ed again."

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

RACINAWOT

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1845. A BEAUTIFUL POEM.—The following lines were com posed and recited by FRANCES J. CROSBY, one of inmates of the New York institution for the Blind, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on the occasion of an anniversa-"The recital of this power," says one who heard it, "in the clear sweet voice of the beautiful though sightless girl who composed it, sounded like the sweet tone of a bell, in the death-like stillness that reigned around, drew tears from the eyes of every listener. Twas indeed a beautiful and interesting sight, when the sun, glanced out from behind a cloud, and sent down his declining rays upon that spell-bound audience; to see them with their features beaming with sympathy, and their eyes streaming with tears—their attitude betraying the most intense anxiety to catch every word that fell from her lips. She concluded, and was lead to her seat smid thundering applause, repeated and repeat-

How lenely and sad is the sightless one's lot, Who dwells in seclusion, neglected, forgot, Unpitied, uncherished, no gentle one near To moisten her cheek with sweet sympathies tear ! While fond hearts around her beat lightly and gav.

In silent dejection her hours drag away : The' the blithe notes of gladness oft burst on her ear, They come not her grief stricken bosom to cheer! Or if, when the curtain of midnight is drawn,

And the fair tints of evening are faded and gone, A mother bends o'er her-she bends but to weep-And adds to her anguish a pang yet more deep. And must she still linger thus shrouded in gloom?

Not one ray of sight her dark path to illume? Oh, no! that lone heart, all benighted and drear, The light of instruction bath power to cheer.

Bright visions of happiness float o'er her now, And the deep weeds of sorrow have fled from her brow A smile of contentment now plays on her face-For the pages of science her fingers can trace.

Your eves with transporting emotions can view The calm evening sky in its mantle of blue-She mentally traces every orb as it flies In its course thro' the boundless expanse of the skies.

Where oft to brood over her woes she hath been-While, touch'd by her fingers, the harp, soft and clear With musical sweetness now gladdens her ear. Then think not unhappy—tho' sightless—this band-

She treads, with new vigor, each woodland and glen;

Deplote not their lot !- A magnificent hand With blessings the choicest, our pathway has strewn Neglected, unheeded no longer we roam!

Kind friends are around us-they soften our woes And point to the source whence pure happiness flows

We taste the delights education has given, And look from this world to a brighter in Heaven! No Time To READ. We commend the following to

those who make the plea that they have no time to read. "How often do we hear men excuse themselves from subscribing to a paper or periodical, by saying they have "no time to read." When we hear a man thus excuse himself, we conclude he has never found time to confer any substantial advantage, either upon his family, his country, or himself. To hear a freeman thus exhimself, is truly humiliating; and we can form no tance to society. Such men generally have time to attend public barbacues, meetings, sales, and other meetings, but they have " no time to read."

They frequently spend whole days in gossipping, tippling, and swapping horses, but they have "no time to read." They some times lose a day in asking advice of their neighbors-sometimes a day in picking up news, the prices current and the exchanges-but these men hunt, to fish, to fiddle, to drink, to "do nothing," but ted children, unimproved farms and unhappy firesides. They have no energy, no spirit of improvement, no love of knowledge; they live unknowing and unknown," and often die unwept and:unregretted."

The Last Revolutionary.

BE JESSE E. DOW.

Oh! where are they-those iron men, Who braved the battle's storm of fire, When war's wild halo filled the glen, And lit each humble village spire? When hill sent back the sound to hill, And might was right; and law was will? Oh! where are they whose manly breasts Beat back the pride of England's might, Whose stalwart arms laid low the crests Of many an old and valiant knight? When evening came with murderous flame, And Liberty was but a name.

I see them in the distance form, Like sceptres on the misty shore; Before them rolls the dreadful storm, And hills send forth their rills of gore; Around them death with lightning breath, Is twining an immortal wreath. Tis evening and the setting sun, Sinks slowly down beneath the wave-And there I see a gray-haired one-A special courier to the grave : He looks around on vale and mound

And falls upon his battle ground. Beneath him sleeps the hallowed earth, Now chilled like him, and still and cold-The blood that gave young Freedom birth No longer warms the warrior old-He waves his hand with stern command,

Then dies the last of glory's band. Love and Lightning.

A lady who her love had sold. Ask'd if a reason could be told Why wedding rings were made of gold ! I ventured thus t'instruct her; Love, Ma'am, and lightning are the same-On earth they glance, from Heaven they came; Love is the soul's electric flame, And counits best conductor.

ection to Industry, is to patronize your own Mechanics. Incited him The Fredericsburg Recorder, has the following remarks. which apply with some force in this latitude.

"It may be economy to pay ten per cent more for the products of native skill and labor, than the same articles might be bought for from other hands. Of course every one has a right to buy where and how he pleasesright of which he ought not to be deprived, in a limited domestic sense, any more than in the larger view of national policy—yet he ought to see the advantage of instead of others who can make no return. If we support our mechanics as we may, they in return will support us, and by this double process, the town itself will receive an impetus, which in a few years, would materially improve its aspect. The proper course is to buy what we can at home : the result would be seen in the more cheerful visages of our laboring population, and in the springing up of many neat and comfortable cottages in the now waste places of our borough. Then a reaction would commence, and those who chiefly contributed to this result, would reap a full recompence for any sacrifice they might have made to produce it."

Fame.

Why has thou lured me on fond muse, to quit The path of plain dull worldly sense, and be A wanderer thro' the realms of thought with thee While heart's that never knew thy visitings sweet, Cold souls that mock thy quiet melancholy, Win their bright way up Fortune's glittering wheel; And we sit lingering here in darkness still,

Scorned by the bustling sons of wealth and folly.

Yet still thou whisperest in mine ear "the day. The day may be at hand when thou and I. (The season of expectant pain gone by,) Shall tread to Joy's bright porch a smiling way, And rising, not as once, with hurried wing, To purer skies aspire, and hail a lovelier spring."

The Tragedy of the Caldwell Family.

A TALE, OF THE REVOLUTION.

-" The voice of noble blood. Poured out for faith and freedom, hath a tone Which, from the night of ages, shall burst forth And make its high appeal to Heaven."

During the Revolutionary war, the pleasant village of Elizabeth, in New Jersey, was the theatre of many interesting scenes. The inhabitants readily took up arms in defence of their independence, and cheerfully sacrificed Their distinguished patriotism was imputed, and who will eventually deliver us. This day in a great measure to one, whose person and character was venerated by every member of the community. This person was the Rev. James Caldwell, whose memory is almost idolized by the very few witnesses of the war still iving in Elizabeth.

Until the commencement of the war, he had lived the faithful pastor of a simple and virtuous flock in E., probably never once dreaming that his name would be known "to story or to ong" in a succeeding age.

His appearance was interesting; his counenance, when in repose, somewhat pensive, yet, at times, there was a sudden lighting up found it indeed a difficult task to be obliged to of his eye, and earnest and unpassioned tone a strong and thrilling elaof the voice, and other opinion, than that such a man is of little impor- quence of language, which might have induced an acute observer to suppose that there was a latent feeling in his breast; which only needed some exciting cause to draw it forth, and sessor, hitherto so mild and gentle, like the irresistible whirlwind, or the impetuous cata-

The residence of this good man and his lovely family yet remains in E., unaltered, never have "any time to read." They have time to save by the effects of time, which has thatched its roof with moss, and increased the growth "no time to read;" such men generally have unedaca- of the numerous shrubs and vines, which ever in rich profusion adorn its sides. The house is quite unique in appearance, with its old fashioned porch in front, and at the side its small casement windows, and its doors with heavy iron knockers, disproportionately large. It stands in the midst of an extensive unenclosed green lawn, which it was the pride of the pastor to keep in order, and was quite unmarked by any vagrant footstep, there being two narrow paths leading to the entrances we have spoken of. The most ancient and majestic valnut, elm, and sycamore trees still shade the house. An extensive green meadow finishes the back ground, while the garden lies at the side, of which there is a pretty view from the south porch. The garden was the delight of the pastor and his family, and the admiration of all his congregation. I have been told that it was an unusual thing not to see one of them there employed-

> -"Stopping to support Each flower of tender stalk."

This was more peculiarly the province of the eldest daughter, Margaret, between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, who was singular-

ly beautiful. The wife of Mr. Caldwell, (Hannah Ogden of Newark) gentle, lovely, and engaging as she was noble, elevated, and excellent, possessed the affections of all, particularly of those who constituted her husband's pastoral care. Her manners and feelings were refined; her principles firm; and her mind more carefully cultivated than those of the generality of fe-

males in her day. Thus the commencement of our troubles found them, dwelling amidst a home, bright with sunshine and with love, knowing no sorrow but their country's wrongs, which, they felt most keenly, was crushed and oppressed by the power which should have afforded them

strength and protection. At that solemn juncture few were hardy enough even to breathe the word indepen-DENCE; but our noble pastor, who had calmly and philosophically, as well as feelingly, pondered on our situation, saw that it was our only resource, and he dared to speak it even at the risk of sharing a traitor's fate. Confident in the justice of his cause, firmly relying on the God of the oppressed, he felt that the time City.

And to keep-watch, and arouse a land, And to defend and altar."

We will now introduce the reader to a humble mansion in a small village, four miles from Elizabeth, to which Mr. Caldwell had removed his family in consequence of the frequent firing the house. Let me conduct you and the upon the babe she was holding. That look incursions of the British from Staten Island, lying directly opposite to Elizabeth, of which having prosperous neighbors, and contribute what he they possessed themselves; thus keeping the wards the door. At this she raised her eyes, curred. He heard the mournful cry of mamcan consistently with his own interests, to benefit them, neighborhood and village in a constant state of alarm. He himself remained with the army, wore. He saw her mind had forsaken her, shrinking in a corner from all around, seemed gular that his dream should have been of such using all that eloquence with which he was so richly gifted, in inspiring the American troops with courage and confidence in the ultimate success of their cause. When suffering with hunger, half clothed and weary, a powerful enemy at hand, and no prospect of human relief, his burning words would ever renew their fainting courage, quicken their faith in the less little ones, and to follow him. Indeed Redeemer of the oppressed, and cause the they had no time to lose, the house had alreapastor! how can I tell you! how will you shout of "Liberty or Death" to be heard from

the invaders he was feared and execrated as the means of keeping alive that rebellion which. at the commencement of the war, they thought it would be no difficult matter to crush and ex- shoulders in wide confusion, dyeing the white terminate. The morning that we speak of, the British forces were landing at Elizabeth with the design of giving battle to Ge. Wash-Morristown, Mr. Caldwell was about departing in a company of soldiers, to join it.

An usual paleness rested on the cheeks of his devoted wife, as her husband pressed her to his bosom. She had struggled to preserve her composure, but her eyes rested upon her children, in their innocence and loveliness. and teats in quick succession rolled down his cheeks.

"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, "I canno account for these sad feelings, that oppress and weigh down my spirits this morning; but they do betoken some impending evil. Who can look of deep and mournful agony, as, raising Who will protect our helpless by bes, and shield our beautiful Margaret?'

"Do not give way to such feelings my Hannah !" answered her husband. " put your trust in God who regards us with a watchful eye. glowing, cold and unimpassioned as the chiselthe clouds are rolling away, and soon in our own quiet home we shall again enjoy all the sweet peace we used to know before the foe invaded our land-av, "and far more my love," he added, as his dark eye flashed with a patriot's fire, " for we shall then be free. I shall return to-morrow evening, with the blessing of God, to tell you how the enemy had been defeated, and to spend a few hap-

py days." Soon after his departure, the British forces commenced their march through the village. Mrs. Caldwell shrunk from the sight, and expose herself to the view of her country's enemies; vet had she done otherwise, she knew the house would be levelled with the ground, under the plea of its containing rebels to his Majesty. Still they passed onward, white she often saw her place of refuge pointed

cations. ... Mother! mother!" said Margaret, who, although shielded from observation heard their expressions as they passed along. "I cannot hear this, and not hate these men, although my father warns me of the wickedness of doing so. What has he, so kind, so good, so amiable, so benevolent, what has he done to deserve

"He has done nothing, my child," replied the agitated mother. "but endeavored to arouse a scorned and trampled people to cast aside shackles too grievous to be borne; and oh, Margaret, though I do not hate them, yet, heart to the God he served, and prayed to him when I hear my noble husband cursed and execrated, my heart rises as it should not .--Let me retire to implore forgiveness for this sin, and, like my Divine Master, pray for blessings on the heads of those who hate and per-

secute ns." Thus saying, she left the room. Upon her return, Margaret perceived that the voice of peace had calmed her soul. She had been gentle smile—her cordial welcome—her low communing with the Deity, and the effect of that interview was yet visible upon her countenance. Mete preparation for the dread hour approaching! The maid entered with the infant to receive its maternal nourishment, she took it in her arms to perform this interesting office-ah! how little did she suppose for the last time? Having returned the unconscious infant" to its nurse's arms, she was in the act of re-adjusting her handkerchief, when the ball from the musket of a british soldier, who had caught a glimpse of her person through the window, pierced her bosom, and the blood of the martyr, mingling with the milk of the mo-ther, poured itself forth in a united stream at the feet of the afrighted nurse. Her screams brought the terrified Margaret from the next room, to behold her mother gasping in death, and to hear her lips utter, " Forgive them, Father! my Savior! my husband! my children! and her pure spirit flew to the bosom of its God. Margaret, with a thrill of convulsive horror, stooped to raise the motionless body, but when she saw the life indeed was extinct, she uttered one cry of agony, and stood mute and still as the lifeless remains before her, with a gaze so vacant that the attention of those round was drawn from the mother to the daughter. The children crowded into the room with shricks and exclamations, the soldiers surrounded that house of death with oaths most teriffic, and threats of burning it to the

* Who is still living-the wife of Robert & Robertson, Store-keeper in the Custom House, New York

getting their terror of the British, ran to the eves in an instant then took in every occupant cestors of the writer that Mr. Caldwell spent relief of the children.

cruelty! Your mother's precious remains will on her lap. As he entered she raised her head troubled faces and wailings of blood; and so be attended to. Do not stay here, they are vy eyes and with a cry of agony hid her face. children to my aunt's; come, come, there is told a fearful tale, then he knew that some- her household, who heard her dream related no time to lose," he said, as he drew her to- thing, even beyond his heaviest fears had ocand he started at the fearful expression they ma! mamma! from his little Anne, who, and motioning to two men who had entered to refuse to be comforted. That tender mo a different nature, for they were of angel faces with a middle aged woman, his aunt, to bear ther, so prompt to answer the little loved-one's and celestial songs, which southed his spirit the corpse to their house, on the opposite side | call, where was she? Mrs. Wade rose from a | into a frame it had not known during the last of the street, he took the frighted infant in his table where she was giving the other children sad year." arms, and leading Margaret by the hand, who their supper, with a look of sorrow. He could made no resistance, towards the door, left Mrs. command himself no longer, but speechless and Wade and the nurse to collect the other help- unnerved sank into a chair. 'Mrs. Wade dy been set on fire.t but even the ruffian band Thus though warring not with carnal weapons, the commander of the American army the bleeding corpse, Alfred Wade holding in
the bleeding corpse, Alfred Wade holding the pense; tell me the worst." felt that in him they had a host, whilst among his arms the motherless infant, and leading the passive Margaret, whose appearance was indeed awful, for her raven hair was saturated with her mother's blood, as it flowed over her dress she wore; while her face, of a ghastly paleness, was streaked with the same dark and with the design of giving battle to Ge. Wash fearful hue. The other orphans, screaming ington, who, with his army, lay encamped at with affright, clung to Mrs. Wade as they passed through the crowd of soldiers, while Alfred's expressive face too, told the horror and detestation he felt for them. It appeared as if he, too, was to be a victim, for the gun of one of them was levelled at the breast of the young rebel, when an officer, who proved to be Gen. Tryon, called upon him to desist; and approaching Alfred, expressed his sorrow for what had happened, and offered his services to procure the distreed group any assistance in his power. A bitter amile curled the proud tell but you, my husband, may this day be a his eyes, he exclaimed—" Can ye bring back ever been "the rainbow of his sight," and the victim to your patriotism? The refugee hates, life to the dead? Can ye restore to these help-next morning, at an early hour, amidst the and the Briton dreads you. Oh! should their less ones their mother!" At the name of modark plans succeed, who will comfort me!—ther, a wild and troubled expression crossed the vacant face of Margaret. She gave an inquiring look at the General, as she repeated after Alfred, "Can ve give me back my mother ?" and it passed away, leaving that face, lately so

> This, too, is the work of your followers,' exclaimed Alfred, as his eye flashed fiercely. her mind is gone, shattered, destroyed. Oh! England! England! there is retributive justice on high!"

The General looked sad, but displeased :-Young man," he said. "I make due allowance for the excited state of of your feelings, but know, a commander often deplores the excesses of his soldiery, and would check them were he able. Pass on, but it would be well for you to exercise more prudence in the expression of your sentiments before an enfuriated

Alfred bowed his head, and the afflicted litsmoking rule of ruins.

It was on the third day after his separation from his family that Mr. Caldwell turned home- offer. ward. An engagement had taken place between the British and American armies, in which the former were driven back; and as they returned, their course was marked by the destruction of all their ruthless march had hitherto spared. Entering the village of Elizabeth, they set fire to the church of which Mr. Caldwell was pastor. He, meanwhile, proceeded onward, ignorant of the dark events which had occurred during his absence. With melancholy feelings he beheld the desolate fields and burning farm house, with other marks of the destroyer's foot-steps, Sick of blood, loathing the horrors of war, he lifted up his to end the dreadful struggle, and rescue his appressed and stricken country. Meanwhile the thoughts of home, of wife and children, to be enjoyed, at least, for a few days, came across his soul and soothed its tymults. True, the dark and unusual forebodings of his Hannah sometimes entered his mind, but he soon gentle smile-her cordial welcome-her low and fervent thanksgiving for his safe return.-He saw his Margaret's bright and deepening color, as she hastened to meet him, and the noisy salute of the little group, as, aroused from their sleep, they climbed to his knees with clamorous joy. A feeling of horror came over him when he beheld the ruins of the house in which he supposed he had left them securely sheltered. No trace of his family was visible as he approached the habitation of his neighbor, Wade, to inquire concerning them. All around was still as death, yet through the low windows of the kitchen, he belield moving groups and more than once fancied that, midst other figures, he discerned the lovedone of his Hanneh. He tied his horse to a tree, and raising the latch, entered the kitchen. The master of the house was standing with his pack to the door, he turned around, and upon beholding Mr. Caldwell, without any sign of

†Furnished by the only surviving son. The most reparkable providence attendant on this sad disaster o life and property, was the preservation of the large family Bible, the only household article saved, and which was supposed at that time to have perished amid this "wree of matter." It was accidentally discovered during the supposed at that time to new persons and the wreter of matter." It was accidentally discovered during the last wat by Gov. Tompkins, on Long Island, in possession of a family who had gotten it from a British soldier, supposed to have been taken by him from Mr. Caldwell's supposed to have been taken by this from arr. Online is house, on the ever memorable day of the conflagration and murder. It had been retained by the former, family and murder. It may been retained of the rein being re-many years, from the circumstance of therein being re-gistered the records of a numerous family, together with the records of the British soldier's family. It was not until the recovery of this long lost Bible, that the nine children, who were then all living could ascertain their precise ages.

a confused account of what had occurred, for an opposite door to an inner chamber. His sad and mournful omens It was with the anof the room; his failing heart discerned the the previous night, and the lady awoke her "Margaret, dear Margaret," exclaimed a absence of her, the first looked for, the earliest husband at day-light, with the account of a young man about eighteen, entering the room. to meet and welcome him. He saw Margaret dark and fearful dream that had disturbed her hasten with me from this scene of horror and sitting on a low chair, with the infant sleeping repose. It was all indistinct, but there were pastor! how can I tell you! how will you bear it?" While a piercing shriek from Marseemed to shrink back from the group which garet went like an electric flash through his pense; tell me the worst."

With unsteady steps, Alfred approached from an opposite apartment. He had always been dear to Mr. Caldwell, and most of his education had been received beneath his roof. His love for Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell was childlike, while Margaret had ever been his heart's idol. He took the cold hand of Mr. Caldwell and said, with a quivering lip, " Do you, dear friend, remember the illustrious example of submission to God. on the last Sabbath. presented before your people ?" He said, Blessed be the name of the Lord, though stripped of all." His full heart could utter no more, it relieved itself by sobs and tears. The smitten husband groaned in agony-again he uttered, "Show her to me," and Alfred supported his steps to the room, where his eves beheld all that his heart had foretold. would draw a veil over that solemn scene.

That miserable night his solitary watch was held beside the corpse of her who in life had lamentations of all who had known her, the loved and the lovely victim was committed to the dust.

From the day that this awful event occurred. change was wrought in Alfred Wade. He had hitherto remained at home in compliance with the solicitations of his friends, although hands, oh, thou Redeemer of sinners! my hope at times a hero's spirit was awakened within him, and he longed to join the devoted band who counted not their lives dear to them, so that their country might be rescued from its that look of love and peace, learned that death thraldom. But he now determined to cast was not that appalling thing it had before apaside all the ties that would detain him, and either live in a country free from the oppress Deep sor's chain, or perish in its defence. 2.3 4 1

was coupled with all that was valiant and mag- hour came to consign the body to its narrow nanimous; while, he and his excellent precep- house; it was not alone a family, but a town, a tor, each to their different spheres, had but one state, a country, mingling their lamentations object in view-the rescue of their country and raising their united voices, crying, "Alas! from tyranny and thraldom. Mr. Caldwell's alas! my father, the chariots of Isræl and the tle company were soon sheltered within the children were placed under the protection of neighboring house we have spoken of, while an aunt, in the interior the country, where the sleeps in the village church-yard of Elithat which had for a few days past afforded them the horrors of war were known but from re- zabeth, beside the wife of his youth. The a place of refuge, was ere long, a black and port, and where their mother had often been God who has said that "the seed of the rightesolicited to take refuge; but who, in the devo- our shall not he forsaken," remembered the tion of her soul to her husband, had refused the orphans when he took their parents. The be-

It was a dreary night on the 23d of Novem- educated him with parental care, while the ber, 1781, that two persons were discovered in other children formed connexions of the haptemporary shed, erected for a sentry box at Elizabethtown Point, two miles from the village. The one was a sulky, dogged-looking man, of short stature, who sat with his hat of the most respected families in New Jersey, drawn over his eyes, as if to conceal their expression, near a rough table, on which burned feeble light. The other, who stood beside true. him, carried in his dress and manner an air of assumed smartness while his face bore deep traces of hardened and determined villany.-He was a refugee, who thirsted for the patriot's blood, and who held in his hand a well filled value the blessings we enjoy, and more gratepurse, the fruits of treachery.

"Let your eye glance on this, my good fel-"But how do you know he will certainly be

down to-morrow?" said Morgan.
He will be down, I tell you after Miss Livingston, who comes from New York with a flag of truce. I wish you could settle matters with

both at the same time." It was settled that the active patriot, whose sagacity had so often thwarted the counsels of the refugee, should be despatched by the same death which removed his wife but a little more than a year before, and Morgan, Judas-like, re-

ceived the price of innocent blood. It was indeed true, as Holmes had, by some means ascertained, that Miss Livingston, the ter moccasin; about 3 o'clock in the morning, beloved friend of Mr. Caldwell, was on the ensuing day to come over to Elizabeth Point, he had just run a rattle-snake out of my neighand that Mr. Caldwell was there to meet her bor's tent, when the rattling and the barking and conduct her to the willage. She was one aroused me—9 rattles, captured,—I again lay of those females who, as Gordon, in his History of the Revolution, remarks, "showed amazing fortitude and the strongest attachment to the cause of their country; who even visited the prison-ships and other places of confinement, to solace their suffering countrymen. 12

One of those bright examples, of which America at that: time furnished many, who aroused by the distressed situation of their

" Put on

42

Coprage and faith, and generous constancy, Even as a breast-plate, and went serenely forth, Binding the warror's wounds, and hearing fresh. Cooling draughts to feverish lips."

To our prisoners in New York she had been ndeed an angel of mercy. Many a wounded oldier had died blessing the goute hand that Club have challenged the Baltimore Chess Club elleviated his sufferings, and even shrunk not to a regular set to in that noble game. from beside his miserable bed during the awful

struggles of dissolving nature. The day that the murderous act was to be cutting off their mustaches! says the Mirror.

PATRONIZE YOUR OWN MECHANICS.—The best pro- had now come when a great and mighty task ground; while some of the neighbors, hearing recognition, moved forward, passing through perpetrated, is said to have been ushered in by it, that she arose from her bed and called up with all that superstitious awe which troubled times engender. † At breakfast it was repeated to Mr. Caldwell, who remarked, "It was sin-

> At noon he left the village, on such a day as our November often produces. When he reached the Point, he found Miss Livingston already arrived; and, after placing her in his carriage, returned for her trunk. the murderer was upon his victim; as Mr. Caldwell stooped to raise the trunk. Morgan exclaimed, as a veil for his treachery, "you have contraband goods there," levelled his musket and fired. The ball entered his side The ball entered his side near to the heart, and his blood gushed forth, bathing the ground where he fell. The alatm was given, and a small party of Americans being near, Morgan was arrested without a struggle, appearing petrified with horror at the morderous act he had committed. Life was not extinct, and Mr. Caldwell was talsed from the ground, carried on a litter to the village, and placed in the house of one of his parishioners. A surgeon was sent for who pronounced it a mertal wound.

His work was done. That high heart would soon cease to beat, and these eloquent lips be, sealed in death. He begged to be raised, and like the last notes of the dving bird, so often told in song, his parting exhortation was more impressive than the preceding one.

We have said the day was gloomy, but at its close the clouds were suddenly dispersed, and a flood of glory from the setting sun poured itself through the window, illuminating every object in the room, and casting a halo around the expiring patriot.

"I die, but God shall be with you," said he; see you not this taken of deliverance? Even so shall the Sun of Liberty but t forth from the clouds which obscure it, and my country, shall rejoice in its beams. Farewell! carry my blessing and forgivness to him who thirsted for my blood; and now I yield me, into thy and my salvation !" His voice failed. Calm on the bosom of his God, his soul had sunk to rest, and those who beheld that parting smile,

Deep, deep, was the wound made by his loss. The house was crowded night and day by those who would gaze once more upon the face and From that time the name of Alfred Wade form so venerated and beloved : and when the

> nevolent Lafayette adopted the eldest son, and piest kind, and were often cited by the good people of Elizabeth as examples of providenial care. Their descendants are among some and they will bear me witness that the leading facts in this simple narrative are literally

> Peace to thine ashes, thou marter in a holy cause! Thy name shall be embalmed in our hearts, while the remembrance of thy wrongs and sufferings shall teach us more highly to fully to bless the hand which bestows them.

> Norr.—A fancy sketch founded on these facts was published in 1833. Having undergone revision and correction, it is now given as a matter of history. A son of the martyr Caldwell is still a clerk in one of the bureaus of the Treasury Department.

+The dream of the lady, and its effects upon her mind, occurred exactly as related.

A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY .- The New Orleans Picavune publishes a letter, written by an officer of the army at Corpus Christi, the post occupied by General Taylor's army of occupation, in which the following passage occurs: Florida may be the "land of promise," but Texas is the land of "varmints." In clearing the ground to pitch my tent, I killed a wa-I was wakened up by the barking of a dog: down, and when day broke, a yellow necked lizard was cocking his eye cunningly at mo from the ridge pole of my tent. I sprung up. seized my boot to despatch him, when lo! out of the boot dropped a taruntula! Exhausted from fright and fatigue. I sank back into a chair; but no sooner down than I was compelled rapidly to abandon the position, having been stung in the rear by a scorpion! Besides the above mishaps, we lost a valuable dog by a shark. The dog had jumped overboard from a boat to follow his master to the shore, when the voracious monster caught him.

A COUNTRY EDITOR says, " on our outside will be found a torn cout and other articles." Many Frountry editor is found with a torn coa on his putside.

A CHALLENGE. The Washington Chess

DANDIES .- All the dandies in New York are