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"RECKLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

MY MOTHER.

BY J. T. INGRAM.

I had a mother once; and like a dream  
A loving pleading dream in sorrow ending.  
Her memory comes before me, and doth seem  
A gentle monitor from Heaven descending.  
Point me out duty's path, and still attending  
To note my wanderings, and in grief to chide,  
To note my wanderings, and in grief to chide,  
When I from virtue's pathway step aside.  
  
It was a lonely day, and dark, and dreary,  
Although the sun was smiling warm and bright,  
But dark it was to me, for sad and weary,  
And cold, and dim, my mind could see no light,  
And lengthened moments in my flight,  
A death came near, with unrelenting tread,  
A number here among the sleeping dead.  
  
I stood beside her bed with tearful eyes,  
And heard her cheerful words of christian love,  
And doubted not that more than early prize,  
The crown of life awaited her above;  
Oh to lose her thus! To see her form  
So long and dearly loved, in Death's embrace—  
To know the heart was cold that beat so warm,  
To feel I never more should see that face,  
To see that light, which seems to trace  
With eth'ral fire, upon such as seem to trace  
And only felt when friends forever part.

THE POLISH WIFE.

A Story of the Revolution of 1831.

"I was for the I loved him so,  
And I have not seen him since,  
My heart is broken—my will is gone,  
All that I ever loved is vain."  
  
Rofolski had been an officer in the service  
of his country, but had quitted it in consequence of a  
disagreement with a brother officer respecting a female,  
whose affections the former had succeeded in  
winning, to the destruction of the hopes of Wretschoff.  
A continuance in the same regiment with his  
former superior, had not only been impudent, but also  
inconsistent with the feelings of Wretschoff, whom he  
understood the quarrel between them, he still re-  
spected, and sought to avoid occasion of again com-  
ing in collision with him. He retired from public life  
the cultivation of a little farm, and the enjoyment  
of domestic life, irradiated by the calm of happi-  
ness and contentment; and in which the smiles and  
pleasures of an affectionate wife spoke a lan-  
guage of peace and contentment to his heart, and  
fully compensated for the more noisy gratifica-  
tions of society, and the business of the world—  
here is the home that is not prized, which is  
lost by the spell of woman's love? where is  
taboo that is not happy sanctified by the purity  
of woman's heart, infusing its di-  
vine spirit into all our thoughts and feelings, and  
speaking a language of perfect enjoyment and  
divine felicity?  
  
Rofolski enjoyed happiness; loving and beloved  
the faithful Christine, the years of his life rolled  
on in an unbroken stream of brightness, and noth-  
ing seemed to break the beautiful chain that so  
dearly endeared to him existence and all other  
things. The birth of a son, who, as he grew in  
years, seemed to inherit the combined charm of his  
father's beauty, and the noble spirit of his sire,  
he finally knitted the bands of affection that had  
knitted Rofolski and Christine, and their happiness  
seemed the exemplar to which the aspirations of  
the youths of all the surrounding neighborhood were  
directed.  
  
The birth, however, at length burst; and the sacred  
seal of liberty was raised by the oppressed Pole-  
lands from all tyrannical yokes which it  
seemed to destroy the power that had bound  
down to slavery, or yielded to it in the  
camp. Rofolski believed with joy the resolu-  
tion of his countrymen, and his heart burned to  
share with them the glory of redeeming the nation  
from the yoke of the oppressor, which had been at-  
taining, to dis-engage, however, from his de-  
votion the entreaties of Christine, who implored  
her to remain at home for the sake of her boy, whom  
she had nursed, and whose life she would have  
sacrificed for his safety, and the fascinations of home,  
and the paternal love, prevailed over her patriot-  
ism; and she yielded to the importunities of her  
husband, to whose power she yielded, and he re-  
deemed their lives in the redemption of their  
land. He received the wounded and im-  
paired young recruit—revealed to him the sig-  
nals of war, and all the manoeuvres of attack,  
which were necessary for the contest—and with  
prayer and blessings dismissed the young hero to  
his encounter.  
  
The first assault of the patriots had been crowned  
with success. Too speedily, however, their resist-  
ance to enjoyment and rejoicing; heated  
by success, they beheld nothing but glory in the  
struggle; and, in the confidence of future tri-  
umph, care themselves up to the gratification of  
their passions. In vain did they picture the even then  
impending storm, and the prospect of their situa-  
tion, opposed to such dissipation; their own power was consid-  
ered, and the tears of Rofolski deemed child-  
ish, and vain. He had conceived, however,  
only for a band of the government forces burst  
upon them, upon those assembled upon this spot and  
the scene terminated in the command of the  
patriots and the triumph of  
the oppressors. Rofolski's farm, where many of  
the fugitives had taken refuge, was assaulted and  
the flames spread with rapidity—the shrieks  
of the distressed and agonized wife and mother,  
and the sound of the hurrying fugitives, who  
were hurrying themselves to the last ex-  
pectation, rushed upon the ruthless destroyers of hi-

little property, and fought with that desperation  
which his sense of public wrong and personal in-  
jury inspired—but his effort was vain, for ex-  
hausted and powerless, he sunk beneath the whelming  
weight of superior numbers, and was, with his in-  
fant boy, made prisoner.  
  
Morning dawned, and the sun blazed with its  
full splendor over the spot where, on the previous  
day, the beautiful cottage of Rofolski stood in its  
beauty: now they fell only upon a mass of smok-  
ing ruins, lonely and desolate—the fearful evidence  
of the destruction of tyranny. One individual alone,  
stood gazing upon the mournful scene—once young  
and beautiful being, in the silent agony of sorrow  
stood gazing upon the smoking ruins of her hitherto  
happy home! It was Christine—the wife and the  
mother—yesterday in the enjoyment of the richest  
blessings of heaven, now reduced to the depths of  
anguish and despair; like a fairy dream her happi-  
ness had floated away, and she stood gazing upon  
the wreck, abstracted, pale, and motionless! Her  
husband and child were torn from her—her husband  
so tenderly endeared to her, that child so fondly  
loved—both prisoners, taken in the very heat of re-  
bellion, whose punishment was instant death! She  
shuddered as her imagination contemplated the  
fearful result, and turning from the scene of her  
burning home, she formed the resolution of follow-  
ing the band that were carrying away all that the  
world held dear to her—of throwing herself at their  
feet—of imploring mercy in the name of Heaven—  
and trusting to her agony and despair for the relief  
of her husband and her child.  
  
Christine arrived at the camp; she made her  
way through the reeling soldiery, and fell direct-  
ly at the feet of the commanding officer, and stretch-  
ing out her arms in supplication, exclaimed: "Mer-  
cy, mercy!—forgive my husband! restore my un-  
offending child!" The officer gazed in astonish-  
ment at the agony of the woman, and immediately  
raising her from the ground, inquired the meaning  
of her supplications; but ere he could finish his in-  
quiry, Christine had turned her languid eyes upon  
his countenance, and shrieking at the sight, shrunk  
hastily away. It was her husband's rival—Wretschoff!  
  
"Christine!" exclaimed the officer, as he recog-  
nized her—"Christine!"  
"Mercy, mercy!" cried the agonized wife, and  
again sank in supplication at his feet.  
"Nay, rise, Christine," rejoined the officer, "so  
far, so dear a friend must not bend thus; repeat  
your griefs, tell me the cause of all this agony, and  
trust in my sincere desire to serve you."  
"My husband and my child are prisoners!"  
"Your husband, Christine! Rofolski a prisoner!  
The darling wife of my son—my first best hope  
was, that I might one day repay the insult and the  
injury Rofolski inflicted, in depriving me of my  
love; and now he falls a victim to the outraged  
laws, and is my prisoner!"  
"Wretschoff!" exclaimed the wife, "you surely  
do not contemplate revenge; you do not mean to  
punish my husband for the mere act of loving me  
—of being beloved! O, no, you will not be so  
cruel!"  
"Christine!" rejoined the officer, "that I loved  
you, fondly, passionately, you well know; you  
know the restless days and sleepless nights of my  
boyhood, when this romantic feeling possessed my  
soul, burned in my heart, and maddened even in  
my brain; you know that well. I might have won  
you had not this Rofolski come between us, and  
snatched away the prize, at the very moment I be-  
lieved it truly mine! Years have passed since that  
time; Rofolski has been a happy, joyful bride-  
groom; Wretschoff a lonely soldier. In the inter-  
vals of military duty, the form of Christine has ever  
presented itself, and the enjoyment of Rofolski, my  
bitter rival, perpetually recurred. Then, then, in  
these bitter moments, have I sworn, in the sacred  
name of Heaven, to revenge the injury, if ever the  
chance of fate or fortune threw my rival in power."  
"O God! you do not mean —" interrupted  
the agonized wife of the patriot.  
"Christine!" exclaimed the soldier, in a deep  
sigh, and determined tone, "my feelings now are  
as they were in my boyhood; Rofolski's head is  
beneath the axe, and my vengeance is satisfied!  
You can save him—I need not add the means."  
She hastily turned from the officer in indignation,  
and in a proud, contemptuous tone, exclaimed,  
"Christine is a Polish wife, and knows her duty!"  
"Ay," rejoined Wretschoff, "but Christine is a  
Polish mother."  
  
Christine hesitated a moment as she contemplated  
the power of the ruthless soldier and his proba-  
ble effects, but as instantly assumed her former atti-  
tude of resignation, and rejoined, "My trust is in  
Heaven, to whose power I commend my husband  
and my child!"  
A soldier at this moment announced that the pris-  
oners had escaped; the sentinels had fallen asleep  
upon the watch, and Rofolski and his son had  
climbed to the grated window, from which they  
leaped into the open fields, and had succeeded in  
affecting their escape.  
"My prayer is heard—I have not implored the  
protection of Heaven in vain!" shouted the Polish  
wife, as the happy intelligence reached her ears of her  
husband's safety, and her child's. "Now Wretschoff  
where's your vengeance?"  
"Even here!" exclaimed he, seizing her hand  
—the pretty Christine must be a hostage for her  
husband's return; and he ordered her to be im-  
mediately detained.  
Rofolski and his boy hastened with all their  
speed to the neighborhood of their home, in order  
to ascertain the safety of the beloved wife and mother.  
All that met their eyes, however, when arrived,  
was the mass of black ruins here and there  
venting thin streams of smoke, and all around and  
about, a still, lone and desolate. The distracted hus-  
band halted upon the name of Christine, but his  
voice responded to his cry; he showed with ill hu-  
mour, and the boy assisted, but all their hopes were  
ruined beneath the despairing conviction, that the ob-  
ject of their search and solicitude had fled to the

arrest of the latter, who at the moment he was  
projecting the release of Christine from her confine-  
ment, was secured by the guard, and conducted to  
the same prison from which he had so lately escap-  
ed.  
  
The Patriot instantly discerned the treachery, and  
in the anguish of the moment raved in incoherent  
terms and requested tidings of his poor toy, but the  
lips of the guard were sealed, and he obtained no  
reply.  
"Maid, your child!" exclaimed Wretschoff as  
he entered the apartment of Christine with the boy.  
The mother shrieked at the sight of her darling,  
and springing towards him, clasped her arms around  
his little form, and pressing him to her maternal bos-  
om, mingling her tears with his.  
"Maidam," continued Wretschoff, "the child  
again is mine."  
"And its father?" inquired Christine, in a burst  
of agony.  
"It is my prisoner."  
"Gracious Heaven forbid!" she cried and press-  
ing her boy more passionately to her throbbing  
heart, gave vent to her agony in a flood of massive  
tears.  
"Fortune has favored me, Christine," exclaimed  
the officer, "and led within my power those beings  
that have produced such anguish in my heart,  
such madness in my bosom. Vengeance, Christine,  
will be satisfied; your husband dies!"  
"Oh, no, you cannot be so very, very cruel Wretschoff."  
"There is no cruelty, Christine, in a most dear  
revenge."  
"Revenge is monstrous, Wretschoff; more fit for  
demons than men."  
"Then shouldst not provoke it," said the officer,  
in a decisive tone; "the die is cast, and  
Christine seals her husband's doom."  
"I!" exclaimed the agonized mother.  
"You know the means by which he may be sav-  
ed."  
"Oh, yes," rejoined Christine, and kissing  
the white forehead of her boy, she pressed him fondly  
to her bosom and exclaimed, "I know, too, that  
Nicholas Kofolski would rather yield his life upon  
a scaffold, or at a cannon's mouth, than that Chris-  
tine should render herself unworthy the distinction  
of a Polish wife!"  
"You have re-acted!" inquired Wretschoff, and  
his eyes flashed as he spoke.  
"I have," was the calm dignified reply.  
"Then be it so," cried Wretschoff, snatching the  
boy from his mother's arms, and delivering him to  
the guard—"let it be as I have ordered!" and the  
guard withdrew with the child.  
"Monster, what is it you do!—give me back my  
child!" cried the trembling mother as the door closed  
upon them.  
"Ay, ay," replied Wretschoff, "by-and-by the  
boy shall return; he has first a deed to execute—to  
serve his country and his king."  
"What is your meaning?"  
"There is a traitor to be shot to-day, and it is re-  
solved that the boys hand shall be tried upon the  
firing of the cannon—that, madam is all!"  
"Ah!" rejoined Christine, "my mind pictures  
a scene of horror. Wretschoff, your looks confirm  
my fears; who, tell me, who is the boy to shoot?"  
"The traitor Nicholas Kofolski."  
"Oh, no, no, you cannot be so monstrous!"  
shrieked Christine. Recall those words, tell me  
they are false—are to let me picture such a scene no  
more."  
"Christine, it is resolved on; but the father's face  
will be concealed, and he will not know who it is  
that fires the instrument of death, neither will the  
boy be aware of the individual who receives de-  
struction." "Behold," continued he, unfastening  
an iron window that had overlooked the parade; and  
"behold the preparations for the execution."  
Christine gazed from the window, and beheld  
the soldiers drawn up in military array preparatory  
to the scene of death that was to ensue; the cannon  
that was to destroy her husband was fixed, and her  
boy, her darling boy, was by its side, holding the  
lighted match that was to fire the fearful instrument  
wholly unconscious of the being whom he would  
destroy; guards were over him to direct the child's  
hand, and every thing was ready for the ceremony.  
Christine averted her glance, and felt at the  
thought of the author of this scene of horror.  
"For the love of God!" cried she, "by the hope  
of Heaven, stop these dreadful preparations; recall  
the sentence, or withdraw my innocent child  
let not his father's blood be on the poor boy's head!"  
"It is Christine," murmured Wretschoff, "that  
has caused these preparations; it is Christine that  
has placed her child with a lighted match at the  
cannon's head, and gives the signal for the destruc-  
tion of Rofolski!"  
"Monster, monster," exclaimed she "How can  
you force me to this state of suffering?"  
"One word Christine, and your husband's safety."  
Behold!"  
The procession was now seen advancing toward  
the scene of death. Rofolski apparently resign-  
ed to his impending fate, received the religious  
consolation of the holy men that attended him, with  
composure and placidly and beheld the engine of  
destruction without the least emotion or display.  
"He dies not to die!" energetically  
exclaimed Christine. "He falls as a Polish patriot  
should fall, and heaven will receive his soul; but  
my boy—"  
"One moment longer, Christine and your resolve  
is of no avail—stay, must he perish?"  
"Not by the hand of his child; you will not  
dare not be so barbarous!"  
"He dies!" cried the officer, and hastily quitted  
the apartment.  
Christine shrieked as she saw him depart; she  
followed him to the door; but it was closed fast and  
firm—she heard the bolt jar in the iron clasp, and  
she turned away disconsolate. The guard was her  
only companion, but he was mute and silent. Res-  
ignation overpowered her, and she sank upon the  
seat motionless gazing upon vacancy, her thoughts  
too great for utterance, too violent for tears. The

trumpet announcing the arrival of the commanding  
officer upon the scene of death, awakened her from  
her stupor; she shrieked and turning to the window  
from whence Wretschoff had directed her atten-  
tion to the preparations for the execution, discov-  
ered that it had not been closed; in the impulse of  
the moment the distracted mother sprung towards  
the casement and before the guard could withhold  
her, leaped from her confinement and with the  
speed of lightning rushed towards the spot where  
her darling boy held the match ready to destroy  
his father.  
The alarm was instantly spread but the action of  
Christine was too swift for prevention; and ere her  
progress could be arrested she struck the lighted  
match from her child's hand and, in a frantic tone  
exclaimed:  
"Boy, boy, it is your father you would kill!"  
Rofolski recognized the voice, and the fearful  
words, he breathed, and starting from his kneeling  
posture, rushed towards the spot from whence it  
proceeded and in a moment clasped to his despairing  
heart the wife and child so dear to him. Wretschoff  
furiously ordered their instant separation and the  
destruction of his rival; but a sudden tumult  
from the rear excited his attention, and before he  
could collect his thoughts a vast body of patriot  
troops were upon him; and so quiet and unper-  
ceived had been their progress that the Russian sol-  
diers were surprised and defeated ere they could  
well imagine the cause of the alarm. Rofolski  
headed a party of his brave associates and beneath  
his arm the willow Wretschoff fell in the first as-  
sault. Short but desperate was the contest, and it  
ended in the favor of the patriot troops. Rofolski  
was saved and he clasped to his bosom his faithful  
wife and their darling child; whilst the patriot  
troops planted the sacred banner of freedom upon  
the head-quarters of the Russian army, amid the  
shouts of victory and liberty.  
  
TIED DOWN AT HOME.—A friend of ours, living  
not far from Towanda, was intortured one pleasant  
day lately by his wife to take her a sleigh-riding.  
The gentleman, being a man of business, pleaded  
his engagements, when the wife replied that that  
was the old story, and that she must always be tied  
down at home. The husband rejoined that if any  
body would furnish him with good clothes to wear,  
and enough to eat and drink, that he would be will-  
ing to be tied down at home. A few days after the  
gentleman came home earlier than was his custom,  
and being fatigued, lay down upon the sofa and fell  
into a sound sleep. His wife took some cords, and  
tied his hands together—served his feet in the  
same way, and made him fast to the sofa. She  
then set a table with all that the house afforded,  
and placed an extra set of clothes within his reach.  
This done she started out to find a friend to visit.  
Upon her return, late in the evening, she found her sub-  
ject of domestic discipline as she left him, except  
that he was wide awake and very mad.  
"What on earth does this all mean?" says her  
husband.  
"Nothing," quietly remarked his wife, "except  
the consummation of your earthly wishes—enough  
to eat, drink and wear, and to be tied down at home."  
That couple were seen sleigh-riding next day.—  
Det. Adv.  
  
KEEP COOL.—Good Heaven! reader, do try and  
keep a cheerful face. What if your path be beset  
with perplexities—Don't fret. There's no use in fret-  
ting though you are in debt, and business is dull,  
and the banks won't discount, and your pocket-  
book is empty. Getting vexed with yourself and every-  
body else would help the matter—no, not a bit. You  
may fret yourself into fiddle-strings, but you will  
only make yourself wretched—not cure the evil. If  
you jam your fingers in the crack of the door, or  
sumble against a pile of bricks, left carelessly on  
the side-walk, or are half a minute too late for the  
cars, take it coolly—fretting won't heal the mischief.  
If the girl you like gives you the mitten, or if you  
have got married and found yourself egregiously  
"taken in," keep cool—fretting won't bring back  
the one or make an angel of the other. If your um-  
brella "comes up missing" when you especially  
need it, or you get caught in a rain storm with your  
Sunday clothes on—if you want to be captain of a  
military company and can't—or run at an election  
for postmaster, or get defeated—if your trunk is  
lost in traveling, or some gentlemanly pickpocket  
relieves your superfluous bank-bills, take it easy.  
Fretting may elongate your face, but won't afford any  
consolation for your troubles. Learn to be patient  
in your perplexity. It is soandalous for any man,  
however unfortunate, to be always fretting at it us-  
ing growling and grumbling. One might talk in  
worn ten and-faults, all the world over. Why,  
what a fever will a man put himself into to day,  
about something which he will only laugh at to-  
morrow; and yet the next morning you will find  
the same individual in a perfect plenary of passion  
about some other matter ten times more trifling—  
Keep cool, then and don't be needlessly worried.  
Remember that care often kills a cat, and it may  
kill you, yet, if you are not careful. There's noth-  
ing like coolness; it never breaks things in its  
impatience. Coolness—did you ever see it tumble  
up stairs or do it itself a mischief? Study to be cool  
away, even if the house is on fire or your horse runs  
away. Dangers retreat when coolly they are con-  
fronted.  
  
A NEW COTILLON.—How to dance it.—First  
couple forward, wheel and fire—second ditto—aim-  
monade at the corners—and nose-your-nose—gen-  
tlemen cross hands, ladies kiss over—right or wrong  
—possy—le zomade all—first couple center round  
posse comitatus—second ditto—third ditto—fourth  
ditto, bob your cocca nuts and then go to rest.  
  
"My lady," said a schoolmaster, "what is a  
member of Congress?" "A member of Congress is  
a common substantive, agreeing with self inter-  
est, and governed by eight dollars a day, under-  
stood."  
  
A brave man—One who is not afraid to wear old  
clothes until he is able to pay for new.

Among the worthies who figure in the  
era of the American Revolution, perhaps there was  
none possessing more originality of character than  
Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless—  
blunt in his manners—the daring soldier, without  
the polish of the gentleman. He might well be  
called the Marion of the North, though he disliked  
disguise, probably from the fact of his limping, which  
was very apt to overthrow any trickery which he  
might have had in view.  
  
The following anecdote was related to us by an  
elderly gentleman who received it from the mouth  
of his father who served under the General. At  
the time a strong-hold called Horse-neck, some  
miles above New York was in possession of the  
British, Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots was  
 lurking in his vicinity, bent on driving them from  
the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men be-  
came impatient, and importuned the General with  
questions as to when they were going to have a  
bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech  
something to the following effect, which convinced  
them that something was in the wind:  
"Fellers—You have been idle to long and so  
have I. I'm going down to Bush's at Horse-neck,  
in an hour with an ox team and a load of corn. If  
I come back I'll let you know the particulars; if I  
should not, let 'em have it by the hocky!"  
He shortly afterwards mounted his ox cart, dressed  
as one of the commonest order of Yankee farm-  
ers, and soon at Bush's tavern which was in the  
possession of the British troops. No soon-  
er did the officers spy him than they began to  
question him as to his whereabouts; and finding  
him as they thought, a complete simpleton, they  
began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn  
and fodder. "How much do you ask for the whole  
consarn? they inquired.  
"For mercys sake, gentlemen," replied the  
mock cot-dropper, with the most deplorable look  
of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have  
my bull team and load for nothing! and if that  
won't do, I'll promise you to come to-morrow and  
pay you for your kindness and condescension."  
"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word,  
leave the team and powder with us and we  
won't require any bail for your appearance."  
Putnam gave up the team and sneezed about  
for an hour or so gaining all the information he de-  
sired; he then returned to his men and told them  
of the disposition of the foe and their plan of at-  
tack.  
  
The morning came and with it sallied out the  
gallant band. The British were handled with rough  
hands, and when they surrendered to Gen Putnam,  
the clod hopper, he sarcastically remarked—"Gen-  
tlemen I have only kept my word I told you I  
would call and pay you for your kindness and con-  
descension.  
  
AN INCIDENT IN EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM WIRT.  
—The history of William Wirt of Virginia, presents  
a curious incident, which led to his marriage. In  
his early career Mr. Wirt was addicted to intem-  
perate habits and was an every friend supposed, a hope-  
less, irreclaimable man. He was abandoned by all  
most every friend and was so reduced that his pres-  
ence was objectionable in the meanest establish-  
ments where rural was sold. On a certain occasion  
he had become so grossly intoxicated that he fell  
upon the floor of a rum hole insensible. The prop-  
rietor, who was a kindly man, took him up and laid  
him at full length on the edge of the sidewalk  
It was in the city of Richmond, Virginia. The day  
was excessively warm, and the rays of the sun fell  
directly upon the inebriate who was totally uncon-  
scious of his situation. A young lady was passing  
the spot, and on noticing the exposed features of  
Mr. Wirt, stopped, spread her handkerchief over  
his face, and passed on. When Mr. Wirt became  
partially sensible of his situation, a few hours after-  
wards, he discovered the handkerchief, and the in-  
tuitive sense it made him aware to whom it belonged.  
That kind act made him a reformed man, for he  
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fat horses and chicken disputa.  
  
Benefit your friends that they may love you  
more dearly still, benefit your enemies that they  
may at last become your friends.  
  
Miss Swishelm declares that the cool of an an-  
conda would make a better girl for a young woman  
than the arm of a drunken husband.  
  
Impudence and ignorance are twin brood-  
ers.  
  
More than one-sixth of the Gen. in Dakota are  
caused by over-sunbathing.  
  
When a man makes his wife a half-dressed present  
it's a sign that they have been watching prudently.  
  
The man who is over-dressed to the ladies is a beast,  
the man who is under-dressed to his wife is a brute.

Anecdote of General Putnam.  
Among the worthies who figure in the  
era of the American Revolution, perhaps there was  
none possessing more originality of character than  
Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless—  
blunt in his manners—the daring soldier, without  
the polish of the gentleman. He might well be  
called the Marion of the North, though he disliked  
disguise, probably from the fact of his limping, which  
was very apt to overthrow any trickery which he  
might have had in view.  
  
The following anecdote was related to us by an  
elderly gentleman who received it from the mouth  
of his father who served under the General. At  
the time a strong-hold called Horse-neck, some  
miles above New York was in possession of the  
British, Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots was  
 lurking in his vicinity, bent on driving them from  
the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men be-  
came impatient, and importuned the General with  
questions as to when they were going to have a  
bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech  
something to the following effect, which convinced  
them that something was in the wind:  
"Fellers—You have been idle to long and so  
have I. I'm going down to Bush's at Horse-neck,  
in an hour with an ox team and a load of corn. If  
I come back I'll let you know the particulars; if I  
should not, let 'em have it by the hocky!"  
He shortly afterwards mounted his ox cart, dressed  
as one of the commonest order of Yankee farm-  
ers, and soon at Bush's tavern which was in the  
possession of the British troops. No soon-  
er did the officers spy him than they began to  
question him as to his whereabouts; and finding  
him as they thought, a complete simpleton, they  
began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn  
and fodder. "How much do you ask for the whole  
consarn? they inquired.  
"For mercys sake, gentlemen," replied the  
mock cot-dropper, with the most deplorable look  
of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have  
my bull team and load for nothing! and if that  
won't do, I'll promise you to come to-morrow and  
pay you for your kindness and condescension."  
"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word,  
leave the team and powder with us and we  
won't require any bail for your appearance."  
Putnam gave up the team and sneezed about  
for an hour or so gaining all the information he de-  
sired; he then returned to his men and told them  
of the disposition of the foe and their plan of at-  
tack.  
  
The morning came and with it sallied out the  
gallant band. The British were handled with rough  
hands, and when they surrendered to Gen Putnam,  
the clod hopper, he sarcastically remarked—"Gen-  
tlemen I have only kept my word I told you I  
would call and pay you for your kindness and con-  
descension.  
  
AN INCIDENT IN EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM WIRT.  
—The history of William Wirt of Virginia, presents  
a curious incident, which led to his marriage. In  
his early career Mr. Wirt was addicted to intem-  
perate habits and was an every friend supposed, a hope-  
less, irreclaimable man. He was abandoned by all  
most every friend and was so reduced that his pres-  
ence was objectionable in the meanest establish-  
ments where rural was sold. On a certain occasion  
he had become so grossly intoxicated that he fell  
upon the floor of a rum hole insensible. The prop-  
rietor, who was a kindly man, took him up and laid  
him at full length on the edge of the sidewalk  
It was in the city of Richmond, Virginia. The day  
was excessively warm, and the rays of the sun fell  
directly upon the inebriate who was totally uncon-  
scious of his situation. A young lady was passing  
the spot, and on noticing the exposed features of  
Mr. Wirt, stopped, spread her handkerchief over  
his face, and passed on. When Mr. Wirt became  
partially sensible of his situation, a few hours after-  
wards, he discovered the handkerchief, and the in-  
tuitive sense it made him aware to whom it belonged.  
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