorite, and many a hunt in canoe and on the prairie had we together. But to my story.— After leaving them, with a faithful promise of paying another visit, I found myself six weeks after, again at the door of the once elegant frame-house where I had left them. To my surprise it was half-burnt and desolate. This disappointed me much; for I had brought up several appropriate presents for both of my young friends. Pursuing my way, however, up the river, I halted at a farm house, where I found several persons collected, who quickly informed me that the family had been "mobbed" off the creek, with threats of being shot if they settled within ten miles of the spot.— Where they had gone to no one knew, nor seemed to care; and these parties being the very extempore administrators of justice who had warned them off, I soon departed, and gained the house of my friend Captain Tod, where I proposed ruralizing during some weeks. From Tod I learned that two fat pigs had lately disappeared; and suspicion most unjustly, as it afterwards turned out, having fallen on the Rocks, the squatter and his family had to seek a new resting-place. On hearing this, I gave up all idea of ever again seeing my fair friends.

Three days passed in the usual occupations of a hunting party; when, on the afternoon of the fourth day, I was left alone in the log-hut to amuse myself over certain lately arrived English papers, while my companions were employed in searching the country round for some cattle which my friend the captain was desirous of selling. About an hour before sunset, footsteps, which I supposed to be those of one of the returning party of cow-boys, were heard behind the hut, then at its side, and in a minute more the latch was raised, in walked—Tim Rock. The young hunter, having satisfied himself that I was really there, advanced close to me, and answered my greetings. My first inquiries were after his sisters.

"Why," said he, "sister Bet is to be married to-morrow, and sister Mary has sent me to invite you to the wedding." "How," said I, in some surprise, "did your sister know I was here?" Tim laughed, and replied that, when I stopped with my boat's crew at the farm-house, he was on the opposite bank in the big timber hunting, but dared not communicate with me in consequence of what had occurred. After a few more words of explanation, I shouldered my gun, my packet of presents for the young ladies, and leaving a line in pencil for my friends, followed Tim through the forest, until we reached the water's edge, where, carefully concealed by overhanging trees and bushes, I found a moderate sized canoe. It was almost dark when I stepped into the boat, but still I saw that it already contained a human being; so my hand mechanically sought the butt of my pistol. "You won't shoot me, sir," said the rich, full, merry voice of Mary Rock to my infinite surprise. Tim laughed heartily at my mistaking her for an Indian, and then, cautioning me to speak low, until all the houses on the river were passed, we placed ourselves in the craft, and commenced our voyage. I, knowing the bay to a nicety, acted as steersman. Mary sat next with a paddle, and Tim in the bows with another. It seemed that, determined to have me at the wedding, the brother and sister, with the consent of their friends, had started to fetch me, feeling certain that I would come, after the promises I had made to that effect. It seemed that they had judged rightly, for here was I, in company with two of the rudest settlers in the wilderness, embarked in a frail canoe to go I knew not whither—nor did I much care. This roving spirit was indeed, what initiated me into many secrets and mysteries of the woods and prairies, which escape the more sober and methodical.

The record of that night's journey would itself be a curious chapter of western economy; but more important matters forbade. Suffice it to remark, that, after sixteen miles' journey down a river by moonlight, and as many more across the rough and sea-like bay of Galveston, enveloped by jocund talk all the way, we arrived about dawn at the new settlement of the Rock family. It was a large deserted barn or warehouse near Clare Creek. The family were already up and stirring, and engaged in active preparation for the important ceremony; and, to my surprise, the supply of eatables and drinkables was both varied and great—all, however, being presents from the bridegroom, or Luke, a wealthy landowner for Texas, in possession of much cleared ground, and many hundred head of cattle. It may be a matter of surprise that a man well to do in the world should have chosen a bride so every way rude and uneducated; but in Texas ways are scarce, and then the lover might have looked far before he could have found a more cheerful and good-natured companion, more willing

to learn, more likely to be loving, faithful, and true, than Betsy Rock. The blushing bride received me in a cotton gown, shoes and stockings, and other articles of civilized clothing previously unknown to her, and in which she felt, sufficiently awkward. But Luke had sent them, and Betsy wished to appear somebody on her wedding day. My presents were all, therefore, except a bead-necklace, employed in decorating Mary, who, secreting herself behind a screen with her sister, almost convulsed me with laughter by appearing a few minutes after in a man's red hunting-shirt, a cotton petticoat, white stockings and moccasins, the body of a silk dress sent to her by a Galveston lady, and a cap and bonnet. Never was a London or Parisian belle prouder than was this little rosy-cheeked, light-hearted Texian beauty.

About eight o'clock the visitors began to arrive. First came a boatful of men and women from Galveston, bringing with them a negro fiddler, without whom little could have been done. Then came Dr. Worcester and his lady from St. Leon in a canoe; after them Colonel Brown from Anashute in his dug-out; and, about nine, the bridegroom and four male (and an equal number of female companions on horseback, the ladies riding either before or behind the gentlemen on pillion). Ere ten, there were thirty odd persons assembled, then a most substantial breakfast was set down, chiefly consisting of game, though pork, beef, coffee, and rarer still, bread, proved that Luke had a hand in it. This meal being over, the boat in which the party from Galveston had come up, and which was an open craft for sailing or pulling, was put in requisition to convey the bride and bridegroom to the nearest magistrate, there to plight their troth. The distance to be run was six miles with a fair wind going, but dead against us on return. The party consisted of Luke, who was a young man of powerful frame, but rather unpleasant features; the bride and bride's maid, (Mary Rock officiating in this capacity,) papa of course, myself as captain, and eight men to pull us back. The breeze was fresh, the craft a smart sailer, the canvas was rap full, and all therefore being in our favor, we reached West Point, the residence of Mr. Parr, the magistrate, in less than an hour. We found our Texian Solon about to start in chase of a herd of deer, just reported by his son as visible, and being therefore in a hurry, the necessary formalities were gone through, the fee paid, and the usual document in possession of the husband in ten minutes. The eye of the old squatter moistened as he gave his child away; some natural tears he shed, but dried them soon; and presently everybody was as merry as ever.

No sooner were the formalities concluded, than we returned to the boat, and to our great delight found that, close-hauled, we could almost make the desired spot. The wind had shifted a point, and ere ten minutes, we were again clean full, the tide with us, and the boat walking the waters at a noble rate. All looked upon this as a good omen, and were proportionally merrier; none more so than my own particular friend Mary, who, in her ferry, was an object of much good-humored joking from the men who surrounded her. About one o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Charles Luke were presented by old Rock to the assembled company at the barn; and, after an embrace from her mother, the bride led the way, accompanied by her lord and master, to the dinner table. The woods, prairies, and waters, as well as the Galveston market, had all liberally contributed their share of provender. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, haunches of venison, were displayed, beside roast beef, pork, red-fish, Irish and sweet potatoes, pumpkin and apple pie, and an abundant supply of whiskey, brandy, and Holland, without which a fete in Texas is nothing thought of. An hour was consumed in eating and drinking, when Sambo was summoned to take his share in the day's proceedings. Tables, such as they were, were cleared away, the floor swept, partners chosen, and, despite the remonstrance of one of the faculty present, Dr. Worcester, against dancing so shortly after a heavy meal, all present, the dissentient included, began to foot it most nimbly. Never was there seen such dancing since the world began, never such laughing, such screaming, such fiddling. Every one took off shoes and stockings. I was compelled to do so, to save the toes of my especial partner, Mary; and to the rapid music of the old negro, reels and country dances were rattled off at a most surprising rate. All talked, and joked, and laughed, such couples as were tired retreating to seek refreshment; but the dancing never ceased, except at rare intervals, when Sambo gave in from sheer fatigue and thirst. Such was the state of things until about nine o'clock, when a sudden diminution in our number was noticed by all present. Mary had before led me into the secret; and the bride and bridegroom were missed, as well as the four couples who had accompanied Luke. Rushing into the open air, we descried the husband on their fine black horse galloping beneath the pale moon across the prairie, escorted by their friends. A loud shout was given them, and those who remained, returned to the house to renew the dancing, which was kept up until a late hour. It was four days after my departure ere I regained my friends at Todville.

Such was the wedding of one of those hardy pioneers of civilization, whose descendants may yet be members of a great and powerful nation. I saw Luke and his wife, as well as Mary, on many subsequent occasions; but I never learned that the American backwoodsman repented his union with the wild Irish Diana, who had hunted deer on Mortuary Island with the English stranger, could paddle a canoe with more ease than she could use a needle, and shoot a duck with more facility than write her name. Luke, however, is teaching her more useful accomplishments; and Betsy, ere her children—one of whom I have already seen—are of an age to require instruction, will doubtless be able to render it. I hope, however, my picture will send over no one to wed Mary; for, though I have for the mean time returned to civilization, I cannot yet resign a

certain faint notion, that there might be worse lives than that of a Texian settler with such an associate.

(From the N. Y. Evening Post.)  
Letter from Mr. Bryant.

London, June 24, 1845.

Nothing can be more striking to one who is accustomed to the little enclosures called public parks, in our American cities, than the spacious open grounds of London. I doubt, in fact, whether any person fully comprehends their extent, from any of the ordinary descriptions of them, until he has seen them or tried to walk over them. You begin at the East end, at St. James's Park, and proceed along the colonnades of old trees, its thickets of ornamental shrubs carefully enclosed, its grass plowed maintained in perpetual freshness and verdure by the moist climate and the ever dropping skies, its artificial sheets of water covered with aquatic birds of the most beautiful species, until you begin to wonder the park has a western extremity. You reach it at last and proceed between the green fields of Constitution Hill, when you find yourself at the corner of Hyde Park a much more spacious pleasure ground.

You proceed westwardly in Hyde Park until you are weary, when you find yourself on the verge of Kensington Gardens, a vast extent of ancient woods and intervening lawns, to which the eye sees no limit, and in whose walks it seems as if the population of London might lose itself. North of Hyde Park, after passing a few streets, you reach the great square of Regent's Park, where, as you stand at one boundary the other is almost undistinguishable in the dull London atmosphere.— North of this park rises Primrose Hill, a bare, grassy eminence, which I hear has been purchased for a public ground, and will be planted with trees. All around these immense enclosures, presses the densest population of the civilized world. Within, such is their extent, is a fresh and pure atmosphere, and the odors of plants and flowers, and the twittering of innumerable birds more musical than those of our own woods, which build and rear their young here, and the hum of insects in the sunshine. Without are close and crowded streets, swarming with foot passengers, and choked with drays and carriages.

These parks have been called the lungs of London, and so important are they regarded to the public health and the happiness of the people, that I believe a proposal to disperse with some part of their extent, and cover it with streets and houses, would be regarded in much the same manner as a proposal to hang every tenth man in London. They will probably remain public grounds as long as London has an existence.

The population of your city, increasing with such prodigious rapidity, your sultry summers, and the corrupt atmosphere generated in hot and crowded streets, make it a cause of regret that in laying out New York, no preparation was made, while it was yet practicable, for a range of parks and public gardens along the central part of the island or elsewhere, to remain perpetually for the refreshment and recreation of the citizens during the torrid heats of the warm season. There are yet unoccupied lands on the island, which, on account of their rocky and uneven surface, might be laid out into surpassingly beautiful pleasure grounds; but while we are discussing the subject, the advancing population of the city is sweeping over them and covering them from our reach.

If we go out of the parks into the streets, we find the causes of a corrupt atmosphere much more carefully removed than with us. The streets of London are always clean. Every day, early in the morning, they are swept, and some of them, I believe, at other hours also, by a machine drawn by one of the powerful drag horses of this country. Whenever an unusually large and fine horse of this breed is produced in the country, he is sent to the London market, and remarkable animals they are, of a height and stature almost elephantine, large-limbed, slow-paced, shaggy-footed,—sweeping the ground with their forelocks, each huge foot armed with a shoe weighing from five to six pounds. One of these strong creatures is harnessed to a street cleaning machine, which consists of brushes turning over a cylinder and sweeping the dust of the streets into a kind of box. Whether it be wet or dry, dust or mud, the work is thoroughly performed; it is all drawn into the receptacle provided for it, and the huge horse stalks backward and forward along the street until it is almost as clean as a drawing-room.

I called the other day on a friend, an American, who told me that he had that morning spoken with the landlady about her carelessness in leaving the window of her lower rooms unclosed during the night. She answered that she never took the trouble to close them, that so secure was the city from ordinary burglaries, under the arrangements of the new police, that it was not worth the trouble. The windows of the parlor next to my sleeping room opened upon a rather low balcony over the street door, and they are unprovided with any fastenings, which in New York we should think a great piece of negligence. Indeed, I am told that these night robberies are no longer practiced, except when the thief is assisted by an accessory in the house. All classes of the people appear now to be satisfied with the new police. The officers are men of respectable appearance and respectful manners. If I lose my way, or stand in need of local information, I apply to a person in the uniform of a police officer. They are sometimes more stupid in regard to these matters than there is any occasion for, but it is one of the duties of these officers to assist strangers with local information.

Begging is repressed by the new police regulations, and want stalks in holes and corners, and prefers its petitions where it cannot be overheard by men armed with the authority of the law. There is a great deal of famine in London, said a friend to me the other day, but the police regulations drive it out of sight. As I was going through Oxford street lately, I saw

an elderly man of small stature, poorly dressed, with a mahogany complexion, walking slowly before me. As I passed him, he said in my ear, with a hollow voice, "I am starving to death with hunger," and these words, and that hollow voice sounded in my ear all day.

Walking in Hampstead Heath a day or two, since, with an English friend, we were accompanied by two laborers, who were sitting on a bank, and who said that they had come to that neighborhood in search of employment in hay making, but had not been able to get either work or food. My friend appeared to distrust their story. But in the evening, as we were walking home, we passed a company of some four or five laborers in frocks, with bludgeons in their hands, who asked us for something to eat. "You see how it is gentlemen," said one of them, "we are strong; we have had nothing to eat all day." Their tone was dissatisfied, almost menacing; and the Englishman who was with us referred to it several times afterwards, with an expression of anxiety and alarm.

I hear it often remarked here, that the difference of condition between the poorer and the richer classes becomes greater every day, and that the end will be the wisest pretend not to see it.

No GENTLEMAN.—Profanity is generally condemned as a low, vulgar, ungentlemanlike vice. The condemnation is just, for it is utterly inconsistent with every trait of the gentleman, according to the proper definition of that term. A gentleman is a man who respects the rights and feelings of others, as the best means of promoting their happiness. According to this definition, a gentleman will not swear; for he will not deliberately check the veneration of others by irreverent appeals, and much less will invoke more than human power to aid him in inflicting pain. And among who do we find this vice most prevalent?—Among those most addicted to other vices, and especially intemperance. Drunkards generally swear, because intemperance impairs self-respect and respect for others. To swear like a pirate, is a proverb. Why? Because profanity is the usual vice of the violent; and as piracy is the greatest crime of violence, it is naturally accompanied by the last degree of profanity.

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.—The last accounts from California, state that that country has declared its independence of the Mexican Government, and organized itself into a republic. We understand that advices have also been received by the government at Washington, confirming in every particular this interesting intelligence. It is the case, it is probable, that in addition to the Texas question and the Oregon question, we shall have a California question in a very short time. Vast numbers of emigrants are now traversing the Western States and crossing the Rocky Mountains, on their way to Oregon; many of them will now, doubtless, be attracted southward to California; and the probability is, that in less than five years, that young republic, with its numerous fine harbors, its fertile soil, and its delightful climate, will also be knocking for admission into this confederacy. Thus on all hands plenty of work is promised, on this continent, for the British and French diplomatists for many years to come.

A NEW IDEA.—How to become OWNER OF A HOUSE.—A society has been incorporated in Montreal, called the Montreal Building Society, by becoming a member of which a person is enabled to build a house, by means of a loan granted him for that purpose repayable by instalments, for what the rent of such a house would cost him in ten years. The working of the plan is as follows:—Having a piece of land, an individual becomes a subscriber to the Society for one or more shares, at \$500 each, paying a monthly subscription of two dollars and a half for each share, for a period of nine or ten years, at the end of which time he finds himself owner of his house, having paid off the principal. This sort of Savings Bank has, it is said, been found to work very well in England.

SINGING.—A young man at a social party lately was vehemently urged to sing a song.— He replied that he would first tell a story, and then, if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy, he said, he took lessons in singing; and one Sunday morning he went up into his father's garret to practice alone by himself.— While in full cry, he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman.

"This is pretty conduct," said the father, "pretty preparation for the son of pious parents to be singing birds in the garret on a Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors. Sit down and make your book."

The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—Happiness is always to be found, if we will only condescend to pick it up, seed by seed. As none of its ingredients should be thought too minute to be gathered and added to our store, no one should be deemed too insignificant for distribution to others. Occasions for conferring great benefits do not often occur, and when they do, it may not be in our power to bestow them; but the little services and gratifications which every current day places within the means of the humblest member of society, will constitute, if we all throw one share in the common stock, no inconsiderable aggregate of human enjoyment and actual good will.

AN INKLING.—"Do you understand me, now?" thundered out a lusty pedagogue to an urchin at whose head he threw an ink-bottle. "I have got an ink-ling of what you mean," replied the boy.

TALKATIVE PENSIONERS.—"I don't say as how minute drinks, but I do know that the bottle in the dark closet don't keep fall all the time."