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TOWANDA:

Wednesdan Morning, April 26, 1818.

[From the New York Evangelist.] Maria Louisa,

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. CONCLUDED.

On the 20th of April, 1814, Napoleon set sail from France for his exile in Elba. The nation was soon weary of the imbecile Bourbons, and longed for the return of their Emperor, who commanded the respect of the world. On the 1st of March. 1815, Napoleon landed again upon the shores of France. The Congress of Vienna was still in session. And it is a curious illustration of these crowned heads, that the announcement that Napoleon had returned, that France was receiving him with acclamation, and terror stricken Bourbous were

controlled bursts of laughter.

Europe was trembling with the apprehension that to Paris, with the tidings of victory. "Austrian princesses were merely tools in the than death.

the cocked hat and surrout of Napoleon were plac- talized; forgetting her son borne to so exalted a memory of Napoleon. A scene of more unsurpassing the silence of their own chambers, they weep for ed on a stick, on the shores of Brest, it would cause i destury, more splendidly, but none the less inglo- moral sublimity, earth has seldom if ever witness-Europe to run to arms from one end to the other." riously an exile and a prisoner in Vienna: she suit- ed. As in solemn pomp the remains of the Emper- house, for some fond message whispered from The sole of Napoleon's foot had hardly touched the 'rendered herself with the most amiable philosophy, 'or were conveyed through the streets of the capital soil of France, when this saving was verified. Eu- to all the enjoyments within her reach. rope, from one extremity to the other, simulta- Colonel Neippers, a Hungarian Count had been, monarchs, all the sons and daughters of France would be the exclamation of every mother, were she neously resounded with the clanger of arms. The appointed by the Austrian Cabinet to accompany bowed their heads in sorrow, as children weeping to stand thus, by her only child; while the only regleaming banners of Alexander were seen pressing. Mana Louisa to Parma. He was to do all in his over a father's sepulchre. down through all the doffies of Russia and of Po- power to divert her mind from the grandeur from Maria, in her ducal palace, was at so short a disland, leading on to the conflict three hundred thou- which she had fallen, and to lure her to all the pob- tance from France, that she could almost hear the dead! and in a ball-room. sand men. Austria sent the war summons with the and private haunts of festivity. His task was muffled drums, the tolling bells, the booming canelectric energy through all her wide-spread domin- easy and agreeable, and faithfully he performed non, and the solemn requiens by which the ashes ions, into the plains of the subjugated Italy, and his mission.

has not a shadow of justification; and every day | She would walk in the garden, but desires a friend. | enemies. Her death caused none to mourn, and the verdict of the world, upon this subject, is be- Neipperg is on the alert. They saunter lovingly coming more unanimous and decisive. With all among the shrubbery that fringes the serpentine the faults of Napoleon, he was immeasurably su- walks, and recline, till the stars gem the sky, in perior to the banded kings who were struggling, by bowers fragrant with the perfume of every odorifhis overthrow, to support the despotism of their erous plant. Oh! if one could only forget. Maria thrones. Napoleon, during his short reign, did could forget. Maria was an Epicurean. The pleamore for the promotion of civil and religious liber- sure loving philosophy is very comfortable to those ty, and for the elevation of the masses of the people, than all the combined kings of Enrope have had no soul. Surrendering herselfto all the seducdone for the last three centuries. The prevailing tions of momentary enjoyment, her slumbering spirimpressions of Bonaparte are derived from the gross it was undisturbed either by anguish or remorse.caricatures of the English historians his invete- And yet the living agony of some minds is preferaterate foes. Can Lockhart and Scott, who write to, ble to the dead repose of others. flatter national vanity and to please aristocratic ears, fairly delineate the character of their renowned enemy whom that nation has so long delighted had left their coarse impress upon him. One eye to traduce? As well may you expect the Quarter- had been torn out by a bullet, and a black patch ly Review fairly to describe Republican America. covered the deformity. He was twenty years older

fleeing from their throne, was received with unall nations were fixed upon the spot where the ar- voluntary widowhood with this unalluring courtier. The quarrel among the allied monarchs had now mies of Christendom were concentrating for the de- Floating upon the current of self indulgence, she risen to such a pitch that they were just upon the cisive conflict! On the one side were all the ban- endeavored with timbrels and dances to beguile life point of hurling their armies upon each other, when ded monarchs of Europe. On the other was Napo of its cares. Reveling in scenes of festivity, and the fugivive Bourbons appeared among them, palleon. The match was almost an equal one. A luxuriating upon the velvet sofas, she hugged her lid with fear and imploring help. The allies were morning of the peaceful sabbath ushered in the comforts, and heeded not the storms which howled compelled to bury all their animosities in combin- dreadful conflict. During all the long hours of that 'around the eternal crags of her husband's prison.ing against the common foe. Marla, fearing that sacred day, till the sun was descending, the battle Consigning Napoleon to the grave of oblivion, and her interests might be endangered by this move- raged with sanguinary ferocity. At every point, forgetting that she had ever been a wife, a mother ment of the Emperor, took very special pains to Napoleon was victorious, and the mangled, waver- and an Empress, she yielded herself to the seducinform the allies that she had no sympathy with ing lines before him, gave assurance that the eation of each passing hour. And yet who, that has Napoleon in his heroid enterprise, and that she gles of France were again triumphant. Welling an emotion of honorable feeling, would not infinitewould on no account reunite herself with him and ton, as he gazed upon his melting battalions, trem- ly prefer to have been Napoleon, listening to the return to France. But when the army and the na- bled before the genius of Napoleon, and wiping the dirge of careering storm and dashing wave upon tion had received Napoleon with shouts of wel- cold sweat of agony from his brow, exclaimed "I the sea-engirdledemist enveloped rock, rather than come, and he was again seated upon the throne wish that Blacher or night were come!" The to have been Maria in her ducal palace, on the sunwhere he had reigned with so much glory, and all foaming couriers of the Emperor were on their way ny plains of Faly, breathing the fragrance of vio-

deur of the Tuilleries, and to share again the re- and poured down like an avalanche upon the field, which chose thee for its tabernacle. nown of her imperial spouse. But she was asham- of battle. The troops of Napoleon, exhausted by Yet, after all, it must be confessed that the soul ed to do so. She had so selfishly abandoned him the herculean toil of the day, and unable to resist less and the heartless glide comfortably through such in the hours of misfortune, that she could not sum- this new onset, were, after the most vigorous resis- a world as this. If they know nothing of the deepmon sufficient effrontery to rush into his embrace tance, overwhelmed and swept away. All was er excuements and nobler emotions of our nature, in the day of triumph. In the perplexitivinto lost, Maria, from the palaces of Vionna, looked they are also saved from that intensity of suffering which she was thrown by the mingled emotions of apparently with the most imperturbable magna, which, at times, will wring almost the life blood hope and dread which now oppressed her, she was mimity, as the star of her husband's glory paled and from the sensuive heart. The tetrific storm of heard to say, as if thinking aloud, "If I could only faded away on the field of Waterloo. His defeat temptation never "wrecks their eky." The antroding from the socket. be assired that he would not blame me for not go- relieved her mind from serious embarrassment — guish of conscious guilty or wrong doing, never laing to Elba"-and then after a pause, as if in con- She moved smilingly amid the group of his exult- cerates their hearts. Like the stalled ox, they ruclusion of a train of inward thought-"but I am ing foes and even appeared in public leaning up-minate in storm and sunshine, and die in peace. surrounded/by nersons who cannot fail to have in- on the arm of the Duke of Wellington. There is The secret marriage, it is commonly reported culnated me. It was evident that her mind was 'no evidence that she shed a tear or experienced an was soon consummated between Maria and Count those around her for the coursed she had pursued a caged hon, to that barren rock that was to be his ter the death of Napoleon. Three children have es, by stating that "necessity had compelled her." or tenderness was sent to him from Maria, as he ter, is married to an Italian Count, Grand Chamberthat she "was not mistress of her own actions." bid adieu to every object he beheld dear upon lain of Parma. A son, the Count de Monti Nuevo,

hands of the head of the family," and finally, that Napoleon had hardly arrived at that dreary rock. perg died, and Maria was again left a widow. she "was born under a malignant star, and was where in misery he was to wear away the few secuses, however, would avail to quiet the condemn- by elated with her own good fortune, departed from- on the banks of the Seine, the eyes of the civilized share Napoleon's disgrace, she was ashamed to Parma. She assumed no garb of mourning. She the dust of their mighty Emperor. The gray-headpartake of a prosperity which she had done nothing affected no grief of bereavement and widowhood ed survivors of the Old Guard, who had proved from among us, to iningle with the pure above. to promote. There is here a glow-worm glimmer- Congratulating herself that her lines had falled in faithful to Napoleon through all his reverses, came ing-of honor. Let Maria be credited with it all. - pleasant places, and that she had goodly heritage, tottering to meet their beloved chieftain, now releaves a shadow upon the hearts of survivors, she cannot afford to part with one particle which | she allowed no pleasures to be marred by unavail- | turning triumphant, though in death. The king the | which no after-scene can disperse. Do they min-Chanteaubriand had nithily remarked, "that if that dreary rock which his sufferings have immore country all came-a mourning nation-to honor the

among the remotest hamlets the rumbling of artil- The silvery lake is gilded by romantic moon, the land over which he had so gloriously reigned. Roll-lane, for the purpose of making a new sewer, here wheels, the clatter of hooks, and the martial light. The soft air of Italian summer invites to an . Under the majestic dome of the unvalides, which after penetraring to the depth of about eight feet, tread of two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers re- excursion upon the water. The boat glides over his own energy had reared, the body of Napoleon came suddenly upon some human remains. There seconded along her thoroughfares. Prussia, distithe unripplied surface, which shows a concave of now slumbers awaiting the resurrection. membered, in Herculean effort raised two hunds meon and stars and fathornless immensity beneath. But the widow of Napoleon could take no part bones an ancient vase was discovered, similar to red thousand men again to meet those exples be- as above. Soft music, of flutes, and still more li- in these impressive scenes. Maria discreetly de- those exhumed at Pumpeu and Herrulaneum, but fore whom they had so often fled in dismay. The quid voices, floats upon the cool zephyrs. Maria caded to remain at home. And when a nation wept which, unfortunately, was broken by the pickage was on exhoed through all the minor States of Ger- reclines upon the cushioned scats, leaning upon the at the burial of her imperial husband, she sat list- and so complete was its demolition, that it would many. From every kingdom, and duchy, and arm of Neipperg, and yields herself to the luxury less in her palace, with unmoistened eye and unprincipality, the warlike bands issued forth, and the of the hour. How can she send her imagination moved heart. while nucrounable host, with shouts of defiance from that scene of enchantment to the foggy, storm- Had Josephine be living, every eye would have and yours of vengeance poured down towards the swept, rain-drenched rock where Napoleon is im- been turned to her. She would have been the profinances of France to meet Napoleon. The navy prisoned! A pleasant jaunt is planned to Genoa, minent mourner; and sorrowing France would of England unfuded its sails, and vomited forth The ducal chariot is drawn by prancing seeds gai. have bowed before her in veneration. One can alupon the shores of the German Ocean her power. It caparisoned. Liveried servants and outnders most see the faithful spirit of Josephine rise from ful contribution for the approaching shock of leatie. with glittering sabres and in rich uniforms, compose the grave to welcome her returning husband, and Bernaloue, with mon nerve and treacherous soul, the brilliam cortege. The brilliant vision sweeps to invite him to slumber in death by her side. railised the halissarane legions of Sweden to crish along the ever-varying scenes of sunny Italy. In A few years ago, the young King of Rome, wh his benefactor. And through Denmark, Switzer, the luxurious carriage of the young Dochess sits had received from the Austrian Court the title of the land, Spain and Portugal, drams were beating. Neipperg by the side of Maria. They read, they Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of eighteen.tramper sociality, and city and country were filled talk, they sing. Looks of affectionate recognition He had been reared at Vienna, forgotten by his with greating subres and floating banners, as the lare interchanged, and words of tendemess are in- mother, and guarded against all knowledge of the gatheric host miled on towards the counter. Na. tered. Thousands of learnes of stormy ocean in- hero's character and achievements of his imperial polonis proposis for peace were contemporatly sevene between Maria and Napoleon. She can father. As the name of Bonaparte was still a world rejected. All from set heads united to trample in herver see him again. Why then, should she think of terror to the thrones of Europe, his untimely decided then, my dear Lecn, to marry a widow of the dust a sovereign raised to the throne by popul of him any more. Marriage, says infidel Europe, death was probably regarded with safisfaction by "Tes Madame." "Ah! my friend, I pay you hat suffrage. It was a war of hereditary kings is a partnership, to be dissolved at pleasure. My all crowned heads. scame the right of the people to choose their ru- partnership with Napoleon, thinks Maria, is dissolv- It is not improvable that the son of Napoleon was stirg apartment, where one always finds something lets. If France may deshrone the Bourbons and ed by his absence. Why may I not form another? Some to the tomb unaccompanied by a single that has belonged to the previous tenant." elect Napoleon. England may dethrone the Guelph. The world will condemn, whispers an inward voice. Moumer. His birth, was hailed by the acclamaand elect a Cromwell. "Peach to Napoleon, was Then I will not tell the world thinks Maria. And bons of thirty millions, and received the congramthe watchword by which monarchial Europe was she returns the presure of Neipperg's hand. Maria lations of every Coun in Europe. His death was wants counsel in affairs of state. Neipperg is at mnoticed and unlamented. There are a few ereats recorded in history which hand to give direction to her wavering purpose. On the 18th of December, 1847 came the closing appear to me more to be deplored than the result, and the cabinet council is prolonged late into the scene in the life of Maria. She had passed through

who have no souls. The daughter of the Cæsars

True, Neipperg was a stiff, and formal Hangarian soldier. The automaton manners of the camp "When I heard the result of the battle of Water- than Maria, and had no attractions of body or mind loo," says Rebert Hall, "I felt as if the clock of to win a generous woman's leve. The flexible lets, and fuiled to slumber by the soft music of the he would come down upon them with terrible re-; At that eventful hour, a black mass of 30,000 lute. Maria! though thou wert cradled in the paltribution, then Maria longed to return in the gran- Prussians suddenly appeared, headed by Blucher, aces of the Cusars, it was indeed and ignoble spirit

ing regrets. Forgetting her imperial husband on royal family, the nobility, the people in city and in gle with the merry dancers. In the midst of their where he had so often moved the most powerful of

of her husband were so mournfully welcomed to ed in excavating in Tower-street, at the corner of

buile of Wa'erfoo. The wars of Nanoleon bours of the night. She wishes to small along the fuffy-seven years. At the salem bour of midnight, were in the many in dentality, ware of self-defence, banks of the nomantic stream, or ascend the mount with peaceful arendants around her pillow, she weakened; a wrong passion is agained, though The unreleasing and persevening hosality with min. The accommodating Count lends his hand breathed her last, and departed to that tribunal about to be extinguished. That which is not in orwhich England endeavored to combine the powers and supports her with his encircling arm. Maria where we all in turn most appear. The world had der is by its nature moral; that which belongs also Further against the elected Emperor of France, loves not solitable, and would avoid meditation. — long forgotten her. She had neither friends nor to immortality.

none but those who inherited her estates, to rejoice. Requiescat pace.

So live, that sinking in thy last long elemp. Similes may be thine, while all around thee weep.

"Not Here! Not Here!"

One beautiful, but keen cold evening in January, young gentleman entered Dr. C---'s office, (with whom I was spending a vacation) and hurriedly inquired where he he should find the doc-

Not being able to inform him, he requested me o accompany him down to H----'s hotel, as here was a young lady in the ball-room, who was

Supposing it a Minting fit, I clapped a bottle of hartshorn, together with a lancet, in my pocket, and accompanied him. On the way he informed at the hall, and been interrupted by the unfortunate illness of one of the belles of the evening.

Arriving at the hotel, we were somewhat surprised at the rapid filling and driving away of the carriages at the door.

We caught now and then an exclamation which betokened extreme horror, but heard nothing sufficiently distinct to admit of forming a conclusion as to the cause of the apparent confusion.

Passing up the stairs, we encountered numbers of young ladies, with their mantles thrown carelessly about them, with cheeks as pale and lips as bloodless as though they themselves were the subjects for whom aid was summoned. They were of the occasion having been suddenly exchanged

Hurrying through the crowd, we entered the ball-room. It was very spacious, and brilliantly m the centre, who seemed horror-stricken by the sight which humanity compelled them to witness.

of the room, sat a young lady, in a stooping posture, as though in the act of rising, with one hand stretched out to take that of the partner who was to have led her to the dance.

With the smile upon her lip, and eves beaming with excitement, death had seized her. The smile of joy was transformed to a hideous grin-the beaming eye now seemed but a glazed mass, now pro-

The carmine, added to give brilliancy to her complexion, now contrasted strangely with the saltrappings in which fashion had decked her seemill at ease, from the many excuses she made to emotion of regret, as her husband was borne, like Neipperg, which was publicly recognized soon af-She endeavored to appease her own self-reproach- prison and his grave Not one word of sympathy been the issue of this union. The eldest, a daugh- child, groaned out: "Not here! Let her die at home!"

spirit had fled, and all that could be done was to reter died in infancy. Ten years ago, Count Neipmore the body and strip it of its senseless paraphemalia. This horrible catastrophe was one of never destined to be happy." None of these exmaining years of his hie, when Maria Louisz, highpoleon were brought from St. Helena, to repose upforewarded that Death claims all seasons for his those striking acts of Providence by which we are ing sentence of her own conscience; and she was. Vienna in gilded chariots, surrounded with fawn- world were directed to the sublime spectacle. The by the consolations of religion, depart in the triown. When the young and beautiful surrounded at last constrained to avow, that having refused to ing favorates, to enjoy her possessions as Duchess' French nation arose, as one man, to do homage to umphs of Christian's faith, we how ourselves to the stroke, and believe that a scraph has passed

But the sudden dispensation like the one above festivity comes the awful phantom of the past. In the departed, and seek in vain, in memory's storethe bloodless lips as the spirit sighed itself awar

sponse vouchsafed would be found in the soul-harrowing exclamation of those around, dead! dead!

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—The workmen engagwas no restige of cottin of any kind. Close to the of copper or brass were likewise found.-London

THE ORIGIN OF GLASS.—It is wonderful how much we are indebted to chance for many very valuable discoveries. The art of making glass was discovered in this way. As some merchants were essuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their ketiles on, they used some pieces of the nitre for that purpose. The fire gradwas no other than glass.

EPITHLAMICH OF AN OLD PRIEND. Have YOU the heart of a widow, you must know, is like a let-

As a looking-class, if it is a true one, taithfully represents the face of him that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion berself to the affection of her husband, not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor rad

A VIRTUOUS sentiment grows calm without being

The White Horseman

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION. The cry is still, " They come!"-Shakspeare.

The heavy tramp of the regulars, as their solid columns moved amid the da-knesstowards Concord, | a gun ?" was heard with indignation by the waking inhabitants of the country. The hardy yeomen as he leaped from his pallet and glared through the window at the passing show was at first at a loss to large detachment of the British army had been nest about their ears. He dashed so closely upon was something so provokingly cruel in the eyes of drenched with the spouting blood of the wounded tion ran from house to house, until the whole of Athericans, and the regulars gave him the name et remained at her side, she sofily said, "I shall ne- danntless old Yankee over his back. ver see him again."

"Foolish girl." answered the old lady in a tone that Capt. Roe intends to attack the British army Fate." And one of them did die, for Hezekiali's

swittly along the by-paths and the main road conliberties. The two temales shrank into the house oppressed by feelings strange and new

The young men, with Captain Roe at their head. drove off towards Lexington, and had halted in a carn on the road side, at the distance of two miles. from the village. Here were already assembled about forty vouths, whose lack of equipments and mmilitary bearing was compensated by sunty their guards. limbs, hardy, embrowned visages, and sine my arms.

"Now, my dear fellows," said Roe, in a hasty, out not agitated tone, "we are strong enough, to march; we shall be joined by others. The Camordige boys are wide awake, and have gone to ralloring out to enjoy the morning air. The counarv is rising all around us."

The rude volunteers gave three loud cheers and t once formed in marching order. The little band struck out into the high road, but before they had reached Lexington were obliged to turn into a byoad as the rapid advances of the British endangered their salety. Having arrived at Lexington, Capt. Roe called his men to a halt and besonght them: concr to seil their lives than be driven from the position they had taken. The charge appeared to the harrassed soldiers were again amazed by the be needless, as they had no intention of tiring on appearance of Hezekiah, whose white horse was regular troops would assault unoffending men:-While this hale company was resting behind the village church, many squads of Americans dashed like a wounded snake held their toilsome way. His by them, on their way to Concord, but Captain Roe maintained his position with the view of harraising the enemy if they should attempt any violeace to the village.

Just as the morning dawned, the hasty tramp of men, was heard by the little band, and in a moment atterward the British commander wheeled their arms and disperse. The Americans were not fast in acknowledging the anthonity of the enabletually dissolting the nitre, it mixed with the sand, ted captur, and in an instant a shower of balls cut and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, down nearly half of the little company, and put the rest to flight. Captain Roe was among the

> The women and children of Lexington fled from their houses over the hills, filling the zir with their creams. There was an old man, named Hezekiah Wyman, the window of whose house overlooked the ground where these marders were commuted, and no momer did he see his brave countrymen fall, than he inwardly devoted himself to rerenge the unballowed slaughter.

"Wife," said he, " is there not an old goo-barel somewhere on the garret ? "I believe there was," said she, "but pray, what do you want with it.

"I should like to see if it is fit for service," reo drill a hole through a rig lar." Mercy on me, husband' you are going mad'

An off man like you-sixty years last November, to talk of going to war! I should think you had seen enough of fighting the British already. There hes poor Capt. Roe and his men bleeding on the grass before your eyes. What could you do with

The old man made no reply, but accended the stairs, and, soon returned with a rusty gun-barrel in his hands. In spite of his wife's incessant din, he went to his shop, made-a stock for it, and put conjecture on what errand these well trained war- it in complete order for see. He then saddled a riors had been sent; but instantly recollecting that strong white horse, and mounted him. He gave there was a depository of arms and provisions at the steed the rein, and directed his course toward Concord, which the Americans had at much troub. Coucord. He met the British troops returned, and le collected together, he had no doubt that this was not long in perceiving that there was a wasp's commissioned to take possession of them. There the flanks of the enemy that his horse's neck, was the Americans, in thus depriving them of the very soldiers. Then reining back to reload, be dealt a me, as I already knew, that a ball was in progress humble means of defence, which they had been second death upon the ranks with his neverfailing able to procure; and, although they did not imme- bullet. The tall gaunt form of the assailant, his diately form the resolution of drawing the blood of grey locks floating on the breeze, and the color of these incendiaries, yet the murmur of disapproba- his steed soon distinguished him from the other the surrounding country had been aroused from "Death on the pale horse." A dozen bullets whiztheir pillows, and anxiously awaited the result of zed by his head, when he had made the first astheir movements. It was in a large building a few sault, but undismayed, the cld patriot continued to miles below Lexington, that a family, who had prence his gay steed over the heads of the foot solbeen made acquainted with the approach of the diers-to do his own business faithful, in the be-British hirelings, resided. They were up and do- lief that because others did wrong by firing at ing long before the arrival of the troops. The girls him, it would be no excuse to him to do wrong seisted their brothers in putting on their equip- by sparing the hireling bullies of a tyrannical ments, and the old man enddied the horses for his government. At length a virgorous cizarge of the sons. As these lads were about starting for the bayonet drove the old man and the party with horrying away as from contamination, the hilarity purpose of watching the career of the regulars when which he was acting, from the main body of they should arrive at Concord, a young man drove the British. Hezekiah was also out of ammunition, swiftly up to the door, and bade the volunteers good and was compelled to pick up some on the road. morning. "Captain Roe!" burst from the lips of before he could return to the charge. He then all present save one blooming lass, who hung her came on again, and picked off an officer by sendlighted, but deserted of its occupants, save a group, head and sighed deeply. The young man was ing a slug through his royal brains, before he was apparently, under thirty years of age; of middling again driven off. But ever and ation, through the stature, and dark eyes, which now gleamed with smoke that curied about the flanks of the detach-On a sofa which had been drawn from the side fire. He spoke a few hasty words in an under ment, could be seen the white horse of the vetetone to the armed peasant boys, to which they re- ran for a moment—the report of his piece was plied by grasping their firelocks and hastily mount. heard and the sacred person of one of his Majesing their steeds. "Not one word has he spoken ty's faithful subjects was sure to measure his length to me." sighed the pensive girl. Quick as thought, on rebel ground. Thus did Hezekiah and his the young Captain sprang to the ground, and gir- neighbors harrass the retreating foe, until the Earl ing her a hearty embrace, promised to be with her Percy appeared with a thousand fresh troops from in a few hours. No answer was returned by the Boston. The two detachments of the British were desponding fair one, but she elenched her hands now two thousand strong, and they kept off the and raised her pallid face to Heaven as if engaged Americans with their artillery while they took a in inward prayer. There she stood in statuelike hasty meal. No sooner had they again commencsilence until the sound of the departing horses ed their march, than the powerful white horse was low hue her skin had assumed, while the gorgeous had died away. Then turning to her mother, who seen careering at full speed over the hills with the

> "Ha," cried the soldiers, "there comes that old fellow again on the white horse! Look out for that trembled while it chided; "do you suppose yourselves for one of us has got to die, in spite of with a handful of ploughboys? Depend upon it, aim was true and his principles of economy would or admit of his wasting now-let or hall But the sound of approaching horsemen driving out the whole of the bloody road between Lexington and Cambridge the fatal approaches of the vinced the trembling girl, that the numbers were white horseman were dreaded by the trained troops not small who were already up in arms for the Je- of Britain, and every wound inflicted by Hezekiah fence of their rights, their hearthstones, and their needed no repeating. But on reaching Cambridge the regulars, greatly to their comfort missed the old man and his horse. They comforted themselves by the conjecture that he had, at length, paid the forfeit of his temerity and that his steed had gone home with a bloody bridle, and empty saddle, Not so, Hezekiah had only lingered for a mement to aid in a plot which had been laid by Amni Cutter, for taking the baggage wagons and

> Amm had planted about fifty old rusty muskets under a stone wall, with their mozzles directed toward the road. As the wagons arrived opposite this battery, the muskets were discharged and eight horses, together with some soldiers were sent Concord already: and I have seen some old men the baggage in charge, ran to a pond and plunging out of existence. The party of soldiers who had their muskers into the water, surrendered themselves to an old woman, called Mother Baberick, who was at that time digging roots in an adjacent field. A party of Americans recaptured the gallant Englishmen from Mother Baberick, and placed them in safe keeping. The captives were exreedingly astonished at the suddenness of the attack, and declared that the Yankees would rise u.i.

like masonetoes out of a marsh, and kill them conspicuous among the now countless assailants that sprang from every hill and ringing dell, copse fatal aim was taken, and a soldier fell at every report of his piece. Even after the worried soldiers had entered Charleston, there was no escape for

them from the deadiy bollets of the reckless veteran. The appalling white horse would suddenly and unexpectedly dash out from a brake, or from carrying a quantity of nitre they halted near a river his steed upon the plain where they stood, and waving his sword, commanded them to throw down their very boats, and then turning his horse's head, remmed unharmed to his household.

> "Where have you been husband!" "Picking chemies," replied Hezekiah-but he forgot to say be had first made chemics of the red costs, by putting the FITTS into them.

A ROTAL STORAGE.-Louis XIV would eat at one meal four plates of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partruige, a large plate full of salad, misson gravy and garlick, two good slices of bacon, a plate of pastry, besides fruits and sweetmeats. What is an alderman's stomach, compared with such a roy. si maw t

Home.—The superstructure of happiness or misery, which man rears upon his own nature. The magnet of positive or negative happiness. A place where the world seeks your character,

Ir you are wretched, the world will mock your plied he, " if I am not mistaken, it is good enough, wretchedness if you are poor, you will be usubed and contemped end of proud, you will be exposed to hourly monification.