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## TOWANDA:

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### THE BATTLE WITH THE DESPOTS.

BY C. D. STUART.

I hear across the dark blue sea  
War's trumpet sounding  
And Nations struggling to be free;  
Like ocean-tides, resistless,  
Against Bayonets and serried spears,  
And thrones blood-bathed a thousand years,  
Are fiercely bounding!

Blood strews the trembling earth like rain,  
From brave hearts gushing;  
Wrath, woe and terror's bent refrain  
Pour from the mountain and the plain,  
And hand to hand, and face to face,  
Tyrants and serf to Death's embrace  
Are madly rushing!

Old Rhine's blue wave and Tincio's tide  
Are crimson flowing;  
Vineyards and farm-fields far and wide  
With dark encamping gore are dyed;  
Germans, and Scythians, and Savoyards  
Trampled for aye like bounded parids,  
With vengeance glowing—

Link hand with hand! one common foe  
To meet and battle;  
Red Austria, swathed in crimson glow,  
Must meet a murderer's fate—or woe  
To those who dare the ensanguined field,  
Mourning before her spears to yield,  
And cannon's rattle!

Old Rome looks on! the deepening light  
Inspiring valor—  
Who, loving Freedom, God and Right,  
Will shrink his task in fear or flight,  
And the Austrian torturer feels  
And Russia's soulless tyrant feels  
Fear's blanched pallor!

Strike one, strike all! for hearths and graves  
The combat quicken;  
Roll up your ranks like stormy waves,  
Strike, as ye would no more be slaves!  
For in this battle all is lost,  
Unless the tyrant and his host  
To earth be stricken!

Give truce to throne, nor crown, nor king!  
The death-torch lighted—  
Your blades on Austria's morion ring,  
Till from the shivered steel shall spring  
A fire, whose dreadful light shall shine  
Where freedom's voice on Freedom's shrine  
In blood are plighted!

[From the National Magazine.]

### THE CALIPH'S DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

Was his not heard of the vale of Cashmere,  
Who rose the brightest that earth ever gave,  
In temples, and groves, and fountains clear  
As the love-light eyes that hang over their wave?"

[LALLA ROOEH.]

It was the afternoon of a sultry day, and two females, both lovely, were seated by the side of a bath, in the garden of a delicious pavilion, among the hills of Persia. The sculpture adorning the bath, and the roses that grew around, not less than the attire of the females; bespoke luxury and rank. The youngest and loveliest of the two had just emerged from the water, and with a loose robe thrown around her, and one foot still dangling in the cool liquid, sat in a pensive attitude, while her companion who was evidently of lower rank, was endeavoring to console her.

"Nay, do not despair," said the latter. Your father may relent. Surely, if you throw yourself at his feet, and tell him that you love another, he will not force you to marry this strange prince."

"Alas! you little know the Caliph," replied his daughter. "When once she has resolved on a course of conduct, he is inexorable. It seems I was promised to this prince in infancy. There is no hope." And she burst into tears.

The Princess Amra, or as the poets of Ispaham called her, "Gul sed berk," the rose of a hundred leaves, had lived to the age of seventeen without loving. Her life had been spent wholly at the famous country palace, or rather hunting seat of the Caliph, a day's journey from the capital; her only employment being to walk with her female slaves, to play on the lute, and occasionally to go hawkwing, a sport still followed in the East.

One day, however, while flying her falcon, Amra became separated, for a few moments, from all her attendants except her favorite female companion. Just at this crisis, a leopard, pursued by some hunters, and mad with rage at the loss of her cub, broke from a neighboring thicket, and beholding the young princess, with a fierce growl sprang upon her. The beast alighted on the haunches of the jolly which Amra rode; and the next instant, thefangs of the wild animal would have fastened in the princess had not a lance, hurled with unerring aim whizzed by and transfixed the savage assailant. Amra and the leopard fell to the ground together, the first in a swoon, the last stone-dead.

The hunter who had thus opportunely come to the rescue, was a remarkable handsome youth, some four or five years older than the princess, but evidently of inferior rank. His attire indeed was that of a native of the hills, though worn with more taste than usual. He lifted Amra from the ground, carried her to a spring had by, and sprinkling her face with water, while her attendant stood motionless, as yet bewildered with fright. Soon the young princess opened her eyes, and finding those of her preserver fixed steadily upon her, blushed deeply. In a few minutes her train came running, when the hunter resigned his lovely burden, and withdrew to pick up his lance. When the tumult of Amra's attendants had subsided, and they came to look for the youth, they found he had disappeared.

For many weeks the young princess caused inquiries to be made after the hunter, but in vain; no one could remember to have seen him, either before or since that day; meantime, Amra thought of him by day, and dreamed of him by night.—Educated as she had been, the romance of the rescue was irresistible to her heart. One day when again a hawkwing, and when again separated from her train, the hunter suddenly appeared before her.

The stranger implored silence, saying in tones that Amra thought inexpressibly musical:—

"For many weeks I have followed you unseen, whenever you have gone abroad; but dared not make myself visible on account of your attendants. The distance between the daughter of a Caliph and a poor soldier is immeasurable, yet, nevertheless, so let me at the same distance worship you. I have loved you from the moment I saw you shrinking in terror from that wild beast."

As the hunter spoke, he stood respectfully, with his head slightly bent, before Amra, so that she thought she had never seen any one half so handsome. She was silent, for she knew not what to reply. Her heart, however, pleaded loudly in his favor. In Persia the freedom of females is greater than in other oriental countries, and Amra moreover had been taught to roam where she pleased in the vicinity of the palace; so no wonder that, in the end, love triumphed, and she yielded a tacit assent to another meeting. No such interview indeed was proposed by the hunter, but his eyes at parting looked his wish, and Amra the very next day, by accident as she tried to persuade herself turning her steps towards the trysting spot, accompanied by her confidential attendant, met the hunter there.

This was the beginning of a romance which continued for several months. After a few interviews, Amra no longer disguised her affections; and thereafter, they met by explicit appointment, as they had before by a tacit agreement. What language can describe the bliss of the first love! The young Princess during these months lived in a dream of Paradise. She forgot that her entor could never aspire to her hand, she ceased to remember she was plighted to another in childhood: all she thought of was the felicity of the present moment. But to this vision of happiness there came a rude awakening. Her lover had long since told her that he was an officer in the Caliph's army; and now he informed her that he had been summoned to join the troops waging war against the Turks. She was almost heart-broken at the separation. But this blow was nothing to what followed.

One night, a courier arrived covered with dust, at the pavilion. He bore a perfumed missive from Amra's father, announcing his intention to visit his summer palace, the following day. The letter concluded as follows:—"The young Prince Hafiz, to whom you were betrothed in childhood, will accompany me in order to consummate the nuptials. Be ready, therefore to greet us with your richest attire, a train of your handsomest slaves, and what will be even more flattering to your future lord, your sweetest smiles. The prince is noble looking, and as powerful as he is handsome. I am proud to give him my favorite daughter. Allah it allia!"

This epistle, as may be supposed, opened Amra's eyes to the folly, or if not the folly, the hopelessness of her love. Had her suitor been within call, she would have thrown herself into his arms, willingly sacrificing wealth, rank and a father's blessing for an humble condition of life shared with the young hunter who had won her virgin heart.—But he was far away, and no shadow of escape was open to her. She saw with agony inexpressible, that submission was her only course; but she thought day and night, how terrible would be her lover's anguish, when on his return from the wars, after seeking her in vain at the usual trysting place he would learn that she was lost to him forever. The conversation between her and her attendant, with which our story begins, had been on this mournful theme; and it was the last conversation that they could ever hold on the subject; for that evening the Caliph and Prince Hafiz were expected at the pavilion.

It was with many tears that the young princess yielded herself to the hands of her attendants, to be attended for the approaching interview. At last, arrayed in garments of the richest texture, and decked with the choicest gems, she came forth from the inner bower of the harem, and took her seat on the cushions of the receiving room. This was a large apartment, with walls painted in arabesques of blue and silver and divans of blue satin running around it. The floor was tasseled marble. In the centre of the apartment a fountain threw up its sparkling jet, diffusing a fresh coolness around.—Through the lattices a view was obtained of the garden of the pavilion, which full of fragrant trees, at every gust of the breeze sent its aromatic odors through the apartment.

The heart of Amra beat fast, for she knew that while her slaves had been sitting her, the Caliph and his guest had arrived; and she expected, every moment to see the curtain lifted from the entrance and hear the eunuch in waiting announce both her visitors. But she was disappointed, for only her parent appeared.

She sprang up with insincere affection, forgetting everything but that her father was before her, and threw herself around his neck. On his part he returned her embrace fondly, and then holding her at arms' length, gazed proudly on his rosy child.

"Thou art beautiful as ever, my rose of roses," he said, "only thy cheek is paler than wont—and that too when I looked to see it so bright: for even a Caliph's daughter may be proud of the alliance I bring you."

Boor Amra, who at these words remembered all her troubles, burst into tears.

"Weeping," said the Caliph in surprise and with anger in his tones, "why, shame on you girl, this will spoil your eyes! I have promised Prince Hafiz that he shall see you directly and now you look like a fright. La-illah—il Allah—this is too bad."

Still the girl wept on, and now more convulsively than ever, till at last the father's heart was touched, and this tone of anger changed for one of concern.

"What ails thee, darling?" he said fondly. "Is it anything thy father, the Caliph, can do for thee?"

Are thy jewels scant, thy wardrobe wanting, thy slaves not handsome enough—what is it?"

This tone of sympathy and affection went to Amra's heart, and gave her taint hopes that the revelation of her story, and an appeal to her father's generosity might not prove unsuccessful. She looked up, therefore, through her tears, and said:—

"Oh! father save me from this marriage. I do not love this strange prince, whom I have not seen, but another."

"What?" he said, "dare you tell me this!—Love another! Where have you seen another, to love? By Allah, the head of every servant here shall pay for this indiscretion." And as he spoke, he half unheathed his scimitar. Then, sending it back into his scabbard with a thrust that made it ring he stalked furiously up to Amra, who had now sunk on the divan, and continued—"hear, shame on your face, and obey. I shall send Prince Hafiz here. I bid you to receive him as you ought, for this very night the nuptials shall be celebrated.—And mark me, not a whisper of this mad love to him, or by the bones of my ancestors the prophet, it shall be the last day of your life."

With these words the incensed parent turned and left the apartment, bent on seeking out and punishing the guilty. Amra watched him until the curtain concealed him from sight, and then sank back on the divan with a shriek. The room receded round her next instant, after which consciousness deserted her.

When she came to herself she was reclining in some person's arms by the side of the fountain, and her face was profusely wet with water. She opened her eyes. A well known face—it was that of her hunter lover—gazed down on her. She uttered a cry of joy, and made a feeble effort to cling closer to him.

"Save me," she cried. "You can save me, or you would not be here. Is the prince gone or has he not entered? Haste or it will be too late."—And she gazed terrified toward the door.

"Fear nothing, dear one," said the hunter. "I am both your lover and the prince. Yes!" he added, as she endeavored to rise, and gazed at him in wild astonishment, "I am Prince Hafiz, who chose to woo his bride before receiving her, because he wished to be loved for himself and not for his rank. Forgive the pain my stratagem has caused you for a while; for here I swear, by the good Allah, never to give you anxiety again."

And Amra, unable to speak, with glad tears running from her eyes, hid her face on her lover's bosom, and in her heart blessed him for what had done, since it had purchased her the exquisite happiness of that moment.

The reader may well believe the nuptials were not delayed, and that the princess never looked lovelier than on the occasion. The Caliph forgot his anger, and forgave every thing, when he heard that the hunter and Prince Hafiz were one.

To this day the story of the Caliph's daughter is the favorite tale of the maidens of Shiraz; and often, as evening falls, the soft notes of their voices rehearsing it, float through the closed lattices of their harems.

TO THOSE WHO TAKE NO INTEREST IN POLITICS.—In a letter written in 1834, Lamarine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motives for entering political life:

When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our consciences at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but a grain of sand. He will say to us, I placed before you, in your day, the two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed; in one was good, and in the other evil. You were but a grain of sand, no doubt, but who told you that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to incline on my side? You had intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other; you did neither. Let the wind drift it away; it has not been of any use to you or your brethren.

NIGHT.—Night is beautiful itself, but still more beautiful in its association; it is not linked, as day is, with our cares and our toils—the business and littleness of life. The sunshine brings with it action; we rise in the morning, and our task is before us—and night comes, and with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask not of dress forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought. Imagination has thrown her glories around the midnight—the orbs of heaven, the silence, the shadows are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight falls upon but upon pavement and roof, the heart would be softened, and mind elevated amid the loveliness of Night's deepest and stillest hours.

MORE GOLD.—It was told "on change" yesterday morning, that one of the volunteers who went from this city to California in Col. Stevenson's regiment, had returned with fifty pounds of the dust. Like the rest of the diggers, he had not shaved in months, and as a consequence carried a monstrous pair of whiskers. Not wishing longer to sport these, he went into one of the barber shops and had them cut off. After he went out, the knight of the razor brushed from the sandy-colored whiskers two thousand dollars worth of gold dust!

ENFORCING THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—At a Sabbath Convention held in Kingston, New Jersey, last week, resolutions were adopted against the passage of boats upon the Delaware and Baitan Canal, and against the running of cars between Philadelphia and New York, on the Sabbath day. The convention also urged upon Judges and Grand Jurors to enforce the law against Sabbath profanation. No exception was made in favor of the Sunday mail train.

FREAK OF GENIUS.—"Kitty, where's the frying pan?" "Johnny's got it, carting mud and clambells up the alley, with the cat for a horse."

"BE QUIET, DO I'LL CALL MY MOTHER."

As I was sitting in a wood,  
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,  
Musing in pleasant solitude,  
Who should come up but John, my lover!  
He pressed my hand and kiss'd my cheek;  
Then warmer growing, kiss'd the other,  
While I exclaim'd, and strove to shriek,  
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He saw my anger was sincere,  
And lovingly began to chide me;  
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,  
He said him on the grass beside me.  
He feign'd such pretty amorous woe,  
Breathed such sweet words one after other,  
I could but smile, while whispering low,  
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He talked so long, and talked so well,  
And swore he meant not to deceive me:  
I felt more grief than I can tell,  
When, with a sigh he rose to leave me:  
"Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go!  
I love thee better than all other;  
There is no need of hurry so:  
I never meant to call my mother!"

### Origin of the Soil.

The idea that a great portion of the soil derives its origin from solid rocks, may, after all we have said about it, be a poser to some. But can you not conceive of a fragment of a rock, so small as to be invisible to the naked eye? And can you not conceive of another piece of that same rock, a little bigger, another little bigger still—perhaps just big enough to emerge into the region of visibility? And can you not go on the ascending scale, until you arrive in your conceptions at the size of a pin head, and continue your progress, until you mount up to the size of a pea, and then to one as large as a hickory nut, and so on? Well then, can you not conceive, that the ingredients of which these little bits of rock, are composed, may all be purchased in a drug shop, the only difference being, that in the one case, they exist in their original state of combination, and in the other, in a state of decomposition, or of re-composition? As we find them in the shops, they exist, for the most part, either in a state of solution already, or else in a state in which they are capable of being dissolved in water or other liquids. As they exist in the soil, the process of solution through the agency of air and moisture, is necessarily very slow.

If, however, the requisite agencies could be brought to bear, the process of decomposition in the soil, might be hastened to an indefinite extent. Of this some conception may be formed from the fact, that a patent has recently been taken out for an invention by means of which the potash in felspar rock, may be extracted for agricultural and other purposes. Felspar is one of the three mineral substances which constitute granite, and contains different proportions of potash, but averaging about fifteen per cent. The process consists in the application of chemical agencies, as sulphuric acid. It is a wise arrangement of providence, however, that the mineral ingredients of the soil are not, to any considerable extent, subjected to the action of these powerful agencies, as their solution would be affected at too rapid a rate, for the purpose of vegetation.

To help your conceptions on this subject, suppose you take a piece of granite, one of the hardest of all rocks, and subject it to intense heat, and while in this state, pour water upon it, and you will find, that you have reduced it to powder, and prepared it for incorporation in the soil, subject to the same laws of decomposition through the influence of air and moisture, as other portions of the soil, which have been derived from the same source.

And what child is not familiar with the fact, that solid limestone is reduced to powder by being subjected to the heat of the kiln and exposed to the action of the atmosphere? Previous to being heated the solid rock is simply carbonate of lime. By the action of heat, the carbonic acid is liberated and driven off, leaving the lime in a state to be incorporated with the soil, as a fertilizing element.

And who does not know, that gypsum, (sulphate of lime) as it is found in its native bed, exists in the form of rock, and can only be made available to the purpose of vegetable nutrition, to any considerable extent, by being subjected to a process of pulverization? In this case, however, the change is simply physical, the chemical change taking place after its application to the soil.

Well then, if man can devise so many ways of effecting the decomposition of rocks, and reducing them to a state in which, as an integral portion of the soil, they may become food for the growing plant, think you, that nature has no way of her own to affect the same object? Indeed she has, and a far more excellent way than any of man's devising. To be sure, we see none of that hurry and bustle about her, which are so conspicuous in the operations of man. She goes to work in her own way, and in accordance with her own laws, brings about the mighty result—deliberately indeed, but in a far better manner, than could be done by the hasty process of artificial appliances.

In Michigan, the mineral properties of the soil, or rather of the subsoil, are about the same at the depth of fifteen, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet, or till you reach the solid rock, as they are near the surface, inasmuch that when thrown out from a great depth in digging wells, they will, after being exposed for a time, to the action of air and moisture, produce about as well as the original surface soil. And there is no reason why it should not be so, as those elements, and that depth, resulted from the decomposition of the same parent rock, unless we should find a difficult in accounting for the fact, that a sufficient supply of organic matter should be absorbed from the atmosphere, to make those elements available.

In the light of the above, we see the reason why stones in a cultivated field, are actually a benefit to the soil. It is rather a popular opinion, that they are, in some way a benefit, but how they produce their beneficial effects, does not seem to be so well understood. We have heard persons ascribe the effect to their power of attracting moisture. But

they undoubtedly cause more evaporation of moisture than they attract, by reason of the heat which they absorb and retain, which heat, by the way, may be and doubtless, to some extent, beneficial to the soil. But the main benefit to the soil from the presence of stones, results, undoubtedly from their decomposition, by which means its mineral elements, are, to some extent, constantly replenished. Through the action of the carbonic acid, and the ammonia which descends in rain water, all stones are constantly giving up a portion (small though it may be) of mineral elements, and so far they may be considered a part and parcel of the soil itself. They exert precisely the same agency in the economy of vegetable nutrition, as the invisible fragment of the rock above spoken of does only, in proportion to the bulk, it is, of course, far less, in proportion as the comparative area of the surface exposed, is less; and less too in proportion as their exposure to moisture is less. Stones, however, may be so plentiful in a field, that the removal of a portion of them would do less injury, than their presence would harm.

### Death of Colonel Henry Clay.

But most sad, and yet most glorious of all, it was to see the death of the second Henry Clay! You should have seen him, with his back against yonder rock, his sword grasped firmly, as the consciousness that he bore a name that must not die ingloriously, seemed to fill his every vein and dart a deadly fire from his eyes!

At that moment he looked like the old Man.

For his brow, high and retreating, with the blood-clotted hair waving back from its outline, was swollen in every vein as though his soul shone from it, ere she fled forever. Lips set, brows knit, hand firm—a circle of his men fighting round him—he dashed into the Mexicans, until his sword was wet, his arm weary with blood.

At last, with his thigh splinted by a ball, he gathered his proud form to its full height and fell. His face ashy with intense agony, he bade his comrades to leave him there to die. That ravine, should be the bed of his glory.

But gathering round him, a guard of breast and steel—while two of their number bore him tenderly along—those men of Kentucky fought round their fallen hero, and as, retreating step by step, they launched their swords and bayonets into the faces of the foe, they said with every blow HENRY CLAY!

It was wonderful to see how that name nerved their arms, and called a smile to the dying hero. How it would have made the heart of the old man of Ashland throb, to have heard his name, yelling as a battle cry, down the shadows of that lonely pass!

Along the ravine, and up the narrow path! The hero bleeds as they bear him on, and tracks the way with his blood. Faster and thicker the Mexican swarm—they see the circle around the fallen man, even see his pale face, uplifted as a smile crosses its fading lineaments, and like a pack of wolves scenting the frozen traveller at dead of night, they come howling up the rocks, and charge the devoted band with one dense mass of bayonets.

Up and on! The light shines yonder, on the topmost rock of the ravine. It is the setting sun. Old Taylor's eye is upon that rock, and there we will fight our way, and die in the old man's sight!

It was a murderous way, that path up the steep, bank of the ravine! Littered with dead, slippery with blood, it grew blacker every moment with swarming Mexicans, and the defenders of the wounded hero fell one by one, into the chasms yawning all around.

At last they reached the light, the swords and bayonets glitter in sight of the contending armies, and the bloody contest roars towards the topmost rock.

Then it was, that gathering up his dying frame—armed with supernatural vigor—young Clay started from the arms of his supporters, and stood with outstretched hands, in the light of the setting sun. It was a glorious sight which he saw there, amid the rolling battle clouds; Santa Anna's formidable array hurled back into ravine and gorge by Taylor's little band! But a more glorious thing it was to see that dying man, standing for the last time, in the light of that sun, which never shall rise for him again!

"Leave me!" he shrieked as he fell back on the sod—"I must die, and I will die here! Peril your lives no longer for me! There is work for you yonder!"

The Mexicans crowding on, hungry for slaughter, left no time for thought. Even as he spoke, their bayonets, glittering by hundreds, were levelled at the throats of the devoted band. By the mere force of their overwhelming numbers, they crushed them back from the side of the dying Clay. One only lingered—a brave man who had known the chivalric soldier, and loved him long; he stood there, and covered as he was with blood, heard these last words:

"Tell my father how I died, and give him these pistols!"

Lifting his ashy face into light, he turned his eyes upon his comrade's face—placed the pistols in his hand—fell back to his death.

That comrade, with the pistols in his grasp fought his way alone to the topmost rock of the path, and only once looked back. He saw a quivering form, canopied by bayonets—he saw those outstretched hands grappling with points of steel—he saw a pale face lifted once in the light, and then darkness rushed upon the life of the young HENRY CLAY.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.

It is a mark of a depraved mind, to sneer at a deformed old age, or to ridicule any one who is deformed in his person or lacheth understanding.

There is something so great in a simple, good action, that the man who, in his whole life, has performed even one, can never be wholly despicable.

### Doing a Landlord, or Getting the Value Out.

There was in a quiet little village through which the "great National Road" through Ohio passes, a Hotel where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of said Hotel was noted for his "tricks upon travellers," who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his horns,) and sing out "stage ready, gentlemen!" whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out and take their seats, leaving a sparingly tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to fork over fifty cents. Our hero was one of nine male passengers in a stage coach which was slowly approaching the village above mentioned, one cold morning in February, 183—

"Gentlemen," said one of the nine, "I will caution you against heeding the delusive phantom of hope, as regards getting breakfast at the Hotel we are approaching."

"What!—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, you may as well keep your seats and tin!"

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh yes! they expect you to it, but not to eat it. I am under the impression, that there is an understanding between the landlord and driver, that, for sundry and various drinks, etc., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"Why, wot on earth you talking 'bout? Ef you calculate I'm goin' to pay 'four ninepences' for my breakfast and not get the value on it, you air mistaken!" said a voice from the back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding.—

"I'm goin' tew get my breakfast yere, and not pay 'nary red' till I dew."

"Then you'll be left?"

"Not as you knows on, I won't!"

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord "ready to do the hospitable," says—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents! Here's water, basins, towels and soap." After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim, "Stage ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their 50 cts., and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquired the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining room, the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the "size of a horse's lip."

"You'll be left, sir! Stage is going to start!"

"Wa! I haint got nothing tew say agin it!" draws out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir, better take your seat."

"Dew wot?"

"Get in, sir!"

"I'll be gaul-darned ef I dew, nuther, 'till I've got my breakfast! I paid fur it, and I'm goin' to get the value on it! and ef yew calls me 'nair', yew air mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack on the edibles. Biscuit, coffee, steaks, &c., &c., disappeared rapidly before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, Squire, then these cakes is 'bout East; fetch us nuther crust on 'em. You?" (to the waiter,) "nuther cup of hot air coffee. Pass them eggs." Raise yew're own Pork Squire! Ham't got much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew'n't right smart 'trade, squire, I callate. Dew'n't lay yew're own eggs, dew ye?" and thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord, until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, Squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude payin' my dewvotens tew this ere table, but ef yew'd jus' giv' us a bowl o' bread and milk tew sort tew put with, I'd be obleeged tew ye."

So it goes landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk, and bread, and set them before Hez.

"Spewn tew, if you please?"

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty silver ones laying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say yew! dew you think them passengers is goin' tew pay yew for a breakfast and not get no compensation?"

"Ah! what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No I don't think, but I am certain."

"Ef they are all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' tew locate immediately and tew wotn."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the Hotel, Hez comes out to take his seat, and says—

"Heow air yew, gents! I'm rotten glad to see yew!"

Landlord says to Hez, "Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?"

"Pint him out? Sartilly, I ken. Say, Squire! I paid yew four ninepences for a breakfast, and I callate I got the value on it! Yew'll find them spoons in the coffee pot!"

"Go ahead, all aboard, driver!"

Truth.—A parent may leave an estate to his son, but how soon may it be mortgaged! He may leave him money, but how soon it may be squandered. Better leave him a sound constitution, habits of industry, an unblemished reputation, a good education, and an inward abhorrence of vice, in any shape or form; these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

Nothing is too good to be done. Nothing is too loving for the heart. Nothing is too thoughtful for the mind. Nothing is too powerful for the hand. There cannot be too much piety, too much patriotism, too much philanthropy.