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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, April 18, 1851.

Selected Poetry.

WHY THIS LONGING!

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

Why this longing, clay-clad spirit!
Why this fluttering of thy wings!
Why this striving to discover
Hidden and transcendent things!
Be contented in the prison,
Thy captivity shall cease—
Taste the good that smiles before thee;
Restless spirit be at peace!

With the roar of wintry forests,
With the thunder's crash and roll,
With the rush of stormy water,
Thou wouldst sympathize, O soul!
Thou wouldst ask them mighty questions
In a language of their own,
Untranslatable to mortals,
Yet not utterly unknown.

Thou wouldst fathom Life and Being,
Thou wouldst see through birth and death,
Thou wouldst solve the eternal riddle—
Thou a speck, a ray, a breath,
Thou wouldst look at stars and systems,
As if thou couldst understand
All the harmonies of Nature,
Struck by an Almighty hand.

With thy feeble logic, tracing
Upward from defect to cause,
Thou art foiled by Nature's barriers,
And the limits of her laws,
Be at peace, thou straggling spirit,
Great Eternity descends,
The unfolding of its secrets
In the circle of thine eyes.

Be contented with thy freedom—
Dawning is not perfect day;
There are truths thou canst not fathom,
Swaddled in thy robes of clay,
Rest in hope that if thy circle
Grow not wider here in Time,
God's Eternity shall give thee
Power of vision more sublime.

Clogged and bedded in the darkness,
Little gem abide thine hour,
Thou'lt expand in proper season,
Into blossom, into flower,
Faint gleam alone becomes thee—
In the gloom where thou art laid,
Bright is the appointed future;
Wait—thou shalt not wait in vain!

Cease thy struggling, feeble spirit!
Ret not at thy prison bars;
Never shall thy mortal pinnions
Make the circuit of the stars,
Here on Earth are duties for thee,
Suited to thine earthly scope;
Seek them, thou immortal spirit,
God is with thee—work in hope.

A Sketch from History.

From Lossing's Pictorial Book of the Revolution.

TRUE STORY OF JANE M'CREA.

The first place of heroic interest that we visited at Fort Edward, was the venerable and blasted pine tree, near which, tradition asserts, the unfortunate Jane M'Creia lost her life while General Burgoyne had his camp near Sandy Hill. It stands upon the West side of the road leading from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill, and about half a mile from the canal lock in the former village. The tree exhibited unaccountable signs of decadence for several years, and when we visited it, it was shapeless and bare. Its top was torn off by a November wind, and almost every breeze diminished its size by scattering its decayed twigs. The trunk is about five feet in diameter, and upon the bark is engraved in bold letters, "Jane M'Creia, 1777." The names of many ambitious visitors, are inscribed upon it, and reminded me of the line—"Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree." In a few years this tree, around which history and romance have clustered so many associations, will crumble and pass away forever.

The sad story of the unfortunate girl is so interwoven in our history that it has become a commonplace; but it is told with so many variations, in essential and non-essential particulars, that much of the narrative we have is evidently pure fiction; a simple tale of Indian abduction, resulting in death, having its counterpart in a hundred like occurrences, has been garnished with all the high coloring of a romantic love story. It seems a pity to spoil the romance of the matter, but truth always makes itself hated with the frost-work of imagination, and steadily demands the homage of the historian's pen. All accounts agree that Miss M'Creia was staying at the house of Mrs. McNeil, near the Fort, at the time of the tragedy. A grand daughter of Mrs. McNeil, (Mrs. F—) is now living at Fort Edward, and from her I received a minute account of the whole transaction, and as she heard it a "hundred times" from her grandmother. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence, about sixty years old. When I was at Fort Edward she was on a visit with her sister at Glen's Falls. It had been my intention to go direct to Whitehall, on Lake Champlain by the way of Fort Ann, but the traditionary accounts in the neighborhood, of the event in question, were so contradictory of the books, and I received such assurances that perfect reliance might be placed upon the statements of Mrs. F—, that anxious to ascertain the truth of the matter, if possible, we went to Lake Champlain by the way of Glen's Falls and Lake George. After considerable search at the falls, I found Mrs. F—, and the following are her relation of the tragedy at Fort Edward.

Jane M'Creia was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of New Jersey City, opposite New York; while Mrs. McNeil (then the wife of the former husband, named Campbell) was then residing in New York City, an acquaintance and intimacy had grown up between Jenny and her daughter. After the death of Campbell, (which occurred at sea), Mrs. Campbell married McNeil, he, too, died at sea, and she removed with her family to an estate, owned by him at Fort Edward. Mr. M'Creia who was a widower, died, and Jane

went to live with her brother, near Fort Edward, where the intimacy of former years with Mrs. McNeil and her daughter was renewed, and Jenny spent much of her time at Mrs. McNeil's house. Near her brother's lived a family named Jones, consisting of a widow and six sons, and between Jenny and David Jones, a gay young man, a feeling of friendship budded and ripened into reciprocal love. When the war broke out, the Joneses took the royal side of the question, and David and his brother Jonathan went to Canada in the autumn of 1776. They raised a company of about sixty men, under pretext of reinforcing the American garrison at Ticonderoga, but they went further down the Lakes and joined the British garrison at Crown Point. When Burgoyne collected his forces at St. John's at the foot of Lake Champlain, David and Jonathan were among them. Jonathan was made Captain and David Lieutenant in the division under General Fraser, and at the time in question, they were with the British army near Sandy Hill. Thus far all accounts nearly agree.

The brother of Jenny was a Whig, and he prepared to move to Albany; but Mrs. McNeil, who was a cousin of Samuel Fraser, (killed at Stillwater) was a staunch loyalist, and intended to remain at Fort Edward. When the British were near, Jenny was at Mrs. McNeil's, and lingered there even after repeated solicitations of her brother to return to his house, five miles down the river, to be ready to flee when necessity should compel. A faint hope that she might meet her lover, doubtless was the secret of her tarrying. At last her brother sent her a pre-emptory order for her to join him, and she promised to go down in a large bateau which was expected to leave with several families on the following day.

Early the next morning a black servant boy belonging to Mrs. McNeil, espied some Indians stealthily approaching the house, and giving an alarm fled to the fort, about eighty rods distant. Miss McNeil, the young friend of Jenny, and mother of my informant, was with some friends in Argyle, and the family only consisted of the widow, Jenny and two small children, and a black female servant. As usual at that time, the kitchen stood a few feet from the house; and when the alarm was given the black woman snatched up the children, fled to the kitchen, and retreated through a trap-door to the cellar, Mrs. McNeil and Jenny followed, but the former being aged and corpulent, and the latter young and agile, Jenny reached the trap-door first. Before Mrs. McNeil could fully descend, the Indians were in the house, and a powerful savage seized her by the hair and dragged her up. Another went into the cellar and brought out Jenny, but the black face of the negro was not seen in the dark, and she and the children remained unharmed.

With the two women the savages started off on the road to Sandy Hill, for Burgoyne's camp; and when they came to the foot of the ascent on which the pine tree stands, where the road forked, they caught two horses that were grazing, and attempted to place the prisoners upon them. Mrs. McNeil was to heavy to be lifted on the horse easily, and as she signified by signs that she could not ride, two Indians took her by the arms and hurried her up the road and over the hill, while the others with Jenny on the horse, went along the road running west of the tree.

The negro boy who ran to the fort gave the alarm, and a small detachment was immediately sent out to effect a rescue. They fired several volleys at the Indians, but the savages escaped unharmed. Mrs. McNeil said that the Indians, who were hurrying her up the hill, seemed to watch the flash of the guns, and several times threw her upon her face, at the same time instantly falling down themselves, and she distinctly heard the balls whistle above them.

When they got above the second hill from the village the firing ceased; they then stopped, stripped her of all her garments except her chemise, and in that plight led her into the British camp. There she met her kinsman, General Fraser, and reproached him bitterly for sending his "seconded Indians" after her. He denied all knowledge of her being away from the city of New York, and took every pains to make her comfortable. She was so large that not a woman in the camp had a gown big enough for her, so Fraser lent her his camp coat for a garment, and a pocket handkerchief as a substitute for her stolen cap.

Very soon after Mrs. McNeil was taken into the British Camp, two parties of the Indians arrived with scalps. She at once recognized the glossy hair of Jenny, and though shuddering with horror, boldly charged the savages with her murder, which they stoutly denied. They averred that while hurrying her along the road on horseback, near the spring, west of the pine tree, a bullet from the American gun intended for them; mortally wounded the poor girl, and she fell from the horse. Sore of losing a prisoner by death, they took her scalp as the next best thing for them to do, and that they bore it in triumph to the camp, to obtain the promised reward for such trophies.

Mrs. McNeil always believed the story of the Indians to be true, for she knew that they were fired upon by the detachment from the fort, and it was far more to their interest to carry a prisoner than a scalp to the British commander the price for the former being much greater. In fact, the Indians were so restricted by Burgoyne's humane instructions respecting the taking of scalps, that their chief objective was to bring a prisoner alive and unharmed into the camp. And the probability that Miss M'Creia was killed as they alleged is strengthened by the fact that they took the corpulent Mrs. McNeil, with much fatigue and difficulty, uninjured to the British lines, while Miss M'Creia, quite light and already on horseback, might have been carried off with far greater ease.

It was known in camp that Lieut. Jones was to

be of extraordinary length and beauty measuring a yard and a quarter. She was then about twenty years old, and very lovely; and so lovely in beauty, but so lovely in disposition, so graceful in manners, and so intelligent in features, that she was a favorite of all who knew her.

trothed to Jenny, and the story got abroad that he had sent the Indians for her, that they quarreled on the way respecting the reward he had offered, and murdered her to settle the dispute. Receiving high touches as it went from one narrator to another, the sad tale became a tale of the darkest horror and produced a deep and wide-spread indignation. This was heightened by a published letter from Gates to Burgoyne, charging him with allowing the Indians to butcher with impunity defenceless women and children. "Upwards of one hundred men, women and children," said Gates, "have perished by the hands of the ruffians, to whom it is asserted, you have paid the price of blood." Burgoyne flatly denied this assertion, and declared that the case of Jane M'Creia was the only act of Indian cruelty of which he was at that time informed. His information must have been exceedingly limited, for on the same day when Jenny lost her life, a party of savages murdered the whole family of John Allen, of Argyle, consisting of himself, his wife, three children, a sister-in-law and three negroes. The daughter of Mrs. McNeil, already mentioned, was then at the house of Mr. Allen's father-in-law, Mr. Gilmer, who, as well as Mr. Allen, was a Tory. Both were afraid of the savages nevertheless, and were preparing to flee to Albany. On the morning of the massacre a younger daughter of Mr. Gilmer went to assist Mrs. Allen in preparing to move. Not returning when expected, her father sent a negro boy to hunt for her. He soon returned screaming, "They are all dead—father, mother, young miss, and all!" It was too true. That morning, while the family were at breakfast, the Indians burst in upon them and slaughtered every one. Mr. Gilmer and his family left in great haste for Fort Edward, but proceeded very cautiously for fear of the savages. When near the fort, and creeping wearily along a ravine, they discovered a portion of the very party who had plundered Mrs. Neil's house in the morning. They had emptied the straw from the beds and filled the ticks with stolen articles. Mrs. M'Neil's daughter, who accompanied the fugitive family, saw her mother's looking-glass tied upon the back of one of the savages. They succeeded in reaching the fort in safety.

Burgoyne must soon have forgotten this event, and the alarm among the loyalists because of the murder of a Tory and his family; forgotten how they flocked to his camp for protection, and Fraser's remark to the frightened loyalists, "It is a conquered country, and we must wink at these things;" and his own positive orders to the Indians not to molest those having protection, caused many of them to leave him and return to their hunting grounds on the St. Lawrence. It was all dark and dreadful, and Burgoyne was willing to retreat behind a false assertion, to escape the perils which were to grow out of an admission of half the truth of Gates' letter. The letter as Sparks justly remarks was more ornate than forcible, and abounded more in bad taste than simplicity and pathos; yet it was suited to the feelings of the moment, and produced a lively expression in every part of America. Burke, in the exercise of all his glowing eloquence used the story with powerful effect in the British House of Commons, and made the dread tale familiar throughout all Europe.

Burgoyne, who was at Fort Ann, instituted an inquiry into the matter. He summoned the Indians to council, and demanded the surrender of the man who bore off the scalp, to be punished as a murderer. Lieut. Jones denied all knowledge of the matter, and utterly disclaimed any participation in the stealing of a scalp to Jenny, or of an Indian escort to bring her to camp. He had no motive for so doing, for the American army was then retreating; a small guard only was at Fort Edward, and in a day or two the British would have full possession of that fort, when he could have a personal interview with her. Burgoyne instigated by motives of policy rather than by judgment and inclination, pardoned the savage who scalped poor Jenny, fearing that the total defection of the Indians would be the result of his punishment.

Lieut. Jones, chilled with horror and broken in spirit by the event, tendered a resignation of his commission, but it was refused. He purchased the scalp of his family; and with his cherished memento to bequeath to his brother, before they reached Saratoga, and retired to Canada. Various accounts have been given respecting the subsequent fate of Lieut. Jones. Some assert that, perfectly desperate and careless of life, he rushed into the thickest of the battle of Bemis's Heights, and was slain; while others alleged that he died within three years after a mental broken and insane. But neither assertion is true. While searching for Mrs. F—, among her friends at Glen's Falls, I learned at the house of Judge R—, whose lady is related by marriage to the Joneses. He narrated married a sister of Lieut. Jones, and she often heard this lady speak of him. He lived in Canada to be an old man, and died but a few years ago. The death of Jenny was a heavy blow, and he never recovered from it. In youth he was exceedingly glib, but after that terrible event, he was melancholy and taciturn. He never married, and avoided society as much as business would permit. Toward the close of July in every year, when the anniversary of the tragedy approached he would shut himself in his room and refused the sight of every one; and at all times his friends avoided any reference to the Revolution in his presence.

At the time of this event the American army, under Gen. Schuyler, was encamped at Mose's creek, five miles below Fort Edward. One of its two divisions was placed under the command of Arnold, who had just reached the army. His division included the rear-guard at left the fort. A picket-guard of 100 men, under the command of Lieutenant Van Vechten, was stationed on the hill a little north of the pine tree; and at the moment when the house of Mrs. McNeil was attacked and plundered, and herself and Jenny were carried off, other parties of Indians, belonging to the same expedition, came rushing through the woods from different points, and fell upon the Americans. Lieut.

Van Vechten and several others were killed, and their scalps bore off. Their bodies, with Jenny's, were found by the party that were sent out from the fort in pursuit. She and the officers were lying near together, close by the spring already mentioned, and only a few feet from the pine tree. They were stripped of clothing, for that was the chief incentive of the savages to war. They were borne immediately to the fort, which the Americans immediately evacuated, and Jane did indeed go down the river in the bateau in which she had intended to embark, but not glowing with life and beauty, to where she was expected by her fond brother. With much grief he took charge of her mutilated corpse, which was buried at the same place with that of the Lieutenant, on the west bank of the Hudson, near the mouth of a small creek, about three miles below Fort Edward.

Mrs. M'Neil lived many years, and was buried in a small village cemetery, very near the ruins of the fort. In the summer of 1816 the remains of Jenny were taken up and deposited in the same grave yard with her. They were followed by a long train of young men and maidens, and the funeral ceremonies were conducted by the eloquent but unfortunate Hooper Comings, of Albany, at that time a brilliant light in the American pulpit, but destined, like a glowing meteor, to go down in darkness and gloom. Many who were then young, have a vivid recollection of the pathetic discourse of that gifted man, who on that occasion "made all Fort Edward weep," as he delineated anew that sorrowful picture of the immolation of youth and innocence upon the horrid altar of war.

A plain white marble slab, with a simple inscription, Jane M'Creia, marks the spot of her interment. Not far from the same spot is an antique, brown stone slab, erected to the memory of Duncan Campbell, a relative of Mrs. M'Neil's first husband, who was mortally wounded at Ticonderoga in 1758. Several others of the same name lie near, members of the family of Donald Campbell, a brave Scotchman who was with Montgomery at the storming of Quebec in 1775.

The Three Degrees of Masonry.

As an entered apprentice, a lesson of humility and contempt of worldly riches and earthly grandeur, is impressed upon his mind by symbolic ceremonies, too important in their characters ever to be forgotten. The beauty and holiness of charity are depicted in emblematic modes, stronger and more lasting than mere language can express, and the neophyte is directed to lay a corner stone of virtue, and purity, upon which he is charged to erect a superstructure, alike honorable to himself and the fraternity of which he is hereafter to compose a part.

In the degree of entered apprentice every emblematic ceremony is directed to the illustrations of the heart; in that of the fellow craft, to the enlargement of the mind. Already clothed in the white garment of innocence, the advancing candidate is now invested with the deep and unutterable truths of science. At length he passes the porch of the Temple, and in his progress to the middle chamber, is taught the ancient and unerring method of distinguishing a friend from a foe.

But it is not until the third or master's rank is reached by arduous labor, by study and by worthy conduct, that the full undimmed effulgence of masonry lights upon the enraptured vision. In this, which is the perfection of symbolic masonry, the purest of truths are unveiled amid the sublime ceremonies—None but he who has visited the holy of holies, and travelled in the road to perdition, can have any conception of the mysteries unfolded in this degree. Its solemn observance diffuses a sacred awe and inculcates a lesson of religious truth, and it is not until the neophyte has reached this summit of our craft, that he exclaimed with joyful accent, in the language of the sage of old "Eureka, Eureka I have found at last the long sought treasure."

In the language of the learned Hutchison, somewhat enlarged in his allusion, the master mason is a man under the doctrine of love; saved from the grave of iniquity, and raised to the faith of salvation.

AMERICAN TEA.—We recently mentioned that we had made a trial of some Brazilian tea, which we found equal to the best from China. The experiment remains to be tried whether Brazil can furnish it as cheaply as the Celestial Empire. In the mean time Dr. Junius Smith is trying how far the climate of the United States is propitious to the growth of the plant. In a recent communication he says, that not one of his plants were lost during last winter, though snow of several inches in depth lay upon them; They are all well grown, and finely expanded, and he thinks permanently established. The expense of the culture he believes will be less in the United States, than at the East. They have no railroads in China, and the cost of transportation of tea over bad roads; some of it on the backs of men, 800 of 1000 miles on an average, is equal to about one-eighth of its value at the place of production. The Chinese and Hindoo live cheaply, and work for small wages. They perform much less labor in a day than a negro will do on the most substantial food, corn bread and bacon. Taking therefore the greater value of a day's work in America, the diminution in freight, and the cheapness and despatch of transportation over our railroads, the conclusion of the Doctor is, that tea is to become a staple product of the United States. The experiment is worth trying, and Dr. Smith, in setting the example, has evinced a degree of enterprise which is worthy of praise.

INTS TO THE BRAVE.—Don't always believe a young lady is in love with you, because she accepts all your presents with a smile and a "thank you." Girls are like young horses in that respect—remaining so long as there is a morsel in the measure, and then, unless you have the bridle in your hand, turning about and kicking their heels at you.—Expectence.

Illustrations.

DEGRADATION OF "THE MEN."—Mrs. Partington says, that when she was a girl, she used to go to parties, and always had a bean to extort her home. But now, she says, the girls undergo all such delicacies; the task to extort them revolves on their own selves. The old lady drew down her spectacles and thanked the stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palpable in depreciating the worth of the female sex.

"Mother," said James, "what is the meaning of donation? You have been preparing all this week for the donation party, and I want to know what it means."

"Why, Jimmy," said Johnny, "don't you know what donation means? I do—do means the cake and nation means the people, and they carry cake to the minister, and the people go here and eat it." James was delighted.

Just see what an editor can do by way of a blessing for a man who sent him a barrel of flour: "May the barrel of his life's enjoyment, never weigh less than one hundred and ninety-six pounds, and may the wife he has yet to take unto himself, be like the flour he sent us, sweet, pure, and able to make the best of bread, and in all respects extra family."

Darkness reigned around; the groom's face was shrouded with a melancholy smile, while the bride's face was dark and gloomy; the clergyman was equally dark and dreary—and no wonder, for they were all dummies!

Lay it down as a rule, never to smile, nor in any way show approval nor remembrance, at any trait in a child which you should not wish to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unshuffled by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

It is characteristic of a little mind to be shocked and revolted from friends at the discovery of their faults; this shows as little self-acquaintance as it does want of general knowledge.

Too SMART FOR HER.—"Won't you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel to a witty avain.

"No, I thank you; I would prefer a better half!" Eliza blushed and referred him to her papa.

A GREAT DECEPTION.—A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a person whose promise he had not much faith in, was very much surprised to find that he punctually kept his word with him; the gentleman being sometime afterwards desirous of borrowing the like sum, "No," said the other, "you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shan't do it the second time."

JUST ADVERTISEMENT.—Missing, from Killarney, Lane O'Fogarty; she had in her arms two babies and a guinea cow, all black, with red hair, and tortoise shell combs behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully.

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.—"Don't you get drunk now and then?" asked the Mayor of a witness.—"No, your honor, not often, to my knowledge," answered the man.

CAPITAL BUSINESS.—The most flourishing profession can turn one's hand to in the present day, is mesmerism.

OLD PEOPLE.—Dickens says, removing old people is like removing old trees—they never seem to take to the new soil.

PHYSICAL DIFFICULTY.—Putting a blister on a hedge-hog.

An old "Reverend" says, that of all solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night, from the widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally, that the next come again, was the most so.

When a child is born in Java, if parents are natives, the father immediately plants a cork tree, which, adding a circle every year to its bark, indicates the age of the tree, and therefore, that of the child, who, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the days of its life.

CARE FOR LADIES.—A British provincial paper, says that a rapid and emphatic revival of the following pathetic narrative is an infallible cure for being— "Hobbs meets Snobbs and Hobbs; Hobbs and Snobbs and Hobbs; Hobbs meets with Snobbs and Snobbs's fobs. This is, says Snobbs, worse for Hobbs's jobs, and Snobbs's jobs."

BIG GUNS.—Joe Billings, a romantic Yankee, was one evening seated in a bar-room of a country tavern in Canada, where were assembled several old countrymen discussing various matters connected with the "pomp and circumstance of war." In the course of his remarks, one of them stated that the British government possessed the largest cannon in the world—and gave the dimensions of one he had seen.

Joe's Yankee pride would not allow him to let such an assertion pass uncontradicted.

"Poh, gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny that is a fair sized cannon—but you are a little mistaken in supposing it to be named the same minute with one of our Yankee guns which I saw in Charleston last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon. Why, sir, it was so infernally large, that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball!"

"The device they were," exclaimed one of the hearers, with a smile of triumph, "pray can you tell how they got the oxen out again?"

"Why, your fool," returned Joe, "they yoked 'em and drove 'em through the touch hole."

A Singular Marriage.

There is no newspaper in the country which tells a story with a better grace than the New Orleans Picayune, and seldom has it told a neater one than in recording an incident which lately occurred in those "digging." Some three months ago, the steamer Lafayette was on her passage from Louisville to the Crescent City. The boat was crowded with ladies and gentlemen from every portion of the country, some on pleasure excursions, others on business. Every part of the boat was filled with passengers, and especially the ladies' cabin—very state room and berth being occupied. A merrier party never rode the Father of Waters.

Nothing out of the usual routine occurred during the first two or three days. Every evening, as is usual on boats bound for the sunny South, card playing and tripping the light fantastic toe, was of course the order of the program.

About six o'clock on the evening of the fourth day, a signal light was discovered waving to and fro on a distant shore. The boat soon rounded to, and an individual enveloped in a cloak, stepped on board. Our passenger proved to be a maiden lady of some thirty summers.

Where shall we stow her? was now the enquiry. The ladies' berths being all taken, the clerk was obliged to give her a state-room in the gentleman's cabin, near the ladies' saloon, which was occupied by a tall, frank countryman, on his way south with a cargo of notions. He being on the hurricane deck at the time, was not aware that he would have to give up his quarters to a female; the officers of the boat, by some oversight, failed to apprize him of this new feature.

The dancing having ceased, "the smaller hours" being at hand, all now retired to their state-room; with the rest our unsuspecting maiden friend—she turned into the lower berth of the room, while our friend, the countryman, was fast asleep in the upper, doubtless dreaming of the dimes he expected to pick up on his speculation.

Next morning, the bell announced breakfast; our maiden friend prepared to rise—what to a pair of thick boots and a great lot of unmentionables greeted her eyes!

At that moment our country friend opened his peepers. A lot of female apparel was the first thing that met his horrified vision. The truth flashed across his mind! he had got into the wrong box, perhaps; but that could not be, as his duties were where he had placed them several days previous. Both were fairly caught! who shall make the first move?

After much hesitation our friend in the upper berth ventured to look below. A pair of eyes stared at him in the face! After playing a regular game of "bo peep" for some time, our country friend, with all the gallantry of a gentleman, suggested the propriety of just covering her eyes for a moment, until he slipped on his expressions. She did so, and he vanished like smoke. His first business was to find the clerk who had placed him in such a ridiculous fix. Apologies were made, and a hearty laugh enjoyed at his expense. He now agreed to treat all hands at the passengers would keep cool.

Every one noticed that Jonathan paid his friend great attention during the whole trip. Some heard him tell her his prospects in life.

On the arrival of the boat in New Orleans, the parties were seen wending their way along one of the principal streets, enquiring for a Magistrate's office—and if there ever was a case of love at first sight, this must have been one.

ORIGIN OF MESMERISM.—It will appear by the following statement that the Egyptian practice of embalming was rendered indispensable by a physical necessity. The Nile annually covered for four months almost all the cultivated parts of Egypt. Therefore was it necessary to place the towns and villages upon elevated spots. Egypt, in the days of her prosperity, with a territory of 2250 square leagues, contained 622 persons on each. Of this number about 350,000 died annually. Their corpses must be disposed of, either by interment or burning. If buried, either near the towns, or in those spots which were annually overflowed by the Nile, by their decomposition, the air would be rendered noxious, and, probably, engender disease. As embalming, this was rendered impossible by the want of fuel. An easier process was opened to the Egyptians. That fine country was studded with small lakes of natron (sub-carbonate of soda); and as salt possesses the property of preserving animal substances from putrefaction; it was naturally used to a great degree as a means of embalming dead bodies.

HOOPER AND JENNY LIND.—The following shows how near an Alabama editor came to bearing Jenny Lind. Hooper is the man:

"Our DISTRESS.—We went to hear Jenny Lind sing. In the deepest well of our heart we entered the celestial realm. Accordingly we started last week, determined to 'do or die.' We got to Cuscuta—look the train—whizzed down to Montgomery—everything tended to excitement. Cow on the track—what if a collision destroy the train and send us to the harmonies above, before we are prepared by Jenny Lind to learn them? Arrived in Montgomery—waited for friend, and all of a sudden, our money 'ga right out!' Immediately 'borried' an X and returned right home again to the Tribune, 'star' we were prepared to do advertising and receive subscriptions on more favorable terms than before."

A gentleman in describing the absurdity of a man dancing the Polka, appropriately said, that it appeared as if the individual had a hole in his pocket, and was vainly endeavoring to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers.

The "Persimmon County" debating club, out in Indiana are debating the question: Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a woman with her first baby?