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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 13, 1856.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

Ecotic blossoms! brought to grace
The Plymouth's rocky glebe;
From mothers of a noble race
Of stern and stalwart men;
Strong was the trust with which ye braved
The dangers of the sea—
And strong the unseen power that saved
The mothers of the free!

Then swiftly o'er the smiling deep
The fragile May-dew flew,
While stars their solemn watch would keep
On ponder fields of blue—
Fall off your forms, as slight and fair
As any dower of spring,
Were meekly bowed in trusting prayer
To heaven's exalted King.

Cold was your greeting from the shore
That seemed in dreams so fair;
The winter tempest's sullen roar
Sung ye a welcome there—
The Indian peered above the hill,
With wonder in his eyes,
The noisy sea-birds answered shrill
The tempest-spirits' cry.

Oh, Pilgrim Mothers! few the lyres
Your praises to prolong;
Though Fame embalms the pilgrim sires,
And trumpets them in song!
Ye were to those hearts of oak
The secret of their might;
Ye were the arm that hurled the stroke
In labor or in fight.

The fire of freedom warmed each breast,
Were piloted soft in dreamy rest
Our infant father's lay!
Ye taught them when their simple prayers
Were breathed beside the knee,
The lessons that in after years
Were harkens for the free.

Ye taught to spurn the tyrant's claim,
And bowed to God alone!
Ye kindled in their breasts the flame
That kindled in your own;
Ye after years dowered purple gore,
And fields were strewn with dead—
E. m. hands the stony banner bore—
Aggression trembling fled!

Oh, Pilgrim Mothers! though ye lie
Perchance in graves unknown,
A memory which cannot die
Has claimed ye for its own;
A sacredness that bleak shone
Your dust shall age impart;
Your requiem—the ocean's roar,
Your shrine—a nation's heart!

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was upon a time a poor mason, or brick-layer, in Grenada, who kept all the saints' days and holy days, and saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and sorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Mark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger, "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so, being blindfolded, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what seemed like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a parlor, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was a large basin of an old Moorish fountain under which the priest requested him to form a small pile of bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but with finishing the job. Just before daybreak, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre, provided I am as well paid."

"Well, then, to-morrow, at midnight, I will call again."

He did so, and the result was completed.

"Now," said the priest, "you must help me to dig forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps to a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jacks standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a different route from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexing maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand—"Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you," so saying he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matins peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Xenil,

from whence he made the best of his way home, and revealed with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep saints' days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gipsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a gripping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from between a pair of anxious shaggy eyebrows.

"I am told friend that you are very poor?"

"There is no denying that fact, Senor, it speaks for itself."

"I presume, then, that you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap?"

"As cheap, my master, as any mason in Grenada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house falling to decay, that costs me more money than it is worth to keep in repair, for nobody will live in it, so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment for a dreaming recollection of the place come over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house, formerly?"

"A peasant upon him!" cried the landlord; "it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leather purse. The worst lock has fallen on me, for since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name upon my house, and not a tenant will let me in."

"Enough," said the mason, sturdily, "I will live in your house rent-free until some better tenant present, and I will engage to put it in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good Christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even tho' he should come in the shape of a bag of money!"

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved, with his family, into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard by night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but begun to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason.

In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Grenada; he gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until his death to his son and heir.

FAMILY NEWSPAPERS.—Few persons have any just conception of the extent of their indebtedness to the papers for the information they possess and the moral sentiments they cherish. Compared with any past age of the world, this is a remarkably enlightened period. A large portion of the people have a considerable share of correct information on almost all topics of any real importance. Religion, geography, history, the political condition of the world, astronomy, the important practical features of natural philosophy, something of geology, chemistry as applied to agriculture and the mechanic arts, and many other subjects, are familiarized to the popular mind. Most persons can talk intelligently about them without pretending to learning or research.

But how did they come by this knowledge. Not at school, nor from books—generally speaking—but by picking up, here a little, and there a little, from the family newspapers in imperceptible instalments. Let any one ask himself where he obtained his knowledge of any particular fact. He is probably unable to tell because it came silently, unperceptibly, in the newspaper.

The same is true in regard to our best moral impressions and sentiments. They have been suggested, reiterated and fastened on the mind by the family press. The pulpit does much; parental instruction, in many cases does much; but the press more than both. Let any reader of a well considered family paper, open its pages and consider thoughtfully its contents. There are in a single number sometimes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred separate and distinct articles each one conveying an idea, a fact, or a sentiment, and stated or illustrated so as to produce an effect, or enlarging the reader's store of knowledge, or giving a right direction to thought, feeling and action.—Must not all this have its influence, and in the aggregate a mighty influence upon the reader? We think so.

No reflecting man can fail to see that the fifty-two visits in a year of a carefully conducted paper, intelligent, correct, elevated in moral tone, and withal interesting in its contents, must exert a great and blessed influence upon domestic life. Children growing up under such influences, are far more likely to be intelligent, correct in their opinions and morals, and better prepared for the active duties of life, than they could possibly have been without it.

To expect to be great without having enemies; to expect trees to shed their fruit without being "pelted." For bringing a man's intellect out, there is nothing like a little wholesome abuse. Without the Edinburgh Review, Byron would never have got above mediocrity in his life.

[From the Boston Post.]
SIR, A SECRET MOST IMPORTANT.
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"I'll tell you what it is, Barley, I've no business here."

"I came for business, you for pleasure."

"True, but it was for a day, and you have made a week of it. Here I am, twenty-five miles from the city—"

"An awful distance, truly, that you may accomplish on the railroad in forty-five minutes."

"Yes, but I might as well be with the Khan of Tartary, as here, inasmuch as nobody at home knows of my visit to this city of spiders."

"We will be back to-day—this hour if you like."

"This hour we must, if at all," and in a short time we were shooting over the Boston and Lowell Railroad. It was the last trip for the day, and when we reached the city it was nearly or quite dark. Baggage I had none, so I refused the importunities of a score of hackney coachmen, and footed it alone up to Leverett street.

"Very mysterious," I overheard a knot of men say, at the corner of Barton street.

"About twenty-five years of age," said one of the group at the corner of Vernon street. Just my age exactly. "The body was found in the water yesterday," said another. "Indeed, and do they know it was he?" "Yes, by his clothing; the face was so terribly disfigured that his friends could not recognize it."

Another case of suicide, thought I. Well, I shall know all about it when I get home; but I stopped again, before a store in Green street, where a man was reading from the evening paper, aloud, a paragraph about the suicide; the name I did not hear. "A young man of respectable connections—retired and modest to timidity in his manners, and of irascible private character. No possible reason except temporary insanity, can be assigned for the deed. He has left a wife and two children."

"Poor fellow!" I sighed, and pushed on. Let me see—the tenth hour is passed, and my help-mate thought a very good woman in her way, will not fail to give me a pretty affectionate bit of a lecture for my week's indulgence of a want disposition. Bitter though such a visitation may be, it is no provocative of appetite—and I took the precaution to drop into an eating-house, thus to take my wife's lectures on a full stomach. The curtain drawn upon me, I was too busy for a few moments to notice anything out of the four feet square box in which I was discussing a pretty substantial supper. Presently, appetite somewhat appeased, I became less occupied in creature comfort and involuntarily listened to the conversation of two persons from whom I was divided by the low partition.

"He must have been temperate."

"No, he was not."

"In debt, then?"

"I was acquainted with him."

And I knew that voice, but I could not immediately recollect whose it was. He proceeded.

"I was well acquainted with him. He was remarkably economical—prudent to a fault, yet very benevolent—acutely sensible to the sufferings of the unfortunate about him—very sensitive—yearning for sympathy in his sombre moods, and always anxious to impart his pleasure to those about him. He would deny a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, nothing."

My picture to the life, thought I, as I nibbled at the last fragment of flesh on a drum stick. Hope my good feelings will never lead me to suicide.—Paid my cent and exit, just as theologist of the dead emerged from his cell.

When I reached street, a crowd was turning into it. I joined the tail of the throng, and hearing a discourse upon the unchristian topic, the suicide, wondered which of my neighbors it was, and wished I had staid at Lowell until, at least, "seven of the nine days of wonder" had passed over. But, thought I, out of evil, good may come—and, upon the whole, I am glad he lived in this street. My wife, from the circumstances, may be acquainted with his family, and there will, of course, be a diversion of her attention from my deficiencies. Wonder if she has heard of it? If not, such a delightfully interesting and authentic piece of news will be an excellent peace-offering. So thinking, I turned down a court—made a circuit, and reached my door before my crowd. Took out my key, entered the hall, and put my hand upon the sitting-room door, which stood an inch ajar. Unusual noises there, made me hesitate.

"Will they bring him home to-night?" sobbed my rib—and then she burst into a fit of outrageous weeping, which would have prevented the possibility of her hearing, had a reply been attempted—and all the women, of whom I was supposed by the sound there must have been a dozen at least, accompanied, but in a more dutiful, and regulated and compliant pitch.

Her old hysterics again thought I. Hang it, but she's too compassionate—she could hardly weep with a better relish for myself. A tap on the outer door—and as I looked out at the side lights, I saw the whole posse of charitable neighbors, sisters, and others, who upon any mournful occasion crowd themselves forward, solely because they think nobody at such a time will have the nerve to kick them back. One of the women brushed by me to open the door—a washed a clergyman as a pioneer—then there was a rush of some half dozen of the crowd—then came a coffin. I stopped for no word but boiled for the kitchen stairs. At the head stood the only member of my kitchen cabinet—a dusky wench, who the moment I came near enough for the light of the lamp she held fell upon my features, set up a howl, and rolled down the light backward. She hardly touched the floor, but bounded up again, and made her escape at a back window, taking the sash with her, to be sure, I suppose, for an aperture to creep in at, on her return.

I began to have my misgivings, and sat down in the kitchen to console myself how tract in the dilemma. A man descended the stairs.

"Can you tell me, sir, whose body they have brought to the house?"

"Yes—it will kill his wife—she takes on shockingly."

"But who was he?"

"Who?"

"Yes—who?"

"Beautiful family—pity it was so broken up."

"Will you tell me who is the drowned man, or not?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"I caught up the tongue."

"It is Mr. Albert Easy—and I expect I'll have to make a coffin for his wife too—poor woman."

"Upon my honor, my friends have done well to drown, and make preparations to bury me, without my knowledge."

Through the Reverend Pastor, my wife was apprised of my actual existence, the coffin and the corpse of the family physician, she escaped death from the surprise—and through the grief had given her, and the joy consequent upon its removal I escaped upbraiding. The clothes the defunct wore, were once mine—that was a fact; but I had made him a present of them but a week before, without my wife's knowledge,—for, in all such disposals of property, I have found it safe to consider her my left hand, and to obey the scripture injunction, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. The corpse removed to a city building, I had tended by the defunct; detailed the whole affair, and ended by telling him I held him guilty.

"How?"

"You persuaded me off and would not even hear of my notifying my family of the journey."

"I expected to return the same day, but, young man, I shall, for what you have suffered, in your own person and that of your wife, you twin being one flesh, amply compensate you."

"I won't hear of such a thing."

"Yes, but you will; it cost me nothing, and will vastly benefit you, I shall impart to you a secret."

I see—old attend, thinking I was about to hear of an anticipated rise or fall of some stock, or of some other mode of making money, known only to the knowing ones.

"During my acquaintance with you, I have discovered your entire ignorance of one of the most simple but useful things in the world; nay, it is indispensable to prosperity, and would have saved you the whole of your late relaxation, if put in exercise, when I asked you to leave the city, unprepared."

"Well, and what is it?"

"The monosyllable NO, otherwise necessary to your friends than your enemies. The latter knowing, and suspecting that you know the relation in which you mutually stand, seldom give you opportunity to deny them anything; but friends do every day. Stop and sup with me, and—"

"NO!"

Origin of Coal.

The immense beds of bituminous coal found in the valleys of the Ohio fill the mind with wonder. Age after age, successive growths of plants, springing up in the same region, were entombed beneath thick strata of shale to the depth of more than a thousand feet; while beneath the whole lays the bed of an ocean floor with fossil shells. Indications of coal are found at intervals, across the great valley, from the Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains. It is found near the surface in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri; and without doubt, may be found beneath the extensive territory deposits which form the substratum of the great prairie in the central and northern parts of the Western States. As low down as New Madrid on the Mississippi, coal was thrown up from beneath the bed of the river, by the great earthquake of 1812—a sufficient proof of its continuation in the most depressed part of the great valley.

That the coal is of vegetable origin, one who reads much on the subject, or personally examined the coal beds, will not deny. Time was when it was considered a peculiar mineral product, formed in the same manner and at the same time with the rocks that surround it. The product of its chemical analysis, being altogether vegetable, and the artificial formation of coal from wood by Sir James Hall, have silenced all doubts on the subject. The only mystery now is, how such vast quantities of vegetable matter could be accumulated and grown on the spot where they were buried. That they grew in general, on the surface now occupied by the coal, appears certain from the stems preserved. Had they been transported by currents of water, and especially from any distance, it is hardly possible that they should not have received more damage. The climate at that period must have been more warm and more humid than at present, as many of the plants are of those families which now grow only in tropical climates; and as the laws of nature never change, this may be deemed a correct inference.—Silliman's Journal.

THE CEMENT SYSTEM.—Mrs. Jones, mother wants to know if you'll lend her your baby to go begging with to-morrow; she'll give you half the gets."

"No, tell her I won't, because she owes me a quarter for the last time she had it, and besides, she pecked cherry stones down its throat and stuck pins in it to make it cry?"

THE TATTY.—When you have lost money in the street, every one is ready to help you look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

FURRY.—Mr. Monroe brought a bill on Saturday, in the lower house of the Legislature of New York, authorizing the taxation of barbers for the benefit of old maids and orphans.

ECONOMY.—A man who chews fourteen dollars worth of tobacco annually, and stops his newspaper because he cannot afford to take it.

A Night Among Wolves.
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

It was a night of January, 17— We had been to a fine quilting party, about two miles from our settlement of four or five hours. It was rather late, about 12 o'clock, I should guess, when the party broke up. There was a moon, a dull over-head sky, and a few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their dull light as they shone through the dingy curtain. There was six of us in company—Henry Mason and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters, and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next-door neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl, that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart, so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent besides, that everybody loved her, and she had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder, then, that Harry Mason loved her—boy that he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deeper, a great deal than ever fell of late years—but the surface was frozen strong enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a long, low howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were close to my own, and a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—"The wolves! the wolves!"

Did you ever see a wolf—not one of your caged, broken down, show animals, which are exhibited for six-pence a sight, and children half price—but a fierce, half-starved rager of the wintry forest, howling over the barren snow, actually mad with hunger? There is not one of God's creatures which has got such a fiendish look as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another and another howl; and then we could distinctly hear the quick patter of the feet behind us. We all turned right about and looked in the direction of the sound. "The devils are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies. And so, in fact, they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a pow-pow. We had no weapons of any kind, and we knew enough of the nature of these vile creatures who followed us, to know it would be useless to contend with them. There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree!—let us climb this tree!" I cried, springing forward towards a low boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance could be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us, and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold, and we soon began to shiver and shake like so many sailors on the topmast of an ice-land whaler. But there were no murmurs, no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great glowing eyes staring up at the tree where we were seated. And then their yells, they were loud, long, and devilish.

I knew not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time, when I heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if breaking beneath the weight of some of us; and in a moment afterward a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone!"

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again. There was a horrid darkness and confusion on my brain, and I spoke not, and I stirred not, for the while of that time was like an agony, unreal dream. I only remembered that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath. It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! she was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad at the taste of blood.

When I came to myself, with the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me; could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the living animals. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and his weak constitution and frame were unable to withstand the dreadful trial, and he stood by my side, with his hand firmly clenched, and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the thick, cold night, and below the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws for another victim.

The morning broke at last, and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl from our hiding place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb and cold with terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raged wildly about the things he had witnessed.

We had not gone but a little distance, when we were met by our friends from the settlements who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance. They

assisted us to reach home; but Harry Mason never recovered from this dreadful trial. He fell to drinking soon after and died a miserable drunkard before age had whitened his head.

For my part I confess I have never recovered from the terrors of the melancholy circumstances which I have endeavored to describe. Thoughts of it have haunted me like shadows, and even now the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feelings of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century ago, I passed a night among the wolves.

Pennsylvania Insurrection.

In the year 1794, when four counties in the Western part of Pennsylvania, rebelled against the authority of the General Government, and opposed the execution of the excise laws, imposing a tax or internal duty on a distilled spirit, President Washington did not hesitate to call out a sufficient military force to quell the insurrection and put down all opposition to the laws.

When the factious and rebellious spirit first exhibited itself, the President issued his proclamation, warning the insurgents to desist; but in vain—Commissioners were sent to enquire into the cause of the outbreak, and to promise pardon and to confer with any bodies of men, or individuals, in order to ally the "fermentation," but at the same time to represent to them that without submission, coercion would be used: all of which proved unavailing—Insurrection was then shut to military force. Quotas were assigned to the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. The whole force amounted to 15,000 men. General Harry Lee, then Governor of Virginia, was appointed, commander-in-chief; Gov. Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, second in command; Gov. Howell, of New Jersey, and Major General Morgan commanding a division from Virginia, the fourth. General Hand was appointed Adjutant-General. President Washington reviewed the troops at their several places of rendezvous, and accompanied the march as far as Cumberland, on the Potomac, preparatory to crossing the mountains; he, however, returned to the seat of Government at Philadelphia, to meet Congress. In his speech to Congress, on returning from the army, President Washington said: "Having thus fulfilled the engagement which I took, when I entered into office, 'to the best of my ability to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States,' on you, gentlemen, and the people by whom you are deputed, I rely for support."

The people did support him in this measure, and by his firmness and prudence he put down the insurrection, and restored order without bloodshed.—The overwhelming force which he called to the field, overpowered the insurgents, and they came to terms. The people turned out with the greatest alacrity at the call of the President. This great army of 15,000 men, were volunteers fresh from their homes, and the people. Their movements were so prompt, and the President's conduct so firm and decided, that no resistance was offered, and peace, order and the reign of the Constitution and laws were restored to their full operation and force.

CHINESE ASSAULT.—A man who was accustomed to deal in marvels told a country cousin of his that he had three great curiosities in his possession, an ox that could travel with extraordinary speed, a cock that told the hour of the night, and a dog that could read in a superior manner.

These are extraordinary things, indeed. I must call upon you and beg a sight of them said the cousin.

The liar returned home and told his wife what had happened, saying he had got into a scrape, and knew not how to get out of it.

"Oh, never mind, said she, I guess I can manage it."

The next day the countryman called, and inquiring after his cousin, was told that he had gone to Pekin.

When is he expected back?

In seven or eight days.

How can he return so soon?

He's gone off upon an ox.

Appropos of that, I am told you have a cock that marks the hour.

A cock just then happened to crow.

Yes, that is he—but he not only tells the hour of the night, but reports when the stranger comes.

Then your dog that reads books, might I beg to see him?

Why, to speak the truth, as our circumstances are narrow we have sent the dog out to keep school.

AS GOOD AS IT WERE DEAD.—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, was immovably clamped by being drowned, and appealed to a cat of his help. The cat replied: "It is a foolish request; for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you."

The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to drown in beer. "The cat lifted him up; but the foam of the beer ran down his neck, and the mouse took refuge in the hole.

The cat called on the mouse to come out. "You see, did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

The only cure for timidity is knowledge. Ignorant men are always superstitious and cowardly.—To cure children of being "afraid of the dark," don't put hickory on their backs, but place books in their hands. Beck's Chemistry will infuse more real genuine courage into a boy's mind, than all the rattle in the world.

A story is going the round, of a political aspirant in Indiana, who mounting the stand to make a political speech, commenced with "Fellow-citizens, notwithstanding my youthful appearance, I am the father of two children!"