

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, August 16, 1838.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

### THE SOIL IS FREE.

The soil is free! the soil is free!  
And shall a freeman ever  
Disgrace the name of liberty,  
The constitution sever!  
And shall the soil where white men sip  
Dew-drops from the mountain air,  
Be stained with blood by slavery's whip  
And black men welter there!

The soil is free! the soil is free!  
Wandering streams declare it;  
No cane-tuffs grow to shadow thee  
Nor slaves as yet prepare it.  
And shall the sons of freedom's sire  
Be ever found to falter,  
And not re-kinde heaven's fires  
Upon their fathers' altar!

The soil is free! the soil is free!  
And will ye not protect it  
Strike! strike, ye sons of liberty!  
Why, why so long reject it!  
The time 's at hand, then freemen rally  
Firm united to the Poll  
Free—Free from shackles make one rally,  
One hand, one heart, one soul.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

### Thoughts on Slavery.—No. 1.

BY J. F. GAZLAY.

"Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,  
No sword away we, and no fear shall have."  
Mr. Ervoss.—Through the medium of your Reporter I shall take the liberty of showing up some of the beauties of the "peculiar institution," for as diamonds which lie buried in the mine require the hand of the workman to be brought forth that they may be seen in their pristine purity, in like manner I shall attempt to bring to light from chaos and darkness, some of the legitimate results that flow from holding men in slavery. But before proceeding farther, permit me to observe that I wish not to interfere with slavery as it now exists, intending merely to show its evils, and as a consequence that by increasing the area of slavery, the evil must of course be proportionally increased. Having had an ample opportunity of observing the institution of slavery in some of the principal southern States, I am perhaps better prepared to give it a critical examination than if not having been conversant with its hideous form, and still perhaps my pen would have lain dormant, snugly immersed in its ivory home, had not recent events caused it to awake from its lethargy and boldly toil in the cause of freedom.

In viewing the platform upon which the whig party stands in the approaching canvass, there is certainly much to excite our amusement and contempt—amusement to see a party professing principles endowed with stability, chameleon like, changing with the changes of the moon. But a few days since fiercely battling for the cause of human rights and a soil unpolled by the dark stain of slavery. But "presto" now how changed! the tempest which threatened to overturn the whole fabric of human bondage, is now lulled to a calm so still that not a zephyr arises to disturb the magic of the scene. The Philadelphia convention has administered a charm so potent that that energetic appeal which demanded the "Proviso" as a right, is now in soft and winning accents, beating time to the tune of its 280 slaves. What a delightful scene in this advanced age to see us, one of the most enlightened nations on earth, where perhaps the true principles of liberty are better understood than in any other country, holding up for the suffrage of a large portion of our citizens for the highest office in the people's gift, a candidate who glutes himself from the sweat and blood of hundreds of slaves.—What a beautiful picture for the moralist to descant upon, to see the whole whig party raise their voices in holy horror against the wholesale murder in Mexico, and southern slaveholder now loudly croaking the praises of "Old Rough and Ready," and proving beyond all dispute, his principles to be a perfect octave to the preamble of our Declaration of Independence. "That all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." I hardly know which of the two Grecian philosophers he would select for his patron; when presented with the woes of human life, one bursts into a fit of laughter, the other melts into tears; but to return. My present intention is to show in a series of letters, that slavery, if permitted to be extended to that vast territory, now belonging to the United States, must ultimately cause the northern and southern States to dissolve their mutual connections with each other, and it requires no Hercules' task to prove that a train of evils necessarily flow from this institution which inevitably tend to such an unhappy result.

There is a principle adopted by all of a system of laws instituted by nature herself, for the government and welfare of mankind, and those laws when followed according to Nature's Original dictates are productive of the highest happiness which mortals can enjoy, but the penalties imposed upon those who break them, are so palpable that a series of misery and misfortune tacitly commands us to forsake the unnatural course and live according to the dictates of nature. It is useless to attempt to prove that holding a class of beings in bondage is not in accordance with nature's laws, it is an axiom so palpable that the whole civilized world unite in its condemnation, and nearly all enlightened nations having seen the evils which it naturally engenders, have given it a lasting and long farewell, and it remains for America, the "Model Republic," the "home of the Emigrant," the "asylum of the oppressed," the "land of the free," to foster within her bosom a carnivorous monster which preys upon her vitals and checks her giant growth. Why the cause of the present unparalleled prosperity of the northern States compared with the south? Why the difference in population, in enterprise, in wealth and in everything which constitutes true na-

tional prosperity? The southern States with an area of square miles nearly double that of the north, yet showing from the last census that the forms but about one third the population of the Union, including her two and a half millions of slaves, with a climate scarcely visited by the rude blast of boreas and rivaling Italy itself, with a soil upon which the conopsea of nature has been lavishly poured out, and producing almost spontaneously productions which the north may labor for in vain, yet it requires not a very strong development of the organ of causality to perceive that the incubus of slavery has fastened herself upon the south and is slowly but surely affecting her ruin. The genius of all laws as far as possible should tend to an equal distribution of wealth, and any government, whether of the general or state departments, should never encourage any institutions by which the few acquire wealth at the expense of the many: thus the United States Bank and other institutions by which a privileged class obtained wealth at the expense of the mass, has been justly condemned from time to time by the American people. Yet slavery directly forms two classes, the patrician planter and the plebeian laborer, and while it permits the slave owner to acquire his thousands of acres, it compels the laborer to toil for life for only land sufficient to furnish him with a decent grave. We will take the case of the southern planter or slaveholder, who generally owns from 50 to 500 slaves. This property in blacks, unless properly employed, instead of being a source of wealth, would soon reduce him to a pauper. But a farm, such as is used by our industrious farmers of the north, would be wholly inadequate to employ such an amount of force as he would have at his command; he must have a number of acres in proportion to his slaves. Supposing one man able to cultivate 40 acres of land, a planter with a hundred able bodied slaves would want of necessity, 4,000 acres to employ them in a successful manner. We often see the planter owning 5, 6, or even 10,000 acres of land, this system of things being general over the southern States, it will be at once perceived that a land monopoly is of necessity created, vesting it all in the hands of the few, who from such an amount of land and labor, are able to lay up their thousands per year.

In the instance above mentioned, the 4,000 acres if in the northern states would support 40 families of one hundred each, and give all a sufficient competence for life, but in the south, instead of maintaining a large class of the industrious masses and having the soil and wealth equally divided among the many, it gives it to one and enables him to roll in luxury and live in the style of a duke; this then is the one reason why the northern states are more densely populated than at the south; the described land at the north maintains 40 families, in the south but one, and provided that southern states were as densely populated as at the north, it is clear that 39 families must be turned out of doors that the 40th may build a palace. Deprive the masses of holding real estate, and you strike a death blow to self-government; other monopolies can be endured; but when the soil which was intended by a bountiful creator for the benefit of all, is juggled away from millions of the mass and lodged in the hands of a few slave holders, why are they better off than, in the most despotic government in Europe; no better than the Russian serf bowing and cringing before the lord of the manor. In any country where the bulk of wealth exists in the hands of the few, in the same proportion the people suffer for the necessities of life.—It has been my intention in the foregoing communication, to prove that slavery being inconsistent with nature's laws, is productive of the most glaring evils, and that among them is the concentration of land and wealth in the hands of the privileged few, and thereby depriving the main body of the people of a competence which we as a commonwealth enjoy. I do not intend to be understood that in every part of the southern states this system operates in full vigor, but in the older settled sections where slavery has had an opportunity of developing itself, will the system be found in all its naked deformity, and before closing this series I shall show that its direct tendency is to prevent matrimony, and thereby hindering the increase of population—to encourage idleness by bringing the labor of the white man directly into competition with the slave—to engender ignorance—to make paupers—to render industry disgraceful—to form a vicious and depraved community, and if extended will ultimately cause a dissolution of the Union; and my prayer will ever be that this unnatural system of human bondage shall be so manfully battled by the moral force of public opinion, that ere this generation shall have passed away, that the southern nabob shall howl his last requiem over the grave of departed slavery.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

CANTON, July 21st, 1838.

EDITOR BRADFORD REPORTER.—Dear Sir.—As the Presidential election approaches, and since the nomination of Mr. Van Buren in the State of N. Y., we regret to hear occasionally the project spoken of forming another Electoral ticket in Pennsylvania, by nominating another set of electors pledged to the support of Mr. Van Buren. It seems to me that such a course would be perfectly suicidal to the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania, as there is not the remotest prospect of carrying the State for Mr. Van Buren. The result would inevitably be to divide and destroy the party in this State by giving her electoral vote to Gen. Taylor, in the same manner that James Ritner was elected Governor in '35. Thus diminishing even the chances of carrying the election into the House of Representatives—which is all Mr. Van Buren's friends can hope to do under the most favorable circumstances.

No man has had a higher respect for, or been a warmer friend, or more devoted supporter of Mr. Van Buren than myself, and was he at this time the regular nominee of the Democratic convention, I should most cheerfully yield to him a cordial undivided support. But we have held our primary meetings, our county and State conventions, and

delegated to good and true men our authority to make a nomination for us—they have done so, discharging their trust faithfully, and as I understand it, we are bound to sustain it.

It seems to me, therefore, that no Pennsylvania Democrat should suffer himself to be drawn from the support of the regular Democratic Nominee, Gen. Cass, as by so doing, his action tends to break down the party in his own State by defeating Gen. Cass, without enhancing the interest of Mr. Van Buren.

Yours truly,  
A DEMOCRAT OF CANTON.

A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.—The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and efficient persuasive to religion, which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures; but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well-ordered life. There is an energy of moral station in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongue of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's way, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to make his religion of the human heart than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.—Chalmers.

THE WORD "SELAH."—The translator of the Bible have left the Hebrew word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister, or learned friend, has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning eternally for ever. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word repeat. According to Luther and others it means silence! Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Whoer regards it as equivalent to *sursum corde*—up, my soul! Somner, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah. They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, "Hear Jehovah! or awake Jehovah!" and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, &c." The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah itself he thinks an abridged expression used the Higgaion Selah: Higgaion indicating for sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.

THE DEAD SEA EXPEDITION.—We are pleased to learn from private letters, that the Dead Sea exploring party have successfully and satisfactorily completed their task, and returned to Jerusalem, where they were the 19th of May. They have sounded the sea in all its parts, to the depth of 600 fathoms, and found the bottom crusted with crystallized salt. The pestilential effects attributed to the "waters, turn out to be fabulous. Ducks were skimming over the surface, and a patridge along the shore.—The party were upon the sea in their boats, or encamped on its borders for some two months, and their researches and estimates have been of the most thorough and interesting character. All were in excellent health and spirits, no sickness or accident having occurred. By the Arabs they had been uniformly treated with the utmost kindness and attention. The Syrians consider "the men of the Jordan," as they call them, the greatest heroes of the day. Lieutenants Lynch and Dale will visit, under the most favorable circumstances, all the places made memorable in Scripture history; and we may expect from them a highly interesting account of their exploration of the Dead Sea, and their adventures in the Holy Land. [Boston Transcript.]

MAHOAGNY.—Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, in the latter end of the seventeenth century, had a brother who was the first that brought from the West Indies some mahogany logs to London for ballast. The doctor was then building him a house in Convent Garden, and his brother, the Captain, thought they might be of service to him, but the carpenters found the wood too hard for their tools, and it was laid aside as useless. Soon after, Mrs. Gibbons wanted a cabinet-box, and got a cabinet-maker to make it out of the useless wood lying in the garden. The box was made, and the doctor was so pleased with it that he got the cabinet-maker to make him a bureau of it, and the fine color and polish of it induced him to invite a great number of his friends to see it, and among them the Duchess of Buckingham. Her Grace begged the doctor for some of the wood, and got Woolaston, the cabinet-maker, to make her a bureau also, on which the fame of mahogany and Woolaston was much raised, and it became the rage for grand furniture.—Farmer and Mechanic.

TRIALS.—Christ was deserted a little before the glorious morning of light and joy dawned upon him. It was a little, a very little while after his sad cry, before he triumphed gloriously; and so it may be with you; heaviness may endure for a night, but joy and gladness may come in the morning. Let God lead you in the storm. He loves to be trusted.

Address delivered by Hon. J. N. Conyngham, At Wilkes-Barre, July 29, 1848, Upon the return of the Wyoming Artillery, from Mexico.

RETURNING VOLUNTEERS.—In the name of this vast audience assembled here to meet you, with the feelings of our whole community, we tender to you the embrace of kindness, and the right hand of friendship, in token of our undivided joy at your safe return to our loved Valley of Wyoming. War, rendered glorious to our country by the gallantry of her soldiers, in the flowing and unending tide of their many victories, has ceased, and Peace! Blessed Peace! is once more within our borders. You, the partakers of the toils, the troubles and the trials, of the one, are entitled to receive the quiet, the enjoyments and the blessings of the other.

Nearly twenty months have passed away, since a gallant band of old Luzerne's fearless sons left their families and friends to answer their country's call to arms, and she, now returns in you, but a small and war-worn remnant. Your numbers have been sadly diminished; some of your bravest spirits, assailed by the ruthlessness of the climate of Mexico, almost at the commencement of their career, were compelled to crush the dearest hopes of their hearts, in the early abandonment of the expedition: blighting disease disabled and destroyed others in the hospitals at Perote and Puebla; death came to others again on the lance of the merciless enemy; and one alas! fell beneath the dagger of the dastardly assassin.

We look among you and miss the gallant faces of many. Where is the ardent and militant Goff? The melancholy burden you have brought back with you in your long journey of return, answers the question. He was with you at Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo; he fought with some of you at the attack of Huamantla; he passed through other scenes of peril and of danger, unscathed by the arms of the enemy; but when the joyous ears of all were listening for the expected order to return, when danger seemed to be at an end, and he perhaps, was looking forward to this very day and this very hour, when the hearts of many would be opening to receive him, he was murdered, basely murdered. We look around and we seek the face of another youth, carrying in his veins the early blood of warlike Wyoming, and connected with myself in the brotherhood of the Bar of this County, the amiable and worthy Myers, and where is he? Sickness marked him for her own, and away from his beloved family, he died in the land of the enemy. Our eyes again are turned among you; where are my neighbor lads Dilley and Helme! fired with enthusiasm they marched, one with the Stockton Artillery, the other with the Columbia Guards; they are dead—this place which knew them from their birth "shall know them no more forever." Where are Preece and Carhuff! Where are the many others? It is in vain to endeavor to enumerate them: they are gone—gone. Peace be to their ashes! young in years but old in patriotism, they died for their country, the recollection of them all is embalmed in the hearts of their relatives and friends: the memory of them is enshrined forever in the glory of their country.

When the war-cry of Mexico was most loudly sounded, and the fierce determination openly expressed to drive her soil, by overwhelming numbers, the gallant soldiers, who had fought the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the constituted authorities of our Land called for aid. Pennsylvania immediately acknowledged her duty, and our late Executive called for the military services of her citizens—we say, our late Executive, for we have all with sorrow learned, that the honest and upright man, who then filled the chair of State, has lately yielded to the power of mortal disease. Death has been busy and has reeled with you in the battle field and in distant scenes of sickness, but alas! ruthless, and universal, he has also poised his lance in the mansions of Peace, (some of you have had touching proofs of this in your own afflicted households,) and the worthy, talented, and excellent Shunk, who leads you God-speed, as you went forth, has not lived to hail your return, but his eyes are closed and he sleeps with his fathers. Truly would he have rejoiced, had he been permitted to see this time, for he was the friend of his country, the friend of the Volunteers, he was your friend, and upon this occasion a brief and passing tribute to his memory is due from all of us.

When the Proclamation of the Governor came, your company, Wyoming Artillery, was the first to signify its willingness to raise aloft the banner of the State. You announced your determination; notice of the acceptance of your offer came on the 29th day of November, the order to march arrived on the second day of December, and on the seventh day of the same month you started for the seat of war. He, who afterwards by the vote of the regiment, became your Major, the bold and undaunted Bowman, was then numbered among your officers. We, who were at home, anxiously watched the course of your journey, and sought for your arrival at the place of hostilities. We read of your debarking before the castle of San Juan D'Ulloa, and we learned, that under Major Bowman, and your own brave Dana, you with one other company, were the first to draw the blood of Mexico at the sand hills of Vera Cruz. We heard of you at Cerro Gordo in the most trying situation, in which even a veteran soldierly could be placed—with other companies of the Pennsylvania regiments, drawing the notice and the fire of a much outnumbering enemy, with orders not to charge, but in the arrangement of the plan of battle, to face the enemy in the order of attack, and divert his attention, while by other troops, his flank was turned, his rear carried, and the victory won. Your guns and your hearts were ready, but you obeyed the directions of your officers, and tho' the standing target for his artillery, with unflinching courage, remained firm in your allotted station. We have heard of you thro' the ceaseless fighting and the deep privations of the harassing and long continued siege of Puebla, and honor, high honor, for your conduct and your gallantry has ever been awarded. We might refer to

the bold carriage, and the acts of military daring of your Captain, of Lieutenants Welder and Miner, with the other officers and privates of your band, thro' special scenes of that memorable siege; we might repeat the story of the battles of La Hoya, and Huamantla, and tell the tale of Aliso, in which Major Bowman and some members of your company were engaged—we might mention other times and places at which the brave and soldierly department of that officer, commanding other companies of your regiment, was shown, but time will not permit.

Serving at Puebla, you were not in the battles near Mexico; there too, however, may we claim with pride that Luzerne was honorably represented. Shortly after your own departure from among us, our esteemed townsman Lieut. LeClerc, of the Columbia Guards, left with several of our youths to join that company, with you they landed at Vera Cruz, and there in a skirmish with the enemy first proved their coolness and their courage, and acquired reputation, under the temporary leading of that brave young officer—side by side they strove with you at Cerro Gordo, and afterward by their determined spirit and unwavering ardour at Chapultepec, Molino Del Rey, and the Garita, entwined around both officers and men a wreath of imperishable fame.

It becomes us, to say that we have ever heard our Volunteers applauded for their readiness and the willingness with which they submitted to the often hard requirements of military discipline; duties, so difficult to learn, and still more difficult to practice, by those who have been accustomed only to the ordinary restraints of civil society, and to the honorable in their fulfillment, alike to the private as to the officer. But as letters from the army and the official reports of the superior officers seeking to do justice, have been universally read throughout this community, your fellow citizens know and bear in mind these things, and will ever remember the sufferings, the endurance, the constant watchings and the many trials of their noble soldiers, during the whole active period of their military life.

In addressing however, you our Volunteers, we must not forget to mention, that Wyoming was favorably known and honorably represented in, other branches of the service. In the regular army the fearless and indelible Dr. Wright, of the medical establishment, Colt, Allabach, and others in the Infantry, were in all the engagements with the enemy, excepting only Buena Vista, from Palo Alto to Mexico, and stark, too, with the brave Louisianians, was in the thickest of the fight at Montevideo. The Pennsylvanians in all situations in the Army, have ever sustained and supported the American Eagle in its onward flight, boldly and steadily advancing, and never resting save on the pennon of victory.

But it is not our intention, my friends, (permit me so to call you) to detail acts of personal gallantry, or the various instances of conduct of our soldiers, meet for approbation and praise, or to mention all the many individuals, officers, sergeants, and privates, whose names the pen of history will record upon the scroll of glory—hours upon hours would be required so to do: it is enough to repeat the names of places, to touch the chord of recollection in the heart of each person here present, and to raise the universal shout of "well done, brave and faithful soldiers." In the beautiful and eloquent address, which was made to you at the time of your departure from among us, you were told "not to forget for a moment that you stood not alone, but were the representatives and the special guardians of the honor of Luzerne, and that in the riging of the battle, and the rush of some desperate fight, that you were Pennsylvanians, and had the character for chivalry of our noble Commonwealth to sustain."—You have fulfilled this behest—pure and unalloyed in your hand, remains the honor of your ancient Country; and Patterson and Cadwallader, and Wynkoop, Black and Bowman, the lamented Roberts, Geary and Brindle, with their officers and men, skilfully and workmanly have fitted the Keystone in the broad and chivalric arch of our United Country's fame. Luzerne receives back her quota of these gallant workmen, with cheers of three times three, and Pennsylvania may well be proud of the bravery of her children.

You have been with your fellow soldiers, the agents in mighty works—the progress of our invincible armies thro' the various portions of Mexico—their steady advance without a serious check driving before them the largely outnumbering forces of a cruel and treacherous enemy—the indomitable spirit which enabled them to overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable—ever victorious and never defeated—and under the guidance of Generals whose skill in strategy has received universal applause. These indeed were mighty events, and considering the times, the places and the circumstances may well be called wonderful. Invidious individuals in other counties, jealous of the character of our civil institutions, may meet at the feasts of a republican army, and seek to undervalue the name of our land, but truth, all prevailing truth, will enter the feasts upon the tablet of ages, and the ever pointed graver of time, and the soldiery of the Mexican war, can leave to his children, and his children's children, thro' all coming generations, the rich legacy of his well earned Military reputation.

It adds to your character, that you were not the decimate soldiers of tyrannic power, a conscript band torn unwillingly from your friends and your homes. You were volunteers—Citizen soldiers freely offering to the invitation of your country in her need, the services of her sons—and now when her warfare no longer requires your services, as freely and happily returning to the calm enjoyments of the rights of civil citizenship.

For years has young America been teaching to the old and haughty nations of Europe, these sublime truths, that all men are by nature free and equal, that all power is legitimately in the people, and that rulers are but the servants and agents of these mighty sovereigns. These truths ridiculed and despised as they have been, are now working among the intelligent and the honest of other lands,

and the revolution, abroad, are telling us, that they are known and felt. The flag of true republicanism, first raised in our own beloved Land, has been unfurled in other regions, (may the virtuous of all nations rally around it and sustain it, against the schemes and machinations of the ambitious and the wicked!) and the ancient monarchies of the world are entering and trembling before the brightness and the splendor of its folds. You, with your volunteer compatriots in the war which has just been closed, have aided in establishing another truth, to be added to the list of those we have already stated—that a free country can ever rely upon the military spirit of her people, voluntarily to be made effective whenever they necessarily shall require it. Emperors and Kings, claiming by rights, falsely termed divine, but in fact originally stolen and usurped from the people, may demand an oppressive standing army, to support their power; but in a free country, the prompt and ready wills of the sovereign people, patriotic and energetic, and each one regarding the rights of the public as his own, are ever sufficient to defend her. At Monterey, at Buena Vista, at Vera Cruz, at Cerro Gordo, at the siege of Puebla, in the various battles of the valley of Mexico, in the many skirmishes with the fierce and predatory hordes, of the Guarrillas, the Volunteer stood in the ranks with the Regular—the threats of the great Captain of the enemy, backed by heavy forces did not alarm—the entrenched camp, the fortified mountains flashing with its lances, and groaning under the weight of its heavy armaments, the castle and other buildings thoroughly garrisoned and strengthened by walls and ditches, did not deter either the one or the other—in the ardour of attack and in the coolness of defence there was no difference; unfeeling the meed of praise to each.

But we detain you from the many hands which are stretched forth to grasp you: Excuse me, for my heart is full, remembering in sadness the absent from your ranks, yet filled with gladness at your return, and with joy at the overflowing measures of our country's glory. You have been in the Providence of God wonderfully preserved, the weapons of the foe and the sickness of that terrible clime have passed you by—to Him, be our thanks and praises for Ever and Ever.

Sons of America, you have nobly upheld the honor of your flag—Children of Germany and of the green Isle of Erin, you have nobly stood by the Mother of your adoption—citizens of old Luzerne, native and adopted, the highest tribute we can render you, is to say that the sheen of the ancient spirit of Wyoming, the spirit of '78, has ever brightly gleamed in the splendor of your own achievements.

To all of you, we again say from our hearts, welcome, rich welcome! All hail to our returning warriors!

REFUSING TO DRINK WINE WITH WASHINGTON.—Towards the close of the revolutionary war, says Dr. Cox, an officer in the army had occasion to transact some business with Gen. Washington and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose. Before leaving, he received an invitation to dine with the General, which was accepted, and upon entering the room he found himself in the company of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. As they were mostly strangers to him, and he was of a naturally modest and unassuming disposition, he took a seat near the foot of the table, and refrained from taking an active part in the conversation. Just before the dinner was concluded, Gen. Washington called him by name and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

"You will have the goodness to excuse me, General," was the reply, "as I have made it a rule not to take wine."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise and horror ran round the room. That a person should be so un-social and so mean as to never drink wine, was really too bad, but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly intolerable. Washington saw at once the feelings of his guests and promptly addressed them:

"Gentlemen," said he, "Mr. — is right. I do not wish any of the guests to partake of anything against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their intercourse with me. I honor Mr. — for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which I have no doubt he has good and sufficient reasons."

GEMS FROM THE MINE OF KINDNESS.—Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold and diamonds, and precious stones, as you passed along the streets? It would make you feel happy for a moment to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, pleasant smiles, as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost—of which none can deprive you. Speak to that orphan child. The diamonds drop from her cheek. Take the hand of that friendless boy. Bright pearls flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected. A joy suffuses his cheek, more brilliant than the splendor of the precious stones. By the wayside, amid the city's din, and at the fireside of the poor; drop words and smiles to cheer and bless. You will feel happier, when resting on your pillow at the close of day, than if you had picked up a score of perishing diamonds. The latter fade and crumble in time; the former grow brighter with age, and proffer happier reflections forever.

Nothing is more easy than to magnify a trifling circumstance into a serious misfortune, by suffering the mind to dwell upon and place it in every possible point of view, each assuming a darker shade than the former. It is the common fault of a vivid imagination to exaggerate either good or evil.

The worstest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.