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VOLUMB XIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 12.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saurday Morning, Angust 23, 1851.

Selected Buetrn.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

BY ISAAC F. SEEPARD. Oh! never speak with angry tone
To one within this erring world
Let no vindictive look be shown,
Nor be thy lip with passion curled

For man at best is frail as dust, And God alone is truly just. Speak kindly to the little child. Lest from his heart you drive away The light of love whose visions mild Are opening like the dawn of day : Force not one cloud across the heaven, A God of love to him bath given.

Speak kindly to each fallen one. Nor harshly judge his sinful deed; There lives no soul beneath the sun That does not of compassion need : Our race is erring at the best, And judgment is not thy behest

Be kind to all, and thus fulfil The first great duty here below: Let words of love our hearts distil, To mitigate thy brother's woe; For thought in pride and guilt he swells, His heart its own deep anguish tells.

the BLUSE OF DAWN. OR, THE FRIDE OF THE KENEBIS.

BY MRS. S. E. GOODHUE. "On yonder hill, on yonder hill, The red chee long ago was land; These hoary oaks, remaining still, Their boughs above the sleeper braid."

Who is there who permits their mind's eve to raverse our thriving and rapidly growing country without contrasting it with the wilderness our fathes found, a few centuries since? The same sun eds his beams of light and heat—the same silver goon looks down with placid smile on the busy mes and villages, as smiled on the solemn woods nd hamble home of the red man. But how change the scene; the woodman's axe has prostrated florest; the panther, mouse, and graceful deer are all passed away; their secret haunts are now or crowded thoroughfares, and childhood's happy ses are ringing forth where echo only gave back e howl of the beasts of prey. But what of the man? Alas! he, too is passing away; but no the tall oak of the graceful deer; as the morning is fades before the rising sun, so fades the red an before the sturdy foot of civilization, but his emory shall live long after the last of his race all have mingled with the parent earth.

We have indeed a good inheritance; but how wa obtained? We are told, by the sweat and blood our tathers. History tells us that our fathers ame to this western world a humble, persecuted Far be it from me to detract one jot or tittle with and justice to the red man demands a full acadian give us the true history of the conquest of he crimes of many of our ancestors, and be more sparing of the epithets, blood thirsty and cruel which ed man. But justice, although often slow, is sure, and all who give the subject a moment's thought, feel that something must be done for the poor Indiin ere the sun of his race shall have set forever .-

A few years since, a small party of Indians from tream which siledtly found its way to the Merrisuch times as they wished to dispose of their rade ments of the hated foe. wares and baskets; no boats being in that vicinity, her derived no small profit from ferrying people of that noble but crushed heart, and all the wealth remnant of the tirst lords of the soil begging of their dered his hand to the third; but with the lightness of a fawn she sprang into the canoe, and laughingly taid to the young man on the bank-

"Now Piere, see if you can get in without tipping us over."

The old Indian cast a searching glance at the aughing girl who had just entered his skiff, and hen scanned, for a moment the features of the oung man on the bank, and, grasping his paddle, is leatures distorted with rage, shrieked, "Regone!" Before the echo had died away, they had reachthe opposite bank—such had been the force of me stroke of his still vigerous arm. After landing spassengers he drew his canoe from the water the sai down beside it, without raising his eyes to ose who had paid him liberally for their passage ktosa. The young girl who had entered his cance thout assistance, now ventured to approach him: "Has that young man injured you?" she timidly

He raised his piercing eyes to her face, and said teply_" Does the White Serpent follow my

d of the Kenebis?" the blushed as she held out her hand to him, replied-" Sometimes; but why call him a

'pent? Tell me has he injured you?" The ladian name for the Kenebec.

She recognized him as an old Indian she often saw him when a child, near her home; on the the grass beneath the shade of a willow, whose tool of his avarice; his love for her was as fickle Kenebec. She had nearly forgotten him; but not inxurious branches toyed with the calm waters beso had he forgotten the little rosy cheeked girl who neath. The soft sighing of the wind, the gentle had often brought him food, as he sat watching

frail bark skiffs with the skill of a young Indian,-He often complimented her on her dexterity, and said a little more brown and she would make a pretty Indian girl.

"When the moon looks down on the house the Great Spirit," said he; pointing to the spire of the church, "if you will come and sit by me on the bank of the stream, I will tell you all that the old red man has kept in his heart for many years; it will make you still think kindly of my people when the Great Spirit shall call me to hunting-groud of the brave."

She promised to meet him there; she felt no fear of the old man; she had passed many pleasant hours with him in his canoes, when a child, and she was not sorry to renew the acquainfance with the old chief.

At the appointed hour she came to the banks of the little stream, but her old friend was here before, seated on a small hillock, his face turied in his hands, apparently unconscious of her approach.-She laid her hand ligghtly on his shoulders, and when he looked up, she started at the pale haggard look of the old man, and expressed tears that he was ill.

"Oh, no; me very well, but have been living lite over again. But sit down and hear the old red man's story."

Could we give it to you as it tell from his lips, interspersed with figures and wild imagery, in which his language abounds—could you but catch a gleam of his features as they became animated or depressed, as he recounted his wrongs, it would be a tale of no common interest; I feel that I cannot do the subject justice. But to the story:

"Many years ago," said he, "my grandfather

was a great Chief of the Kenebis, brave and stern n war, but a kind father to his people, and gentle as a young doe to the idol of his heart, the young Yula, or the Blush of Dawn, as she was called in he significant language of her people, the old sachem's only child. If beauty and gentleness ever deserved homage, none ever knelt at a purerehrine Her hand had been sought for in marriage by the chiefs of the different tribes with whom her lather was allied; but to all of them she had given but one ed skiff on the blue waters of the Kenebec. He on the deck of a vessel which bore him quickly answer: "The Great Spirit has taken my mother. and the Blush of Dawn cannot leave her fether's wigwam, for that of a stranger." None presumed to ask again the hand she had denied for her fa ther's sake, but none the less was she beloved; not one of all her people but would have laid down on the cheek of the daughter when in the presence pursuers when they found he had escaped them: their life for her's. To her father they clung with of the young trader. Returning at the close of day, all the love of despairing hearts. The white from a long hunt, he stopped to bathe his fevered freed from his oppression. men had overrun their country, tribe after tribe sub- brow in the pure waters of his native stream, when and of christians, who asked for nothing but the mitted to their sway, or melted away before their the murmering of voices struck his ear. Moving The old chiech to the conflict with all the ardor of his savage nathe stern virtues of our pilgrims Fathers; but ture; with his faithful warriors he entered the home the blood rushing through his powerful frame with would sit with her children beside her, on the spot of the invader; fire and faggot, blood and devasta- the velocity of a whirlwind, leaving him paler than where she first saw the white man; and hope—the powledgment of our wrongs to them. Could the tion followed his steps; his name was a word to ashes. Seated on the soft grass, with one arm last friend of the unfortunate—still whispered that his country by the white men, we should blush at freeze the blood in the young heart's veins. Was he daughter; while before her stood the young trader Years passed, and still she watched with the untir-Scan well the motives that actuated his heart. All e bestow on the nearly exterminated race of the that constitutes a hero was there: love of country, ate gaze met her eye. In a moment the old chief kindren and home. With an eagle's eye he looked into the distant future, and, judging by the past, nothing but the utter extermination of th hated white man, could save his country. But at last, overcome by superior skill and numbers his warriors falling around him like autumn leaves, even then Maine had camped on a small island, in a little his proud spirit was not subdued; but the thought of his child in her forest home, without a protector, mac; it was too insignificant to have a name on the should he be slain, rushed upon his mind, and, with nap of our State, but nature had not forgotten to a few remaining braves he left the battle-ground, mbelish its margin with sweet cented hilly and where he could only have thrown his life away, rater-cress. They had chosen this sectuded spot without benefitting his people, and without enterhat they might be free from interruption from the ling into any treaty, he had remained quite a numcopie by whom they were surrounded, only at ber of years, watching day by day, the encroach-

and from the little island. The usually quiet of pure and guileless affection of this levely chile fream was now dancing in a thousand merry rip- of nature were clustered around h.m; to sit at his her as their light canoes shot swiftly from bank to feet and listen to him as he recommend the noble hank It was a scene calculated to call up thoughts | deeds of his tathers or when he spake, with subion the most thoughtless, to look upon that scanty dued voice, of her mother, who, when she was as helpless as the unfledged sparrow, sleeping in her nquerors the privilege of a little spot whereon to basket of soft furs, had been called to the happy Duch their tents. A party of five stood waiting for hunting grounds; how the white man had invaded ome one to take them across an old Indian had their country, robbed them of their rivers and lakes, loored his skill at their feet; he had placed two of cut down their forests, drove away their game, and he girs and one of the gallants safely in, and then by force or fraud, had subdued the many tribes of red men that once roved free over those lands of which they were now considered only an encumbrance; and then, with his mournful eyes fixed on hers, he would whisper, in solemn tones, that the Great Spirit was angry with the red man; that even the dim woods whispered of coming woe. The tall oaks tell without any decay at their roots; the night-owl hooted in the broad spashine; the timid proach, and was wont, but raised his large lustrous eyes to the hunter, and finished his draught. All cay. Was it strange then that the Blush of Dawn grew up thoughtful and mild; her only fecreation was to wander in the woods, followed by her petfawh, weaving garlands for her hair, or twining them around the neck of her graceful companions one of her favorite resorts was the banks of her netive stream. One sultry alternoon in mid-summer she wended her way thither for the purpose of bathing; it was a sweet spot; a small point stretching opt nearly to the center of the stream on one hand, and on the other side a high ledge of rocks, raising their heads some fifty feet towards the sky, forming a beautiful basin, clear and limpid enough

for a water-nymph to gambol in She had with-

The gentle Yula well understood the workings

unbraining her long glossy hair, threw herself on the gentle wile, she was nothing to him but the mouning of the waters, together with the heat, had the cances, while his people were absent at the lulled her into a pleasant slumber, when the sharp village. She had learned to poise herself in those crack of a rifle caused her to start up in haste; at that moment a boat shot round the point of rocks. and before she had recovered from her surprise. was moored close at her teet. It was filled with white men. She gazed for a moment on their strange garbs and still stranger features, and then turned and fled to her father's lodge. She knew nothing of their language, but the undisguised look of admiration bestowed on her by one-who seemed o be their chief caused her heart to beat quicker and hercheek to glow with a depeer blush than had ever been called up by any of her fathers braves. join the tribes of the red men that have gone to the She had scarcely reached her home, when a vivid flash of lightning caused her to sink with terror on the floor of the lodge. Peal after peal of thunder echoed among the hills; still she sat with her face buried in her mantle, listening with awe to what she in her simplicity, thought was the voice of the Great Spirit.

At length the sound of strange voices aroused her At the entrance of the cabin stood the same party she had seen at the river. The one who gazed at her so earnestly then, now stepped forward, and, with a low bow, presented her with the mocasing she in her haste had left; and then pointing to the rain, which still fell in torrents, seemed to ask shelter for himself and party. She pointed to some low stools, and sat trembling, without venturing to raise her eyes, waiting anxiously the entrance of her father. In a lew moments the old chief came; a dark scowl of rage and defiance crossed his conntenance, when he saw his home invaded by the white man; but the young man stepped forward and presented a pipe, thereby signifying his peaceful intentions. The old man received it coldly, and then asked what had brought him to the home of the red man. "To trade and hunt with thy people" he replied He had, he said, a vessel on the waers of the Kenebec, loaded with blankets, guns, ammunition, and many things the red man would

like.

For a few weeks the Indians were busy in collecting their fors, and such rude wares as they had | fell thick around her, but she heeded them not: she to offer in exchange for many things they needed. While the young man was trading with the old of her still loved husband. A cry of joy burst from chief he still found time to ramble in the forest by her lips when she saw he had succeeded in reachthe side of the lovely Yula, or guide her gaily paint learned her many words in the English tongue; but ere many weeks had passed, the Blush of Dawn had leared a language which needed not the aid of than the loss of blood which trickled slowly from a words." Terrible was the conflict that raged in the bosom of the chief when he saw the blush deepen A howl of rage and disappointment burst from his blood mantled her cheek, as his ardent and passionstood before them, his hatchet lifted over the head of the treacherous trader; the setting sun gilded the blade for a moment, and then it fell with a tremendous blow. His daughter had sprung from the er from the deadly blow, and then sank into his extended arms. The old chief was powerless; a smile of matignant triumph shot across the face of his heart; he felt that he was beloved; he strove in vain to win from her a word of love in answer to ponted into her unsuspecting ear; but now he needed no words to assure him that he had won. her heart. She clasped her father's knees, and al he well dnew that those soft, earnest tones were

pleading for him. We will not attempt to portray the mingled feelings that prevaded the bosom of the unhappy chiel: love for his child, stronger than life, a deep, deadly hatred of the white man, to which he would inability to protect her in coming years, all rushed witness his anguish, poured out his sorrow.

Sad, indeed, was the heart of the Blush of Dawn She had given it, in all its purity, to the wily trader, who coveted her father's lands, and who sought they might be obtained. For the sake of his child proposals of the young man. He said as his wife deer drinking at the stream, fled not at their ap. that he and his people should not be driven from their homes; that he would ever be his friend; wrong from the old chief a reluctant consent. Be-

Dawn gave her hand to the young trader. avarice could suggest to wring from them their | Twenty years had elapsed since the white serpent drawn one of her delicately wrought mocasine, and scanty store. But no less heavy was the heat of first coveted the land of red man. He again visited letter as white as snow!"

as his words were fruitless. She thought to call back his early tenderness when she presented him her first-born son, but she knew not of the hardness of a heart whose only tove was of gold. He gazed a moment on the helpless infant, and then turned with a sneer, and said, "I am in leed honoredthe father of a red skin?" The light of her eyes grew dim, and the smile faded from her lips.

The mother who has pressed to her bosom her first born, and felt the caress of the happy husband and father, and seen his eye light up with pride and fundness as he pressed his babe to his bosom. can sympathize with that crushed and bleeding heart; betraved by one she could have died to save. No reproach came from her lips, but the look of the meek suffering she turned upon him would have his injustice became too hard to be borne; their homes were invaded; the scanty stock of furs they had procured during a rigerous winter, together with their small quantity of provirions, were taken from them by stealth. This aroused all their sleeping hate. They again lighted the council-fire, and resolved to be again free. Deep and deadly were the curses they heaped upon their common foe .-An old warrior who hated, with all the strength of his savage nature, his oppressors, rose and said-"Why should we submit to the white man? Shall we hunt them game while our wives and children starve ? Shall the white man take our furs without giving us blankets? Is the red man asleep, and not sensible of his wrongs? The spirits of our fathers turn away their faces from us; they love not to look upon their sons until they revenge their wrongs, and drink the blood of the white sement.

A yell of approbation burst from the warriors and again the forest rung with the thrill war-whoop. It reached the ear of the Blush of Dawn as she sat caressing her infant son. She well understood its import; she urged her husband to fly, for she well knew he would receive no mercy from her justly enraged people. On they came, eager for the blood of their heartless foe. Then it was that her wrongs were all forgotten. Clasping her boy to her bosom she rushed from the lodge and placed herself between her husband and his pursuers. The balls watched with fearful intensity the retreating form ing the river, and in a few moments stand in safety from her sight. Then she sank exhausted on the ground, overcome more by the anguish of her heart wound she had received in screening her husband. they could not revel in his blood, but they were

Tenderly they bore the Blush of Dawn to her sad home: all the love and tenderness of her people they proceeded, the sight which met his gaze sent a little daughter nestle in her bosom; for hours she make even the cheek of manhood grow pale, and thrown carelessly over the neck of her pet, sat his her husband would return to bless and comfort her. the monster that was held up to our youthful fancy? | gazing down upon her beautiful face, as the rich | ing love of woman. At length some of her people brought the unwelcome news that he had a palefaced wife & children on the banks of the Merrimac. From that hour death set his seal on the brow of the forsaken wife. Neither the sympathy of her people or the caresses of her children could arouse her hope had forsaken her, and she tooked forward for grass and swerved his arm in time to save her lov. the hour when the Great Spirit should call her to join her parents in the happy hunting-cound of the

> At length the hour drew nigh when she must the young man, as he pressed the weeping girl to leave her children to buffet with the world which had proved but a dreary one to her. None would have recognized the emaciated form that lay on to his passionate vows, he had day after day that lowly pallet, as the once beautiful Indian girl Could he, who had caused her to wither like some blighted flower, behold her then, with her children clasped to her bosom, while the dews of death though the trader understood not her language, yet had settled on her brow, he would not have recognized her as the one whose beauty and grace had won his way ward fancy; but sorrow not years, had stolen the rose from her lip and the light from her eye. Beside her stood her boy, his proud lip curled and his dark eye flashed at the thought of his mothers wrongs; his bosom heaved, and tears he have sacrificed everything but his child, his own could not suppress coursed down his cheeks as her dying words fell upon his ears. He resolved to upon his mind with one crushing weight. He seek his father, and, with the spirit of his mother's sought the forest, and there, where no eyes might people, to avenge her wrongs She saw the struggle, but holier thoughts possessed her mind.

"My son," said she, "let no harm come to the father from the son. Look on thy sister and say thou wilt protect her; let her not see the face of a her with the two-fold purpose of gratifying his base white man; let not the Moon Flower love a stranpassion, and making her the medium through which ger to her mother's people, for the Great Spirit smiled not on the Blush of Dawn. When the good the chief smothered his rage, and listened to the Maniton calls, sit me down where the waters of she would beloved and respected by the white man; father will see my green bed should he come to the shot where he first saw the Blush of Dawn." She placed the the hand of the little girl in that that he would return to the Merrimac and sell his of her brother's, and then meekly folded her own these spoke to the thoughtful chief of ruin and de- furs, and then come back and live with him on the on her breast. The heart that had been wronged banks of the Kenebis. The specious reasoning of by cruelty and falsehood had ceased its throbbings the young man, together with the tears of his child, Another victim had been offered at the white mans' shrine of robbery and injustice. Kindly were the neath the shade of the old oaks, whose boughs had orphans looked upon for the mother's sake. They for of the hancients that the critter was hincapable felt the blasts of a hundred winds, the Blush of looked forward to the day when that noble boy of changing his spots, vitch vos disproved in mod-A year had scarcely passed since the Blush of people. The Moon Flower, as his sister was cal- slept in one spot, and the wery next night changed Dawn became a tride, ere the old chief joined his led on the account of her exceeding fairness, was to another !" people in the hunting-ground of the blest. Deeply the pet of the tribe. She possessed all the beauty was he mourned by his people; sad, indeed, were and grace of her mother, blended with the fair skin Johnpy, "the leopard ain't yellow at all. The their hearts when they were left without a chief .- of her tather. They loved not to look on that brow, Bible says he's white." Daily the white men were encroaching upon their and used every artifice to deepen the brown on streams and forests, and using every means that her cheek, which was tinged by the summer sun.

the Kenebis-not to seek his wife and child; he recognized no such ties as these-but to urge the claim he stiff held to the land he had obtained by fraud and injustice. Conscience was indeed busy when he again stood on the spot where, years before, he had won the heart of the guileless Indian girl; but he banished the unwelcome thoughts from his mind, for he had now come to drive her people from their homes and sell them to strangers ; they knew not that he was the white serpent of other years; but one old warrior, who had loved the Blush of Dawn with all the love of his savage heart, saw and knew his rival, and had an opportunity occurredehisknife would have drank the blood of his faithless heart. The young chief heard the stranger's proposals to him and his people to leave; their homes and find one nearer the great Moosehead waters. He replied he should never leave the softened a heart less hard then stone. At length graves of kindred at the bidding of the white man that his people would not leave the hunting and fishing grounds that their fathers had given them, unless compelled to by a stronger arm than their

> Little did that boy-chief think that he had hurled defiance in the teeth of his unnatural father. The white serpent saw he had determined to keep his lands unless compelled to give them up. As he the flask, ere it reached his lips, and gazed about had not sufficient force to drive them from it. he took what furs he could extort from them, and amazement changed to one of joyful surprise as he threatened them if they did not leave reaceably, to held out his hand to another individual, who adreturn with a force large anough to compel them

One day, on entering a secluded but abduptly, a beautiful girl started from her seat and stood before him. The same form and eyes which had beamed apon him with love, years before, now looked upon nim with fright and horror. He asked her name, but she understood not his language. He sat down beside her, but she looked upon him with loathing He thought of the Blush of Dawn, and longed to ask her if she knew her-if she was living. He had not dared to inquire for her, fearful of betraying himself to her people. He left the atrighted girl, but resolved she should become his victim. Day after day he watched to see her come forth, but he was doomed to watch in vain. She told her brother of the intrusion of the white man, he remembered his mother's dying words, to let not his sister see the face of the white man. Carefully he guarded her home, until his people brought the intelligence that he had gone further up the river. The day had scarcely passed ere he returned to his home, it was desolate. He knew that his sister was in the power of the white mar. He aroused his people and started in pursuit. An ornament which was worn by the Moon Flower was found, which she had dropped for a clue, that her brother might follow the trail that her captors had taken .--Scouts were sent out in all directions; one soon returned with the tidings that a winged cance* was in the river, and a party of white men, with the Moon Flower, were rowing to it. The young chief seized his rifle, and with fifty braves leaped into their canoes and started in pursuit. The old man who had recognized his hated rival, said, "now avenge thy mother's wrongs," pointing in the direction the white man had taken, "now take the scalp

of the white serpent !" A new light broke upon the young chief: his father-the destroyer of his mother-and now about to rob him of what was dearer than life, his sister. A grean of anguish and despair burst from him as he thought of his mother's words-" Let no harm come to the father from the son." But now his sister was in danger; the white serpent must not destroy his own child. He saw the Moon Flower held in the arms of her brutal father! She heard the ery of her brother; an answering shriek reached ter. Harm her not-restore her to us, and ye shall go unharmed! Bring her back, or my people shall drink thy blood!"

A loud laugh broke from the lips of the white

was to be jost. The young chief gazed for a moment at the struggling form of his sister, and the riage has its day after to-morrow too! "Spare," sweat of agony stood upon his brow. "Fire!" he as one may say, "fuel for the winter." Consider. shricked, while he pointed to the breast of his un- my daughters, what the word "wife" expresses natural father.

The crack of fifty rifles was heard simultaneously, and when the smoke cleared away the shattered skiff was without occupants.

The Moon Flower was laid by her mother on the banks of her native stream. The blue waters closed over the head of the white serpent; earth spurn. act so that your wives shall esteem and love vou. ed him from her bosom.

"My story is soon told," said the chief "The young man that would have entered my canoe, bears the name of the white serpent. These lands. perhaps was his. It was here that the white serpent dwelt. Look not upon him, for the red man's curse shall follow him until the last of his race shall become an outcast and a wanderer even as I am I have no wife or children; no blood of mine flows in the veins of a living being. I shall soon die, and the few remaining of the different tribes shall follow the Kenebis will chaunt my death-song-where thy me. Let the white men take heed, and lest he be more just than his fathers, this goodly land will not be to him a blessing, but a curse."

WHITE LEOPARDS,-" This ere hanimal," observed the keeper of a menagerie to a school, " is a lepard. His complection is valler, and agreeably diversifiéd with black spots! It vos a wulgur hershould be their chief, and arouse the spirit of his ern times by ovserwin' that he werry frequently

"But I say, Mr. showman!" screamed little

"Vere is the text," inquired the showman-" in the Apothecary or in the Songs of Susannah !"

A Mexican War Episode.

The most protracted, most equally matched and severely contested conflict of the whole war has never yet been recorded, and we think it time that a battle which had not its equal in ancient or modern warfare should, at least, have the simple justice done it of mention in history. We therefore shall detail it, just as it occurred, stoutly repudiating any in making military capital for any named Presidential candidate.

It was during one of the fights in the valley that a sergeant in one of our infantry regiments wenting to take a drink from his almost empty flask-eeparated from his command and strayed off some distance from the nucleous of the fight. He had gained, as he supposed, a sufficient "offing" and was about applying his canteen to his month, when he was interrupted by hearing a voice exclaim-"Hold, dastard!"

Now this expression, however popular with the minor dramatists, is not one of frequent use in ordinary conversation, and, when attered to a gentleman about to regale himself, in supposed solitude, with a modest draught, is calculated to startle, not to say, alarm him. Accordingly, our hero dropped him, with a bewildered air. But his look of blank vanced to meet him, with the same jesture of friendship. The new comer was habited in the garb of a Mexican soldier, but as he shook the other heartily by the hand, he exclaimed, in tolerable English-

"Well Bob! Blow me tight if it aint you!" "Nothing shorter, Joe," responded the Ameri-

"Where have you been, since you left the Bowery?" asked the Mexican. " Playin' a short engagement with Gen. Scott,"

replied the other. "Jest like me; I'm engaged for the season, " for

general utility" with Santa Anna," replied the Mexi-

At this moment the clanging fortunes of the fight. prought the very hottest of it, close to the non-combatants, who found themselves suddenly surrounded by conflicting squadrons.

" Drorr, scoundrel!" exclaimed Joe, suiting the action to the word, by producing his own "toledo." "Scoundrel in thy teeth," replied Bob, drawing is own weapon; and at it they went.

"How shall it be, Joe; head blows or sixes," aske l Bob.

"Oh, the old story; two up and two down, with stamping and grinning-very bloody! The Richard Third fight you know !"

So at it they went, their swords meeting at every blow, but no blood being shed. Both armies stopped to gaze at the unwanted sight. Since Rome's best gladiatorial days such determined courage, mingled with skill, had not been known. "They fought, and fought," but without results. Sparks flew, rage was depicted in the faces of the two in diameter, but still neither was killed or wounded. At last, the sun set, and both armies retired, fatigued, leaving the two desperate fellows to fight it out, which they did, so effectually, that neither was seen the next day. And thus it was (as tradition goes) that two theatrical supernumeraties terminated the battle of Contreras. We never inquired of Gen. RILEY, but presume it is true.—Buff. Cour.

MARRIED LIFE.-Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has before now, disturbed a whole married life.

A small cause often has great consequences his ear; he called to them to return "Bring back | Fold not the arms together and sit idle-" Laziners the Moon Flower," he shouted; "she is thy daugh- is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's own health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why! Because the married couple neglect to be serpent, as he held the trembling girl before him. as well pleasing to each other after marriage as be-"Fire, if you wish!" he cried "here is a mark!" fore. Endeavor always to please one another : but They had nearly reached the vessel; no time at the same time, keep God in your hearts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember mar-The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; he must be able to intrust her with the key of his heart, as well as the key of his house. His honor and his home are under her keeping, his well being in her hand. Think of this! And you sons, be faithful husbands, and good athers of families.

SATAN -This old gertleman, although considered rather sharp than otherwise, has been served some very acute tricks. Among the rest, we have heard of a poor cobbler who made a league with him, and after enjoying every earthly blessing he was waited upon at the end of the term by his brimstone majesty, who demanded h seoul.

The cobbler took a sharp knife, and ripping off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illus-

"What does this mean ?" cried the latter. " Look at the contract !" replied the cobbler.

Satan examined the contract and found that the word was spelled sole, which only entitled him to the piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and went off scratching his head, and has been called "Old Scratch" ever since.

Dip any of our readers ever see a kiss on paper the sweet labial in love? Willis Gaylord Clark attempted to body forth the thing typographically, and the following is the result: "When two pairs of affectionate lips are placed together, to the intent of oscillation, the noise is something like the ensuing-epe st'-sweep ste'e !- and then the sound tapers off so sofily and so musical, that no letters can do it justice "

A clerk in a merchantile establishment writes to his friends at home, "Plaguey easy times now-a-"It's where he says that Gehazi went forth a days-very little work to do-our firm don't adver-