

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 66.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. & H. P. GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1846.

### The Fallen Leaves.

We stand amid the fallen leaves,  
Young children at our play,  
And hark to see the yellow things  
Garubing on their way;  
Eight merrily we hunt them down,  
The autumn winds and we,  
Nor pause to gaze where snowdrifts lie,  
Or sunbeams gild the snow;  
With dancing feet we leap along,  
Where withered boughs are strown,  
Nor past nor future checks our song,  
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves  
In youth's enchanted spring—  
When hope—who wears at the last—  
First spreads its eagle wing:  
We tread with steps of conscious strength  
Beneath the leafless trees,  
And the color kindles in our cheek,  
As blows the winter breeze,  
When going towards the cold gray sky,  
Clouded with snow and rain,  
We wish the old year all past by,  
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves,  
In manhood's haughty prime,  
When first our pausing hearts begin  
To love the olden time;  
And as we gaze, we sigh to think  
How many a year hath past,  
Since "neath those cold and faded trees,  
Our footsteps wandered last—  
And old companions, now, perchance,  
Estranged, forgot, or dead,  
Come round us, as those autumn leaves,  
Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves,  
In our own autumn day,  
And tottering on with feeble steps,  
Pursue our cheerless way;  
We look not back—too long ago,  
Hark all we loved been lost,  
Nor forward, for we may not live  
To see our new hopes crossed:  
But on we go—the sun's faint beam  
A feeble warmth imparts,  
Childhood without its joys returns,  
The present fills our hearts.

### Maple Sugar.

The season for making Maple Sugar being near at hand, and as very many are ignorant or negligent of the best method of manufacturing it, (judging from the samples annually presented in market) we have thought it might be useful to copy the following from the Report of the Commissioner of Patents (Mr. Ellsworth's) for 1844—

Rutland, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1844.

Sir—Your favor of December 4th was duly received, and I am happy to inform you, as far as I am able, what you desire to know of the process by which I made that sugar of which you have seen a small sample. First the plan and manner of tapping the trees in this town is very nearly the same, that is, with a half inch or three-quarters of an inch, and a spike inserted in the hole, and a pine tub to catch the sap from each tree. I gather my sap into one large reservoir once in 24 hours, then it is boiled each day to syrup, when as about half the sweetness of molasses, as it is taken out and strained through a flannel cloth, and put into a tub or barrel to cool and wait for 12 hours—(I use a sheet iron pan set on a bench of brick, the pan is made of Russia iron, eight feet long, four feet wide, and six inches deep: it is then taken out and I am careful to move the bottom where it has settled, and pour it in a kettle and heat it to 68 degrees.

I then add (for 100 pounds) the whites of two eggs, two quarts of milk, and one ounce of cream—the eggs will beat up, and the molasses will dissolve—and stir the whole together in the syrup, and when the scum has all risen, it is taken off, and be sure it does not boil before you have done skimming it. Then it is boiled until it is done, which you will know by sampling some into water, which if done will form a wax. It then must be taken from the fire, and placed in tin pans to cool and form granules, and as soon as the granules are sufficiently formed I then pour it into tinned shaped boxes or cans, and after 24 hours I place a flannel cloth on top, and take the plug from the bottom and let it drain. The flannel cloth I keep wet every day to dry. The sample which you have seen was done in this way, with the addition of being repeated after once draining. Should you wish for further information, or a more extensive sample, please send me word to that effect and it will be cheerfully given. You will please accept my thanks for your kindness.

Yours, &c.  
MOSES EAMES.  
Box, H. L. Ellsworth's.

**BEATRICE'S SENTIMENTS.**—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epigrams of the beautiful, every immoderate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon the tombstones, my heart melts with compassion; when I see tombs of parents themselves, I consider the reality of grieving for those whom we must soon follow; when I see Kings lying with those who deposed them, when I consider rivals laid side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competition, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the sad stories of some of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some centuries ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be summoned, and make our appearance together.

**HINT TO WIVES.**—If I am not at home from the party to night at ten o'clock, don't wait for me; said a husband to his better and bigger half. "That I won't," said she, significantly. "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." He returned at ten precisely.

## The Bridal Eve.

A Legend from George Lippard, Esq.'s fourth lecture on the "Romance of the Revolution."

One summer night, the blaze of many lights streaming from the windows of an old mansion perched yonder among the rocks and woods, flashed far over the dark waters of Lake Champlain.

In a quiet and comfortable chamber of that mansion, a party of British officers, sitting around a table spread with wines and viands, discussed a topic of some interest if it was not the important in the world, while the tread of the dancers stook the floor of the adjoining room.

Yes, while all was gaiety and dance and music in the largest hall of the old mansion, whose hundred lights glanced far over the waters of Champlain—here in this quiet room, with the cool evening breeze blowing in their faces through the opening windows, here this party of British officers had assembled to discuss the wines and their favorite topic.

That topic was—the comparative beauty of the women of the world.

"As for me," said a handsome young Englishman, "I will match the voluptuous forms and dark eyes of Italy against the beauties of the world."

"And I," said a bronzed old veteran, who had risen to a Colonelcy by his long service and hard fighting; "and I have a pretty lass of a daughter there in England, whose blue eyes and flaxen hair would shame your tragic beauties of Italy into very ugliness."

"I have served in India, as you all must know," said the Major, who sat next to the veteran, "and I confess that I never saw painting or statue, much less living woman, half so lovely as some of those Hindoo maidens, bending down with water-lilies in their hands; bending down by the light of torches, over the dark waves of the Ganges."

And thus, one after another, Ensign, Colonel, and Major, had given their opinion, until that young American Refugee yonder, at the foot of the table is left to decide the argument. That American—for I blush to say it—handsome young fellow as he is, with a face full of manly beauty, deep blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and glossy brown hair, that American is a Refugee, and a Captain in the British Army. He wore the handsome scarlet coat, the glittering epaulettes, lace ruffles on his bosom, and around his waist.

"Come, Captain, pass the wine this way!" shouted the Ensign; "pass the wine and decide this great question. Which are the most beautiful: the red cheeks of Merry England, the dark eyes of Italy, or the graceful forms of Hindoostan?"

The Captain hesitated for a moment, and then tossing off a bumper of old Madeira, somewhat flushed as he was with wine, replied: "Mould your three models of beauty, your English lass, your Hindoo nymph, into one, and add to their charms a thousand graces of color and form and feature, and I would not compare this perfection of loveliness for a single moment, with the wild artless beauty of an American girl!"

The laugh of the three officers for a moment drowned the echo of the dance in the next room.

"Compare his American milk-maid with the woman of Italy!"

"Or the lass of England!"

"Or the graceful Hindoo girl!"

This laughing scorn of the British officers stung the handsome Refugee to the quick.

"Hark ye!" he cried, half rising from his seat, with a flushed brow, but a deep and deliberate voice. "To-morrow, I marry a wife; an American girl! To-night, at midnight too, that American Girl will join the dancers in the next room. You shall see her—you shall judge for yourselves!—whether the American woman is not the most beautiful in the world!"

There was something in the manner of the young Refugee, more in the nature of his information, that arrested the attention of his brother officers. For a moment they were silent.

"We've heard something of your marriage, Captain," said the gay Ensign, "but we did not think of it. To-morrow, you will be gone—sentence passed—a married man! But, tell me—how well your lady love be brought to this house to-night? I thought she resided within the rebel lines?"

"She does reside there! But I have sent a messenger—a friendly Indian Chief, on whom I can place the utmost dependence—to bring her from her present home, at dead of night, through the forest, to this mansion."

He is to return by twelve; it now half past eleven."

"Friendly Indian! echoed the veteran Colonel; rather an old guardian for a pretty woman! Quite an original idea of a Duenna, I vow!"

"And you will match this lady against all the world for beauty?" said the Major.

"Yes! if you do not agree with me, this hundred guineas which I lay upon the table, shall serve 'our mess' for wines for a month to come! But if you do agree with me—as without doubt you will—then you are to replace this gold with an hundred guineas of your own."

"Agreed! It is a wager!" chorused the Colonel and the two other officers.

And in that moment—while the doorway was thronged by fair ladies and gay officers, attracted from the next room by the debate—as that young Refugee stood with one hand as that young Refugee stood with one hand resting upon the little pile of gold, his ruddy face became suddenly pale as a shroud, his blue eyes dilated until they were encircled by a line of white enamel, he remained standing there, as if frozen to stone.

"Why Captain, what is the matter?" cried the Colonel, starting up in alarm, "do you see a ghost, that you stand gazing there, at the blank wall?"

The other officers also started up in alarm, and asked the cause of this singular demeanor, but still for the space of a minute or more, the

Refugee Captain stood there, more like a dead man suddenly recalled to life than a living being.

"That moment past, he sat down with a cold shiver; made a strong effort as if to command his reason, and then gave utterance to a forced laugh.

"Ha ha! See how I frightened you!" he said; and then laughed that cold, unnatural, hollow laugh again.

And yet, half an hour from that time, he freely confessed the manner of the horrid picture which he had seen drawn upon that blank, wainscoted wall, as if by some supernatural hand.

But now, with the wine cup in his hand he turned from one comrade to another, uttering some forced jest, or looking towards the doorway, crowded by officers and ladies, he gaily invited them to share in this remarkable argument: "Which were the most beautiful woman in the world?"

As he spoke the hour struck.

Twelve o'clock was there, and with it a foot-step, and then a bold Indian form came urging thro' the crowd of ladies thronging yonder doorway.

Silently, his arms folded on his war blanket, a look of calm stoicism on his dusky brow, the Indian advanced along the room, and stood at the head of the table. There was no lady with him!

Where is the fair girl? She who is to be the Bride to-morrow? Perhaps the Indian has left her in the next room, or in one the other halls of the old mansion, or perhaps, but the thought is a foolish one, she has refused to obey her lovers request and refused to come to meet him!

There was something awful in the deep silence that reigned through the room, as the solitary Indian stood there, at the head of the table, gazing silently in the lover's face.

"Here she is!" at last gasped the Refugee. "She has not refused to come!—Tell me; has any accident befallen her by the way? I know the forest is dark, and the wild path most difficult; tell me: where is the lady for whom I sent you into the Rebel lines?"

For a moment, as the strange horror of that lover's face was before him, the Indian was silent. Then as his answer seemed trembling on his lips, the ladies in yonder doorway, the officers from the ball room, and the party round the table, formed a group around the two central figures—that Indian standing at the head of the table, his arms folded in his war blanket—that young officer, half rising from his seat, his lips parted, his face ashy, his clenched hands resting on the dark mahogany of the table.

The Indian answered first by an action, then by a word.

First the action; slowly drawing his right hand from his blanket, he held it in the light. That right hand clutched with blood-stained fingers a bleeding scalp, and long and glossy locks of beautiful dark hair!

Then came the word: "Young warrior sent the red man for the scalp of the pale-faced squaw! Here it is."

Yes—the rude savage had mistaken his message! Instead of bringing the bride to her lover's arms, he had gone on his way, determined to bring the scalp of the victim to the grasp of her pale face enemy.

Not even a groan disturbed the deep silence of that dreadful moment. Look there!—The lover rises, presses that long hair; so black, so glossy, so beautiful; to his heart, and then, as though a huge weight falling on his brain had crushed him, fell with one dead sound on the hard floor.

He lay there, stiff, and pale, and cold, clenched right hand still clutching the bloody scalp, and the long dark hair falling in glossy tresses over the floor!

This was his bridal eve!

Now tell me, my friends, you who have heard some silly and ignorant pretender pitifully complain of the desititution of Legend, Poetry, Romance, which characterizes our National History; tell me did you ever read a tradition of England, or France, or Italy, or Spain, or any land under the Heavens, that might, in point or awful tragedy, compare with the simple history of DAVID JONES and JANE M'CREA. For; it is but a scene from this narrative, with which you have all been familiar from childhood, that I have given you.

When that bride-groom, flung there on the floor, with the bloody scalp and long dark tresses in his hands, arose again to the terrible consciousness of life, these words trembled from his lips, in a faint and husky whisper.

"Do you remember how, half an hour ago, I stood there, by the table, silent and pale, and horror-stricken, while you all started up round me, asking me what horrid sight I saw?—Then, oh men, I beheld the horrid scene, that home yonder by the Hudson River mounting to Heaven in smoke and flames! The red forms of Indians going to and fro amid flame and smoke, tomahawk torch in hand! There amid dead bodies and smoking embers, I beheld her form, my bride, for whom I had sent the messenger, kneeling, pleading for mercy even as the tomahawk crashed into her brain!"

As the horrid picture again came o'er his mind, he sank senseless again, still clutching that terrible memorial—the bloody scalp and long black hair!

That was an awful BRIDAL EVE!

**EXTRACTS ON HIS OWN.**—Hook.—The Boston Journal tells a story of a seafaring friend of his. Being in a place where pick-pockets abounded, he lined his pockets with fish hooks, ingeniously arranged so as to catch and hold the hand of any intruder; and it worked to a charm for it caught his own hand, and tore all the flesh from his fingers, in less than an hour after he had set his trap to catch the rogue.

**APPLES AND PRINTERS' TYPES.**—Say, Sam Jansing, your a literatur nigger; saywer me dis: "Why an apples like printer's types?" "I gits dis up."

"Ah, you nigger, whined brack man; its cause theys often in. Yab, yah!"

### Clean Culture.

It is a fact that ground which is kept from vegetation of any kind will not dry up so much as that on which a crop is grown. There are many who doubt this, but if they would make a proper examination, their doubts will be removed. Make an experiment—take a piece of ground in the garden, and hoe it over every day, or often enough to keep all kinds of vegetation from starting. Sow another piece adjoining, with grass, or some kind of grain. After a drowth of two or three weeks, examine both pieces by digging into them with a spade or shovel. The earth of the grass or grain plot, will be found dry like ashes, to the depth perhaps of a foot or more. The other plot will be dried only two or three inches—below that it will be quite moist. Examine the ground in an orchard in a dry time, and if it is not naturally a wet piece of ground, it will be found dry to a great depth. If there is a tree in your corn-field, see if the ground is not much dryer near it than on similar ground away from the reach of its roots. The fact is, the roots of vegetation bring up the moisture from a greater depth below the surface, than it could be done by simple evaporation. This may be known by noticing how much more moisture is required to support a crop of corn when the stalks are nearly full grown, than in its earliest stages.

Now, from all this we deduce an argument in favor of clean culture—that is, a culture which permits no useless vegetation to grow among cultivated crops; the advantage of which would be to give the crop the whole benefit of the moisture and other nutriment of the soil, instead of giving a portion to the worthless weeds.

In dry times, we frequently hear farmers say: "It will not do to work my corn or potatoes; they need all the grass and weeds to keep the ground from drying up." Now, this, as we have shown, is all a mistake—the grass and weeds make the ground dry faster and deeper. But it is alleged that corn has been injured by plowing or working it when the weather was very dry. We admit that this effect may have followed under particular circumstances.—That is to say, if corn gets too large before it is worked, injury may be done. The reason is, that the roots have become extended, and the plow cuts off so large a portion of them, that the remainder cannot supply the stalk, and it soon withers.

This is the way the "staked" corn, sometimes spoken of at the south and west, is generally produced. But it is only when the roots of corn have become widely extended, and are torn and mutilated in the operation of working it, that any such consequence follows. If the crop is worked, as it ought to be while it is small, no fears of injury need be entertained.

"ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN."—It is well known to every body, that the captains of steamboats on the Western waters are troubled occasionally with specimens of a fraternity, whose highest ambition is to trust to the awful sublimity of luck, and float on the surface of the ocean in other words, the genus "spogee." On a certain trip from Memphis, upwards, it was the fortune of Captain G.—to be inflicted with one of this "sort."—The boat being fairly under way, the clerk, as usual, went his rounds to collect the passage money, and among others, addressed the subject of our anecdote.

"Your fare, if you please, sir."

"All right, all right, clerk; I'll attend to it," said Diddle.

A short time is permitted to elapse. The clerk again makes an attempt to collect the "nippence," and again he fails.

"All right! I'll attend to it," was the only answer.

Mr. Diddle was forthwith reported to the captain as incorrigible, & the captain approaching him with an emphatic oath, told him the most pay before got the next wood yard, or ashore he must go.

"All right, all right! captain; I'll attend to it," was the provoking answer.

By time they arrived at the wood yard, and Mr. Diddle giving his usual answer instead of the money, was politely handed down the plank and put ashore. In a few minutes they heard in a fresh supply. The engineer tinkled his bell, the grate doors are closed, and the gallant steamer is ready to take her departure. But she had a still more gallant captain, who would not be harsh when it could be possibly avoided. Seeing Mr. Diddle standing on the bank, the very incarnation of meekness and resignation, he again addressed—

"Stranger, you may come aboard again if you'll pay your passage."

"All right, captain, all right; thankee!—I'm just at home."

**THE HUMAN FRAME.**—If Mechanics studied their own formation, they would learn many valuable facts in the science of mechanism. The human frame in many respects resembles a steam engine.—There are not only joints and hinges in the bones, but there are valves in the veins, and a forcing pump in the heart. The strongest and supporting pillars for buildings and wharves, are constructed precisely like the bones which support the human frame in regard to strength, beauty and skill. The cover of the head is supported by the arches similar to those of the ancient Gothic temple. The old anecdote of the unfinished building which stood many years, and which was found capable of completing itself, fully illustrates the formation of the head.

The original architect died and no one could construct the roof upon his plan but a certain builder who, when he did complete it, wondered it had been so long neglected.—"when," as he said, "every man has the same plan in the construction of his own head."

**TRY AGAIN.**—TIMOTHY was a great Tartar conqueror. In early life, he was forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined building, where he sat alone for many hours.—Wishing to divert his mind from so wretched a condition, he fixed his eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. Sixty-nine times did the grain fall to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it succeeded. The sight gave Timothy, courage at the moment, and he never forgot the lesson.

### Thomas Miller the Basket-Making Poet.

THOMAS MILLER I looked at with no ordinary interest; he had just then made a sensation in London, and was among the lions of the day. His story is somewhat singular. I shall avail myself of the privilege afforded by this discursive sort of scribbling, and relate the chief incident connected with it, as I afterward heard them from his own lips.

I had read, with considerable interest, a work entitled "A Day in the Woods, by Thomas Miller the Basket-Maker," and felt not a little delighted with his vivid and graphic descriptions of rural and of forest scenery. Nothing so natural and fresh had appeared in our literature. Even Bloomfield failed to convey so happy an idea of country life as Miller. One morning I inquired his address and determined to call on Mr. Miller, trusting to the frankness and amiability which pervaded every page of his book, for his excuse of my introducing myself to him. I had a long walk down St. George's road, Southwark, on a dismal, drizzling November day—and that was no joke, as any one familiar with a foggy day, at the time of the year, in London, can testify. After much inquiry I found out Elliot's Row, to which place I had ascertained the group of houses, in one of which the poet resided. I had great difficulty in who lived next door to Miller, did not know of such a person—although half of literary London was ringing with his praises, and crying him up as a newly-found genius. Such is fame in a mighty metropolis!

At length, on inquiring at a humble but neat looking domicile, I was told by an interesting looking little girl, that her father, (the poet) resided there. I entered, asked to see him, and presently he came down stairs.

I introduced myself, told him I had read his works which had delighted me by their truthfulness, and much desired to see him before I left town. He very kindly shook me by the hand, and after some agreeable chat, we made an appointment to dine with each other, at a chop house in the Strand, the next day. The story of his life which he told me on the latter occasion, was to the following effect.

He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men flourished in times of old. From childhood (he was then about five or six and twenty, he had loved to wander in the green woods and lanes, and unconsciously his poetic sensibilities were thus fostered. His station in life was very humble, and at an early age he learned basket-making, by which occupation he earned a bare subsistence. He married early, and the increasing wants of a family led him to try the experiment of publishing some poems and sketches, but owing to want of patronage, no benefit resulted to him. He at last determined to go to London—the paradise of young authors—the great reservoir of talent—too often, that the grave of genius. Thither he went, leaving for the present, his family behind, and lighting from the stage coach, found himself in the Strand—a strange among thousands—with just seven shillings and six pence in his pocket. He soon made the melancholy discovery that a stranger in London however, great may be his talents, stands but a poor chance of getting on, without the assistance of some helping hand; so, to keep body and soul together, he set to work making baskets. In this occupation he continued some time, occasionally sending time little contribution to the periodicals. At length fortune smiled on her patient wooer. One day, while he was engaged in bending his osiers, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. Wm. H. Harrison, Editor of the "Friendship's Offering," an English Annual. That gentleman had seen one or two pieces of Miller's, and been struck with their originality. He found him out, after much labor, and asked him to write a poem for the forthcoming volume of the Offering.

Miller told me that he was so poor then that he had not pen, ink or paper; so he got some white-brown paper, in which sugar had been wrapp'd, mixed up some soot with water for his ink, and then sat down—the back of a bellows serving for a desk, and wrote his well-known lines on an "Old Fountain." These beautiful verses being completed, he sealed his letter with some moistened bread for a wafer, and forwarded them, with many hopes and fears to the Editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr. Harrison forwarded the poet two guineas for them. "I never had been so rich in my before," said the basket-maker to me, "and I fancied some one would hear of my good fortune and try to rob me of it—so at night, I barred the doors and went to bed but did not sleep all night from delight and tear. Miller, still, to his honor, continued the certain occupation of basket making, but he was noticed by many—among others by Lady Blessington, who sent for him, recommended his book, and did him substantial service. "Often," said Miller, "I have been sitting in Lady Blessington's drawing-room in the morning, talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and on the same evening, I might have been seen standing on Westminster Bridge, between an apple tender and a baked potato merchant, vending my baskets."

Miller now tried his hand at a novel, ROYALTY GOWER, which succeeded well, and then another, FAIR ROSEWOOD—he read diligently at the British Museum, and was perseveringly industrious. Jordan took him by the hand, and he contributed a good deal to the Literary Gazette. He is at the time I write, a publisher in Newgate street, London. Miller is rather below the middle height, his face is round and rosy looking, and he wears a profusion of light hair. He has a strong Nottinghamshire dialect, and possesses little or none of the awkwardness of a countryman. Next to William and Mary Howitt, he is the writer on rural matters in England, and I am quite sure, that were his later works reprinted in America they would have an extensive sale.

**THE DITTO WORDS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH** were—"It matters little how the head layeth."

**FALL OF WORMS.**—We find in the last Congressional Journal, Concord, N. H., the following singular and wonderful account of what appears to have been a shower of small worms in connection with a fall of snow. The Rev. S. Davis, the narrator, is the brother of the late Mayor of Boston, and a man of the most exemplary character and unquestionable veracity. His statement is as follows:

"As I was returning from Pierpont on Monday, Dec. 1st, I saw on the snow which had fallen during the night, what I supposed to be oats, spread broadcast; but not seeing any track in the snow, for I was the first that travelled the road after the snow fell, my curiosity led me to descend from my carriage and examine; when, to my great surprise, I found that the objects I saw were living worms, about an inch long, lying on the top of the snow by hundreds; and these scattered along the road I travelled for a distance of not less than five miles. I would say farther, that there were no traces near from which the worms might have been shaken, and if there had been, and the worms had been on them, they would all have been frozen, for it had been very cold, and the ground was frozen hard before the snow fell. The worms were alive, for they immediately coiled up when I took them in my hand. They were of a brown color, with about 12 or 16 legs."

**WINNEBAGO FEES.**—On Saturday last, Lieutenant Thompson started from Prairie du Chien with twenty-five dragoons, (the whole force of the garrison) in pursuit of the Winnebagoes.—Capt. Sumner also arrived on Sunday with a small force from Fort Atkinson, and proceeded towards Muscoday, by the north side of the Wisconsin river. The families in the Kickapoo settlement are preparing to fortify as well as they can at Mount Sterling. At the Kickapoo settlement about thirty Indians are taken, and are now under guard. A portion of the Winnebagoes are still remaining on the head of Grant, waiting like vermin, to be comb'd out by a company of dragoons. For want of the regulars, who are playing poker at Corpus Christi, are our citizen soldiers to have a border war on their hands? We learn that Gov. Dodge's near Muscoday, commanding the volunteer troops. —Wisconsin Herald, 14th ult.

**A DECIDED HIT.**—The Columbus correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: "When the bill to create the county of Cass was under consideration in the House yesterday, Mr. Gallagher before the name was changed from Cass to Mahoning, moved to strike out the letter C from the name. Dr. Hubbard said that this was the most barefaced attempt on the part of the member from Hamilton to name a county after himself he had ever witnessed. Thereupon our member, though nettled, was quiet for a short time."

**THE EMIGRATING SPIRIT OF AMERICANS.**—The Hon. John Wentworth of Illinois, himself an emigrant to that state from New Hampshire, in a late speech thus happily hits off the emigrating spirit of Americans:

"He had a friend in Ohio, as long ago as it was in the frontier. He had been moving and moving away from the inroads of society until he had reached the banks of the Mississippi, and was about to move again. He asked him his reason. He said it was the dying advice of his father; 'to keep twenty miles beyond law and custom, and a doctor and lawyer were within fifteen miles, and he thought it time to go.'"

**THE OCEAN.**—A distinguished writer well says: "Could the 'vast deep' speak out, what tales of horror would it tell—of ruined hopes and sudden deaths of husband and reveals on shipboard, followed by sudden and merciless disasters as left not a voice to tell the story—Many a drunken captain has sent himself and all on board to the bottom, by his orders in the hour of danger, unsuited to the perilous occasion."

**TOO TRUE.**—The time was when industry was fashionable, and none ashamed to practice it. Such times have changed: fashion rules the world, and labor has gone out of fashion, with those that can live without it, and those that can't—until a reform is had, and industry again becomes fashionable, we may bid farewell to many a comfort we might otherwise enjoy.

**TEXAS.**—It is stated that Texas is divided into 25 counties. Galveston is the largest city, and Houston the next; Austin the seat of government has a population of 1500, and Washington about the same number. Saint Antonio de Bexar, the oldest town in the State, has the largest church and monastery in the country, and has fallen to a population of about 2500.

**IRISH WIT.**—Some company in Ireland disputing relative to quirkness of reply, ascribed to the lower orders of that county, it was resolved to put the matter to the test in the person of a clown who was approaching them. "Pat," said one of the gentlemen, "if the Devil was to come determined to have one of us, which do you think he would take?" "Me to be sure."

"Why so?" "Because he knows he can have your honor at any time."

**MAKING A CONQUEST.**—Fred, said a wag to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful creature who wishes to make your acquaintance."

"Glad to hear it—fine girl—good taste—struck with my appearance, I suppose, eh?" "Yes—very much so. She thinks you would make a capital playmate for her roomie's dog."

**GOT 'EM.**—There's more in that fellow's head, Sam, than you think," said Dick of a sleepy looking fellow standing by. "That may be," replied other gravely, "but I always suspected he had 'em."

**A REASON.**—We heard an old bruiser, the other day, advising a youngster to get married. "To be sure, then my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for you, when you go home drunk."