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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, November 17, 1847.

Correspondence from Mexico.

"CAMPE, NEAR MEXICO, (Rio Grande),
September 12, 1847.

EDITORS OF THE REPORTER.—I have often had it in mind and desire to send you a few lines before this agreeably to my promise; but our conveniences and opportunities, in camp, are not so great, or so numerous as many imagine—aside from this element of my apology for delaying to do so, I have long expected to have some definite papers to communicate concerning the position of affairs in Mexico, and the prospect of Peace, and of our return home. We have been kept in a tedious and taxing state of suspense and expectation, on this point, for three months past, hoping and believing that each succeeding week would bring us intelligence upon which we could both form and express our friends at home some rational opinion, touching existing relations between the two countries, the movements or position of General Scott, and of what most interests us—our return to that beautiful place—Home. But up to this hour we are with officers and men, in the fog. We have had no reliable information from Gen. Scott for a long time. We learn that a steamer supposed to be the bearer of news, recently left Vera Cruz for the United States, without stopping at the mouth of the river or at "Brasos." You may therefore be in the advance of us, as to Mexican war news, particularly as the arrivals from the states to the north of Mexico have of late become rarer, few, and far between.

We arrived in this country the first of May, and encamped near the battle field of Palo Alto—We soon went to Matamoros, and encamped there under our Regimental Organization; where four out of five companies of the right wing of Regiment were remain. We parted with our Regiment companions about a month since, to escort a train of wagon up the river, since then we have been in motion on "our own hooks." We have visited several places of some interest to us by this operation, and have given more variety to our brief military life than our Companions below have had. A few days ago we were ordered, at a moment's notice, from this camp some twenty miles into the interior to recover a valuable stock of goods which some notorious band of professional robbers had taken a fortnight before. We were saddled and off in a few minutes, and by a rapid march of few hours, we reached the rascals and recaptured the goods.

This was done so quickly and unexpectedly, that the rascals had no time to gather up their apparatus which they had thrown off while retreating. We were few in number, compared to them, but we set up such a furious noise and yell, that they thought us as numerous (in the surrounding thicket), as the foxes that Sampson has the title and drove through the corn fields of the ancient Philistines! The "chappard" was that we could get but few fair shots at them but we succeeded in killing and seriously wounding quite a number of them. These mounted militia will not fight, their sole object being to get and when that is not to be gained they turn to their horses' heads in a specimen of accelerated motion that would amuse you a witness. We were of the skirmish without the loss of a man, and only one horse injured. We captured the entire stock of goods valued at \$100,000 intended for the "country" water trade, and also many pieces of our exploit, such as Mexican Blankets, Blankets, worn by the mounted troops, we had captured. These latter items of curiosity and qualification we divided among ourselves, agreeably to the wish of our Captain and the custom in such cases. A small detachment of our Company stayed last night for the scene of our first encounter, in hopes of finding further evidences of the real and hiding places of the roving plunderers to be set and annoy this neighborhood for purposes of plunder, and well known as the celebrated "band of thieves" Cavalry.

Our Government have large quantities of provisions and stores here, and a few miles from the coast the defeated Mexican horse can gather sufficient reinforcements, we may be attacked by them, in a camp within a few days, which we are prepared for, and they will have no cause to complain of any want of attention on our part.

My own health is good at present; I was, like other officers, affected by the heat of the sun and the change during the summer, but a more favorable season of the year is already upon us, and I find myself improving daily and in good spirits. The prospect upon this line are mostly inactive. General Taylor is expected to visit his family in October. He has intended to visit to the United States. Many of the troops have gone down the river and encamped near its mouth, ready for orders to Vera Cruz, if needed—or to the States, if a treaty can be concluded at once, without our giving this singular people another thrashing.

A. J. T.

residents, since which time the inhabitants have become more mixed, composed of all nations and languages. The Spanish however is the language spoken; next to this is the French.

The houses are generally two stories high, composed almost entirely of masonry. The walls, floors, and roofs are of brick, stone or marble. The walls are plastered with lime, and when exposed to the action of the weather, covered with cement. The Architecture is ancient and unique, and were it not for the fact that the catholic and masonic have ever been antagonistical institutions, I should think that that ancient order had had a hand in building this city. The feudal times doubtless required buildings susceptible of strong defence. The buildings are fire proof, and the walls very thick. Hence the little injury sustained during the bombardment under Gen. Scott. There was nothing to burn, occasionally a shell would fall through the roof of a house and explode, destroying every thing in that house, aside from such cases of extreme suffering the town sustained but little injury. A part of the injury done was by the Mexicans themselves, firing diagonally across the town from the castle, at the American batteries in the navy. There is not a city in the United States, but that would have been in ruins under similar circumstances.

The city is enclosed with a massive wall of coral brick and lime, with loop holes at short distances for the use of the rifle and musket. At distances of a few hundred feet are bastions, nine in number, so arranged as to command the outer side of the wall, and surrounding country. Two of these bastions, Santiago and Concepcion, are of immense strength, and stand at the extreme points of the town, commanding the Castle, and the entrance to the harbor, which is between the castle and the city. Taken together, the same combination of strength, the same recuperative powers of resistance, is probably not to be found on the American continent. Gen. Scott landed on the north east side of the city, beyond the range of the guns, of both town and Castle. The result of that brilliant achievement is well known, there was however much, very much, to facilitate a capitulation which it is not necessary to mention here.

You have doubtless read of the "mole," but if you are ignorant of its use, as I was till I came here you probably would like to know what purpose a Mexican mole subserves. It consists simply of cut stone and lime, strong and substantially built, running out into the bay about 350 feet, and about 60 feet broad.

The water is too shallow for vessels to approach the shore, hence the necessity for the mole, along side of which the surf boats receive, and discharge their loads to and from the vessels lying in the harbor. Horses and mules for the American army are landed in a different manner; a rope is put around their necks, and they are thrown overboard, and taken through the surf to the shore with small boats. The Custom house buildings had been finished but a few months, when they were taken possession of by the "Yankee" officers, they are found to be very convenient indeed. They would do no discredit to any city, and are really the only improvement the Mexicans have made to the place.

A walk of two miles to the Cemetery is not unattended with danger, still it is performed by those who are curious to see what is, or has been doing. At this place the gallant Gen. Worth was stationed, and first drew the enemy's fire. The Mexicans came near destroying their own cemetery, together with a very neat chapel, standing in the centre of the enclosure. The dome, roof, cornice and walls of the building are much injured, many of the shot however were better aimed. The wall of the cemetery next the town is full of ball holes. Cannon ball and fragments of shell are to be found in the vicinity. The remains of some American officers who fell victims to the vomito, the past season, are deposited in vaults there. It was at the Cemetery that Adj. Whipple was taken prisoner, the past summer, and his said has not yet been released.

Col. Hay's mounted Texan rangers have been for a few days, scouring the surrounding country, and if reports be true, Father Jaruta's little flocks are dwindling away. Those rangers look as if they had seen service in a predatory border warfare, and to do them justice they look as if "had seen nothing else." They are armed to the teeth. A short gun, a pair of horse pistols, and all the knives, and small "fixins," they can get in a belt. Father Jaruta is represented by those that know him, to be a consummate villain, he once held a military commission under Don Carlos. Then he was a Catholic priest, here, and said he could make more out of stealing or in other words heading a band of guerrillas; how he is succeeding I am not informed, but should you have the good fortune to meet with him, I should take pleasure in inquiring into the state of his finances. Truly yours, S.

The Helmsman of Lake Erie.

It was on a pleasant May morning that a steam vessel was riding at anchor, opposite the town of Buffalo, on Lake Erie. You know, I dare say, that Erie is one of those sea lakes for which America is famous; and as you stand on its shore, and see the green waves dashing in, one after another, you might well think you were looking at the great ocean itself. The Jersey—for that was the name of the steamer—was dressed gaily with many bright flags; the Blue Peter, the signal of her immediate sailing, was at her mainmast-head; porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that jutted out to the lake; boatmen quarrelling with each other for passengers, travellers hurrying backwards and forwards to look for their baggage; friends shaking hands and bidding each other farewell; idlers lounging about with their hands in their pockets; car drivers jangling for a large fare; and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion, that attend the departures of a packet from a watering place.

But presently the anchor was heaved, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and leaving a broad track of foam behind her, the Jersey stood westward and held on her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day; and an hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation of politics, some set apart and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting-house; some were wrapt up in the book with which they were engaged, and one or two, with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that, though danger come to them, when it might, at least it would not be that day.

It drew towards four in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southwards—Erie, the place to which it was bound lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel—a bluff, weather beaten sailor, tanned by many a wintry tempest. He had truly learned to be contented with his situation; none could say that they ever heard him repine at his hard labor and scanty pay. He had, in the worst times, a cheerful word and a kind look for those with whom he was thrown—cast often enough into bad company, he tried, at high, and generally succeeded, to say something for its good. He was known from one end of Lake Erie to the other by the name of Honest John Maynard, and the secret of his honesty to his neighbors was—his love for God.

The land was about ten miles off, when the captain, coming up from the cabin, cried out to a sailor—

"Dick Fletcher, what's that smoke I see coming out from the hold?"

"It's from the engine room, sir, I guess," said the man.

"Down with you, then, and let me know."

The sailor began descending the ladder by which you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck when up he came again with much greater speed.

"The hold's on fire, sir," he said to the captain, who by this time, was standing close by him.

The captain rushed down, and found the account to be true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow; no one had seen the accident, and now not only much of the luggage, but the sides of the vessel were in smouldering flames.

All hard passengers as well as sailors, were called together; and two lines being made, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were filled from the lake, they flew along a line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on the other side to be refilled.

For some minutes it seemed as if the flames were subdued.

In the meantime the women on board were clustering round John Maynard, the only man employed who was capable of answering their questions.

"How far is it to land?"

"How long shall we be getting in?"

"Is it very deep?"

"Can they see us from shore?"

The helmsman answered as well as he could. There was no boat; it had been left at Buffalo to be mended; they might be seven miles from shore; they would probably be in for forty minutes; he could not tell how far the fire had reached. "And to speak the truth," he added, "we are all in great danger, and I think, if there was a little less talking, and a little more praying, it would be better for us, and none the worse for the boat."

"How's her head?" shouted the captain.

"West-sou'-west, sir," answered Maynard.

"Keep her south by west," cried the captain. "We must go on shore anywhere."

It happened that a draft of wind drove back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more furiously against the saloon; and the partition betwixt it and the hold were soon on fire. The long wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the skylight, and the captain seeing this, ordered all the women forward, the engineer put on his utmost steam; the American flag was run up and reversed, in token of distress; water was thrown over the sails to make them hold tight, and still John Maynard stood by the wheel, though he was cut off by a sheet of flames from the ship's crew.

Greater and greater grew the heat; the engineers fled from the engine room; the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow, the sailors were sawing planks on which to lash the women, the boldest were throwing off their coats and preparing for some long struggle for life. And still the coast grew plainer and plainer; the paddles as yet worked; they could not be more than a mile from the shore, and boats had just started to their assistance.

"John Maynard!" cried the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir," said John.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer?"

"I can try."

And he did try; the flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him, and his hair was singed—his blood seared with the heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly in the left hand till the flesh shrivelled, and the muscles cracked in the flames; and then he stretched forth his right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan. It was enough for him that he heard the cheers of the sailors to the approaching boats; the cry of the captain, "The women first, and then every man for himself and God for us all!" And they were the last sounds that he heard. How he perished was not known; whether dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavoring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell. At the moment the vessel struck, the boats were at her side; passengers, sailors, and captain leaped into them, or strived for their lives; all save he to whom they owed everything, escaped.

He had died the death of a Christian hero—I had almost said a martyr; his spirit was commended into his Father's hands, and his body sleeps in peace by the green side of Lake Erie.

TAKEING YOUR COUNTY NEWSPAPER.—We heard a gentleman, a resident of this county, on Thursday last, state that he had intended to purchase a certain property advertised in the "Venture," for which he would have given \$400, and considered it a bargain at that; that he had asked a neighbor who takes the paper to inform him of the day of sale, who did so, but made a mistake of a month in time, and the property was sold to another for less than \$300 before he was aware of it. This man, in this instance lost by not taking his county paper what would have paid for it, for upwards of fifty years. Yet he is no wiser from this experience, and blames another's mistake for the consequences of his own short sighted parsimony. We feel no regret for that class who complain that some profitable sale has been lost to them, or some convention has been held of which they did not hear in time, or country business was transacted to their disadvantage without their knowledge, when at the moderate charge of \$2 a year, they might be insured against these mishaps.

A few weeks ago, when prices for wheat were high, a farmer of Richland township informed us that he had sold his wheat for 72 cents a bushel to a produce dealer. The market price was 87 1/2 cts., but not seeing the papers he did not think prices had gone up so quick. His loss would have paid for a newspaper a dozen years, but he is no wiser for the lesson and will always be a loser in this way, without he has foresight enough to provide a remedy.

These are not fancy skeletons; we could give the names of the parties, if it were proper, but too many have suffered in the same way to doubt the statement. Those, however, who are too poor to take a newspaper, in this way get poorer for the want of it.

FRENCH LETTER.—The following original letter from General Washington, was read at a late meeting of the New York Historical Society, by John P. Simpson, Esq., shouts of laughter.

NEWBURY, 5th Nov., 1782.

Dear Sir.—By Dr. Gregg I send you 4 pigs of 9, 3, which appears to be the balance due for your lands.

I pray you to get me made by the measure, a pair of the nicest and best leather breeches. I know not at this time, who is esteemed the most celebrated maker, or I would not trouble you with so small a matter. Formerly there was a person called, I think, the Carabus, by whom very neat breeches were made. Whether they are yet to be had I know not, neither do I know the price of the leather breeches at this day, but if the money sent is not sufficient, the deficiency shall be paid on demand. I would beg to thank you to me as soon as possible. I shall thank you for reiterating my request that they may be made roomy in the seat. They generally make them too tight in the thigh that it is with difficulty they can be drawn on. The measure enclosed is the size I would have, not what they could be brought to by stretching.

Yours, &c., G. WASHINGTON.

HABITS OF ANIMALS.—You can alter the nature of an animal by changing its food. It will still belong to the family. In this particular, bees are better instructed. When they lose their queen bee—which is an entirely different animal from the working bee—if you present another within twenty-four hours they will not accept her nor obey her. They prefer taking an ordinary grub, before he becomes a bee, and feeding it in a particular way; and when it leaves the grub state, it becomes a queen bee, and they always suffer themselves to be governed by her.

The habits of ants are extremely curious. We all have heard of ant-houses, sometimes twenty feet in diameter, filled with halls and rooms of great strength. These and beaver dams are constructed upon strictly mechanical principles.

In some insect species, the males have none. This is the case with the glow worm and the female has the property of emitting a phosphorescent light, and were it not for this, the gentlemen glow worm would not find his way to his lady's chamber.

The ostrich, unlike other birds, is not provided with means of sitting down. She cannot, therefore hatch her eggs, but buries them in hot sand, and leaves nature to hatch them for her. Some birds build no nests, like the cuckoo, which deposits her eggs in the nests of other birds—but she knows enough always to select the nests of birds that have bills shaped like her own, for then she is assured her young will have the same kind of food as she will procure.—Scientific American.

The Toll-Gate—A Lesson for Boys.

We are all on a journey. The world through which we are passing is in some respects like a turnpike, all along which, Vice and Folly have erected toll-gates, for the accommodation of those who choose to call as they go, and there are very few of all the host of travellers, who do not occasionally stop a little at some of them, and consequently pay more or less to the toll-gatherers. There is a great variety as well in the amount as in the kind of toll exacted at these different kind of stopping places.

Pride and Fashion take heavy tolls of the purse; many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates, for the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the outset; she tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands, but she takes without mercy; like an artful robber she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off, a miserable object into the very worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He is the very worst toll-gatherer on the road, for he not only gets from his customers their money and their health, but frequently knocks their very brains out, and leaves them lying by the road-side, a stretch to the nostrils of the passers-by. The men you meet in the road, ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors. I might go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary. Accidents sometimes happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of those places. The plain common-sense men, who travel straight forward, get through the journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the outset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he starts with.

We are all apt to do a great deal as our companions do—stop where they stop—and pay toll where they pay. Ten chances to one, then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is, closely to observe how others manage—mark the good or ill that is produced by every course of life—see how those manage who do well, and trace the cause of evil to its origin. Thus you will make yourself master of the information most necessary to regulate your own conduct. There is no difficulty in working things right if you know how.

Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to be a second nature. I speak of good habits. Bad ones are more easily acquired; they are the spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly without care or cultivation.

HYDROPHOBIA.—It has been said hydrophobia is incurable, and this is no doubt true, if the poison is allowed to diffuse itself through the system before a remedy is applied. But if Mr. Youatt, the celebrated veterinary surgeon, is right, hydrophobia is taken in time, is not particularly dangerous. He recommends the following mode of treatment, to be commenced as soon as possible after the injury has been received: Cauterize the wound thoroughly with lunar caustic. Let this sharpened to the point, be applied thoroughly to every recess and sinusity of the wound, where the teeth or saliva of the animal could possibly have penetrated. This will form an eschar, hard, dry, and insoluble, a compound of the animal fibre and the caustic, in which the virus is wrapped up, and from which it cannot be separated. In a short time this dead matter sloughs away, and the virus is carried off with it. Previous to applying the caustic, it will often be necessary to enlarge the wound, that every part may be fairly got at, after the first eschar has sloughed off, it will be advisable to apply the caustic a second time to destroy any part that may not have received the full influence of the first operation, or that may possibly have been inoculated more by it. This carefully and thoroughly done, the patient may feel perfectly safe. The poison will have been entirely removed, and no danger can remain. Mr. Youatt himself has been repeatedly bitten by rabid dogs, and other veterinary surgeons also, but after pursuing the course above recommended, they have felt entirely secure, a confidence justified by the event, as well as by experiments tried on inferior animals. This advice given not by quacks but by practitioners of skill and experience, and founded, it will be acknowledged on reasonable grounds, is worthy to be noted and remembered.

HONEY MOON.—The origin of this word is so little known, and yet so highly interesting, that we are constrained to give an account of it. It is traceable to a Teutonic origin. Among the Teutones was a favorite drink called *methelin*. It was made of honey, and much like the present mead of the same name in European countries. The same beverage was in use among the Saxons, as well as another, called *morat*, which was also made of honey, but flavored with mulberries. These honeyed drinks were used in great abundance at festivals. Among the nobility the marriage was celebrated a whole lunar month, which was called a moon, during which the festival board was well supplied with the honey drink. Hence this month of festival was called the *honey moon*, or honey month, which means a month of festival. The famous *maric* is said to have died on his wedding night, from the effects of too much indulgence in *methelin*.

MAX.—The ancient Philosopher defined man to be a cooking animal. A more modern one says he is a book-making animal; but we think the *Cleveland Herald* has hit it, which says—"but man is a reasoning animal who paints with the sun-beams, travels by steam, talks by lightning, speculates in breadstuffs and swags handeavers and jack-knives."

AN AFRICAN SNAKE.—The most common snake of Cape Coast and the adjacent countries, average four feet and a half in length, but in the interior, snakes apparently of the box kind, are met with of gigantic size. Mr. Duncan relates in his "Travels in Western Africa, in 1845-46," that in crossing a swamp he met a number of women, laden with produce for the market, and accompanied by several armed men, who walked in the rear, all much alarmed, and who informed the traveller of the extreme danger of passing any further, as a large snake had taken up his position in a tamarind tree on the road-side.

"One of the party," the author proceeds to relate, "offered to go back and show us the enormous snake, and several others of the party volunteered their services also. Accordingly we proceeded about six hundred yards, when we arrived at the velvet tamarind-tree, which they had spoken of, and which was thickly covered with leaves; but upon examining the tree, we could not observe anything of the nature described. When I was just upon point of accusing them of hoaxing us, one of them who stood a little behind my horse, suddenly called out 'Waroo! waroo!' upon which, one of my soldiers seized my bridle to pull my horse aside, and to my amazement, the monster was pointed out to me with part of his body coiled round a branch, and its head and a considerable part of its body hanging down very near our heads.

"It appeared this reptile had descended the tamarind, and had ascended a much larger tree of a different description. I immediately dismounted, and unstrapped my double-barrelled carbine, which was heavily charged, one barrel with six-shot, and the other with smaller shot. The snake was quite motionless. I took a steady aim at the neck, just behind its head, and fired the charge of slugs effectually, though, for some time, it seemed to have but a slight effect upon it, for it raised its head, and coiled the fore-part of the body round another branch of the tree; but the spine being injured, it soon appeared to lose strength, and the tail, which was coiled round a limb, began to relax. It again uncoiled its fore-part, which hung down towards the ground. I then took my sword, which I had sharpened equal to a razor, and cut the head off at one stroke; but even then the people would not venture to touch it with their hands to pull it down, till I gave them a piece of small cord, which I invariably carried in my pocket. This was fastened around the body, and they then succeeded in pulling it down. The monster was of the boa tribe, and measured thirty-one feet long, but the natives told me they had seen them much larger."

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.—The following instance of fidelity and sagacity in a dog was some time back related by Dr. Pariset, late President of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, at a meeting of the Society for the Protection of Animals.—"A young man, at Perpignan, was arrested on a charge of concubinage, and taken by two gendarmes from that city to Paris. He had a dog, which, seeing its master carried off in this manner, knew that he was unhappy, and his looks showing sadness and grief, the dog followed the carriage in which his master was conveyed, but took care not to show himself to him. When they arrived in Paris the carriage was driven to the prison of the Conciergerie. There the three travellers alighted, and the dog not being able any longer to conceal himself, assuming an attitude of submission, of condolence, and of fear, came crouching to his master, who, surprised and affected, replied to his caresses by his own, and obtained leave from the governor of the prison for the poor animal to remain with him. Three months passed before the trial came on, and on the day it took place the young man was followed to the hall of justice by his dog, which lay down under a bench, where it remained during the trial. The young man was unanimously acquitted, and was most warmly congratulated by numerous friends who were present. Before leaving the court he inquired for his dog, but he was nowhere to be found. From the jury which followed the acquittal, the dog concluded that his master was out of danger, and had nothing more to fear, and it immediately set out for Perpignan, traveling night and day. After a journey of more than 100 hours he reached the city, and arrived at his master's house, where he barked loudly, and scamped violently at the door; and when it was opened by the surprised family, the dog rushed in, his heart palpitating, his eyes sparkling with delight, running from side to side, leading and uttering cries of joy, the movements of his whole frame seeming to say, 'Rejoice, he is safe and sound, and after a short time he will be in the midst of you.' In reality, two days afterwards a letter arrived, acquainting the family of the happy result of the trial, and announcing the speedy return of him for whom they had so long suffered the greatest anxiety. From Paris to Perpignan the distance is 240 leagues—600 English miles. As soon as the dog saw his master acquitted, which he knew from witnessing the joy of his friends, he must have had reasoned in this manner: 'My master is now in safety, and I am no longer necessary to him; let me run home to those who are kept in a state of cruel suspense by the uncertainty of his fate, and show them by my joy that he is safe. They will then be as happy as I am.'

CAREFUL TO DUMB ANIMALS is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who having made the intellect of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them, very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.