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"REGARDLESS OF DENIGRATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, February 21, 1852.

### Selected Poetry.

#### WHAT IS A YEAR.

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave  
On life's dark rolling stream,  
Which is so quickly gone that we  
Account it but a dream.  
'Tis but a single earnest throbbing  
Of time's old iron heart,  
Which useless now and strong as when  
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn  
Of time's old wheel—  
Or but a page upon the book  
Which death must read.  
'Tis but a step upon the road  
Which we must travel o'er.  
A few more steps and we shall walk  
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath  
From time's old nostrils blown,  
As rushing onward o'er the earth,  
We hear it weary moan.  
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,  
Or dew upon the lawn,  
As transient as the mists of morn  
Beneath the summer sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type  
Of life's oft-changing scene,  
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on  
With hills and valleys green.  
Next, summer's prime succeeds the Spring,  
The Autumn with a tear,  
Then comes old Winter—death, and all  
Must find a level here.

### A TOURNAMENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY JOHN MILLER.

[The following narrative surpasses in thrilling interest the scenes of chivalric days.]

In a close line our party continued to advance, brandishing their lances, and, from time to time, giving vent to the most discordant cries which met a ready response on the part of the enemy in their war whoop of defiance. It seems, indeed, necessary for the savage, when going to fight, to excite his courage by shouts and yells, and these primitive means are doubtless productive of a corresponding effect with the white warrior's drum and rattling-stirring file.

With an noble bearing as a knight of old when about to tilt for his "lady's love," Black Wolf sat upon his horse and led the van as became a chief of the Osages. With that love for display, which is an innate passion with the Indian, he pulled his horse's neck into a curve, and keeping a pair of antique Spanish rowels pricking against his flank, proudly curved him at the head of his troop of warriors like a youngling prancing to his love.

We had now approached so near to the Pawnee band that momentarily I expected to see them sweep towards us; as in Indian warfare neither side waits with that coolness, which well disciplined courage can only inculcate, to receive the other's charge, and each brave is free to fight on his own plan, or any mode which the impulse of the moment may direct.

Much however to my surprise, a solitary warrior singled himself from his party, and with something like flying at the head of his lance, approached at a foot pace. The Osages instantly checked their horses to the command of their chief, and unattended he rode forward to meet the messenger of peace.

I may here remark upon the singularity that the flag of truce—a piece of white buffalo skin—should be adopted by those sons of the wilderness similar in color to our own. The copy, doubtless, was taken from the pale faces upon learning that the elements met with inviolable respect; but the Indians deny this, and avow that their fathers regarded it as a signal for peace before the great canoe came across the great lake. In support of this it is worthy of observation that the skin of the white buffalo—a most rare prize—is held in great reverence by them.

The conference was brief between the Pawnee and Black Wolf, and the latter, riding back to where we stood, watching their movements, with an interest easier to be conceived than described, informed his brothers in arms that the Pawnee chief was willing to settle the fight in single combat, and that he himself would meet either of the Osage braves who might be the chosen champion of his nation.

This pluck challenge created the wildest commotion among the aspiring warriors of our party, and so numerous were the volunteers and urgent claims to have the honor assigned to them, that unless Black Wolf had settled the contention by claiming it for himself, it is far from improbable that a new diversion might have arisen in military against his orders. There was no disputing, however, the right of the chief to take precedence of all; but the opinions of many veered to the opposite point concerning the policy of the measure, when they found that they were to take no share in the glory. The greater number urged the expediency of a general fight, alleging that they were stronger than the enemy, and should capture all the horses and skins, with which they were laden like ourselves, in addition to a pretty haul of invaluable scalps.

Black Wolf, however, either from prudential motives, or a desire to gratify his own vanity, decided to accept the challenge on the terms on which it was sent, and agreed that the horse and accoutrements of the vanquished should become the prize of the conqueror, which he was to take unmolested possession of in the presence of the respective parties.

These preliminaries being adjusted, the arms of Black Wolf were now carefully examined by his companions, who threw aside all jealousy the moment the question was settled. One took his lance and tried the soundness of the shaft by bending it, and the two ends nearly met. Another thrummed the bowstring, while several changed their best arrows for those in his quiver which appeared defective.

The touch-hole of his rifle was pricked and reprimed, and even his knife and tomahawk underwent careful scrutiny. The honor of the nation was at stake, and the breast of each individual present seemed to burn with patriotic pride and solicitude for the event which was to decide the fate of the Osage or Pawnee chief.

All being in readiness Black Wolf dashed his spurs into his horse's sides, and bringing him upon his haunches by way of a start, galloped in a wide circle before us for the combined purpose of exhibiting himself, and announcing to the enemy that he was ready for the strife.

Nothing nobler can be pictured to the imagination than the appearance of the chief, as naked as he came into the world, with the exception of his arms along across his shoulders, he sat upon his plunging and excited steed with grace, ease, and confidence. A tuft of the war eagle's plume surmounted his head, proudly raised and thrown back, while his finely developed chest stood out like that of a gladiator. With tightened rein he held his horse's head close to his chest, and using the spur freely, roused the animal's fiery blood, until large flakes of foam flew from his jaws, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes looked ready to spring from their sockets.

After making the circuit he suddenly reined in his horse, and the two stood motionless, as if carved from granite, some hundred yards in advance of where we remained stationary to watch the result and see fair play. There was not, however, as I subsequently learned, the slightest apprehension for treachery, as in these combats, which, although rare between members of rival tribes, are occasionally indulged in, the strictest faith is kept with the terms on which they are fought.

The pibald horse with the bearer of the lance, on which a small red flag fluttered, now darted from the body of horsemen drawn up closely in the distance, and making a corresponding circle with Black Wolf, drew up the same way opposite to him, and they appeared, for a few brief seconds, to be eyeing each other with intent far from charitable.

As if moved by a common impulse, both drove the butt ends of their lances into the ground, and then raising their rifles from their thighs, dashed forward and fired at the moment of passing each other, some fifteen or twenty paces apart. Whether the bullets flattened, or were rendered harmless against the tough shields of buffalo hides which were suspended round their necks, or whether they flew wide of their marks, I cannot tell; but for aught I could see, no harm was done.

Dropping their reins to take aim, their horses carried them unchecked to within a few yards of where the respective parties of Osages and Pawnees were posted. Indeed road had to be given to the Pawnee chief, who came with such a rush towards us as to threaten to upset a handful of the foremost of the spectators, among whom, as there was no danger to be apprehended, I had placed myself, on the Squabby Nigger. There was little opportunity to examine him closely, but he was evidently of much less stature than Black Wolf, and possessed none of that fire and noble bearing which characterized the chief of the Osages. He seemed equipped in precisely the same way, and was equally devoid of the smallest article of attire.

If, however, his personal attractions fell short of his antagonist's, in horsemanship and manner of using his weapons he appeared in every way equal to him. Snatching up his reins he checked the animal, and brought him around as if turned upon a pivot, and then adjusting his rifle with a rapid movement, he drew an arrow from his quiver, and with bended bow, swept towards Black Wolf like an eagle stooping upon his prey.

But the Osage, knowing the expertness of the enemy with whom he had to deal, was prepared in like manner, and as they met about midway between their planted lances, their barbed weapons were drawn to their heads, and while they went at the same moment with barely a dozen feet intervening between them. At close quarters such as these, and with unvalued skill, it was barely possible that they should miss each other; but their bucklers received the arrows, and both the warriors as yet remained unscathed.

The short bows being easier to manage than the rifles, round they turned their horses as soon as the arrows were discharged, and again they swept the same course with their bows prepared as if by magic for the bout. In this the second turn the Pawnee chief was not fortunate; for as he came towards us I perceived a stream of blood trickling down his bridge arm, the arrow having passed through the fleshy part of his shoulder, ripping it upwards, but not hanging in the wound. Black Wolf also met with a wound in the breast from the Pawnee's arrow, being buried almost to the feather in his shield; and although thus greatly spent in the force with which it was driven, it carved a deep jagged gash in his right side, from which the blood flowed copiously.

With increasing excitement the two now rode at each other, delivering their arrows as fast as they could turn their horses, and it appeared to be a point to endeavor to get a shot without receiving one in return. But so well matched were they in the skill of managing their horses and use of their weapons, that neither could obtain this advantage in spite of the most strenuous exertions.

The bodies of the chiefs became crimsoned with gore from the number of flesh wounds which each received; but as yet no mortal one had been given, and from the care observed to protect the body by means of shields, and lying along the backs of their horses, so as to present to view as little of their person as possible, there was no great probability of these weapons terminating the fight.

At length Black Wolf's last arrow was shot, and as his enemy came towards him, he held up his bow to signify that his quiver was exhausted. In a moment the Pawnee turned his horse and galloping back to where he planted his lance, plucked it from the ground and crouched by his side; nothing loth to imitate his example, Black Wolf grasped his lance, and without breathing time, the pugna-

cious toes spurred their hot and impatient horses again to combat, and as they did so, thoughts of tilt and tournament flitted across my mind, albeit my attention was absorbed beyond description in the pending struggle.

With a terrific shock the weapons crossed, and coming against the centre of the bucklers, the tough shafts bent like willow wands, and the horses were thrown almost upon their haunches. Either from the greater weight of the Osage, or the more effective direction of his lance, the Pawnee was laid flat upon his back; and as his horse bound forward it seemed impossible that he could regain his perpendicular in the saddle; but with an effort which could only be made by an Indian, he swung himself into his seat, and seizing the reins, turned with the agility of a cat.

It was one of the fixed rules in these bloody frays that there should be no time given between the acts, and that it was to be continued without let, check, or stop, until one of the two were slain. As soon, therefore, as the horses could be brought around, their respective riders recouched their lances, and dashed at each other again with the fury of contending tigers. It might have been but the effect of a heated imagination, but as they met I fancied I heard the scorch of a lance as it entered the flesh, and at the same moment the Pawnee chief was flung as if a round shot had bowled him from his seat. In an instant, however, he was upon his feet, trying to elude the lasso which dangled at his horse's heels; but missing his hold, the animal made the best of the opportunity and fled away with all the fleetness he possessed.

Black Wolf now dismounted, and giving his horse and lance to Fire-fly, who rode forward to receive them, strode toward the Pawnee chief, armed only with the knife and tomahawk.

The appearance of both as they advanced toward each other, was most appalling. From head to heel they presented one thick mass of blood from the numerous wounds which they received but as it was impossible to pain or faintness each appeared as game cocks to renew the feud.

They now went to work hand to hand, hacking at each other with their tomahawks with deadly fury, and inflicting now and then the most terrible cuts. As the battle progressed, their shields became chopped to pieces, and hung in strips from the surface, while the blows were showered upon them as thick as hail.

With that advantage, however, which a big man possesses in a personal encounter with a smaller one, provided his courage be not inferior, the odds now became painfully evident in favor of Black Wolf. Up to the point of the Pawnee being hurled from his horse, the chances of the encounter appeared to be pretty nearly balanced; but when the features became changed into a stand fight between man and man, hand to hand, in sporting phraseology, it was a horse to a hay seed. Towering above his enemy but little less than a foot, the Osage drew his tomahawk down with terrific force, and from his superior reach of arm, often kept his antagonist completely on the defensive, and returned two blows for one.

Nothing daunted, however, the Pawnee maintained the unequal contest with a spirit which was to be extinguished only with his life. Although his arm grew momentarily weaker, and he staggered and reeled before his enemy's fierce onslaught, yet he made as good a requital as laid in his waning powers, and faced his foe as the bravest of the brave could only do. But like an expiring lion he was to be conquered by his death, and when apparently on the point of falling before the repeated strokes of his enemy, he suddenly sprang forward, and clinging to Black Wolf's shield, endeavored to make a thrust with his drawn knife under it. The wary Osage, however, was too much on his guard to be taken by surprise, and shaking him off, as he would a snake he caught him by the throat in his iron grasp, and holding him at arm's length, drove his long Spanish blade into the lower part of the belly and ripped him to the chest.

A long wail about of exultation burst from the lips of our party as they witnessed this decisive action on the part of the Black Wolf, who stood over the dead body of his fallen foe with his proud form erect and turned toward the body of the Pawnee, who were silent spectators of their defeat. For a few seconds the Osage maintained this attitude, without the perceptible motion of a muscle and then stooping he took the dead chief's scalp lock between his fingers, and passing the point of his knife adroitly round the skull, plucked the scalp hot and bleeding from it, and held the prize up in triumph above his head.

Again his companions yelled with savage pleasure at the sight; but no one presumed to approach the spot where he lay as yet remained to complete the measure of his triumph.

A Pawnee brave now came forward leading the pibald horse, which had been either caught by the lasso, or stopped upon reaching the main body of his free will, and moving slowly towards Black Wolf, as if reluctance was in every step, he gave the rein without a sign or word into his hands and again returned to his party.

There was now little to be done. Black Wolf collected the arms of the Pawnee chief, which were strewn upon the ground, and trying as much have been the feat, vaulted upon the back of the horse, and rode at a gallop towards us. Upon coming close, I saw that both his body and limbs were cut most fearfully; but, Indian-like he paid no attention to his wounds, as far as I could see, suffered but little from the loss of blood.

We now returned to the encampment, and permitted the discomfited Pawnee to bury their chief in which he had so bravely fallen—in the prairie wilderness they laid him; and when all had quitted the solitary grave, a stranger visited it with sorrow for his fate.

A person being asked what was meant by the realities of life, answered—“Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner.”

One note is important, exclaims a western editor who ran for Congress, “it once elected us to stay at home.”

### Accidents and Antidotes.

When serious accidents occur, medical aid should be immediately procured. Till that can be done, the following directions may be useful:

When a child has anything in its throat, first try with the finger to get the article up. If this cannot be done push it down into the stomach, with an elastic stick. If the article be a pin, sharp bone, or other cutting substance, give an emetic which will immediately operate.

In the case of common cut, bind the lips of the wound together, with a rag, and put nothing else if the cut be large, and so situated that rags on will not bid it together, use sticking plaster, cut it in strips and laid obliquely across the cut. Sometimes it is useful to take a stitch, with a needle and thread, on each lip of the wound, and draw the two sides together.

If an artery be cut, it must be immediately tied up or the person will bleed to death. The blood of an artery is of a bright color, and spurts out in a regular jet, at each beat of the heart. Take up the bleeding end of the artery, and hold it or tie it up, till a surgeon comes. When the artery cannot be found, and in all cases of bad cuts on any of the limbs, apply compression, when it can be done, tie a very tight bandage above the wound, if it be below the heart and below if the wound be above the heart. Put a stick into the band, and twist it as tight as can be borne, till surgical aid to be obtained.

Bathe bad bruises in hot water, or hot spirits of decoction of bitter herbs. Entire rest is the remedy for strains. Bathing in warm water, or warm whiskey is very useful. A sprained leg should be kept in a horizontal position, on a bed or sofa.

When a leg is broken, tie it to the other leg, to keep it still; and if possible, get a surgeon before the limb swells. Bind a broken arm to a piece of shingle and keep it still, till it is set.

In the case of a blow on the head, or a fall, causing insensibility, use a mustard paste on the back of the neck and pit of the stomach, and rub the body with spirits. After the circulation is restored, bleeding is often necessary; but it is very dangerous before.

In cases of bad burns, where the skin is taken off, the great aim should be, to keep the injured part from air. For this purpose sprinkle on flour, apply a liniment made of sweet oil and lime water in equal quantities. Sweet oil, on cotton is good, and with laudanum, alleviates the pain; but many skins cannot bear the application of raw cotton, which is sometimes very good. When dressing is put on do not remove it, as it will be sure to protect the cure by admitting the air.

In cases of drowning lay the person in a warm bed or on blankets on the right side with the head raised, and a little inclined forward. Clear the mouth with the fingers and cautiously apply hot water to the nose. Raise the heat of the body by applying bottles of warm water to the pit of the stomach, groins and soles of the feet. Apply friction to the whole body with warm hands and cloths in warm spirits of camphor. Endeavor to produce the natural action of the lungs, by introducing the nose of a pair of bellows into one nostril and closing the other, and of the same time pressing on the throat to close the gullet. When the lungs are thus inflated, press gently on the breast and belly, and continue the process for a long time. Cases have occurred where efforts have been protracted eight or ten hours without effect and afterwards proved successful. Rolling the body on a barrel, suspending it by the heels, giving injections of tobacco, and many other practices which have been common are highly injurious. After sign of life appear give small quantities of wine or spirits and water.

In case of poisoning, from corrosive sublimate, beat up the white of twelve eggs, mix them in two quarts of water, and give a tumbler full every three minutes till vomiting is produced. If this is not at hand, fill the stomach, in like manner, with any mucilaginous substance, such as gum and water, flaxseed, or slippery elm bark tea. Flour and water, or sugar and water, in great quantities, are next best; and if none of these be at hand, give copious draughts of water alone.

In case of poisoning from arsenic, cobalt or any such mineral, administer as soon as possible, large quantities of lime-water, or of flaxseed tea, or some other mucilaginous drink, to dislodge the stomach and produce immediate vomiting, and thereby eject the poison.

If opium, or any of its preparations, has been taken in dangerous quantities, induce vomiting without a moment's unnecessary delay, by giving immediately, in small quantity of water, ten grains of ipecac, and ten grains of sulphate of zinc; (white vitriol, which is the most proper emetic known), and repeat the dose every fifteen minutes, till the stomach is entirely emptied. Where white vitriol is not at hand, substitute three or four grains of blue vitriol, (sulphate of copper). When the stomach is emptied and not before, give, every ten minutes alternately, a cup of acid drink and a cup of very strong coffee, and letting it stand ten minutes, and then straining it. Continue these drinks till the danger is all past. Dash cold water on the head, apply friction to the body, and keep the person in constant motion to prevent sleep.

If any kind of acid be taken in poisonous quantities give strong pearlash-water. If lye or pearlash or any alkali be taken, give sweet oil; or if this be wanted, lamp oil; or if neither to be had, give vinegar freely.

In case of stupefaction from the fumes of charcoal, or from entering a well, lime kiln, or coal mine expose the person to cold air, laying on his back, dash cold water on the head and breast, and rub the body with spirits of camphor, vinegar, or Cologne water. Apply mustard paste to the pit of the stomach, and use friction on the hands, feet, and whole length of the back bone. Give some acid drink, and when the person revives, place him in a warm bed, in fresh air. Be prompt and persevering.

If a person be struck with lightning, throw pails of cold water on the head and body, and apply

mustard powders on the stomach, with friction of the whole body, and inflation of the lungs. When no other emetic can be found, pounded mustard seed, taken a teaspoonful at a time will answer. The ground mustard is not quite so effectual but will do.

In case of fire, wrap a woolen blanket about you to protect from the fire. If the staircases are on fire, tie sheets together very firmly, fasten one end of the bedstead, draw it to the window, and let yourself down. Never read in bed, lest you fall asleep and the bed be set on fire. If your clothes get on fire, never run, but lie down and roll about until you can reach a bed or carpet to wrap yourself in, and thus put out the fire. Keep your children in woolen dresses to save them from the risk of fire.

In case of bleeding at the lungs, or stomach, or throat, give a teaspoonful of dry salt, and repeat it often.

In thunder storms, shut the doors and windows. The safest part of the room is in its center; and where there is a feather bed in the apartment, that that will be found the most secure resting place.

A lightning rod, if it be well pointed, and run due into the earth is a certain protection to a circle around it, whose radius equals twice the height of the rod above the roof. But it protects no farther than this extent.

### Wonders of the Universe.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of a pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth—and that, although, so remote from us, a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it effects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration when told that a goat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats as many hundred times in a second; or that there exists animated and regularly organized beings many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical enquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five millions of millions of times in a single second?

It is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see—nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensations of redness, our eyes are afflicted four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times—of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times, and of violet seven hundred and seven millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of the people in their waking senses? They are nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

### I Can't Spare Time.

The four words with which we head this article, in the effect which they have produced, have been the cause of a great deal of mischief, and have kept many from embarking manfully in the work of storing up intellectual treasures. When a young man is urged to commence at once, the work of study, he turns and lets fall the simple words, “I can't spare time,” and thinks he has given a sufficient excuse from further attention to the subject.

There are many mechanics, to who, instead of doing their part towards the cultivation of their own minds, and throwing their latent influence into the general stock for improvement of an association, satisfy themselves with the observation, and perhaps really think, they “can't spare time.” The excuse is a very handy one, and has passed current too long; for in a majority of cases, there is neither sense nor truth in it.

In the first place, it need not occupy a greater portion of the time; for, by proper management, a large share of individual information may be obtained in a short time; of this many may be convinced by trying the experiment.

There is time enough lost or wasted in the pursuit of what men call pleasure which, if properly applied, would place them in a high state of cultivation. Time can be found to ride, and dance, to lounge and talk nonsense; but alas! how many think they “can't spare time,” to improve the noblest and best part of their nature; that alone which elevates and causes them to feel the “Divinity within.”

One.—One hour lost in the morning by laying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth one month of labor in a year.

One hole in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a flock.

One unruly animal will learn all others in company bad tricks, and the bible says “One sinner destroyeth much good.”

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife that is always telling how fine her neighbor dresses, and how little she can get, will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband who is peevish or lazy, and deprives his family of the necessary comforts, such as their neighbors enjoy, is not as desirable a husband as he ought to be.

### Battle of Bunker Hill.

The following is an English account of the Battle of Bunker Hill. It is copied from Lord Mahon's “History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.” It is in the main an impartial narrative:

When the English approached the summit of Breed's Hill, the Americans encountered them with great coolness and determination, reserving their fire till within eighty or a hundred yards, and then pouring it with deadly aim. Then were blown to the winds the silly predictions of Lord Sandwich and Colonel Grant as to the alleged deficiency of courage in the colonists; predictions which, besides being in this case utterly false and groundless, have always a manifest tendency to defeat themselves. Such predictions, it is plain, had not been forgotten by those whose honor they assailed. It is said when one of the English regiments drew nearer than the rest, many of the Americans opposed called out to its commanding officer, “Colonel Abernethy, are the Yankees cowards?”—and most clearly they were not. On the other hand, the British troops had grievous odds against them. By the one killed direction of the chief, they were encumbered with three days provisions, and their knapsacks on their backs.

Under this heavy load and beneath a burning sun they had toiled up a rugged hill covered with long grass reaching to their knees and interwoven by various faces and inclosures; and instead of being brought to attack the American force in flank, which would have been equally effectual for demolishing it, they had been led on directly in front, where ascent was steepest and where the intermixture was strong. With these previous disadvantages, and now exposed to the close and well-directed fire of their enemy, they wavered, gave way, and fell back in disorder towards the landing place. Here they were quickly rallied by their officers, and a second time led up to the charge. But by another blunder of those placed in authority over them, a supply of balls for the field artillery being sent from the ordnance department at Boston, was found to be larger dimension than fitted the calibre of the guns, and this oversight of course prevented the further use of the field artillery that day. Again did the Americans from behind their intrenchments pour upon them a destructive fire. Again were they repulsed, and driven in confusion down the hill.

At this critical moment General Clinton, with out waiting for orders, put himself at the head of a small detachment (two battalions) which hastened over in boats from Boston. The reinforcement, though small, was most seasonable, and the presence of Clinton himself proved of material service in rallying the soldiers and preparing them for another onset; the third and last, weary as they were they rushed up with irresistible impetuosity, and carrying the enemy's redoubt at the point of the bayonet.

By this time the Americans supply of powder began to fail; still they fought on bravely, and even, it is said, maintained the contest with their clubbed muskets, until at last they were dislodged and put to flight. Though retreating in utter dismay, there was no more than a show of pursuit against them; but they suffered severely in passing Charleston Neck, from the cross-fire of two floating batteries, and of the Gloucester man-of-war. And thus, only changing the numbers, but retaining the phrase of a gallant officer in relating another gallant exploit, we may say that “the remnant of five and twenty hundred unconquerable British soldiers stood triumphant on the fatal hill!”

Such was the battle which not quite aply, considering the disposition of the ground, has received from the neighboring height the name of Bunker's Hill. The loss of the British was immense, considering their number engaged. Of that number well nigh one half had fallen; above 220 killed; above 820 wounded. The Americans, having fought from behind entrenchments, suffered far less severely;—according to their own accounts, their entire loss in killed and wounded was under 400. None among their slain was more lamented than their Doctor-General Warren, a man in the prime of life, of tried energy, great powers of persuasion and highly promising abilities.

### Beautiful Extract

I saw the temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain the stream beat upon it—the God of nature hailed his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its hall—the gay, the happy, the young and the beautiful, were there. I returned, and the temple was no more—the high walls lay in scattered ruins, moss and wild grass grew wildly there, and at the midnight hour the owl's cry added to the young and gay who revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his father: I returned, and the child had become old. Trembling with weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw the old oak stand in all its pride on the mountain—the birds were carolling on its boughs: I returned. The oak was leafless and sapless—the winds were playing its pasture through the branches.

“Who is the destroyer?” said I to my guardian angel.

“It is Time,” said he—“when the morning stars sang together with joy—over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yes, when he shall roll the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea, and one on the land, lift up his head towards Heaven and Heaven's eternal—“Time is, time was, Time shall be no longer.”—Paulding.

Bacon says his step-mother was so fond of wallowing the family, that if all the children had been wash tubs, there would not have been a whole roomed tub in the house.