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## TOWANDA:

Sunday Morning, May 7, 1853.

### Selected Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker.  
MY HOME.

Dear home of mine, my tranquil nest,  
O'ershadowed by the wing of love,  
Where youthful hearts found quiet rest,  
And peace came like a brooding dove.

Dear were your pleasant rooms to me,  
With ceilings high and full of light,  
When first, in days of careless glee,  
I entered here, in bridal white.

Dear were your windows, opening wide,  
With glorious view of stream and hill,  
Dear the bright hearth at eventide,  
With one beside me dearest still.

For then a boy, with eyes of blue,  
Crept to his father's willing knee;  
And one with eyes of darker hue,  
With weary playing, slept by me.

I seemed that grief had passed us by,  
So smoothly floated we along;  
Scarce had we cause to heave a sigh,  
And home was full of joy and song.

But ah! our cup of woe was filled,  
Filled to the brim in one short day;  
The little forms we loved were stilled,  
The childish spirits borne away.

Death came, a dark and fearful guest,  
And said "The Parua needeth these!"  
Then clasped them to his chilling breast,  
And hushed them in eternal peace.

With silent lips, we laid them down,  
In one deep grave, with tearless eyes,  
Believing each would wear a crown,  
And strike a harp, in Paradise.

And dearer now each pleasant room,  
Since sorrow sits with Memory here,  
Where flowers, in spring-time's early bloom,  
Heavy with fragrance, strewed their bier:

And where the silent echoes sweep  
(Of voices like a silver lute;  
And where we sometimes wildly weep,  
To think they are forever mute.)

And where we waited long in vain,  
In spite of knowledge, when the door  
Slow opening, gave us ne'er again  
The sound of foot-steps on the floor.

And where we sit beside the glow  
Of evening fire, subdued and still,  
And hear the drifting of the snow  
That shrouds their grave upon the hill.

### Miscellaneous.

#### INCIDENT IN THE WAR OF 1812.

At the battle of Plattsburg, in 1812, during the day and night of the heavy cannonade on lake and land, there appeared before the commanding officer an unknown Indian, clad in the wildest savage costume, covered with war paint, and armed to the teeth, who gave information of the approach through the woods on the south bank of the Saranac, of a considerable body of British, accompanied by a small band of Hurons, or Canadian Indians, who acted as guides and scouts. It is well known that one Colonel of the British army, under command of General Brisbane, had approached Plattsburg from the west along the Deekmantown road, to the north of the Saranac. The American army was now entrenched on the south bank, in the angle formed by the river and lake. It will, therefore, be readily understood that the approach of this new force would place the Americans in a position sufficiently critical, to say nothing of the dangers to which they were already exposed.

The information brought by the savage was too important to be wholly slighted, and came in too suspicious a manner to be wholly trusted. The officer, therefore thought it best to interrogate the messenger.

"Who are you, my friend?" said he.  
"Mohican," was the reply.  
"What is your name?"  
"Stockbridge Hank," answered the stranger.  
"Where did you come from, and why are you here?" pursued the officer.

"Indian came from the Dutch river," replied he.  
"But why are you here, I say?"  
"Why are the Mingoes in the woods? can the captain tell me that?" replied the savage, his eyes flashing fire.

"Does anybody know this person?" asked the officer, turning to the bystanders; but no one replied, for no one knew him.

"What do you want me to do then?" said the officer to the Indian, still suspicious.

"Take you, seven, ten soldier," replied the savage, holding up both hands, and spreading his fingers. "We take 'em and wait for Mingoes in the woods."

"He's right, by Jove!" exclaimed the officer. "The men are too few to have an ambush laid for them, and we need a piquet of that kind. The Indian must be friendly after all. Let nine picked men head by the corporal, go with him; but let them be watchful and keep on their guard, and let me be informed of the first approach of an enemy in that direction."

The officer turned away. The men were quickly detailed, and guided by the Indian, they took their silent way in the woods, up the south bank of the Saranac, down which the new hostile force was reported to be coming. They moved forward rapidly, but with more caution, and to listen for every unusual sound that disturbed the forest. At last, putting his ear close to the ground, he listened for a moment, and then quickly rising up, he made a rapid sign to the soldiers to betake themselves to a neighboring thicket, which bordered on a small creek flowing into the river. The men concealed themselves among the bushes as quick as possible, while the Indian crawled slyly to a position somewhat advanced, concealing himself in the

trunk of a fallen tree. He had enjoined upon them not to fire or make any noise until they should receive from him a certain signal. For some distance forward of the place where he lay the woods were tolerably clear and underbrushed, and a kind of path which skirted the bank of the river crossed the creek near its mouth, about ten rods from where the soldiers were concealed. From the position the Indian occupied, this pass was in full view. In order to cross the stream, any one going along that path had to descend about ten feet, almost perpendicularly; so that while he was in the bed of the brook, he could not be seen by those who should happen to be any distance behind.

The soldiers had not remained in ambush long, when by a quick sign, the scout gave them to understand that some one was approaching. They soon saw an Indian coming at a rapid but silent pace along towards the crossing. He had but just got clearly in view, when at a distance of about two rods behind, appeared another, and so on to the number of seven. They were all in war paint and armed with rifles and tomahawks. The soldiers were all attention to the movements of their guide, expecting every moment to receive the signal to fire. To their surprise, however, they saw him lay down his gun, and draw from beneath the log a long powerful bow, and a body of fint-headed, sharp pointed arrows. He then turned himself about under the log, until he faced the pass in the creek.

The strange Indians appeared to move forward without the least hesitation or suspicion. The foremost of them on coming to the creek, dropped at once down to cross it. At this moment the guide was observed to draw in his bow with a quick and powerful effort; and so rapidly as almost to elude the sight, an arrow was sped on its mission of death. The stranger was seen to drop in the middle of the brook, and no cry issued from his mouth. Quick as lightning the Mohican adjusted an arrow in his bow, so that as soon as the second Huron dropped down to cross the stream he too was observed to reel and fall without a single groan.

In the same manner was the third and the fourth, and the fifth Huron pierced as he leaped into the fatal ditch. They were so close to each other, and the whole scene passed with such miraculous silence and rapidity, that neither of them had observed the fate of his comrades until he met his own. The sixth Indian, however, being a little more behind than the others, seemed to be somewhat surprised that he did not see them in view on the opposite bank. For this reason he descended into the gully with a little hesitation. He was immediately aware of the horrible fate that had arrested their steps and silenced their tongues. He endeavored to recoil, but it was already too late. A fatal missile was also on the wing for him—he was struck with the rest, but not with immediate death, and he had time to raise into the depths of the forest one of those appalling yells of warning and of rage which announces among the people of his race, the presence of mortal danger.

The soldiers look upon this fearful scene in astonished silence, entirely by murderous magic which took place before them. When the silence and spell was broken by that warning cry, they expected to see the wood swarming with hostile savages. None, however, appeared; and when the echo had died away, they looked in vain for the seventh and last of the Hurons. He had vanished as if swallowed up in the earth. No trace of him was visible—no sound of retreating footsteps were audible. The Mohican, however, still kept his position behind the log itself, but with his fiery eyes bent in quick and searching glances in almost every direction at once. He was obviously at fault as well as the rest. No one dared to move or speak above his breath. There was something awful in the mysterious and sudden disappearance.

The silence continued for some ten minutes, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the Mohican sprang to his feet with the blood streaming down one side of his face. His only exclamation was an emphatic "Ugh!" In an instant the fatal bow and arrow were again in requisition, and his face toward the Indian, he sent another arrow on its mortal mission. The soldiers heard a slight scuffling overhead, and on looking up they saw the Huron falling through the branches of a neighboring tree. Into this he had had address to swing himself, unseen by his enemies, during the momentary confusion occasioned by the warning cry of his companion. From that perch he had soon discovered the lurking place of the Mohican, and bent upon vengeance had immediately fired at him, without considering, and perhaps without caring, whether or not enemies were near. The impudence cost him his life; and withal, he had only succeeded in inflicting upon the Mohican a slight wound in the temple.

The scene, however, now rapidly changed. Shortly after the report of the rifle, the distant but heavy tramp of a body of regular troops were heard approaching through the woods. They, too, plunged into the fatal pass, and met with a like but not equally bloodless reception, by the soldiers in ambush. This time it was the rifles that did the business. The advancing column, however, was composed of veterans, who for a few moments seemed to push forward into the abyss where their comrades and guides were lying wounded and dead; but as they were ignorant of the strength of the concealed enemy, and could hardly even tell from what direction the danger came, they finally beat a retreat and drew off into the woods again.

The check was all that could have been desired. That force was not engaged during the battle of Plattsburg; and after learning the disastrous fate of the day, it made a precipitate retreat northward into Canada.

It was noticed that as soon as the seven Hurons were slain, Stockbridge Hank seemed to take no further interest in the fray. Shortly after the firing commenced, he disappeared, and did not accompany the soldiers back to the army. The next day, however, he appeared again before the officer, so contented as at the time of his arrival in the camp,

but with the addition of seven bloody scalps attached to his belt, and with the war paint washed from his face. His mission seemed to be accomplished. He was thanked for his services, and received a promise of a liberal reward. To all that was said he remained a silent listener, and only pointed to the glorious trophies which he wore, seemed to signify that they were sufficient compensation. In truth the Huron was his hereditary foe, and he had been fighting instinctively for the tradition of his fathers.

After this second visit he was never again seen in the army. The story of this exploit was long the talk and the wonder of the army.

### Josephine.

The subject of our narrative was born the 24th day of June, 1763, on the island of Martinique, the very day on which the treaty was signed which surrendered the island to France. Her parents drew a favorable augury from the circumstance of her birth happening on that day. The hours of her childhood were indeed bright and sunny, and the joyousness which was habitual to her youth seldom left her in the darkest hour of her calamity. She was fond of flowers, and Botany was her favorite study. She was very skilful in embroidery. She ever treasured up her mind full of useful knowledge, both from reading, experience and conversation.

Josephine was sixteen years of age when she was married to Alexander Beauharnais, a young nobleman of great wealth and considerable talent and influence. He took an active part in the political affairs of France. At this time infidelity reigned almost universally in France, and the greatest corruption prevailed among the nobles and higher courts. Josephine had been married but a short time, when cunning and artful women tried to sow the seeds of jealousy between her and her husband, and she succeeded so far that he endeavored by a legal process, to obtain a divorce; but the court decided in her favor. Days of trouble and sorrow now began to darken around her path, the wound she had received sank deep into her heart, and in the midst of her troubles she received letters from her friends at Martinique, requesting her to return again to the home of her childhood. She accepted the invitation, and petitioned to her husband for the privilege of taking her son with her; this he refused. Cruelly separated from her husband, and bereaved of her son, she embarked with her daughter Hortense, for Martinique. Her husband soon after repenting of his conduct, wrote several letters to her earnestly entreating her to return, with which she complied, and was cordially received by him.

The French Revolution was now in full career. France was divided into two political parties. The Jacobins, who were composed of the most vicious and reckless of the state, headed by the blood-stained Robespierre; and the Girondists, who wished to establish a republic similar to that of the United States. The Jacobins gained the ascendancy; then all the leading men belonging to the other party, were without mercy guillotined. Mr. Beauharnais having ardently espoused the liberty party, he was together with his wife, cast into prison. They were in a few days dragged before the tribunal of Robespierre, and there had an examination of a few moments on a trial for life or death. The sentence of death was pronounced upon Josephine and her husband. The husband met his fate upon the scaffold, and she only escaped by the timely death of Robespierre.

It was while she was confined in prison that she displayed her true character. She wrote cheering letters to her husband, and by her smiling countenance and kind words, she inspired hope in those around her, and governed there, as well as everywhere, over the hearts of willing subjects.

At the fall of Robespierre, Josephine was liberated from prison. In two years afterwards she was married to Napoleon Bonaparte. The history of the rest of her life is linked with that of Napoleon's. In 1790 she became the wife of the first Consul of France; in 1804, Empress of France. During her life she passed through all the different changes a woman could pass, and in them she exhibited the noblest traits of character.

Whether we view her as the daughter of a planter, among the negroes of the West Indies; or under the withering course of a jealous husband; or a prisoner under the authority of a tyrant; or in the lowest dregs of poverty; or rolling in affluence and wealth; or as the Empress of the proudest monarch of modern times, or when she was forced to be separated from him she most loved, she is the same gentle and kind hearted Josephine. She was never heard to complain of Napoleon. Her love for him was unbounded; she shared with him in his trials and difficulties, and was always ready with her aid, and she had a greater influence over him than all other persons besides. Even after he divorced himself from her, he would go to her for counsel. And he afterwards said at St. Helena that he was indebted to Josephine for the few happy moments he had spent on earth. Napoleon absorbed nearly her whole thought; her last words were uttered in a prayer for him. And had she lived until his second exile, she undoubtedly would have gone with him. But it was not thus decreed. On the 29th day of May, 1814, all that was mortal of Josephine had passed away.

Never forsake a friend when enemies gather thick around him—when sickness falls heavily upon him—when the world is dark and cheerless; this is the time to try his friendship. They who join from the scene of distress or offer reasons why they should be excused from extending their sympathy and aid, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that selfish motives only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you—who studies your interest and happiness—who feeds you when persecuted and troubled; be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his kindness is appreciated and that his friendship is not bestowed upon you in vain.

### Felling a Rival.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubikins, as he sat upon the cornfield fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running just as Shakespeare always said it—rather roughly. "If Sukey Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long shanked, stammerin', shy critter, Guset just cause he's a city fellow, she aint the gawky I took her for—that's certain. No; it's the old folks—Jarn their ugly pictures! Old Mrs. Peabody was allers a dreadful highfalutin' critter, full of big notions, and the old man a big soft head, driven around by his wife just as our old one-eyed rooster is drove about by our cantankerous five toed Dorkin' hen. But I'll not spile this fun my name aint Jonathan. I'm goin' down to the city by the railroad next week, and when I come back waks spakes that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of "Jay of the land," in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided. Mr. Jonathan Doubikins was a young farmer, well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only child of Deacon Elderberry Peabody of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of the Peabody's, one Mr. Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry goods in Hanover street, Boston, had suddenly made his appearance in the field, and had commenced the "cutting out" game. Dazzled with the prospects of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered by the importunities of her aspiring mamma, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined on a last and bold stroke to foil his rival. He went to the city and returned; of his business there he said nothing, not even to a pumping maiden aunt who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's but labored in his cornfield and garden, patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their darter in the best room of the Peabody's mansion, chatting as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

"Is it there ye are, Mister Cornelius?" she screamed addressing the astonished Gusset. "Come out of that before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye promised me afore the prastie, ye hathan nager. Rannin' away from me and the childer, forsakin' yer lawful wedded wife and rannin' after the Yankee gals ye infidel!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake here," stammered Gusset, taken all aback by this sudden charge.

"Divil a bit of a mistake ye sarpin. Oh, wirra! wirra! what is it for the likes of ye I saked little Dinna McCarthy, who loved the ground I trod on, and all because ye promised to make a lady of me, ye dirty thief of the world! Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I'll tell Patrick, because he was too sick wid the small pox to come any funder, or will ye wait till I drag ye?"

"Go—go—along," gasped Gusset; "go—go and I'll follow you."

He thought it best to temporize.

"I give ye tin minits," said the virago. "If ye aint there, it's my cuzzin, Mr. Thaddy Mulgrudery will be after ye, ye thief." And away went the unbidden guest.

Mr. Gusset was yet engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door opened, and a little black-eyed, hatched faced woman, in a flashy silk gown, and a cap with many ribbons perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added with a scream, "Ah non! dix! le virago? Zere he is. Traitis monster! Yat you run away from me I dia two tree year, I never see you, never, and my heart broke very bad entirely!"

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes starting out of his head, and shivering from head to foot.

"He asks me who I am. O, ladies! O, you ver respectable old gentilmenn! I hear him val he ask."

"Who I am, perdid! ah! I'm your wife!"

"I never see you 'fore—a' help me Bob!" cried Gusset energetically.

"Don't you swear!" said Deacon Peabody, "ef you do, I'll kick you into fits, by golly! I won't have no profane or vulgar language used in my house."

"O, bless you! bless you! respectable old man tell him he must come viz me. Tell him I have spoke to zeecan fible. Tell him—sobs interrupted her utterance.

"It's a pecky bad business!" said the deacon, chafing with unwonted ire, "Gusset you are a rascal."

"Take care, Deacon Peabody, take care!" said the unfortunate shopkeeper.

"I remarked you was a rascal, Gusset. You've god and married two wives, and that's ere's flat bog glory, ef I know any thing 'bout Revised Satops."

"Two wives?" shrieked the French woman.

"Halt a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary," said the deacon.

"Now you clear out of my house, go away to the station, and clear out into Boston. I won't hev nuthin' more to do with you!"

go-to-meeting-haise. He reined up and accosted her.

"Hallo, Suke! get in and take a ride?"

"Don't care if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, taking a seat.

"I say—you?" said Jonathan grinning, "that 'ere city fellow's turned out poorly pup, aint he?"

"It's dreadful if it's true," replied the young lady.

"You had a narrow escape, d'itn't ye?" pursued the old lover.

"Indeed," she answered.

"But he warn't never of any account, any way you could fix it."

"Well he warn't," replied the young lady.

"What do the old folks think about it?"

"They hain't said no one word since be cleared out."

"Forgot that night I rode you home from singing school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly breaking off.

"No I hain't," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I gin you?"

"O, yes."

"Well, they was good—wasn't they?"

"First rate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard of them kind er fruit Suke?" said Jonathan suggestively.

Susan was silent.

"Galang!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid on the black horse.

"Have you any idea where we are going to go, Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No, you aint; you're going long with me."

"Where to?"

"Providence. And you don't come back till you are Mrs. Doubikins, no how you can fix it Susan."

"How you talk, Jonathan."

"Darn the old folks!" cried Jonathan putting on the strap again. "Ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be tradin' you off to some old feller with half a dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubikins were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said confidentially:—

"May as well tell you now Suke, for I hain any secrets from you, that Gusset never seen them women afore the day they came stompin' into your house and bowed him out. I had thought. Cost me ten dollars, by thunder! I taught 'em what to say, and I expect they done it well. Old Gusset may be a sharp store keeper, but if he expects to get ahead of Jonathan Doubikins he must get up a pluigier eight airtier a' mornings."

**Pete Whetstone and the Mail Boy.**

Pete Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once traveling on horseback through the interior of the State, and called one evening to stay all night at a little log house near the road where entertainment and a post office were kept. Two other strangers were there, and the mail driver rode up about dark—Supper being over, the mail carrier and the three gentlemen were invited into a small room furnished with a good fire and two beds, which were to accommodate the four persons for the night. The mail carrier was a little, dirty, shabby, lousy looking wretch, with whom none of the gentlemen liked the idea of sleeping. Pete Whetstone eyed him closely, as he asked:

"Where do you sleep to-night, my lad?"

"I'll sleep with you, I reckon," lisped the youth, "or with one o' them other fellers, I dont care which."

The other two gentlemen took the hint, and occupied one of the beds together immediately, leaving the other bed and the couch, to be enjoyed by Pete and the mail boy together, as best they could. Pete and the boy both commenced hauling off their dolls, and Pete getting into bed first, and wishing to get rid of sleeping with the boy remarked very earnestly:—

"My friend, I say beforehand, I've got the itch, and you'd better not get in here with me, for the disease is catching."

The boy who was just getting into bed, too drawled out very coolly:—

"Wal, I reckon that dont make a bit o' difference to me; I've had it now for nearly these seven years; and into bed he pitched with Pete, who pitched out in as great a hurry as if he had waked up a hornet's nest in the bed.

The other two gentlemen roared, and the mail boy, who had got peaceable possession of a bed to himself, drawled out:—

"Why you must be a bet of darned fates, man and dad's got the catch a heap worse than I is, and they thiept in that bed last night when they was here to the quiltin'."

The other two strangers were now in a worse predicament than Pete had been, and bounding from their nest as if the house had been on fire, stripped and shook their clothes, put them on again, ordered their horses, and though it was near ten o'clock, they all three left, and rode several miles to the next town before they slept, leaving the imperturbable mail carrier to the bliss of scratching and sleeping alone.

### A Sketch of Marlow's Life.

In personal appearance Marlow presents a striking contrast to most of the officers in our army. It is a curious fact that the Generals of the 'highest grade, in both armies, during the revolutionary war averaged nearly two hundred pounds in weight, but Marlow was a very small man, and of diminutive proportion every way. He was not only short, but remarkably thin. His countenance was swarthy and grave in its expression and his eye dark, solemn and poetic. Extremely plain in his dress, and still plainer in his manners, he did not strike a stranger very forcibly. Reserved, silent, his seldom spoke, except when necessary, and then expressed his thoughts in the most direct and simple language he could command. These peculiarities increased the mystery which his actions threw around him and doubtless added much influence he held over his band. Cool and quiet was wont on the most desperate mission without excitement—as calmly stormed through the fight, and then in the same composed manner drew off his men to their dark and lonely encampment. Seemed utterly destitute of passion. He possessed neither revenge nor thirst for glory, nor power. He showed no fondness for the table, but was as abstemious as a hermit. Even the women had no influence over him, like one wholly absorbed on one great object to be accomplished. Drinking his water and vinegar—enough to keep any man thin—eating his coarse hominy or rice—with the canopy of heaven for his shelter and the swamp for his retreat, he fastens himself upon our affections and interests with a firmness nothing can shake.

Living in lawless times and among rough and boisterous men, he retained all the delicacy of feeling, refined tastes and scrupulous virtues. Moving in an orb of his own, he, like Washington, was beyond the influence of others, and seemed free from the common frailties of man.

Without pay—without even the hopes of victory—hunted from swamp to swamp and chased the length and breadth of his State, he still struggled on to keep alive the waning flame of patriotism in the hearts of the inhabitants.

Binding his men to him by love rather than by commands, he would let them disband to their homes, no security but their single promise never to be broken, and the love these stern hearts bore him, is one of the most touching incidents in his whole career.

As a partisan leader, Marlow had no equal. One cannot point out a defect in him, nor suggest a good quality which he did not possess. To sleepless vigilance he added an energy and perseverance that nothing could shake, and to bravery which never deserted him—a pudence unmarred by a single rash act. Provoked into no haste, beguiled into no procrastination, unshaken by success, undiscouraged by defeat, he baffled every plan his pursuers to take him, and kept the field in the very midst of his foes. For a long time the only patriot who dared to lift the standard of freedom in his native State, he became the object against which the British directed all their efforts. Yet they never disband his corps or broke his power. The name of Marlow became a spell-word with which to conjure up the republicans and brighten the torrid. Seeking the recesses of the swamp day by day, and stealing on his foes like the panther by night, his swift horseman came and went like the invisible stroke of fate. No precaution could escape his penetrating glance, nor concealment furnish a security against his deadly rifle. He soared omnipresent to the enraged, terror-stricken loyalists; and when they deemed themselves safest, he was often nearest. And yet not a vice sullied his "erring character." No ferocity was mingled with his courage, and no cruelty accompanied his fierce onset. Neither the barbarities of his enemies of the reason of his friends could provoke him to injustice, even the clamors of his own followers were unable to swerve his just soul from the path of integrity. Given to no excess, he asked no share of the plunder, and never used the power he possessed to satisfy a single selfish passion.

His patriotism was as pure and lofty as his character; and for his sufferings and losses he neither asked nor expected remuneration. His country he loved better than his life, and liberty was dearer to him than all things of earth besides. Wealth, rank, ease, safety, all sunk beneath his country's claims, and he seemed to aim at nothing but its interests. He was seldom seen.

His followers were worthy of him. Bold, fearless, true as steel in the hour of danger the march around him with a faith and devotion that excited our admiration and claims our love.

The MATRIMONIAL RELATION.—Matrimony is first a sentiment, then a matter of fact, and finally a union or relation of interests, obligations, aspirations and affections.

This last sums up the problem which must soon be solved, when the parties come to discover whether the elective affinities were highly chosen or not, and if they are matched as well as paired; or, if their characteristic elements are so discordant and heterogeneous that there is no more tendency to coalesce than oil with water, or felicity with calamity. This exploration of tastes, tempers, and characters, is the crux of matrimony. After this ordeal may come endurance, reconciliation, submission, harmony and ending where it should have begun, in love. Divorces seldom or never occur, with the old spouses, and it is more in ancient couples than in new that must be witnessed the peace, companionship, joy, and triumph of matrimony, when the after-vestige is over, and the wine of life has been full, clear, pure, and sweeter.

"Manan," said a cross tempered physician to a patient: "if women were admitted to practise their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practise their" replied the lady, "would soon make it a depot."

A biography of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following ludicrous manner: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him but his brother, who was killed at the same time."

The best argument against luxury may be found by reference to the original words which signified it. It is derived from a Hebrew term, compounded of two radicals, which mean, "Thou shalt and driving his last going home before his Sunday."