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TOWANDA

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The Stream of Death.

There is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go,
Its wayless waters, dark and deep,
Mid sullen silence onward sweep,
With moonless flow.
I saw where at that dreary foot,
A smiling prattling infant stood,
Whose hour had come.
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Then sunk to cradled rest and died,
Like going home.
Followed with languid eye anon,
A youth diseased, and pale, and wan,
And there alone.
He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.
And then a form in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there at length,
He saw life's bound:
He shrunk, and raised the bitter prayer:
Too late—his shriek of wild despair,
The waters drowned.
Next stood upon the gurgles shore,
A being bowed with many a score,
Of toilome years;
Earth bound and sad, he left the bank,
Back-turned his dimming eye, and sank—
Ah! full of tears.
How bitter must thy waters be,
O Death!—How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die.
I mused—when to that stream again,
Another child of mortal man,
With smiles drew nigh,
This the last pang, he calmly said:—
To me, O Death! thou hast no dread—
Savior, I come!
Spread out thine arms, on yonder shore,
I see—ye waters bear me o'er—
THERE IS MY HOME.

The Angel Bride.

FROM THE M.S. OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of Nature, unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized but too faintly with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the outskirts of the village of C—, its open windows overlooked a garden, where taste and beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden, which extended with a scarce perceptible declivity to the very margin of a stream, and a hedge of low trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing waters as they swept, glowing in the crimson radiance of the sunset.
I entered the house, and stepping lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—eye of death.
"Welcome, Doctor," said the silvery voice of a lady, who sat by the low couch, partially veiled with white drapery. "Welcome, dear sufferer is now in a quiet slumber—but must presently awake, and one of her first inquiries will be for you."
"How is your sweet Lucy, now?"
"She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, Doctor, as well as the worshippers' who go up to the earthly courts of our loved Zion. Oh!" she added, while the sun-light of joy irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the bedside of her sweet Lucy. "Oh! how full of consolation is this scene of mortal suffering, of earthly bitterness, of expiring hope?"
"Yes, my dear friend," I replied, "your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. I have seen death to day clad in his robes of terror. He took from my hopeless care a victim all unprepared, even after long and fearful warning; and the recollections of the struggle, the terrible anguish of the vanquished; the fierce triumph of the conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted nature, haunt my memory still; and even in this earthly paradise, I cannot forget them."
"And is poor Edward gone at last to this dread account? Oh! how fearful," and the gentle lady covered her face, and wept.
Some time elapsed. I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake, and taking from the stand a small, though elegant, copy of the Bible. I opened its silver clasps, and my eye caught the inscription on the fly-leaf. "To my Lucy—a parting gift from Clarence." I had designed to read a portion of the word, but thought was for the time engrossed.
I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed they had grown up like twin blossoms, and were together almost every hour of the day. Seventeen summers they had each numbered—though Lucy was some months older. No brother or sister had either of them, and hence the intensity of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, their desires, their pursuits were in common. They called each other sisters, and their intercourse honored the endearing name.
And Clarence—the giver of the little volume in my hand—who was he? Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a noble youth—in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart and intellect, never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed for more than a year, and he was now absent from the village, though we trusted when each sun rose, that its setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious summons. Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts on this evening, yet had not a word been spoken on the subject by the widowed mother of

the lovely Lucy. At length, however, she raised her head, and observing the open volume in my hand—she said, in an assumed tone of cheerfulness:
"I trust Clarence will come this evening.— It is now—"
"Clarence!" said the sweet patient, opening her dark eyes, and looking eagerly around. Her eye raised only on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver on her lip, and a sad smile, she said,
"He is not come!"
"No! my darling, he has not yet come; but there is more than an hour to the close of day, and then—"
"God grant that he may come," said the maid, and she added with energy, "if it be His holy will—Oh! Doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast, is she not?" and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said, "But I am better to-day, am I not? Where is Ellen—why does she not come? Her mother turned an inquiring glance upon me as I took the thin white hand of the young girl in mine, and marked the regular but feeble beatings of the pulse."
"Shall I send for your daughter, Doctor?" she asked.
I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen was sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her sister.
"Ellen my sweet sister," said Lucy, "your father has told me that I must leave you—and her voice faltered—my own dear mother—and—but she did not utter the name of her lover, for at that moment the voice of a domestic was distinctly heard.
"He is come, Mr. Clarence is come! Now God bless my dear young lady," Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck, murmured, "Father in Heaven I thank thee," and then fainted with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness.
Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies at a distant college, and the letter that summoned him to C—, had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half the time of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student to the spot where his heart had stored its affections, and centered its hopes, next to Heaven, for Clarence was more than a noble-hearted, high-souled man; he was a disciple of Jesus Christ, and he was fitting himself to be an Apostle of his Holy Religion. He had heretofore completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy May.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health and with her companion Ellen, was performing her delightful duties, as Sabbath School teacher.— Returning home, she was exposed to a sudden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution, naturally feeble, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe to youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for its mighty holocaust to death. At first the type of her disease was mild, but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently few.
For this dreadful intelligence, Clarence was not prepared. He feared, but he hoped more, and though his heart was heavy, hope kindled a bright smile on his manly face, as he entered the little parlor where he had spent so many hours of exquisite happiness. He had slighted the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.
As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on his lips faded, for her pale face told a tale to his heart.
"Clarence, my dear Clarence, you have the welcome of fond hearts."
"How is Lucy? Why is your face so deadly pale? Oh! say she is not dangerously ill, tell me,—and a thought of keener misery entered his heart; "she is—oh my God, my Father in Heaven, strengthen me—she is dying—even now dying!"
"Nay, nay, Clarence," said the mother, soothingly. "Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; but be not alarmed if you see her face even paler than my own. Are you able to bear the sight now?"
"There was but little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living, but there was an anguish in the expression—hope for the best, and he said hurriedly,
"Oh take me to her at once—now," and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, while Mrs. May knelt beside him, he entreated God, in a voice choked with emotion, for strength to bear his trial, to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that his Master's cup might pass from him, even as did his Master in the days of his incarnation and anguish.— He arose, and with a calmer voice, said,
"I can see her now."

At this moment I joined them with Lucy's earnest request that Clarence should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed faintly through into the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering its hue still more snowy. Alas! for Clarence. As his earnest eyes met those of his betrothed—her whom he had left in the very flush and perfection of youthful loveliness—now how changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild sob of anguish, he clasped her pale thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling the while at the side of her couch.
"Clarence, my own dear Clarence," said the sweet girl, with an effort to rise, which she did, supported by his arm. He spoke not—he could not—dared not speak.
"Clarence, cheer up, my beloved!" but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lover's bosom. We did not attempt to check their grief, any we wept with them, and sorrow for a while had its luxury of tears unrestrained.
Clarence at length broke silence.

"Lucy, my own loved Lucy! God forgive me for my selfish grief;" and he added fervently, lifting his tearful eyes to Heaven—
"Father, give us grace, to bear this trial aright," and turning to me added, "Pray for us, Doctor oh! pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians."

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calmed, but I deemed it advisable to leave the dear patient to brief repose; and Ellen alone remaining, we retired to the parlor, where Clarence learned from us more of her illness and of her true condition, for I dared not delude him with false hopes.

"Doctor," said he, with visible anguish, "is there no hope?"
"Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger some time with us, and be better than she is to-day."

"Then God's will be done," said the young man, while a holy confidence lighted up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.
Day after day the dear girl lingered, and many sweet hours of converse did Clarence and Lucy pass together; once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the parlor of the house, and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tint of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Lucy doubted not that she should die speedily, and happily this conviction had reached her heart ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from him, had yielded to the blissful anticipation of heaven, that glorious clime where she should ere long meet those from whom it was more than death to part.

"Dearest Lucy," said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, "you are better, love. May not our Heavenly Father yet spare you to me—to your mother—to your cousin Ellen—to happiness?"
"Ah, Clarence, do not speak of this. It will only end in deeper bitterness. I must go—and Clarence, you must not mourn when I exchange even this bright world for the Paradise of Immortality."

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand and drew her closer to his throbbing heart, and she resumed pointing to a bright cluster of amaranth. "See there, Clarence, is the emblem of the life and the joys to which I am hastening."
Three weeks had passed. It was again the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Ellen sat on either side, and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arms, the head of the fair girl. Disease had taken the citidel, and we awaited its surrender to death.

The man of God, her pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately, and when he said, "It is well with thee, my daughter—is it well with thy soul?" She answered in a clear and sweetly confiding tone of voice—"It is well! Blessed Redeemer, thou art my only trust."

Clarence now bent his head close to the head of Lucy, and whispered in her ear, but so distinctly, that we all heard.
"Lucy, since you may not be mine in life, oh dearest, be mine in death! let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipating a re-union in Heaven."

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a quick and sudden joy, as she smilingly answered.
"It is well, Clarence—I would fain bear thy name before I die." We were all startled at this strange request, and answer, but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said—
"Mother, dear mother, deny me not my last request; will you and Ellen dress me in my bridal robe? I will wear it to my tomb."
Clarence also besought Mrs. May to grant this wish, and let him win a bride and a mother; and she answered:
"As you and Lucy will, but it will be—and her heart spoke—it will be a mournful bridal."

Lucy now motioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to speak.
"You will not blame me, that I seek, even in the arms of death, to make her wife. Oh, how much of bliss has been crowded into this one anticipation, and though it will be indeed a sad bridal, it will sweeten the cup of bitterness, which is now pressed to my lips."

In a few minutes, we re-entered that hallowed chamber. The light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in muslin robes, which scarcely outvailed her cheek in whiteness, save where the dead hectic, now heightened by excitement, colored it. Clarence seated himself by her, and she was raised to a sitting posture, and supported in his arms. She placed her wasted hand in his, and said, half-said, "Tis a worthless offering."

He pressed it to his fevered lips, his face pale and flushed by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and in a few words and simple, united these two lovely beings in a tie, which all felt must be broken ere another sun should rise. Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in Heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them one flesh, and lifted up his hands and voices in benediction, Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence, and in a low voice, murmured—
"My husband."
"My wife," responded Clarence, and then lips met in a long and sweet embrace.

That night, before the last hour, the angel Azriel, came as a messenger of peace to that bridal chamber, and though new fountains of earthly bliss, had been opened in the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons, but while heavenly joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured—peace—farewell, husband—mother—sister—all—her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the ardent embrace of the woe-stricken, but humble Clarence, who still lingers in this weary world, doing his Master's work, and waiting his Master's will, to be re-united to his angel bride in Heaven.

A Week in Ireland.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMINE AND DISEASE.

—Elihu Burritt has written a description of a week's visit to the agricultural districts of Ireland, which is published in an extra from the office of the Christian Citizen, accompanied by a most eloquent appeal to the citizens of the United States for the relief of Ireland. We have room only for a brief extract, which transcends in horror any description of human misery we have ever read:

The first habitation we entered in the Castle-haven district, was literally a hole in the wall, occupied by what might be called, in America, a squatter, or a man who had burrowed a place for himself and family in the acute angle of two dilapidated walls by the road side, where he lived rent free. We entered this stunted den by an aperture about three feet high, and found one or two children lying asleep, with their eyes open in the straw.—Such, at least, was their appearance; for they scarcely winked while we were before them. The father came in and told us a pitiable story of want, saying that not a morsel of food had they tasted for twenty-four hours. He lighted a wisp of straw, and showed us one or two more children, lying in another nook of the cave. Their mother had died and he was obliged to leave them alone during most of the day, in order to glean something for their subsistence.

We were soon among the most wretched habitations that I had yet seen, far worse than those in Skibbereen. Many of them were flat-roofed hovels, half buried in the earth, or built up against the rocks, and covered with rotten straw, sea weed, or turf. In one, which was scarcely seven feet square, we found five persons prostrate with the fever, and apparently near their end. A girl about sixteen, the very picture of despair, was the only one left who could administer relief; and all she could do was to bring water in a broken pitcher to slake their parched lips. As we proceeded up the rocky hill overlooking the scene we encountered new sights of wretchedness. Seeing a cabin standing somewhat by itself in a hollow, and surrounded by a-moat of green filth, we entered it with some difficulty, and found a single child, about three years old, lying upon a kind of shelf, with its little face resting upon the edge of the board, and looking steadfastly out at the door as if for its mother. It never moved its eyes as we entered, but kept them fixed toward the entrance. It is doubtful whether the poor thing had a mother or father left to her; but it is still more doubtful whether those eyes would have relapsed their vacant gaze, if both of them had entered at once, with every thing that could tempt the palate in their hands. No words can describe this peculiar appearance of the famished children. Never have I seen such bright, blue, clear eyes looking so steadfastly at nothing; I could almost fancy that the Angels of God been sent to unseal the vision of these little, patient perishing creatures, to the beatitudes of another world; and that they were listening to the whispers of unseen spirits bidding them to "wait a little longer."

Leaving this we entered another cabin, in which we found seven or eight attenuated young creatures, with a mother who had pawned her cloak, and could not venture out to beg for bread because she was not fit to be seen on the streets. Hearing the voice of weeping from a cluster of huts farther up the hill, we proceeded to them, and entered one, and found several persons weeping over the dead body of a woman lying by the wall near the door.—Stretched upon the ground here and there lay several sick persons, and the place seemed a den of pestilence. The filthy straw was rank with the festering fever. Leaving the habitation of death, we were met by a young woman in an agony of despair, because no one would give her a coffin to bury her father in. She pointed to a cart at some distance, upon which his body lay; and she was about to follow it to the grave; and he was such a good father she could not bear to lay him like a beast in the ground; and she begged a coffin "for the honor of God." While she was waiting and weeping for this boon, I cast my eye towards the cabin we had just left, and a sight met my view which made me shudder with horror.—The husband of the dead woman came staggering out, with her body upon his shoulders, slightly covered with a piece of rotten canvass. I will not dwell upon the details of this spectacle. Painfully and slowly he bore the remains of the late companion of his misery to the cart. We followed him a little way off, and saw him deposit his burden along side of the coffin of the young woman, and by her assistance.

As the two started for the graveyard to bury their own dead, we pursued our walk still further on, and entered another cabin, where we encountered the climax of human misery.—Surely, thought I, while regarding this new phenomenon of suffering, there can be no lower deep than this, between us and the bottom of the grave. On asking after the condition of the inmates, the woman to whom we addressed the question, answered by taking from the straw three breathing skeletons, ranging from two to three feet in height, and entirely naked; and these human beings were alive! If they had been dead, they could not have been such frightful spectacles. They were alive; and wonderful to say, they could stand upon their feet, and even walk; but it was awful to see them do it. Had the bones been divested of the skin that held them together, and been covered with a veil of thin muslin, they would not have been more visible. Especially while one of them clung to the door while a sister was urging it forward, it assumed an appearance which can have been seldom paralleled this side of the grave. The effort which made it cling to the door disclosed every joint in its frame, while the deepest lines of old age furrowed its face. The enduring of ninety years of sorrow seemed to chronicle its record of woe upon the poor child's countenance. I could bear no more; and we returned to Skibbereen, after having been all the afternoon among those abodes of misery. On our way we overtook

the cart with the two uncoffined bodies. The man and the young woman were all that attended them to the grave. Last year the funeral of either would have called out hundreds of mourners from those hills; but now the husband drove his uncoffined wife without a tear in his eye, without a word of sorrow.

Parting Interview between Emmet and his Betrothed.

Emmet was unfortunately betrayed by his enemies, in an attempt to emancipate his countrymen from tyranny and oppression.—He was therefore convicted of the crime of treason, and sentenced to be executed.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into the dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him an eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dimly on her heart. The interview was bitter yet affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for Emmet, he wept, and spoke little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions.—In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of her former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound; and as he felt that this would be the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with tears of affection. The turnkey entered at the moment, and, as though ashamed at temporary betrayal of sympathy, dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man meanwhile approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance, but as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a miniature of himself, and with this parting token of attachment, imprinted the last kisses of a dying man upon her lips.

On gaining the door, she turned round as if to gaze on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as he retired; it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed, after her, informed him too surely, that they had met for the last time upon earth.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles, we have never seen in a popular print till a day or two ago. It may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelical, to know that St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death! He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous King.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon-Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salamis.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome, by the tyrant Nero.

CONSCIENCE.—It is a good thing to be reminded, now and then, that moral principles have an impressive effect upon others, and guide the guilty from sin to virtue. Examples teach better than precept, though the latter should not be forgotten in anxiety for the former; and the good man will rejoice at the evidence of repentance on the commission of sin, because with the voluntary confession of unworthiness comes also the assurance that the future life of him who makes it will be better than the past. The heart that is touched with that true humility which recognizes the extent and baseness of the deceit which it has practiced upon the confidence reposed in it by another, will not lend an impulse to the commission of another wrong, but rather impart its strength to the purpose of virtue, and maintain itself in what is good, because it has felt the degradation both outward and inward of vice.

NEWSPAPER READING.—Of all the amusements that can be possibly imagined for a hard working man after his daily toil, or at intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day, with money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if what he had been reading be anything above the lightest and lightest, give him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent and look forward to with pleasure.

Anecdote of Wolcott.

Expressing my surprise one day to Wolcott, that his satirical disposition had not got him in more scrapes, he told me he never was in but one that seriously alarmed him. It was with the late General McCormick. We had passed the previous forenoon together, when something I said to the General roused his anger.—He retorted. I was more sarcastic than before. He went away, and sent me a challenge for the next morning. Six o'clock was the hour fixed upon; the ground to be the Green, at Truro, which at that time was sufficiently retired. There was no seconds. The window of my room, however, commanded the Green. I had scarcely got off of my bed to dress for the appointment, when I saw the General walking up, and down the river, half an hour before his time. The sun was just rising cloudily; the morning bitterly cold; which, with the sight of the General's pistol and his attendants on the ground before the hour appointed were by no means calculated to strengthen my nerves. I dressed, read while doing so, made up my mind it was a great folly for two old friends to pop away at each other's lives. My resolution was speedily taken. I rang for my servant girl.

"Molly, light the fire instantly; make some good toast; let the breakfast be got in a minute, for two."

"Yes, sir."

"My watch was within a minute of the time. Pistol in hand, I went out the back way from my house, which opened on the Green. I crossed like a lion and went up to McCormick. He looked firm but did not speak. I did.

"Good morning to ye, General."

"The General bowed."

"This is too cold a morning for fighting."

"There is but one alternative," said the General distinctly.

"It is what you soldiers call an apology. My dear fellow, I would rather make twenty when I was so much in the wrong as I was yesterday; but I will only on one condition."

"I cannot talk of conditions, sir," said the General.

"Why, then I will consider the condition assented to. It is that you will come in and take a good breakfast with me, now on the table. I am exceedingly sorry if I hurt your feelings yesterday, for I meant not to do it."

We shook hands like old friends, and soon forgot the differences over tea and toast; but I did not like the pistol and that cold morning; notwithstanding, I believe many duels might end as harmlessly, could the combatants command the field as well as I did, and on such a bitter cold morning, too.

PRINTERS AS A CLASS.—The following remarks, made by L. H. Redfield, Esq., of Syracuse, at a social entertainment given by him to his brethren of the craft, are entitled to a favorable consideration from printers. He calls their attention to an evil from which they suffer perhaps more seriously than any other class of Mechanics.

"Printers, as a class, are warm-hearted, ardent in their attachments, and social in their feelings. They stand out, and are distinguished from the great mass of mankind, as possessing more intelligence than any other class of men of equal number. Their peculiar business is calculated to produce this distinction, and to make them more intellectual. Nature must indeed have been niggardly in her gifts, if the printer should fail to become intelligent.

"But with all the advantages of superior intelligence, and an elevated position in the estimation of the world, why is it that printers do not succeed better in business?—why is so large a number of them poor? It is not because they lack industry, for no class of men work harder, or more hours, or more diligently. Neither is it because they are spendthrifts, or imprudent with their earnings.

"I will tell you the secret, gentlemen.—Printers are not paid a fair equivalent for their services. And why are they not? Is it the fault of the public? No. I regret to say, it is their own fault. They alone are the cause of it. To obtain business they often adopt the degrading and ruinous system of underbidding each other, till the price which is finally paid, renders the job worthless, or worse than that, an actual loss to the one that is so unfortunate as to obtain it.

"I fear this practice is too prevalent all over the country. And may I not ask, if it is not also true, to some extent, at least among the craft here? "

"No business, gentleman, can be made profitable without at least fair prices. Men may do business enough, and they may work hard enough, even until old age may dim their sight, and until they are worn down to the third nick, and be poor the whole time, if they do business without profit."

YANKEE TRICK.—Uncle Eb, as we used to call him, among lots of good qualities, had a failing. He did love good liquor, but such was the state of his credit that no one would trust him. He, therefore, one day resorted to a trick to answer the great desire of his appetite. He took two case bottles, put a quart of water into one of them, put one of them in each pocket, and started for the store. "I'll take a quart of your rum," said Uncle Eb, as he placed the empty bottle on the counter. The rum was put up, and the bottle replaced in his pocket, when Uncle Eb pulled from his purse what at a distance might be seen a quarter of a dollar.—"This is nothing but tin, Uncle Eb," said the trader. "Eh, now, it's a quarter," said Uncle Eb. "It's tin," said the trader. "I shan't take it." "It's all I've got." "Very well, you can't have the rum." Uncle Eb, without much demurring, pulled from his pocket the quart of water. The trader took it, poured it into his rum barrel and off walked Uncle Eb, chuckling.

THE BLUE BELLIES OF AMERICA.—There are several newspapers and periodicals in this country under the editorial charge of ladies, and since the explosive nature of cotton has been demonstrated, it may be truly said that every lady controls a magazine.