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TOWANDA:

Mednesday Morning, June 30, 1847.

Day's Butles.

BY HENRY VAUGHN, 1695.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; our hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers to the sun; Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep Him company all the day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours Twist Heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun rising; fair day stillies flowers; Rise to prevent the sun—sleep doth sins glut,
And Heaven's gate opens when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures : note the hosts. And whisperings amongst them; not a sprig And whisperings amongst them; not a sprig Or leaf but has his morning hymn; each bush. And oak doth know "I A m;" canst thou dot sing! Oh leave thy cares and follies! go thy way And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go Fotil thou hast a blessing; then resign The whole unto him—and remember who Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine: Pour oil upon the stones—weep for thy sins— Then journey on and have an eye to Heaven.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad, Keep well thy temper—mix not with each day; Despatch necessities—life hath a food Which must be carried on, and safely may; Yet keep these cares without thee; let the heart Re God's alone, and choose the better part.

From Headley's "Washington and his Generals."] Washington's Campaigns.

At the hazard of a little repetition, let us take a hasy review of Washington's campaigns. In the first place, the battle of Bunker's Hill, though of incalculable value in arousing the spirit of the couniry, came very near proving our ruin by the false hopes it inspired in the undisciplined militia. Beraise behind breast-works, where no evolutions were to be performed, and no manteuvres of the enemy to be checked, they had broken the veteran. maks of England in pieces, it was supposed they would be equal to them in the open field. Hence the war commenced with short enlistments, giving no apportunity for discipline, and it was a long time before Washington could induce Congress even partially to correct the error. That he should be able to keep the field at all with these over-shifting. undisciplined, unfurnished troops, is a wonder: mich spanger is it that he should ever have risked them in su open hield fight. The difficulty was not that the were imable to fling themselves into spares to repel a shock of cavalry, or unrol again on being thrown into greater or less disorder. Beand ramparts such men will fight bravely, and can what to a desperate assault, but in a pitched bat-. where change of post ion and more or less maarnitres are inevitable, they cannot be relied on, and Washington knew it. Again, his plans were minually crippled by his officers and by Congress. le dare not follow out his own suggestions, because he would be met with the clamor of "arbitrary power." Hence, he had to call a council of war on every occasion; and nothing but a victory at Monmouth, which battle he ventured to fight against the decision of his officers, saved him from severe condemnation. - Now, placed in such a situation, crippled by such obstacles, there is no way in which a man like Washington can develope all his resourres and energy, but by bursting his toils with a strong effort, and vaulting to supreme power. This, his integrity and patriotism would not allow him to io, and so he suffered, and endured, and delayed, and instead of putting forth his efforts in his own and the best way, often exerted them in the way marked out by others. As the war advanced, he wame more unshackled, and then moved steadily in to victory and an honorable peace.

Yet his campaigns from the outset, badly as he was furnished, and much as he was crippled, will bear the closest examination. From his head-quaren at Boston, he planned the bold expedition against Queter, and which showed the energy with which te cutered futo the work. It failed not through any of judgment, but by an intervention of heaven. The very day that Arnold arrived on the St. Lawthre opposite Quebec, a violent storm of wind set a which prevented his crossing till the inhabitants hald recover from their surprise and obtain reinrements. The invasion itself was boldly and diffully planned, and but for this would have suc-

Next tollowed the attempt to save New York, and he hanle of Long Island took place—the most undifful and imprudent one delivered during the Thole war Had the British showed the least acti-^{tdy} and energy, not a man of the American army In those on horseback would have escaped. But his was fought directly against the wish of Washnigton, and hence not chargeable to him. But when he mischief was done, there was no time to call a ouncil of war, and the whole catastrophe fell on d the army from its perilous position, and brought ladem, exhibit a skill and energy seldom equaliby any commander. Here too his great power endurance stood him in good stead, for a less harframe would have sunk under this protracted Arecal and mental effort. For firty-eight hours ever closed his eyes, and nearly all the time as in the saddle, riding hither and thither, now dering a march, and again cheering on his men his roice and example. Calm and collected, in the and energy, he superintended every partion, and still urged on the weary thouspeed. The fate of the army hung by a thread by for two days and two nights he watched it with

and Washington at length drew up his army on the sea-board, Washington, with ten thousand men Harlam heights. Being compelled by the passage wholly under his control, and enlisted for the war, of the enemy's ships the the river to retire to White could have destroyed as many armies of twenty Plains, he there with life inferior force made a stand | thousand as Great Britain chose to send against him against the whole British army. Sir William Howe He appears to us calm and slow, but he possessed closed around him in a huge semicircle, and the a mind of wonderful quickness of perception, and American commander calmly awaited the approach the wonder is it could embrace so many things at of his veteran thousands. But Howe dared not at. once. No complexity of affairs could confuse him, tack him even with his superior artity. His prac- and no new and untried positions find him unpretised eye saw that he had no common military less. pared. Congress looked up to him as much as his der to deal with, and he left him to assail posts not his officers did; and when one takes into contem so ably defended. Forts Washington and Lee fell. plation the varied and endless affairs that saked and though the immense loss at the former place would have been prevented, had Washington's advice of his perceptions and the wisdom of his views.been taken. At length, to save New Jersey, he crossed the Hudson, but finding himself too teeble to contend with his adversary, he began to retreat towards the Delaware, pressed hard by Cornwallia His own force had gradually dwindled down to three thousand effective men, yet with these he kept the field and maintained a first countenance. Eluding his pursuets by his skilful manusures, hovering around them the moment they halted, showing that although defeated he was not disheartened he at length crossed the Delaware at night in a storm of sleet and hail, and falling like a thunderbolt on the enemy, took a thousand prisoners, and the next day reached the camp in safety. At this critical juncture the time of enlistment to quite a portion of the troops expired, and Washington with his utmost effor a could induce them to remain but six weeks longer. Feeling that within this time some decisive blow must be struck, even at the hazard of defeat, in order to revive the drooping hopes of the country, he waited patiently the approach of Comwallis and his veteran army. All day long, the in time, every thing seemed to fall into his mind, thunder of artillery, and the rattle of musketry shook the shores of the Assanpink, and at night, when darkness and silence again rested on the scene, battle disastrotis to the Americans seemed inevitable the following morning. Cornwallis deemed his prey secure, for with the superior discipline of his troops, added to their superior numbers, there could be but little doubt of the issue. Washington stood in the deepening gloom and gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's watch-fires, now blazing theerfully through the darkness, and thought of the roming day. Keeping his own fires burning, and sending men near the enemy's line to dig an entrenchment in order to deceive them, he began to remove his baggage, and at twelve o'clock took up the line of march for Princeton. Silently, noiselessly, the columns moved away in the darkness, while the anxious chieftain rode in their midst. At sunrise, Cornwallis, to his inexpressible surprise, heard the thunder of his guns at Princeton, telling who a column to make a charge, but that they could him that his antagonist, with all the wariness of the of even change front in battle, or execute the sim. fox, had also the terrible spring of the lion. Breakwest manufactor to prevent being outflanked, with- ing to pieces the three regiments he found here and chasing the fugitives before him, he passed on as far as Kingston, followed close by Cornwallis, whose troops were within hearing of his musketry. It was his intention to advance on Brunswick, where the English had collected their stores, but his soldiers had now been thirty-six hours without sleep, and a part of the time in battle, and needed rest, so he turned aside to Pluckenheim, and afterwards retired to Morristown, where he took up his winter marteres He did not remain idle, however, but sent out detachments of troops to harrass General Howe, and in a short time every place in the Jersevs was cleared of the enemy, except Brunswick

> Thus, in three weeks' time, did Washington gain two battles, and drive the British from every pos they had taken on the Delaware, and wrest the entire province of New Jersey from their grasp. With a small and dispirited army, part of which he had prevailed on to remain only six weeks longer, in the midst of general discouragement and gloom, he suddenly stopped retreating, and breaking into a urious enemy. Eluding their most skilfully-laid plans, breaking whole regiments to pieces by his urious onsets, and wresting post after post from their grasp, he rolled their strong columns back at cloud that had gathered thicker and darker every throw, while Europe sent up a shout of applause to plication to the God of battles. Patient, watchful. provoked into no rashness, frightened into no delay. cautious in his approach, bold and desperate in the onset, calm and collected in retreat, he moves at the head of his brave but ill-furnished and distracted army like a pillar of fire.

and Ambov.

The history of these three weeks throws more light on Washington's military character than any other portion of his life. In the first place, he dared not go into winter quarters in the midst of such | band's heart; the absence of content, the muttergeneral discouragement, and he suddenly broke lings of spleen, the untidy dress and the cheerless from his cautious and careful manœuvres into one home, the forbidden scowl and deserted hearth; The movement by which he extricat- of the boldest and most headling movements re- these and other nameless neglects, without a crime corded in lilistory. He must have the moral effect among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart troops off, and finally conducted the retreat to of a victory, or the army would disband, and he of many a man, and planted there, beyond the wisely risked all to gain it. In the second place, reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may he showed what terrible work he could make with woman, before that sad sight arrives, dwell on the the enemy, no matter how superior in numbers, recollections of youth, and, cherishing the dear idea the moment he got them away from their ships. of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the pro-At Boston he succeeded in driving them out of the mises she then so kindly gave; and though she city, but took no prisoners, for the fleet received may be injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten the defeated troops. At New York he could not, not the forgetful wife a happy allusion to with land troops, prevent the vessels of war from outflanking him, and he was compelled to retreat. home-a smile of love to benish hostile words In the Jerseys, with less than half the men he had |-a kins of peace to parden all the past, and in New York, he fell fearlessly on his pursuers, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the and still urged on the weary thou- in New York, he fell teariesely on his pursuens, and breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and because of selfish man will soften to her charms, and the selfish man will soften to her charms, and the selfish man will soften to her charms, and the selfish man will soften to her charms, and the selfish man will soften to her charms, and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and the selfish man will soften to her charms and t places left in the enemy's possession were Bruns- bid her live, as she had hoped, her years wick and Amboy, both of which had water com- in matchless bliss-loved, living and content-

But this sistonishing retreat was safely effected, movements, show conclusively, that removed from feceived his attention, he is amazed at the clearness His mind never seems to struggle with difficulties. but overcomes and dismisses them without an effort. Cramped and fettered as he was by his limited powers, and fearful of encroaching upon those liberties he held so sacred, he let his ablest plans prove abortive and his fondest hopes die. Bonaparte, fettered by a weak government, boldly took the supreme power into his own hands, so that his mind could have free play, and his vast plans full scope. Had this power been given to Washington. the first nine months would have seen an army standing tip on our soil, against which the legions of Europe would have dashed in vain. The resources of the nation, would have been developed order sprung out of chars, and the somewhat is: ring and unsettled union been as compact as iron But as it was, his far-reaching plans were deferred. changed, or adopted reluctantly, and though Conress stood nobly by him during the whole war, it was with such misgivings and timidity that the true mode of conducting affairs developed slowly. Yet till the nation's thought took its impress from his.

In ordinary men, multiplied objects of attention and labor divide the energies, and thus weaken the force of them in any one particular direction. Not so with Washington, for notwithstanding all those affairs of state that engrossed him, he pushed his military plans with the greatest vigor, and allowed

nothing to escape his ubiquitous mind. The campaign, which ended in the surrender Burgoyne, was not only planned by him, but its result accurately foretold. The battle of Brandywine was lost entirely through the false information furnished by Sullivan-that of Germantown, on account of a fog which he could not have anticipated. The attack was bold and well planned, and promis ed almost certain and great success. The next campaign opened brilliantly with the buttle of Monmouth, where his genius and energy triumphed over every obstacle. The battle of Camden was disastrons, but Gates was appointed to the command of the southern army without Washington's knowledge or wish: It was one of those brilliant strokes Congress sometimes made in defiance of the comtermination. Morafled at the discrace of its favor ite leader, it referred the whole matter over to him where it belonged in the first place. The latter placing Greene over the wrecked army, planned with him that campaign which saved the south, and crowned the conductor of it with unfading laurels. As he brought around Congress to his own views, he gained every day on his adversaries, liberating steadily the whole country from its enemies; and finally, by one of those sudden and rapid movements in which he so much delighted, closed around Comwallis at Yorktown, and gave the finishing blow to the wer.

THE ANCIENT BACCHARALIA. -- Butchus was the Roman name for the Grecian god Dionysius, whom the Greeks, both in Asia and Europe, universally worshipped. In the whole history of polytheism we find no rites more extravagant, sensual, and savage than those of the Dionysia or Bucchic fertivals. The men present at them took the disguise of sativrs, and the women acted the parts of bacchas, nymphs, and other inferior deities, and com mitted the greatest excesses. At an early period these festivals were often solemnised with human sacrifices; and pieces of raw flesh, cut from the every point, while his little army shouted victory, bodies of the victims, were distributed among the that thrilled the length and breadth of the land. The bacche. (From the Anic Dionysia, nevertheless, tragedy and comedy derived their origin.) In, Ithour around our cause, suddenly rent, and the light aly, the bacchanalia were scenes of the coursest of hope and joy shone down upon the nation. The excess and the most unnatural vices. They were British generals were amazed at their sudden over- latterly carried on at night, and often stained with poisonings, assessinations, and every crime, Althe genius who had wrought these miracles, and though conducted in Rome, and although the numbentized him the American Fabius. When his name | ber of the initiated was said to be seven thousand, was uttered, tears of joy and exultation fell, and not yet the existence of these meetings appears to have sired berries. a prayer went heavenward but bore in it strong sup- | been unknown to the Senate until A. D. 186, when they were put down, after a report on them had been made to that august assembly, by the consuls Spurius Postumus Albinus and Quintus Marine Philippus. The delinquents were arrested and tried; many of the men were imprisoned, others were put to death; and the women were delivered to their parents and husbands to be privately pun-

THE WIFE-It needs not guilt to break a has hour of love-a kindly welcome to a comfor with days and two nights he watched it with wick and Amboy, both of which nad water course of the sortion of th boldness and success which characterized all his comfort, and the spring of joy.

Lake Penin-Legend of Winson.

The next object that I would attempt to describe on my way up the Mississippi, is Lake Pepin. It lives in my memory as the Horicon of the wilderness. It is an extended portion of the Mississipp -twenty-three miles long, and from three to most every variety of game; its shores are gravelly and covered with most valuable agues and cornelisms the water is clear, and very deep; and it yields the very best of fish in great abundance. My first view of Lake Pepin (I wish I knew how it came by that name!) was on one of the most charming evenings that I ever witnessed. The cloudless sky was studded with stars, and the moon sailed toward and onward with an uncommon beauty, an if proud of the wilderness world she was then flooding with her beams. For hours did I sit musing upon the eastern shore, near the outlet, whence I could discern no less than sixteen peaks or bluffs, looming in perfect solitude against the horizon. The holy time was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." The water was without a ripple, and reflected in its pure bosom every star, while the moon, as if determined that it should so remain for ever, spanned it with a bar of gold. The only sounds that trembled in the air were the hoot of an owl, the wail of a loon, and a hum from the insect world. I looked and wondered, until the night was far spent, and the dew upon my brow was heavy and cold.

At the time that I visited Lake Pepin there was quite a number of Sioux Indians encamped upon the shore. Among the lodges which I visited was that of a woman, ninety years of age and a widow. She looked exceedingly wretched, but was so intelligent and amiable that I almost fell in love with the old antediluvian. I cannot give the whole of her long story, but an idea of its character may be obtained from the following episode, which I listened to, seated by her side, and that of her only descendant-a handsome boy. Her attention had been directed to our steamer which lay moored a short distance off, when she suddenly broke out with the following: "How rapidly does time fly! A short time ago the light cance was the only thing that glided upon this lake; but now we often hear the grouning of the great fire-vessel, as it sweeps along like an angry stag. The white man's conduct appears strange. I cannot understand its purpose. O, I am an old woman and a fool!

"Many, very many, have been my trials. Thirty years has my husband been dead. - Eight brave sons have I had, but they were all killed in battles. with the Chippeways. I also had two daughters, who were like the does of the prairie, but the Great Spirit has long taken them to the happy land. My only relative, now living, is this boy. O. I am

and old woman, and have no business to live! my fire-side, and has given me a helper in the plies me with food. His arrow never fails, and the winds always tell him where to find the fish. He paddles my canoe, he brings me wood for my fire, and sleeps sweetly by my side in my comfortable lodge. O. I am an old woman! but what is there in the world that I need, that I cannot obtain !"

May the smiles of Providence forever rest upon this mother of a great nation, whose glory is personified in her feeble, and decrepit form.

The most romantic legend, however, associated with the Mississippi Horicon is the story of Winona. She was the daughter of a chief, and lived about one hundred years ago. She was exceedingly beautiful and universally beloved. Her father had promised her hand to a favorite warrior. but her heart had been pledged to another, not less brave, but more noble and vouthful. For many months she would not listen to the wishes of her father; but his eterner nature was roused, and he vowed that she mud marry the objects of his choice. Weeks passed on, and she knew that she must vield. Nightly did she meet her accepted lover. but always talked to him of the Spirit Lend, is if she had been a queen of that famuatic realis.-The marriage night had been appointed, and the chief had proclaimed a feast. To all outward apnearances a change had suddenly come over the daughter's mind, and she smiled and talked, like one about to be a happy bride. Among the delicacies that were to be eaten on the occasion, was a certain berry that was found in great perfection upon a certain high bluff. It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and all the female friends of Winona, accompanied by herself, were picking the de-

Carelessly did they wander up the hillside, while an occasional laught would ring upon the air : but Winona was only seen to smile, for (though those loving friends knew it not) her heart was darkened by many a strange shadow. Carelessly did the berry-gatherers wander on; when all at once a low melancholy song fell upon their ears, and lo! upon the very edge of a beetling precipice stood the form of the much loved Winona.

Her song was death-like, and when her compa nions were intuitively convinced of the contempla ted deed, they were stupified with horror. Wino na motioned them to fkeep back, while her song increased until it became a perfect wail. The burthen of it was,

Pirewell, sisters: I am going to the Spirit I and ; My warr or will come after one, And we shall be blessed."

One moment more, and Winona, the pride of all the Indian villages on Lake Pepin, was deeply buried in its clear cold bosom. And this is the story that hallows the loftiest peak of this lake. I obtained it, as here related, from one of her own kindred, and believe it to be true. As to Winone's warrior, it is said that he lived for may years a hermit, and finally died a madman. So reanoth ma ny a yong of life.- [Lanman's "Semmer in the Wilderness," published by Apoleton & Co., Broad-

A Mary Annew.-Sir. Andrew Agnew being asked what was her 'moral engine ?' replied '#A in love the attachment precedes the declaration; railway engine which does not run on the Sunday." in law the declaration precedes the attachment.

On Suega Vista's Bloody Field. BY COL MENT PROBLETS.

On Buena Vista's Hoody Seld. A soldier, dying, lay;
His thoughts were of his mountain home;

Some thousand miles away:—
He called his comrade to his side,
For he had much to say,
In briefest time, to those who were
Some thousand miles away.

My father, comrade, you will tell, About this bloody fray

Ry country's standard, say to him,
Was safe with me to-day. On which to bey my head;

A winding short you'll make of it,
When I am with the dead.

I know 'twill grieve his inmost soul. To think that never more I'll sit with him, beneath the oak That shades his cottage door. But tell the time-worn putriot, That, mindful of his fame, Upon this bloody baitle field, I sullied not his name.

My mother's form is with me now, Her wall is in mine car, And drop by drop, as flows my blood, So drops from her the tear;
Then, oh! when you shall tell to her
The tidings of this day,
Speak softly, comrade—softly speak,
What you may have to say.

Speak not to her in hurried words The blighting news you bear, The chords of life might snap too soon, So, comrade, have a care; I am her only, cherished, child, But tell her that I died, Rejoicing that she taught me young, To take my country's side.

But, comrade, there is one I fain Once more would look upon; She lives upon the sloping hill, That overlooks the lawn; The lawn where I shall never more, In spring-time's pleasant hours, Go forth with her, in merry mood, To gather woodland flowers.

Tell her when death was on my brow, And life receding fast, Her voice, her form, her parting words, Were with me to the last; On Buena Vista's bloody field, Tell her, I dying lay,
And that I knew she thought of me,
Some thousand miles away.

CONVERSATION.—"One reason," says the witty Inchefoucault in his Maxims, "why we meet so lew persons who are reasonable and agreeable in foes not think more of what he has to say, than of "But I will not despair. The Great Spirit is at time, their eyes and their minds betray a distract husband, and arrayed herself in richer garments rereation."

Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation which, while it sparkles, dies : for Charles II, the wittlest monarch that ever sat on the English throne. was so charmed with the humor Hudibras, that he ranged himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion; and was of the opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written such a clever book.

Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jests: they could "set the table in a foar" and fill pages with pathos and wit of such a quality, that it makes their aurvivors think "we could have better spared better men." Rums was famous for his colloquial powers ; and Gelt is reported to have been as successful as the storrtellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narration. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so cuchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot all places all seasons and their change !! but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that "old man eloquent" with hopes of equal success.

A Sound MIND A RARE THING.—"I once saw." says Mr. Cecil, "this subject forcibly illustrated. an examisite watch into his hands that went irreguularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolars. bly. At last it struck him, that possibly the balance wheel might have been near a magnet. On anplying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true The steel-work in the other parts of the watch had perpetual influence on its motions and the water Went as well as possible with a new wheel. the soundest mind be magnetized by any predilection, it must act irregularly."

How to Make a Turkey Tenner.-The Egyptians adopt a curious method of making 🛊 turkey tender. Hilf an hour before the bird is killed, a glass of brandy poured down its throat, which propaces complete intoxication, and the flesh of the tipsy turkey acquires a tenderness superior to that which is produced by even long keeping.

CARGHT NAPPING.-The Buffalo Courier tells good they of a firmer who sold his stack of chan much below the market price, all because he could not/"afford" to take a newspaper! If he had expended 22 for a good paper he might have pocketed \$160 more for his corn. Who pities him!

Tue difference between love and law is this-

Falls of M. Authory Indian Legend.

There Falls are more famous than remarkable. They were first visited by father Mennepin in 1689, who wave them their present name, out of respect to his petrou mint. Their original name, in the Sionx language, was Owah-Menah, meaning falling water. They ewe their reputation principally to the fact that they "veto" the navigation of the Upper Mississippi. They are surrounded with prairie, and therefore easily approached from every direction. The river here is perhaps half a mile wide, and the entire height of the Falls, including the upper and lower rapids, is said to measure some twenty-five or thirty feet, and they are consequently without an imposing feature. The line of the Falls is nearly straight, but broken near the centre by a large island, and just below this are no less than seven smaller but more picturesque which are looked down upon by steep bliffs on either eide of the river. For half a mile before the waters make their plunge, they glide swiftly across a slanting, but perfectly flat bed of rock; and after they have reached the lower level, they create a perfect sheet of foam, as if venting their wrath upon the rocks which impede their progress; but in a few moments they murmur themselves to sleep, and then glide onward toward the far distant ocean

in perfect peace. These Falls seem to be the grand head-quarters for the eagles of the wilderness, which congregate here in great numbers. At one moment a hungry individual might be seen, struggling with a bass or trout, directly in the pure foam; and then another, with well-filled crop, high up in heaven, would be floating on his tireless pinions. At another time, too, you might see a perfect crowd of them hovering over the body of some floating animal which had lost its life-while attempting to-cross the upper rapids, and fearful indeed was the shriek of conflict between these warriors of the air.

Associated with the Falls of St. Anthony is the following Indian legend. A Chippeway woman, the daughter of a chief, and the wife of a warrior, had been cruelly treated by her faithless husband. She was not beautiful, but young and proud, and the mother of a lovely daughter child. Goaded to the quick by repeated wrongs, she finally resolved to release herself from every trouble, and her child from evil friends, by departing for the Spirit Land, and the Falls were to be the gateway to that promised heaven. It was an Indian summer evening, and nature was hushed into a deep repose. The mother and her child were alone in their wigwam, within sight and hearing of the Falls, and the faconversation is, that there is scarce any one who ther was absent on a hunting expedition. The mother kissed and caressed her darling, and then answering what is said to him. Even those who dressed it with all the ornaments in her possession, have the most address and politeness, think they while from her own person she rejected every ardo enough if they only seem attentive; at the same ticle of clothing which she had received from her tience to return to what they themselves were say- then obtained a full-blown lily, and crushing its peing; not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleas- tals and breaking its stem, she placed it on a mat ing themselves, is but a poor way of pleasing or in the centre of her lodge, as a memorial of her convincing others; and that to hear patiently, and wrongs. All things being ready, she seized the answer precisely, are the great perfections of con-child, hastened to the river, launched her frail canoe, and in a moment more was floating on the treacherous stream. According to the universal Indian custom, she sang a wild death-song-for a noment her cance trembled on the brow of the watery precipice, and in an instant more the mother and child were forever lost in the foam below. -[Lanman's Summer in the Wilderness-New York: Appleton & Co.

CHARGE JUNE.-This huge box (I cannot bring myself to call it by any other name) was far the most extraordinary thing of the kind I had ever seen. Although, after being constantly accustomed to seeing them, the novelty soon wears off, yet the first impression cannot fail to be that of wonder how any people could dream of navigation the trackless ocean in this huge coffin. She must have far exceeded 500 tone burthen, according to a rough calculation which by eve-sight alone we made of her. The upper part of her poop was at least as high as that of a seventy four, with curious staircases and passages communicating to the different portions of the ship, more after the fashion of a house; her mast was a magnificent spar. eleven feet in circumference, and of a prodigious height; her cables composed of coir made from the outer covering of the coca nut, for durability and lightness unequalled; and her wooden anchors, althogh primitive in their construction, would, I doubt not, have answered perfectly well in any but a rocky hottom, which is scarcely ever to be met with on the coasts or harbors they are accustomed to anchor A watchmaker told me, that a gentleman had put in. Her sides were painted with a rude impation of ports; and, with her numberless flags and streamers her huge unwieldy materils, her giganus rudder and antediluvian looking crew, she presented a novel and striking sight; but certainly she could in no way merit the term of " walking the waters like a thing of life. [Cunynghame's Recollections of Service.

The Artist's Model.—Brechon, a man accusomed to sit as a model to the Paris artists, was occasionally but of his mind. Once when an artist happened to be absent at the time appointed, and ne could not get admission to his studio, he undreased and sat on the staircase, resolved to do the duty agreed on, and be paid for it. "What do I see " exclaimed an elegantly dressed lady, who was quietly ascending, ignorant of the unwouted sigh- that awaited her. "Never mind me, madam," said Brechon, "I am Ajax struck with a thunderbolt."

FERRAL RELATIONS. - A member of the Iowa Legislature was highly indignanal at the Speaker of the House when he amounced him a member of the Committee on "Federal Relations." He romidered it a rath, biting in ult. Look here, Mr. Speaker, said be, "none of your tricks upon travellers; you needn't think that because I am a new member you can run rigs upon me. I am not as green as you suppose. Go to thunder with your federal relations! I haven't one of them in the world, and I wouldn't own him if I had!"