

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

TOWANDA

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1847.

### Advertisement of a Last Day.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!  
A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graven in Paradise,  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones,  
All changed as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng  
In fashion's mazes wind,  
Where trifling folly's song,  
Leaving a sting behind;  
Yet to my hand 'twas given  
A golden harp to buy,  
Such as the white-robed choir attune  
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!  
I feel all search is vain;  
That gem of countless gain,  
Can ne'er be mine again;  
I offer no reward,  
For till these heart strings sever,  
I know that heaven-entrusted gift  
Is left away forever.

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scroll have fled,  
I'll see it in His hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead,  
And when of scathe and loss  
That man can ne'er repair,  
The great inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there?

### The Tale of the Alamo.

We find in the National Intelligencer, the following letter from an officer in the United States Army at San Antonio de Bexar, who is writing the Alamo, which is now a shapely mass of ruins, reverts, as follows to the terrible struggle of which that fortress was the scene some ten years ago. It is perhaps the most graphic description of the event that has ever been written, and it will, we doubt not, be of interest for almost every reader, especially at the present moment, when we are engaged against the same enemy.—*Engle.*

On the 23d of February, 1836, Santa Anna entered San Antonio de Bexar, and took possession of the town without firing a gun. The small garrison of one hundred and thirty men, under the command of William Barrett Travis, and as he advanced to the Alamo, on the opposite side of the river, determined there to offer the bravest resistance to the progress of the event that God and their own energies should permit. Flushed with the conquest so easily effected of the town, the Mexican General prepared for an immediate attack upon the Alamo. He ordered his best works to be thrown up on every commanding point, and artillery to be planted wherever it could be most effective. The battery was completed on the right bank of the river by the 25th, and on this day the siege commenced.

It is a dark and gloomy morning, devoted to a dark and unholy purpose. Exulting in the work of death upon which he is entering, Santa Anna crosses the river, the better to behold the success of his designs, and establishes his headquarters in a small stone building yet standing. The signal is given, and ere the sun has risen upon the scene, the roar of artillery from the Mexican battery awakens the echo of and wide, and rouses from their slumbers the yet sleeping inhabitants. But the defenders of the Alamo have not lost sight for a moment of their wily and remorseless enemy; they watch the studied direction of every gun; they see the match lighted, they listen breathless, as if even at that distance they could hear the command to fire; and when it does come and the walls of the citadel tremble under the shock of the iron hail, and the fragments of stone are whirled aloft by the sudden impulse, they send back a shout of defiance mingled with a discharge from their own guns, almost as deafening as the thunder of their assailants. Before the smoke rolls away, and the reverberations are lost in the distance, while the shouts of the besieged still linger on the ears of the besiegers, the cannonade is renewed, and for seven hours fiercely continued upon the walls of the Alamo. But these walls yielded no more than the spirits of their defenders. The fire is steadily returned; and though stones are shivered around them, there are stout hearts and willing hands ready to repel every branch, and to restore from the interior whatever may have been destroyed from without. Earth is thrown up, every crack or fissure closed as fast as created, by the eager efforts of those who will permit no evidence of success to cheer the hopes of their enemy.

The sun has almost sunk behind the western plains when there is a pause in the work of demolition. The firing ceases for the day by order of the Mexican commander, with his thirst for blood insatiable, for not a single drop of blood has fallen within the Alamo. Many of his own men have bit the dust before the batteries and riflemen of the fort; but thus far they are unavenged. Darkness falls upon the besieger and besieged; the former raise new entrenchments to prosecute the assault; the latter establish a watch for the night, and endeavor to seek that repose which shall give them fresh vigor for the contest which they know will come on the morrow.

The morning of the 26th dawns, and reveals to the occupants of the fort the effect of the midnight labors of their enemy; it is the establishment of two additional batteries within the Alameda of the Alamo. The bayonets of the infantry, crossed over during the night, glitter in the morning beams, and the plumes of the cavalry are seen waving on the Eastern hills, to intercept the expected aid from that quarter. The contest is renewed by a slight skirmish between a few of the Texans, sent in quest of

wood and water, and a detachment under the Mexican general Sesma; but this is a mere overture to the grand performance of the day. The thunders of the heavy ordnance, under the direction of Col. Ampudia, are soon roused into action; volley after volley is poured into the fort, and answered only at rare intervals, by the shouts of those within. There is no pause, no cessation. Still the cannonade goes on; shells fly hissing through the air, and balls bury themselves within the ramparts; but night comes on, and the Mexican general can see no progress. Baffled but not discouraged, he advances his line of posts, and prepares, with the morning light, to enter upon his task. The north wind sweeps over the prairies, as it only sweeps in Texas; a stormy lullaby to the stormy passions of those contending hosts. The darkness is broken only by the feeble blaze of a few huts, fired by the Texans, which have furnished a cover to their enemy. The flames curl upwards with a sickly glare, throw a fitful light for a moment upon the slumbering army, and expire. The reign of darkness and silence is resumed.

On the next day the Mexicans appear inactive. There is but little firing on either side. Those within the fort, with spirits unshaken, and with energies weakened but not exhausted, are applying their limited resources to the purposes of defence. No heart falters; no pulse throbs with diminished power; no hand shrinks from the labor that necessity imposes; all is confidence and determination; a firm reliance springing from the holiness of the cause, and the certainty of its final triumph. Sunday follows but brings no rest.

The fire of the Mexican artillery keeps company with the minutes as they roll on. Morning, mid-day and evening are passed, yet there is no faltering among those who are defending the Thermopylae of Texas. Another sunrise and sets; and yet another; still the indomitable hearts within quail not before the increasing efforts of their enemy. In spite of that enemy's vindictive vigilance, the little garrison receives from Gonzales a reinforcement of thirty-three men; and for the funeral pyre, soon to be kindled by Santa Anna on the surrounding hills, as a human hecumb to the Mexican vengeance.

New batteries are erected by the besiegers, from every point around the missiles of destruction concentrate upon the Alamo. The circles grow smaller. The final hour must soon come. Provisions are not yet exhausted, but the ammunition is almost gone. Water for days has been supplied by the daring efforts of a solitary Mexican woman, who, through a shower of grape and musketry, has threaded her way from the river to the castle, while her own blood marked the path. She bears with her the spirit of her ancestors, stretched upon the rack of Cortez; and it is not the fear of death or the torture that can swerve her from her purpose. In her presence there is hope, and joy, and life. At each arrival she is hailed by the garrison as the guardian angel of the Alamo, &c., until it falls, her efforts fail not. The siege has continued for ten days. The Mexican general has received large reinforcements, and his army now numbers thousands. He has been unceasing in his efforts to batter down the walls, but has thus far failed. The triumph is with Travis, but it is written in the hearts of his ruthless foe that he must die; and when the cannonade is suspended on the 5th of March, Santa Anna has determined that the hour for the assault has arrived. During ten days a blood-red flag has been streaming from the spire of the church in San Antonio, proclaiming that no quarter is to be given to the champions of the Alamo—that blood alone will appease the fury of Mexican malice. When the sun again goes down, the flag is no longer seen for the deed of which it was the sign, has been accomplished.

It is midnight. Stars are smiling in the firmament, and the repose of Paradise seems hovering over the armed hosts, and hills, and plains which encircle the Alamo. A low murmur rises upon the air, which gradually becomes more and more distinct. Lights move to and fro in the distance, and indicate some unusual movement. The besieging army is in motion. There is no advance by columns.—The force of the Mexicans is so great, that the fort may be surrounded, leaving intervals only for the fire of artillery. The place is girdled by a deep line of infantry, and these are hemmed in and surrounded. If the first shriek, they must be thrust forward to the assault by the sabres and pistols of their comrades. Suddenly the batteries are in a blaze, and from their concentric positions pour forth a radii of fire, pointing to a single centre. Amid the thunders thus created, their own shouts scarcely less terrible, and the blasts of bugles, the Mexicans advance to the Alamo. A sheet of flame from rifles that never failed, is the answer to the charge. The infantry recoil and fall back upon the cavalry; their ranks broken and disordered by the deadly fire of the besieged. The shouts from the fort are mingled with the groans of the dying on the plain, while the officers are endeavoring to reform their scattered masses. They return to the attack, but the leaden shower which they encounter feels them to the earth by platoons. Travis shows himself on the walls, cheering on his undaunted followers. Around him are Crockett, Evans and Bonham, all roused to the last struggle, for they know that their doom is sealed. In quick succession rifle after rifle is discharged, sending hundreds to their long arcuities. The Mexicans are again and again repulsed; they fall back disheartened by the dead and the dying around them. The battalion of Toluca, the flower of the Mexican army, is reduced from fourteen hundred to twenty-three. Men have become for a moment, regardless of their officers, and are almost delirious from the cries of anguish which no discipline can restrain, and which come from their fallen and expiring comrades. But a breach is made at last: the disjointed forces, by the aid of threats and entreaties are rallied, and once more turn their faces to the Alamo. The firing in that quarter has for some time been growing slower and slower. Rifles have dropped from many a vigorous hand, now cold in death, while others

cling to their weapons even in the agonies of dissolution. Ammunition, too, has been failing; one by one the muzzles drop; the last rifle is loaded and discharged, and the Mexicans have gained the wall. Proudly conspicuous in that awful moment, Travis receives a shot, staggers, and falls. He dies not unavenged. A Mexican officer rushes upon him and is about to plunge his sabre into the bosom of the fallen man, when, gathering all his energies for a last effort, he bathes his own sword in the blood of his enemy, and they die together.

In the mean time the battle has been raging hot and thick. The Mexicans have poured into the citadel like leaves falling before the storms of autumn. The conflict becomes hand to hand. Each man struggles with his adversary, dealing blows with rifles, sabres, or whatever missile may be within reach. The Texans are almost buried beneath the number of their opponents. The carnage has been so terrible that the slain are piled up in heaps.—Death stares every survivor in the face, but still he struggles on. Crockett has been conspicuous in the melee, wherever the blows fell thickest and hottest. He has forced his way over piles of the dead bodies of his enemies, and has reached the door of the chapel. Here he determines to make his last stand. At one glance of his eye, he sees that the fate of the Alamo rests upon himself alone. Travis has fallen; Evans is no more; Bowie expires upon a bed of sickness, pierced to the heart by a Mexican bayonet; Bonham fell before his eyes, and he finds himself the only living warrior, of the one hundred and sixty-three, who had been his comrades. Perhaps at that moment the life-blood creeps to his heart by a natural impulse, but it is only for a moment. His foes glare on him with the fierceness of demons, and assault him with blows from sabres, muskets and pistols. The strength of an hundred men seen concentrated in his single arm, as he deals out death to his rancorous and unsparring assailants. Their bodies have grown into a rampart before him. Blackened with fire and smoke, besmeared with blood, and roused into frenzy, he stands like some fabled god of antiquity, laughing to scorn the malice and the power, and the scorn of his enemies. New fire flashes from his eyes, and new vigor nerves his arm. On his assailants rush, but it is only on certain death. They fall, but their places are still supplied; and so quickly their dead seem to rise up before him like armed men from the teeth of Cadmus. At length a ball from a distant rifle pierced him in the forehead; he falls backward to the earth, in the streams of gore which curdle around him. No groan escapes his lips, no cry of agony gratifies the implacable rancor of his enemies; he dies, and the Alamo has fallen.

**Here the Bird.**  
I hear a little, pretty bird  
Pour from his tuneful throat  
Such rich, sweet strains, all nature hushed,  
To catch that glorious note—  
And still as he flew,  
Far o'er the distant hills,  
I caught the burden of his song—  
"Twas, "PAT YOUR PRINTERS' BILLS."

**GRUITY.**—Get angry—jaw like the evil one, if you please—and then come to yourself and be a man. But we beg of you, don't be grouchy and leave the sulks for a week at a time. If there is a despicable wretch on God's foot-stool, it is one of your sulky devils, who will not give you a civil answer for a month after you have displeased him. He is worse than a brute. Tread on a dog's tail and he will snap at you at once—the next moment he forgets it and is as loving as ever. Tread on the toes of a human hog and he will walk away to treat you like an outcast for a twelve-month perhaps.

Talk as you may against a quick temper, the possessor is an angel in comparison to the person we have described. He lets go at once all he has to say and that is the end of it.—Ten minutes after, if you call upon him he extends his hand and exclaims—"What a fool I was to get angry!" and is as kind and sociable as ever.

The grouchy cur says nothing, grinds his teeth, and, perhaps, for years may silently be working against your interest. He goes miming along—as stiff as a poker—and every opportunity he gets, unseen, he will spit tobacco juice on your coat, or main the trees on your premises.

A GOOD TEST.—We heard a story the other day which is too good to be lost. Farmer Dickens, for so we will call him, one of the neighboring York county farmers, alike noted for his shrewdness and pretty girls, was visited by Jo Jenkins, under pretence of trading oxen, while his real object was to secure one of Farmer Dickens's daughters. Finding no way to accomplish the real object without a direct appeal to the old man, he ventured to pop the question, and received in return a most decided negative. Jo was not shrewd enough to manage for his girls. Jo, nothing daunted, pushed the trade in oxen, and in spite of the farmer's shrewdness, succeeded in a bargain by which the old man lost: J. himself essentially "shaved." At the next appearance of Jo to Farmer Dickens all was changed, and the old man at once declared that he might go ahead, for if he was shrewd enough to cheat him, he could risk him with the girls. Jo went ahead, took possession of his desired object, and thus for show that the old man was not in error as to his conclusion.

AN ODD STRATEGY.—A gentleman came into an inn on a very cold day, and could get no room near the fire, whereupon, he called to the ostler to fetch a peck of oysters, and give them to his horse. "Will your horse eat oysters?" said the ostler. "Try him," replied the gentleman. The people running from the fire to see this wonder gave the gentleman his choice of seats. The ostler brought back the oysters, and said the horse would not meddle with them. "Why, then," says the gentleman, "I must be forced to eat them myself."

### Kretzel—A tale of Woman's Wit and Courage.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Bottwell, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry; were forgetting hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Kretzel, for such was her name, was a hyst in herself; housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet de chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, the groom in the stable—the hardy, active and good-humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way.—The scene of the legend was a little more than a gun shot from the inn door; it was a tradition unfortunately, but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration a gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Kretzel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Kretzel only requested that the inn door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Kretzel listened intently, and the sound of horses' feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same moment the report of a pistol told her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought she unloosed the horse, leapt on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued, but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, calling out to them to shut the gate, and faint away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather valise was attached to the saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the innkeeper and his wife, and their guests, all set off to a neighboring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Kretzel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn, which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed by when there came a knock at the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest awhile. Kretzel at first refused him, but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She immediately felt a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Kretzel rose to obey, but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round,

she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the stairs, she suddenly extinguished her light, and stood up close against the wall; the man muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Kretzel, profiting by this moment, remounted the steps agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Kretzel had not been long ensconced in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity, Kretzel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that such they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of firearms where, expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Kretzel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber whom Kretzel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain, were quickly either taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Kretzel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

**RULES FOR YOUNG MEN.**—Never marry a woman who cannot make a shirt, or get a meal of victuals. Such a woman would keep a man poor all the days of his life.

Marry not the woman who aces the lady by an exhibition of pride; because she will be eternally scolding if she does not get every thing she wants.

Never marry a woman who thinks herself better than any one else; because it shows a want of sense, and she will have but few friends.

Marry not a woman who is fond of spinning street yarn; because such a woman will not be contented at home and consequently she will make a most miserable wife.

Never marry a woman who is in the daily habit of slandering her neighbors, and giving ear to all the gossiping she hears. Such women keep themselves and their neighbors in a constant fermentation, and make the very worst of wives.

**INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.**—Many a high minded youth the pride of a fond circle, have been lost to society and the world, by not possessing sufficient independence of mind. Temptations were spread before them. They saw the result, but had not the courage to say, Depart. A smiling lip—a smooth tongue did the work. They yielded and were ruined. Let holy resolution fire your bosom, ye lovely reeds; and when shining bays are presented, resist and turn away. Gloriously will you then triumph. Cherish an independent spirit, bring all the powers of your mind into a determination to resist evil, in whatever name it comes. This will save you and nothing else.

**THE KIND WISH.**—The late Lord Guildford, during the latter years of his life, was subject to severe attacks of the gout. Having reason to believe the complaint was coming on, he desired his servant to get his large shoes. The man looked in all the usual places for them, but without success, and therefore concluded they were stolen, and began cursing the thief.—"Pooh," said his lordship, seemingly very gravely; though at the same time agitated with pain, "how can you be so ill-natured, John? Now, all the harm I wish the poor rogue is, that my shoes may fit him."

**TOO SMART.**—The other day, one of Mrs. F's, a widow lady, admirers, was complaining of a toothache. Mrs. F's smart boy immediately spoke up—  
"Well, sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out and puts 'em back whenever she wants 'em."

A few minutes afterwards the boy was whipped on some pretence or other.

**PERSONS FEARLESSLY WHAT YOU BELIEVE TO BE RIGHT.** Never mind the opposition made by your enemies they cannot harm you. The threats of those who hate or envy you will never hurt you if you are faithful to your duty.

**A SMALL NEGLECT SOMETIMES BREDS A GREAT MISCHIEF.**—For want of a nail the shoe is lost, for want of a shoe the horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost.

### Escape of Capt. Henry.

The following extraordinary account of Capt. Henry's escape from the Mexicans, is from the New Orleans Pressman:

Capt. Henry is a Texan. He was taken with Maj. Borland's command, but having made better terms in the Mexican clutches, and some acts of those who had him in charge arousing his suspicion, he determined upon making his escape. The account is written by Col. Hardin. It says:

By some accident during the evening he found himself on Major Gaities' mare, one of the best blooded nags in Kentucky, and the Major's pistols still remaining in the holster. The prisoners had become considerably scattered near sunset, and Capt. Henry set himself busily to work to make them keep close together. To do this he rode back, within ten fives of the rear of the line, when discovering a small interval in the line of the Mexican guard, he suddenly put spurs to the mare and darted through the lines. The guard immediately wheeled in pursuit, but their ponies were no match for a Kentucky blood horse, before a gun could be fairly levelled at him he had darted out of reach. He had three rancheros to pass. As he passed these he found that the Mexicans in pursuit gave notice to the rancheros who followed him with fresh horses—still he outstripped them all.

After passing the last rancho he had pulled up his mare to rest her, when a single Mexican came up supposing him to be unarmed. He waited until he came within thirty steps, when, cocking the Major's duelling pistol he fired and the Mexican rolled off. In a short time another came near, he likewise permitted him to approach still nearer, when he wheeled and shot him down. He loaded his pistol, and after going some distance, another started up behind some bushes near the road, and rode at him; he shot him, with what success he could not tell, but he was not pursued by that Mexican any further. When he came near Escaracion, he found the camp had been alarmed, as he had supposed by some one who had passed him when he left the road. Diverging from this straight course, he crossed several roads and evaded a number of parties who were in pursuit of him. At length he came to a plain where there was no place to hide. The moon was shining, and he could see a large number of men in pursuit. Putting spurs to his now jaded horse, he made him for a mountain valley, and followed it to the east, he at length eluded his pursuers. He travelled up the valley; forty miles as he supposed, hoping to find an outlet towards Palomos; but in this he was disappointed. He was unable to find water for himself or his famished mare, and the next morning after his escape the noble animal expired, more from the want of water than from fatigue.

Capt. Henry now had to take it on foot. He wandered about all day trying to find a path across the mountain. In the evening he found some water to quench his thirst. He then determined to retrace his steps down the valley, and did so, marching without water or food. During the 26th, 27th and 28th, he walked along through the chapparel and prickly pears, without food or water, frequently seeing parties of Mexicans, whom he had to avoid. On the 28th he killed a rat with a club, part of which he ate, and put the balance in his pocket for another meal.

On the night of the 28th he reached the road and followed it until an hour after sunrise, when he discovered a party of horsemen approaching. Not knowing whether they were friends or enemies, he concealed himself until they came near, when he discovered they were a picket guard of Arkansas troops. He gave one shout and gave up—nature was exhausted! His nerves, which had been strung up to the highest degree of tension, became unstrung and he was almost helpless. They put him on a horse and took him to Agua Nueva, where Capt. Pike informed an outpost.

Capt. Pike commanded me that when Henry came in he was the most miserable-looking being he ever saw. His shoes were worn out, his pantaloons cut in rags, his head was bare and his hair and beard were matted; his hands, feet and legs were filled with thorns, from the prickly pears, and his skin was parched and withered with privation, exposure and exertion. He had tasted no water for four days and seemed almost famished for want of it. The soldiers gathered round him, and all, that was in their wallets was at his service, and as they had recently had a new outfit of clothing, Capt. H. was soon newly fitted out. After resting awhile and getting some food, he was able to ride to this place. He says that during the pursuit there were more than one hundred shots fired at him, one of which passed through his hair.

**SELLING CRACKERS.**—The following circumstances is said to have occurred some where in New York. A quick witted toper went into a bar-room and called for something to drink.  
"We don't sell liquor," said the law abiding landlord.—"We will give you a glass, and then if you want to buy a cracker, we'll sell it to you for three cents."  
"Very well," said the Yankee customer "hand down your decenter."  
The "good creature" was handed down; and our hero took a stiff horn, when turning round to depart, the unsuspecting landlord handed him a dish of crackers, with the remark—  
"You'll buy a cracker?"  
"Wall, no, I guess not; you sell 'em too dear; I can get lots of 'em—five or six for a cent any where else."

**ALL ALIKE.**—Col. Ethan Allen, after observing of himself and his six brothers, "that there were never seven such horn of any woman," was told "that Mary Magdalen was delivered of seven just like them."

**PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.**—A young woman meeting a former fellow-servant, was asked how she liked her new place. "Very well," "Then you've nothing to complain of." "Nothing, only my master and mistress talks such very bad grammar."