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TOWANDA:

gainday Morning, April 1, 1854.

Selected Boetry.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

When spring, to woods and wastes around, When spring, to woode and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung Her tassels in the sky; And many a vernal blossom sprung, And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled as he wrought His hanging nest o'erhead, And fearless, near the fatal spot, Her young the partriage led.

But there was weeping far away, And gentle eyes, for him, With watching many an anxious day, Were surrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so, The fearful death he met, When shouting o'er the desert snow, Unarmed, and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole The northern dawn was red. The mountain wolf and wild cat stole To banquet on the dead ;-

Nor, how, when strangers found his bones, They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,

But long they looked, and feared, and wept, Within his distant home; And dreamed and started as they slept,

So long they looked-but never spied His welcome step again. Nor knew the fearful death he died Far down that narrow glen.

Selected Cale.

THE INTREPID MOTHER.

A THRILLING PEETCH.

perved that the roads were so muchly and diffi and go to bed. an at night, there was little chance of her friend Her heart leaped into her throat. For a moment

er hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly griffends would not neglect her, that after a moreashe replied : " thank you, madame, I will sit on come after all. Should it not, I shall be glad brain like lightening. It was the only chance left, your room, which you may prepare for me at any

the herself found that while her ears were anxious. herming for the roll of carriage wheels, her eyes crammally closed, and sleep began to make its

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she indexvored to direct her attention to the objects round her. The apartment was vast, and lighted Tore by the glare of the fire than by the dirty canwritch into a fifthy tin candlestick, that stood on Exceptled with flutering shadows above. From these depended a rusty gun or two, a sword, severat bage hanks of onions, cooking utensils, &c.-They were very few signs that the house was much rared though a pile of old wine bottles tay in one corner. The landlady sat at some distance from the fire place with her two sons who laid their

heads together, and talking in whispers. Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her mind she had fallen into a resort of robbers, and the words " C'est elle." (is it she,) which ras all that she heard of the whispered conversation con ributed to her alarm. The door leading into the road was ajar; and for a moment she felt an inclimation to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other habitation, and if the people of the house entertained any evil designs, her mempi would precipit the the catastrophe. So she evolved on parience, but li-tened attentively for ne approach of her triends. All she heared was e whiching of the wind, and the dashing of the ain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival. prise, the shricks of a victim put on its guard might About two hours passed in this uncomfortable alarm the house. way. At length the door was thrown open, and a man dripping wet came in She breathed more

ease of his manners. told one after midnight. Another source of anxiety sate transitioner not begun."

A fine night for walking " cried he, shaking now presented itself—the fire had nearly burned years at teasthere not begun."

What have you to give me? Salute Messieure et Mesdames. I am wet to the ekin. Hope fdisturb nobody. Give me a bottle of wine."

The hostess, in a surly elsepy tone, told her eldest son to serve the gentleman; and then addres-

sed Mrn Martin, said: "You see your friends will not come, and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You had better

go to bed." " I will wait a little longer," was the reply which elicited a kind of a shrug of contempt. The red haired man finished his boule of wine

and then said: "Show me a room, good woman-I shall sleep here to-night,"

Mrs Martin thought as he pronounced these words, be cast a protecting glance towards her, and she felt less repugnance at the idea of passing the night in the house. When, therefore, the red haired, after a polite bow, went up stairs, she said, that as her friends had not arrived, they might as well show he to her bed room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady. " Pierre, take that lady's trunk up

In a few minutes, Mrs. Martin tound herself alone in a spacious room, with a large fire burning on the hearth. Her first care, after putting the child to bed, was to examine the door. It closed only by a latch. There was no bolt inside. She looked around for something to barricade it with, and perceived a heavy chest of drawers. Fear gave strength -She had lifted, half pushed it against the door --Not contented with this, she seized a table to in crease the strength of her defence. The leg was broken, and when she touched it, it fell with a crush to the floor. A long scho went sound through the house, and she telt her heart sink within her But the echo died away and no one came; so she piled the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Tolerably satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the walls. They were all papered, and after examination seemed to contain no secret doors.

Mrs. Martin now sank down into a chair to think on her position. As was natural after having all these precautions, the idea suggested itself that it but she does not speak French easily and seemed origin. It is never pleasant to take rhubarh, but might be superfluous, and she smiled at the thought unwilling to talk We could scarcely persuade when we have paid the price of the best Russian of what her friends would say when she related to her to go to bed." them the terrors of the night. Her child was sleeping tranquilty, its rosy cheeks half buried in the The dilligence from Paris to Chalon stopped one pillow The fire had blazed up into a bright flame trening just after dark, some miles beyond the while the unsnuffed caudle burned dimly. The wile fown of Rouvarp, to set an English lady and coom was full of pale trembling shadows, but she her child at a lonely roadside Auberge. Mrs Mar. had no superstitious tears. Something positive the expected to find a carriage ready to take her could alone raise alarm. She listened attentively, to Chateau de Senart, a distance of some leagues, but could hear nothing but the howling of the wind lady. whither she was repairing on a visit; but was told; over the roof, and the pattering of the rain against n had not arrived. The landlady, a tall, coarse the window panes. As her excitement diminished, ooking woman, who showed her into the vast hall the fatigue—weich had been forgotten—began

we said she, a make up your mind to sleep here. ed and put out the candle, when she accidently next was the form of Mr. Martin in the position in fully before it is sold to us, and bring to our mar-We have a good room to offer you, and you will dropped her watch. Stooping to pick tup, hereyes which we left her. She was still pulling with both kets the optim deprived of its most valuable com-TREMED IN COMMISSION AND STATE OF THE PROPERTY removes more connectable between a part of creat hair, a hand and a glearning knife were re- of the bed. The child had thrown its arms around ram sheets, man knocking about in our rough vealed by the light of the fire. After the first mo- her neck, and was crying, but she paid no attended to love and grow especially as your dear child seems sick. ment of terrible alarm, her presence of mind re- tion. The terror of the dreadful night had driven sleeps over, that pass by the names of their various turned. She tell that she had herself cut off all her mad means of escape by the door, and was entirely left remping prospect, but she felt so confident that to her own resources. Without uttering a cry, but trembling in every limb the poor woman got into the bed by the side of her child An idea - a plan The replied : " thank you, manager, I will be a replace itself. It had flashed through her all the nation is "armed and equipped." &c on use the bitter leaves of the box word; in Germany

The bed was so disposed that the robber could get from bennath it by a narrow aperture at the head without making a noise; and it was probable mold not remain in the great room, suggested that t at he would choose from produce, this means the might be made above; but Mrs. Martin found of exit. There was no curtain in the way, so Mrs. mell so comfortable where she was—a pile of Martin, with terrible decision and noiseless energy. was blazing on the hearth—that she de made a running noise with her silk scurt, and held and at first to move Her daughter, about five it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She had resolved to strangle him in defence of her own life and that of

The position was an awful one; and probably had she been able to direct her attention to the surrounding circumstances, she might have given way to her fears, and attempted to raise the house by her screams The fire on the hearth, unattended to, had fallen around, and now gave only a dull, sullen light, with an occasional bright gleam. Evwe of the long tables. Two or three hore beams ery object in the vast apartment glowed with a rest Fieched across haltway up the walls, leaving a less motion. Now and then a mouse advanced stealthily along the ffoor, but, startled by some noise under the bed, went scouring back in terror to us hole. The child breathed steadily in its unconscious repose; the mother endeavored also to imita's slumber; but the man under the bed, uneasy in his position, could not help occasionally making

> a slight noise. Mrs. Martin was occupied with only two ideas. First she reflected on the extraordinary delusion by which she had been led to see enemies in the people of the house and a friend in the red haired man; and secondly, it struck her that as he would tear no resistance from a woman he might push away the chairs that were in the way, regardless of the noise, and thus avoid the snare that was laid for him. Once she thought that, whilst her attention was strongly directed to one spot, he had made his exit, and was leaning over her; tut she was deceived by a flicketing shadow on the opposite wall. In reality there was no danger that he would compromise the success of his sanguinary enter-

Have you ever stood, hour after hour with your gshing rod in had, waiting with the ferocious paheely; for this new comer might frustrate the tience of an angles, for a nibble! If you have, you the designs of her hostess, if she entertained any. have some faint idea of the state of mind in which He wa a red-haired, jovial-faced looking man, and Mrs. Martin-with other interests at stake passed the pired ber with confidence by the frankness and the time, until an old clock on the chimney piece and that gives her comfort, tor at every fresh birth

himself like a dog who had scrabbled out of a pond. | out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she tient with fearful attention over the head of the bed-the terrible none hanging like the sword of Damocles, above the gloomy aperture. "What," thought she, " if delay his appearance until the light has completely died away? Will it not then be impossible for me to adjust the scarf-to do the deed to kill this assassin—to save myself and child? O, God! deliver him into my hands!"

A cabtious movement below-the dragging of hands and knees along the floor-a heavy suppressed breathing-announced that the supreme moment was near at hand. Her white arms were based to the shoulders; her hair fell wildly around her face, like the mane of a lioners about to leap upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down upon the spot where the question of life and death were soon to be decided.

Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out, every second assumed the proportions of an hour -But at last, just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through an undistinct medium of filending light and darkness, a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Snepense being over, the time of action having arrived, everything seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head carefully forward. Mrs Mar in bent down. There was a hall-choked cry-the sound of a knife falling to the floor-a convulsive struggle Pull! pull!!! pull!!! Mrs. Martin heard the practice of it takes a place among the Arts, nothing—saw nothing, but the scart passing between ed with a desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begon; and one or the other must perish The robber was a powerful man and made furious efforts to get loose; not a sound escaped his lipsnot a sound from here. The dreadful tragedy war enacted in silence.

"Well, mother Guerord," cried a young man. leaping out of a carriage that stopped before the door of the Auburge next morning," what news of sputious medicines than of the genuine. It is bad have you got for me! Has my mother arrived !" "There's a lady up stairs waiting for some triends.

"Show me the room !" cried Arthur, running into the house.

They soon arrived before the door. "Mother! mother!" cried he, but he received

no answer. "The door is only latched, for we have no robber in this part of the country," said the land-

But a formidable obstacle opposed their entrance. They became alarmed, especially when they heard sand, ashes, seeds, extracts of the poppy and of the he shrieks of the little girl, and burst open the

of the reober, violently upturned from beneath the plete. In our "Mother country" they know how she seemed perfectly paralyzed. She had undress- bed, and with protriding tongue and eyeballs; the to extract the morphine, to adulterate that skill:

> WhistLing -We can scarcely imagine a bore capable of inflicting more twisting misery than an intolerable whistler. A fife we can stand when training day, and a drum, with its flang, flang, bang. The tops of the broom; in Norway and Swe en the serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air badly murdered by a poor pucker-we prefer death in some easier if not quicker, way -We always think of the French stager, who being very much annoyed by such a bore, suddenly mined upon him with i

"My triend, vat you all time vissel? you lost your dog eh?"

an athletic specimen of a man, from the Emerald Isle called into the counting room of one of our rive: street merchants. He took off his hat to nake his best bow.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Mister P., I've been lokt ve're in want o'help "

"I've but little to do," replied P-with mercantile gravity

"I'm the very boy for yees. It's but little I are about doin'-sure, its the money I'm alther ' The nailave reply procured him a situation.

A friend who loves a good thing and has a keen sense of the ludicrous, tells a story of an Irishman of the better class, who thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara. Paddy arrives at the Falls and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, ad-

dresses himself to a gendeman : " And is this the Niagara Falls?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And what is there here to make such a bother

"Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see the mighty river, the abyss, the great sheet of waier pouring down " Pat looking at the water, replied hesitatingly :-

And what's to hinder it !" An old gentleman once said, in speaking of the bad consequences of disparity of fortuneespecially on the wife's side-in marriage, that

when he married, he had twenty cents, and his

wife twenty five- and that she was thowing up

that extra five cents to him ever afterwards. There is an old lady in Virginia who believes t to be a Bible doctrine that, for seven years before the end of the world, no children are to be born,

THE BETROTHED.

Had I met thee in the beauty When my heart and hand were free,
When no other claimed the duty
Which my soul would yield to thee;
Had I wored thee—had I won thee— Oh, how blest had been my fate; But thy beauty hath undone me— I have found thee—but too late!

For one my vows were plighted With a faltering lip and pale-Hands our cruel sires united, Hearts were deemed of slight avail! Thus my youth's bright morn o'ershades, Thus betrothed to wealth and state, All Love's own sweet prospects faded,
I have found thee—but too late!

Like the fawn that finds the fountain With the arrow in his breast; Or like light upon the mountain Where the snow must ever rest, I have found thee—but forget me!

Lor I feel that ills await;

Oh! 'tis madness to have met thee— To have found thee-but too late!

Adulterated Drugs, Drinks, and Diet.

It would seem as it some men considered it sin ever to sell a pure article, if it be possible to adulterate it with comothing cheaper. Adulterations have come to be the living of large numbers, and though it can be reckoned neither an fine nor use-

ner two naked feet. She had half thrown herself, ful. Everybody knows how great and open is the back, and holding her scarf with both hands. pull- adulteration of drugs and medicines, because this has been the subject of recent legislation at the National Capital; and yet of the extent to which it has been carried very few are aware "Brewers" druggists" were long ago recognized as a distinct class of London trade-men; " wine doctors" abound in all wine drinking communities where the grape is not extensively cultivated; and it would be an interesting question whether larger fortunes-have not been realized out of the manufacture and sale enough to be blistered with flies, but to discover " Is it your mother?" asked the landlady, who afterward that a portion of the vesicant was simply seemed quite good humored alter her night's rest | glass bends finely ground, makes one suspect that his cure was cheat, and his sickness of imaginary and alterward discover that it was only the Chinese pared down to the size of the Russian pieces, with its distinguishing wormholes nearly bored with a gimlet, and fitted with a cheaper powder still of the French root, it is enough to counteract all its accredited tonic effects. GUIBOURT says that they "make over the opium again at Marseitles." A that pleasant spot enterprising manufacturers add enough to every pound of Turkey opium to make twenty five pounds of the commercial onium:lettuce, tiquorice, gum arabic, and aloes, do not exhaust the resources of this very profitable addi-The first object that presented itself was the face tion. Nor when it leaves Marseilles is the job com

> peers Indeed the beer-barrel would seem to be the lavorite field of practice for the tribe from immemorial time. Hops are not very costly, but they cost something; and it has been the study of the " brewers' druggist" to replace them. In Paristhey heath plant; in "Merrie England" mugwort and wormwood, quassis and gentian, sweet flag, and horehound catechy and aloes Except the last perhaps the presence or absence of all these may be reckoned matters rather of taste than of health. But to give it its intoxicating property as well as to increase its buterness they add the powerful extract of nux vomica-structuine, the poison of which poor GARDINER lately took to drown out of memory thoughts of his doubted mine in Mexico and all his troubles together. This pleasant ingredient, Magendie taught us has a peculiar power over the paralyzed nerves of motion, obliging muscles that and lain inactive for months to violent contractions. True it is not customay to use any great quantity of it, since one sixth of a grain is sufficient to kill a dog, and the solution of a single grain in five gallons of water communicates the bitter taste to the whole Good old porter they improve, and poor porter they make strong by the addition of such substances as cocculus indicus, grains of paradise, opium, tobacco and henbane. Now cocculus indicus is used for no other purpose than the adulteration of beer; yet in one year there was imported into England 154,864 pounds of it. But, say the lovers of porter, " whether it is the hop or the cocculus indicus we know not neither do we care : it is a very pleasant drink at any rate;" and lest it should prove too serviceable and satisfy with too small a mug, the shrewd sellers add a little salt, that does not spoil the taste, but excites your thirst and leiches you back in an hour or two to the por ter-house again. But taste or act as it may. you say it is not good without the "fine, frothy, creamy head;" but upon the poorest you shall have as preity a cream as upon the best if to each barrel you add only half an ounce of a mixture of green

vitriol, alum and salt. The wines as everybody knows are so adulterated that it is a matter of much marvel to some free donkers, whether they have ever enjoyed the taste, of pure wine. The tricks of the trade have so of ten been sworn to before Parliamentary Committees and published by members of the craft of their own accord, that doubt no longer attaches to the truth of such statements. Most of the "doctoring" is done after the wines leave the fields where they are culthe time, until an old clock on the chimney piece and that gives her common, for at every most of the pidges shall smack their lips, and protold one after midnight. Another source of anxiety she hears, she says to herself—"Well," the seven she hear not begon."

judges out of ten will say is excellent, it is only necessary to mix much eider and a little; brandy, the juice of ripe aloes, a tincture of red saunders and port enough to show the mixture what it is required to resemble. Gooseberries and cochineal make a fine champagne, frothing and sparkling abundantly, which will make a quiet company noisy, and secure a high appreciation of very feeble wit. A poor French red wine mingled with rough cider and colored with cochineal, makes a passable claret. The "Vintner's Guide" for doctoring wines tells us that bitter almonds are added to give a nutty flavor, sweet briar, orris root, cherry-laurel water, and elder-flowers, to form the bouquet of highflavored wines: alum to render young and meager red wines bright; brazil wood, cake of pressed elderberries and bilberries, to render pale faint port of a rich, deep, purple color; oak sawdost and the to puripe red wines; and a uncture of the seeds of raising to flavor ficutions port. But the most deleterious of all the ingredients of adulterated wine, is the sugar of lead, which, though not in itself, and in just that form, a poison, is convened in the stomuch into one of an exceedingly serious character It is not pleasant at any rate, to think, that when von insist upon drinking your friend's health, you pledge him in a liquor which bears into the system small doses of wrist-palsy and painter's colic. It is to be honed that this adulteration is not very extento all the tricks of our fathers and they were so given to it, that four hundred and twenty-eight years ago, the Lord Mayor of London condemned 150

Brandy which has come to be esteemed for the color first given it by old casks, is brought up to the necessary color by burnt sugar, oak chips, or saffron. The mellowness presumed to come by age, is com municated by free additions of water, and the fiery spirit which old topers so much enjoy, by the tincsures of black pepper and red.

butts of adulterated wine to the kennel.

But if adulterations were confined to our drugs and strong drinks, a portion of community might sel themselves exempt from their swils But they invade our pantries, and put their cheapened stuff upon the tables of the most temperate. Often what we buy for good vinegar is sharpened with sulphuric or nitric acid, and spiced with pintento and muse tard. Our tea is the refuse of the true herb, heightened to the right color by copperas, mixed with the leaves of other plants in which the them is as hard to find as iewels in modern toads' heads -Our coffee is chicory, our chicory Venetian red, and our Venetian red brick dust, in which, lost is the labor that attempts to discover either their or cuffeine Not here, but a little to the South, they say that some of their well smoked hams have proved to be carried kindling wood, and what seemed to be hand some specimens of the myristica moschata, kernels of pitch-pine turned in a la he.

Our butter has its golden color ne green and watered pastures where the caute leed, velling touchy, as is usual with them upon a turn but because the dairy-maid understood the virtues of forume, he again felt for his knife in order to terot saffron and the yolks of eggs. Some of our Or- minate the struggle at once; but having lately stoleh ange County milk is supposed to be milk and wa a woman's apron and tied it around his waist, his ter merely, but the milk of which our 9,847 chil- knife was so much confined that he had great diffidren under two years old died in the City last year, culty in finding the handle. Morgan, in the mean was a most noxious compound of milk, water and time being a regular pugilist, according to the custom distillery slops run through the system of diseased of Virginia, and perfectly at home in a ground cows. Even the staff, of life they take into their struggle, took advantage of the awkwardness of the polluted hands. When flour is high the baker is Indian and got one of the fingers of his right uand tempted to buy poor and inferior qualities, since he between his teeth. The Indian tugged and soared has an article which will make even spoiled floor in vain, struggling to exuicate it. Morgan beld ply absorbing water into the loaf, the French have vain the poor Indian struggled to get away-roaring of copperas in it, in which aspect this particular

how he relished Neptone's soup, to which he reotied-" Wal, I ham't got much agin it; but all I

down upon their upper lip and chin, have the face | venture. to say " that the growth of their beard is essential for their health." Now it is obvious to their friends that their health must be very, very delicate to be at all affected by so trifling a circumstance."

One of the best puns we have heard was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were retivated. The great art is out of the fow priced weak spectively Benjamin and Anne. "How did they wines to produce a high-priced imitation, over appear during the ceremony?" niquired a friend -

An Old Man a Match for Two Indians. David Morgan, a relation of the celebrated Gen-

eral Daniel Morgan, had settled upon the Monongahela river, in Virginia, during the earlier period of the revolutionary war; and at this time had ventured to occupy a cabin at the distance of several miles from any settlement. One morning in May 1781, having sent his youngest children out to a field at a considerable distance from the house, he became uneasy about them, and repaired to the spot where they were working armed as usual with his rifle. While sitting upon the fence, and giving some directions as to their work he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field gazing earnestly upon the farty. He instantly called to the children to make their escape, while he should attempt to cover their retreat. The odds were greatbusks of filberts, to give an additional stringency by against him, as in addition to other circumstances he was nearly seventy years of age and of course unable to contend with his enemies in running. The house was more than a mile distant, but the children having two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, were soon so far in front that the Indians torned their atention to the old man. He ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself. but perceiving that he would be overtaken he lairly turned at bay and prepared himself for a strenuous resistance. The woods through which they were sive. But it is generally supposed that we are up running were very thin and consisted entirely of small trees behind which it was difficult to obtain proper shelter. When Morgan adopted the above mentioned resolution, he had just passed a large walnut, which stood like a patriarch among the saplings that surrounded it and it became necessary to run back about ten steps in order to gain it. The Indians became startled at the sudden advance of the fugitive and were compelled to halt among a cluster of saplings, where they anxiously strove to shelter themselves. This however was impossible, and Morgan who was excellent markeman, saw enough of one of them to justify him in risking a shot. His enemy instantly fell mortally wounded The other Indian taking advantage of Morgan a empty rifle sprung from his shelter and advanced apidly. The man having no time to retond his rifte, was forced to fly a second time. The Indian gamed rapidly upon him, and when within twenty steps fired, but with so unsteady an aim, that Morgan struck with the but of his gun and the Indian whirled his tomahawk at the one and the same moment. Both blows took effect-and both were at once wounded and disarmed.

The breech of the rifle was broken against the

Indian's skuil, and the edge of the tomahawk was chattered against the barrel of the rifle, having cut off two of the fingers of Morgan's left hand. The Indian then attempting to draw his knife, Morgan grappled him and bore him to the ground. A furions struggle ensued, in which the old man's strength failed, and the Indian succeeded in turning him .-Planting his knee in the breast of his enemy as rise, and bleaches dark flour to the requisite snowy him fast, and began to assist him in hunting for the cotor. Alum answers both purposes, and in addt | kmfe. Each seized it at the same moment, the tion it causes the absorbtion of water so that the Indian by the blade, and Morgan by the handle, weight of a given quantity is increased, and we but with a slighthold. The Indian having the firmpay for simple unnutritious water the price of bread est hold, began to draw the knile further out of the Whether something still more absorbent than alum sheath, when Morgan suddenly giving his finger a has been discovered, we do not know, but we see farrous bite, twitched the knife dexterously through it stated that from 314 pounds of flour a Paris baker his hand cutting it severely. Both now sprang to makes 400 pounds of bread, while the baker of their feet Morgan brandishing his adversary's knife Lyons makes 440 pounds of it. If it is done sim- and still holding his fingers between his teath. In no cause to promise themselves any benefits from plunging and bolting like an unbroken colt. The the discovery. For water in the loaf is worth no leeth of the white man were like a vice, and he at more than ont of it. When bakers give us potatoes | length succeeded in giving him a stab in the side. in their bread, inasmuch as they improve it there. The Indian received it without falling, the knile by, we can forgive them for making a penny out having stinck his ribs, but a second blow, aimed at of us. But alum, at the rate of an ounce per bu- Lisbreast, proved more effectual, and the savage shel of wheat-and less than that would scarcely It II. Morgan thrust the knife, handle and all, into answer the purpose intended, if fed out at every the cavity of the body, directed downward, and meal, day by day-can hardly be entirely innocu- starting to his feet, made the best of his way home. one. In uself, it is a little too astringent for an ar | The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and hurryticle of diet, and then most alum has the impurity | mg to the spot where the struggle had taken place. they found the first Indian lying where he had falladulteration puts on besides the appearance of a en, but the second had disa peared. A broad trail of blood, however, conducted to a fallen tree top, within a hundred yards of the spot, into which the WARN'T STINGT .- A green-horn, from some- poor fellow had dragged himself, and where he where, standing carelessly upon the end of one of now lay bleeding, but still alive. He had plucked the East river piers, watching a Brookly terry the kinfe from his wound, and was endeavoring to boat, accidentally lost his equilibrium and found dress it with the apron which had cost him his life. himself suddenly in the "damp" He, however, when his enemies approached. The love of life soon clambered up again; and while blowing off appeared still strong within him, however. He the superfluous brine, he was asked by a byfunder greeted them with what was intended for an insinuating smile, held out his hand, and said in broken English, "How de do, broder! how de do!-glad have to say is, that whoever put the salt in warn't to see you!! But, poor fellow, the love was all on one side. Their brotherhood, extended only to tomahawking, scalping and skinning him, of which Young Mustacites -Clarke, of the Manchester operations were performed within a few minutes Mirror, speaking of the " beard movement," says : after the meeting-to such an extent had mutual in-Some of our young friends, with a sort of fleecy jury inflamed both parties - Sketches Western Ad-Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor

fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor-s determination never to take a mean advantage of another-an adherences o truth-delicacy and politeriess towards those with whom we have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

Biddy, has that surly tellow cleared off the snow from the pavement!"

" Did he clear it off with alaroity, Biddy !" " No, sin-with a shovel."