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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, August 18, 1847.

The Bed of Death.—A Fragment.

The room is darkened; not a sound is heard. She is clear, cheerful chirping of the bird which sings without the window; or the bell which sounds a mournful peal—a last farewell. She is there, or was; her spirit's home lies far beyond this world of sin and gloom. She knows no grief, and she fears no death. Her trust in innocence are greatly wrong. The pure and limpid clearness of its source, so her chaste spirit, formed in God's own light, pure as a southern sky, and not less bright. A tender, loving ministrant was given to raise the soul from earth, and lift to Heaven. From week to week she faded: day by day we watched her spirits droop—her strength decay. We scarce could deem that one so young and fair should part for purer light—celestial air!—but still we dared to hope. The hectic hue which tinged her cheeks made our brighter too; we thought of death, but deemed the Reaper's hand had not yet reached the fairest! could he touch a form so young and fair with hope's deep pulses warm?—but we dreamed, and bitter was our pain, and griefs but vanished to recur again!

Come near, come silently: the room may tell the simple tales of her we loved so well. Her hair, which many an idle hour beguiled; the old, old books of legendary lore, which, in summer hours, she loved to pore; all those thousand nameless charms which skill blended with fancy, fashions at its will, and proofs of fond affection, too, are there, and tender tokens of a mother's care. But care to which the higher task was given, pointing from earth's sunny dreams to Heaven.

Come near, come silently—ere yet the grave closes o'er one we fondly loved to save. Her changed, and yet how lovely!—meekly there her small white hands are folded as in prayer. Who that ever heard that dying strain could think to mingle in the world again!

Communication.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)
To glaze the floor that never thinks. No right yet! In the "Erratum" to the Mountain Lake celebration ode, it is as hard for the author (Tyro) to conceive any sense in "glaze the scene," as it is in the other phrase, "gloss the source."—This means to put on spectacles or goggles, or some other glasses: for glaze means, according to Webster, to furnish with glass—and how "glazing" or "glossing" the scene could be an object to the "eratic politician" is more than "Tyro" can conceive. Tyro declares that he wrote "gloss the scene," which is, according to the above quoted philologist, to flatter the sense, judgment or discretion of the thoughtless. For "gloss" means to "gloss" or "glossify," though it means a candlestick that sustains or holds the light of the house, is used in a vulgar sense and in poetry, to represent a skull, or hat which sustains or holds the light of the human body; viz.—the perception or judgment. Or, in vulgar phrase, "it merely means to gild the empty no-diddle-box."
And, in the third line of the same stanza, "the" should be "he." And in the sixth line of the second stanza, "Nations" should be "Nations." Tyro did not intend to confine his views to this Nation alone, nor to any particular Nation, but to extend them to the Nations of the broad Earth. The "poet" of freedom can, directly, set this Nation "right"—and indirectly, by its influence and the example of its Nation, set the Nations of the earth right. And the fourth line of the ninth stanza, "to-morrow" should be italicized, because it stands in antithesis with "yesterday" in the preceding line—the same as "precepts" and "examples," and "frown" and "smile" in the same stanza.

This communication is not made by any request of Tyro, who shudders for his hide in the hands of his all-powerful agent, as he calls it, the Press—feels sufficiently scourged by seeing his doggerel suggestions thrown before the public, without extending the ire of the kind publisher by picking out typographical errors. And, he farther declares his determination to start for Mexico, the next time he shows himself to the public eye, preferring to be scorched by the "Mercurio," which butchered the "Texans," rather than trust himself in the hands of the Spanish majesties, the printer's devil! You will therefore pardon this liberty in your friend, and the friend of Tyro.

Mountain Lake, July 31st, 1847.
P. S. And "plow," as written in the manuscript, sixth line, the same learned authority, the erudite Noah Webster, L. L. D., admitted to be the greatest philologist the world ever knew, tells us should always be written plow, and not "plough" as in the copy—see his great quarto dictionary, or even the University edition.

Diligence or Business.—Cultivate a spirit of diligence, both in your temporal and spiritual employments. Strictly adhere to your business. Religion commands this. There may be difficulties in your way, and so there are in every situation; but let us relax your exertions, least you give occasion for the enemy to speak evil of you. Besides, industry in your lawful concerns is one of the best ways to be preserved from temptation. Idleness is a most unhappy state of mind. It is good to be employed. Action is really the life, business, and the rest of the soul. "Idleness," as Southey offers up the soul as a blank to the devil to write upon what he will upon it." Idleness is the emptiness, and business the fullness of the soul, and we all know that we may infuse what we will into empty vessels, but a full one has no room for a further infusion.

(From Herkimer's "Washington and his Generals.") Battle of Oriskany.

While Burgoyne was moving down through Lake Champlain, Barty St. Leger, who had been despatched for that purpose, was hastening up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Oswego, from whence he had descended on Fort Schuyler, situated where Rome now stands. The British army from New York was to force out forts on the Hudson—Burgoyne those on Champlain and Lake George—while St. Leger was to seize Fort Schuyler and march down the Mohawk and thus the three armies from a junction at Albany. The invasion was well planned and promised success, but it is one thing to beat an army and quite another to conquer the inhabitants. Though Schuyler had his hands full with Burgoyne, he did not leave Fort Schuyler to its fate. He called on the settlers of the Mohawk Valley to rise in defence of their homes. At first a general apathy followed his proclamation; and offended and anxious, he wrote bitterly of the want of patriotism among the inhabitants of Tryon county. At length, however, Gen. Herkimer issued a call, which broke the spell, and the people flew to arms. St. Leger's army consisting of British, Tories and Indians, numbered in all about seventeen hundred men. Their order of march—the wild warriors in five columns far in front, and a dense mass of English troops behind—presented a most picturesque appearance as they passed through the forest.

Schuyler had sent Col. Gansevoort in the summer to repair the fort, and a constant correspondence had been kept up between them on the subject. The latter drew a most gloomy picture of the state of the garrison, of the want of provisions, of bullets, and firelock and ammunition and men, affirming it would be impossible to carry out the repairs and execute the works required in his order without reinforcements. Still he declared like a brave man as he was, he would give a good account of any force that might be brought against him.

During the summer reinforcements were sent him with military stores, without which scarce the shadow of defence could have been made. They arrived just in time, for scarcely were they within the fort before the enemy closed around it, and the forests rang with the war-whoop of the savage. This fort, formerly a strong one, was now in a very imperfect state, but within it beat seven hundred brave hearts determined to bury themselves in its ruins, before those seventeen hundred Tories and savages should sweep over its ramparts.—Blocked in on every side they went to work with a determination and skill that cover themselves with honor. They had no flag to wave over them and stand as a signal of defiance, and so cutting some ammunition shirts into strips, while a camblet cloak captured from the enemy furnished the blue, and various other materials the red, they made a banner, which they hoisted with shouts to its place. As it floated off in the breeze, three cheers went up from the garrison, telling that wild world would be done before it should be struck.

On summing up their means, they found they had but six weeks provision on hand, and but very little ammunition for the cannon—and thus supplied they commenced their heroic defence.
On the 24 of August, St. Leger set down before the fort, and sent a flag to the garrison demanding its surrender; but not the humane offers, nor the threatened vengeance of the savages, if resort should be had to storming, could shake their firm determination to hold out to the last; and the next day the siege commenced. The Indian rifles picked off every man that showed himself above the works, while shells were ever and anon thrown over the ramparts.

The next day passed in the same way, but at night that multitude of Indians, one thousand in number, surrounded the walls, and covered by the deep shadows of the forest, commenced at a given signal the most terrific yells that ever froze the heart of fear. The savage cry rung around the entire fort—a circle of discordant cries and screams that could be heard for miles. Suddenly it ceased, and death-like stillness fell on the scene: again it commenced, making night hideous with horrid echoes. Again it died away, and again commenced, and thus the livelong night did these demons scream their war-whoop, and death-songs and threats in the ears of the listening garrison, filling the soul with visions of blood and massacre. Many a dark tale was that night told, and each one knew from that moment what their fate would be if, overpowered by numbers, they should be compelled to surrender.

In the meantime Gen. Herkimer, having raised nearly a thousand men determined to march to their relief, and sent an express to Gansevoort, announcing his approach to within 8 miles of the enemy's camp. If the express arrived safely, three cannon were to be fired as a signal, which he supposed he should be able to hear at that distance.—The next morning, Herkimer who was listening, heard those three guns as the echo slowly traversed the forest, down the Valley of the Mohawk.—The plan was to cut his way through the enemy's camp, while Col. Gansevoort, in order to assist him, should send one half his garrison forth to attack it on the other side.

Herkimer having reached the point, doubted the propriety of advancing on an enemy so much his superior, and proposed waiting for reinforcements. But his officers overruled him, declaring to his face that his hesitation arose from cowardice. The brave old veteran told them they would be the first to run when the battle commenced, and his words proved true.

All his remonstrances were of no avail, he was met at every turn by accusations and insult, until enraged at their insubordination and abuse, he thundered out "March on!" A loud shout was the response, and the troops pushed simultaneously forward.—In files two deep, with flanks thrown out on each side, and an advanced guard to clear the way, they moved rapidly on. St. Leger had heard of their

approach, and fearing to be attacked in his camp, had sent out a portion of Johnson's regiment of Greens, some rangers, and a body of Indians under Brant to intercept them. The road by which Herkimer was advancing, dipped into a ravine, about two miles west of Oriskany, (eight miles from Whiteboro,) and crossed it by a causeway of logs. This ravine was somewhat circular, bending away towards the fort. The ground in and beyond this half elbow or bend, was slightly elevated. On the west side the Indians had arranged themselves, extending their files along the ravine on each side of the line of march. The flanking detachment could not move outside of this defile, and so the whole army passed vigorously across the causeway, and began to ascend the high grounds beyond: instantaneously the savages closed around the rear, thus separating them from the rear guard and the ammunition and baggage wagons. Herkimer was on horse-back, moving quietly along, when suddenly a yell that seemed to rise out of the very ground, swept in one terrific echo entirely around his army, followed by a flash of rifles and a gleam of tomahawks that made the woods inherent with light. The surprise was complete, and the whole army was thrown into disorder that no after effort could restore. Herkimer, calm and collected, sent his voice over the din and tumult to steady the ranks, and with his sword over his head, he sat for a moment the rock of the battle-field. The next moment a musket ball pierced his horse, shattering his leg in its passage and he fell amid his followers. His aids immediately took the saddle from the dying steed, and fixing it against a tree, placed the wounded General upon it. There bleeding and helpless he calmly issued his orders, while the rattle of musketry, the yells of the savage, and the death shrieks of the fallen, made a scene of uproar and confusion terrific and indescribable. His officers were dropping like leaves around him, and whole ranks of his soldiers melted away in his sight, while far as his eye could reach, was one fierce death struggle. Here two powerful forms were rolling on the earth, with their hands on each others throats, and beside them two others were wrestling for the mastery, while their muskets swung to and fro in the air. Here a tomahawk crashed into a skull and there a knife deflected like flash of light into a bosom. Still not a ray of excitement or a shadow of fear passed over his iron countenance. In reply to his officers who wished him to remove to a place of greater safety, he said, "I will face the enemy!" and coolly taking out a pipe he filled it, and lighting it with some tinder, commenced smoking as quietly as if he were in his own house.

Neither his mangled leg nor the dusky warriors around him nor his own utterly broken troops, could disturb his equanimity. But that circle of fire and death kept gradually contracting, forcing his disordered ranks into a dense mass. Seeing that this would complete the ruin, he ordered his men to form into distinct separate circles, and thus prevent themselves from being crushed together. Having done this, their fire began to tell with terrible effect. It searched the forest on every side, and the reeling forms of the Indians and British soldiers, showed that the hour of retribution had come. Just then a dark cloud swept rapidly over the heavens turning day into night, and filling the heavens with gloom. The English commander now saw that a desperate effort must be made to dislodge the Americans, and in the midst of this gathering of the elements, he ordered the troops to cease firing and charge bayonet.

Amid the deep hush that fell on the scene, the rush and tramp of charging ranks were heard, and the next moment the clashing of steel point against each other as bayonet crossed bayonet in the close conflict, sounded like the ringing of an hundred anvils. Never did troops charge braver than they, and never was an onset more firmly met. It was a deadly hand to hand fight, and many a lay side by side with their bayonets in each other's bosoms.—But nothing could shake the steady courage of the Americans, and they were on the point of driving back the foe, when that heavy cloud emptied itself upon the battle field in a perfect deluge of rain, and the combat ceased. The sudden silence that succeeded was more awful than the loudest uproar.

There sat Herkimer drenched with rain, while the two armies around him seemed suddenly to have been turned into stone. The patter of the huge drops on the leaves was distinctly heard, and low groans and cries for help resounded on every side. During this suspension the wounded General ordered his men to occupy an advantageous piece of ground, and form themselves into one great circle, two behind each tree.

Previously an Indian, whenever he saw a flash from behind a tree, would spring forward and tomahawk the American before he could reload his piece; but afterwards, when two were together, the moment he uncovered himself he was dropped.—At length the cloud rolled away, and the combat opened with tenfold fury. At this moment another detachment of Johnson's Greens were seen marching rapidly up, and they soon opened their fire.

The Americans had now become perfectly maddened by the prolonged conflict and the murderous work that had been made with their ranks. Pouring in volley after volley, as the steady troops advanced, they at length burst away from their cover, and with a terrible shout fell on them with the bayonet. Neither party gave way and they mingled in the embrace of death. Now transfixing a poor wretch with the bayonet, and now crushing a skull with the butt end of their muskets, or in close conflict throttling their antagonists, and plunging the knife into their sides, they raged through the fight more like unchained demons than men, and presented one of the most terrific scenes ever furnished by human passion.

At that moment a firing was heard in the direction of the fort, sending joy through their hearts, for they knew their friends were rallying forth to their rescue and they sent a loud shout through the forest.

Butler who commanded the English rangers, now formed a plan that well nigh proved fatal to the Americans. Sending round a detachment of Greens with American hats on to make them appear like reinforcements from the garrison, he suddenly came upon Captain Gardner's company. The Lieutenant cried out,

"They are friends."
"No, no!" shouted Capt. Gardner, "don't you see they have green coats!"

Coming steadily on Gardner hailed them, and one of his men recognizing an old acquaintance among their ranks, ran up and held out his hand, when he was immediately dragged within the lines and made prisoner. He struggled manfully however, to escape, and Gardner, who saw the movement sprang forward and with one stroke of his spear transfixed the perfidious friend, and freed his man. Others immediately rushed upon him, he struck one dead at his feet, wounded the second and was turning to flee, when three others sprang out upon him.

Struggling desperately to clear himself his spurs got entangled in their clothes, and he tripped and fell. Two bayonets immediately pierced his thighs pinning him to the earth, while a third was descending in his bosom. Seizing this with his left hand, he wrenched it aside with an effort, and bringing his foe, an English lieutenant, upon his breast held him firmly there as a shield against the thrusts of the others. His thighs were pierced, his left hand cut to the bone by the bayonet which had been drawn through his grasp, yet he held his enemy locked in his embrace. In this perilous position some of his troops called out: "Hold, for God's sake, you are killing your friends." He shouted back, "They are enemies! fire away." One of his men seeing his danger, rushed forward to the rescue and no sooner was the wounded hero released, than he leaped to his feet and seizing his lance, laid his antagonist dead beside him, then fled back to his company. Pouring in one volley, they rushed upon each other in that dreadful hand to hand fight, which distinguished the warriors of old. Gardner shouted on his men, and deeds of valor and personal prowess were performed, never surpassed on any field of blood.

Capt. Dillenack, who declared he would never be taken alive, suddenly found himself opposed to three English soldiers. Turning like a lion upon them he wrenched away his musket, which one of them seized, and felled him at a blow; the second he shot dead, and the third he bayoneted; but scarcely had the frown of rage given place to a smile of triumph, he fell beside his victims, to rise no more.

For six long hours, now had this murderous conflict raged, and nearly half of the entire army lay dead or wounded on the field; yet the remnant, weary and exhausted, had no thought of retreating. Closing sternly on their foes, they pressed on, while the distant firing every moment grew nearer, sending hope to their hearts.

Suddenly, over the tumult of battle rung the shout "Oomah!" the Indian's cry of flight, and the whole turned and fled. The Americans gave them one last volley, and then made the woods ring with their loud hurrahs.

A more bloody battle, considering the numbers engaged, was never fought, and the Americans remained victors.
The garrison had made a brave effort for their friends. Soon as the heavy shower passed by Col. Willett, at the head of a detachment sallied forth with such impetuosity, that the enemy had not time to form before he was upon them carrying Sir John Johnson's encampment, and capturing all his papers, equipage, stores, and five standards. But finding himself exposed to be cut off by St. Leger, he was compelled to retreat into the fort. The captured flags were hoisted on the flag staff, beneath their own extemporaneous banner, and as they drooped there in disgrace, the soldiers mounted the parapets and gave three hearty cheers.

Thus ended the battle of Oriskany, to stand forever a monument of American valor. But what a bloody field it was—there lay, white man and savage, near a thousand of them scattered around through the forest, part pale in death, others reeling on their elbows or sitting up against the trees, moaning piteously for water. The naked uniform of the officer glittered beside the bright body of the Indian; and all around, broken as the leaves, were strewn shivered spears, thrice muskets and neglected swords. Here lay a pile of fifty together, and there a solitary warrior, where the death shot had struck him. Two would be found side by side with their bayonets in each other's bosom; and near by, a white man and an Indian, born on the banks of the Mohawk, their left hands clenched in each other's hair, the right hand grasping in a gripe of death the knife plunged in each other's bosom—thus they lay crowning. Days after the battle, the bodies still lay unburied, many of them torn to pieces by wild beasts. The Americans, though victors, had suffered too severely to think of cutting their way through to the fort, and precipitately retreated, leaving their dead unburied and carrying their wounded general with them. They bore him to his own house near Little Falls, where death put an end to his sufferings. His leg was amputated, but the operation being unskillfully performed, he bled to death. Like Moreau, who smoked during the amputation of his leg after the battle of Dresden, Herkimer sat up in his bed smoking his pipe as deliberately as he did on the field of battle. Towards night the old veteran saw that his hour had come, for no effort could staunch the blood, which in its steady flow was rapidly draining the source of his life, and he called for the Bible. Opening at the thirty eighth psalm, he read it with a steady, unflinching voice to the end, and then resigned his soul into the hands of his maker.

Those individuals who attempt to climb into notoriety, by mounting the ladder of public opinion, will, like those who mount other ladders, occasionally reach a place where a step is wanting, and they and all their projects suddenly, sadly, and heavily fall through.

Atrocities of a Spanish Robber.

A noted Spanish brigand, some time ago, at Madrid, expiated on the scaffold the atrocities of his life. His history, as it transpired on his trial, is sufficient to furnish the ground-work of a romantic tale, or melo-drama, according to the most approved fashion of the day; though its incidents are of themselves wild and strange enough, even without the aid of any fiction.

The name of Beltran Labrador had long spread terror through the country near Madrid. He was not content with the vulgar crimes of robbery and murder, but took a fiend-like pleasure in putting his victims to the most horrible tortures. All the inventions of the ruffians who, under the name of *chouffeurs*, perpetrated such horrid cruelties in France during the Revolution, were poor and common-place compared with his devices for protracting the agony of the wretches who fell into his hands. The head of a band of followers as ruthless as himself, he suddenly surprised the unsuspecting inmates of some peaceful dwelling, and, having done his work of plunder and death, disappeared, with no clue by which his footsteps could be traced. His security was no doubt owing to his exterminating policy: for he always took care to leave behind him no living witness of his crime.

In the village of Alameda del Valle, near Madrid, there lived a respectable farmer of the name of Raman Espinosa, who passed for a man of substance, and was understood to keep in his house a considerable sum of money. He lived, with his wife, his daughter and his son, a child of eight years old, in a house at short distance from the other houses of the village. One day he had brought home oranges, and, wishing to put them out of the little boy's reach, he laid them on the top of a large press which stood in the kitchen: but the difficulty was not sufficient to balk the appetite of a boy of that age. In the evening, finding himself alone for a few minutes, he began to scramble to the top of the press, in order to get at the oranges, and, not having time to get down, he laid himself flat on the top of the press, concealed by the ledge which ran along its front. His mother and sister came in and noticed his absence, but without uneasiness, thinking he had gone into a neighbor's house; and they were preparing to go for him, when they heard a knocking at the house door. They both ran to open it, when three men, masked and armed, rushed in and seized them, threatening them with instant death if they uttered a sound. The ruffians then commanded the woman, with horrible threats and imprecations, to show them where Raman kept his money. There either was none, or the women did not know where it was kept, and they accordingly protested their ignorance. The robbers beat them savagely, and set about ransacking every place they could think of, even the press on the top of which the poor child lay trembling, but without being able to discover the object of their search.—

Their disappointment rendered them furious. Labrador, finding a pair of pincers, began using it as an instrument of torture to compel the woman to speak. They continued to protest their ignorance of any money being in the house; and the robber, thrusting the pincers into the fire, heated them red-hot, and with them tore the flesh in large pieces from the bones of his victims. Even this he did not fail in its effect. The miserable women in their agony could only cry that they had nothing to tell; and, to complete the tragedy, the miscreant, having put a vessel of oil on the fire, poured the boiling liquid on the most tender parts of their bodies, till they expired under the violence of their torments.

The ruffians, thinking themselves now without witness, set about their work of plunder, having previously taken off their masks; so that the little boy, who had escaped their search almost by a miracle, and had witnessed the whole dreadful scene, obtained a view of their hideous faces.—They packed up the most valuable articles they could find, and departed.
The poor child, half dead with grief and horror, crept down from his hiding-place, and gave the alarm. A pursuit immediately took place, but without effect. It was discovered that the robbers had entered Madrid; but at the gates of the city all traces of them were lost. Description of their persons and of their horses were given to the police; strict search was made in all the inns and stables of Madrid; but for a considerable time every effort at discovery was fruitless.

At last, in the night of the 19th November, 1836, Don Francisco Averta, the commandant of the city patrol, making his rounds, and going along the passage of Conservatory (*Travesa del Conservatorio*) observed near the door of one Gabriel Catalan, a working mason, a quantity of stable-litter, which had not been swept away. The commandant entered this man's house to reprove him for his negligence, when Catalan said he had no horses. This denial appeared suspicious; and, being ordered and threatened by the commandant, the man at length confessed that he had three horses in his stable, of which he delivered up the key. The horses were recognised as belonging to Labrador and his gang; and Catalan, being closely pressed, declared that one of them belonged to Jose Perez, a Galician, who lived in the street of the *Panaderos*, at No. 14, in the second floor, another to Leandro Porcigo, in the street Santa Brigita; and the third to a Catalonian, whose residence he could not point out. He added that four days before, these men had returned from the country with their horses, and that they were in the habit of taking frequent journeys.

Having obtained these particulars, Don Francisco Huerta immediately repaired to the residence of Jose Perez, whom he arrested. Perez denied that he possessed any horse, but his servant admitted that he did. He was carried to prison, and judicial investigations set on foot. On being examined, he declared that his name was Jose Perez, and that he was born at Oredio; but he was identified by several persons as the famous robber Beltran Labrador, a Frenchman by birth, and a tinker by trade. He

was also recognised as having been formerly condemned for ten years, though he had found means to make his escape. But his career was now ended, and condemned to die by strangulation. The sentence was soon after executed.

This man's fate inspired more of that compassion usually felt even for great criminals, when they are about to expiate their misdeeds by a shameful death. The forty years of his confinement excited disgust; his small and hollow eyes gleamed with extraordinary brightness, and his whole deportment was marked with that brutal indifference which showed that he was capable of committing every enormity without emotion and without remorse.

His deportment in his last hours was marked by several characteristic traits. When his sentence was read to him in prison, he continued smoking with great calmness, and heard it to the end with indifference. He was visited by a priest, who exhorted him to penitence and amendment. "Amendment!" cried he, laughing, "what is the use of resolving on amendment! I shall not sin, any more: they won't give me time for that now." The priest endeavored to rouse him by describing the eternal tortures of the damned: "Hope!" was his answer, "that I shall get a discount of the two years I have been kept in prison; for there," he added, laughing again, "I have been in hell to all intents and purposes, and have seen the very devils themselves. They came to me every Saturday, in the shape of officers and alguazils—a set of as ugly devils as there are in hell!"

The day before the execution he was in some what better frame of mind. He confessed his crimes, and recounted a fearful tissue of enormities. The priest endeavored to persuade him to marry a woman who had lived with him a long time, and by whom he had a daughter sixteen years old.—He obstinately refused, till he was about to proceed to the scaffold, when he gave his consent. A delay of a few hours was obtained, a notary was sent for, the marriage ceremony was performed, and the certificate drawn up and signed. This solemnity seemed to have some effect on the ruffian's mind; and he now declared that his real name was Bertrand Bue, and that he was a native of a small village in France.

When the moment of his departure for the scaffold was come, he walked with a firm step and an air of the utmost composure. He took leave of his companions in prison with some appearance of feeling, requesting them to pray for him, and to say a "salute" to the Virgin for the repose of his soul. When he was mounted on the ass, (according to the usual manner in which criminals in Spain are conveyed to the scaffold,) he adjusted himself carefully in his seat, and then, turning to the escort, said to them: "Now, gentlemen, let us move on, if you please." He maintained the same demeanor to the last, and, without the slightest change of countenance, yielded his neck to the executioner.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CLOAK.—The form of the cloak is copied from that of a Greek tunic. The outside is composed of the richest white satin brocade, and it is lined with the plain white satin. Its length extends to about half way down the skirt of the dress, and it is widened at the lower part by two slits or openings are confined, but not close, by lacings of gold cord, fastened by pendant gold tassels. The most striking novelty in this beautiful cloak, is a border consisting of a row of Indian pine leaves of the size of those usually introduced in shawl borders. These pine leaves are cut out, and the interstices are filled up with tasselled open work in gold. The cloak is edged all around with white gold passementerie of a very tasteful design. The sleeves are slit, and laced with gold cord and tassels like the openings at the bottom of the cloak.

STIFF KNEE AND STIFF NECK.—A right reverend prelate, himself a man of extreme good nature, was frequently much vexed in the spirit, by the proud, forward, perverse, and untractable temper of his vicar.

The latter after an absence much longer than usual, one day paid a visit to the bishop, who kindly enquired the cause of his absence, and was answered by the vicar, that he had been confined to his house for some time past by an obstinate stiffness in his knee! "I am glad of that replied the prelate: "his a good symptom that the order has changed place, for I had a long time thought it invariably settled in your neck!"

A PATENT BOOT JACK.—A countryman who had slept all night in the Battery Park, awoke and found himself stripped of his coat and boots—he had drank too freely; where he laid down he could not tell, but found himself in the situation he then was.—"Plunge on!" he said, "I can imagine how they got the hat and coat, but as to the boots, they fitted so tight, they must have used a patent boot jack to pull 'em off."

GOOD REPLY.—"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it?" was the caustic reply.

When you see a young lady looking at you do not imagine she has fallen in love with you. Perhaps she discovers a rum blossom on the end of your nose, and thinks that you ought to sign the pledge.

In disputes upon moral and scientific points, ever let your aim be to come at truth, not to conquer your opponent.

Some one asks, "what will fashion not do?"—She won't make a pudding nor mend a pair of trousers.

Isinglass and gin, dissolved together, by slow heat, makes a good cement for glass.

Rotton stone and turpentine, or gin, rubbed on with a clean cloth, gives a fine polish to brass.