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## TOWANDA:

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### Selected Poetry.

#### THE MISSION OF DEATH.

The early spring's soft morning breath  
Around a cradle played,  
Where lovely in the arms of death  
A little child was laid.

And scattered o'er the cradle lay  
Violets and snow-drops fair,  
Spring's earliest flowers—emblems they,  
Of the pure infant there.

But mournfully, to that spring sky,  
On that sweet morning,  
Rose a young mother's frantic cry,  
Of anguish and despair.

For with that babe's frail life had fled,  
The light of hers—the ray,  
A little angel's presence shed,  
Forever passed away!

It was the first time death had crossed  
The threshold of her door—  
Leaving behind the early lord,  
A shadow ever more!

The spring is gone—years pass—the glow  
Of summer's evening sky,  
Upon a dying girl's fair brow,  
Like a bright glory lies.

Over that roof, had death before  
With a desolation swept,  
When a young mother sorrowing o'er  
Her first-born, there had wept.

And now again, that mother keeps  
With sad and bitter tears,  
Hefield by the couch, where sleeps  
The hope of riper years.

And yet, though now no frenzied prayer,  
No murmuring and deep,  
In the hushed silent chamber there,  
Disturb that peaceful sleep.

I asked, "how is it with the child?"  
Still would her lips rebel,  
With heart subdued in accents mild,  
To answer, "it is well!"

Summer is gone—years pass—the snow  
Upon the pathway lies,  
Winter is come—and sad and low,  
The bleak wind moans and sighs.

Around that home, where death again,  
With stern relentless wail,  
Comes with the winter's solemn train,  
His mission to fulfil.

And now his shadow rests, where lies  
A youth, whose spirit eye  
Beams as his mortal vision dies,  
With immortality!

Alone, at midnight, watching there,  
Time's snows upon her head,  
Again that mother kneels in prayer,  
Beside a dying bed.

Resigned and calm—the' she had leamed,  
On him her last sad eye,  
But God's pale messenger had warned  
The spirit from the clay.

## GENERAL SAMUEL DALE.

### HIS GREAT CANOE FIGHT.

In 1784, when Samuel Dale was yet a boy, his father moved from Virginia, and made a settlement near the site of the present town of Greensboro, Geo. But a few days elapsed, when the subject of our sketch—a youth of sixteen summers—found himself an orphan; and, in virtue of his seniority, guardian of seven brothers and sisters. Disposing of them in the best manner his limited resources would allow, he joined a company of volunteers, raised to repel the invasions of the Creeks; and here commenced that military career, which only closed when the difficulties of his country ceased. We do not propose to follow it up. Whoever is acquainted with the history of the Indian War—with the bloody battles of Burnt Corn and Holy Ground—the terrible massacre of Fort Mims—the hazardous expedition of Claiborne, and the Seminole campaigns of Jackson—knows enough to appreciate the iron nerve and daring intrepidity of Gen. Dale. We will only notice a few of those remarkable adventures with which his life is so replete.

He celebrated "Canoe Fight," in the Alabama river, in which he and two of his company, brained, with clubbed rifles, nine Indian warriors, in fair and open combat, is a kind of household word with our old settlers. Every old citizen on the river, could relate to you the incidents of the bloody conflict; while her aged partner, whose head had whitened with the growing improvements of his State, would hobble down to the bank, and point out the very spot in the bright waters where the two canoes met; and, perchance, the reader has ever made a trip down the river, on that elegant boat, which bears our hero's name, (Sam Dale) he has doubtless had designated to him, by the courteous Captain, the fine honored old beech which marks the spot, as well as the high projecting bank which had previously sheltered the namesake of his boat from the fire of the Indians.

Soon after the bloody tragedy of Fort Mims, many of the whites, urged by their defenceless condition, and the increasing hostilities of the Indians, took refuge in Fort Madison. As Gen. Claiborne was prevented from marching to their aid, by the hostile movements of the enemy about St. Stephen's, Capt. Dale and Col. Carson were left in command of the Fort. As soon as his wounds, received at Burnt Corn, were sufficiently healed, Dale determined to change his line of conduct from defensive to offensive. With seventy men he proceeded south-westwardly to Brazier's landing on the Alabama. Here they found two canoes, belonging to a negro, named Cesar, who informed them that there were Indians above there, on each side of the river. He also tendered them the use of the canoes, and proposed to act as their pilot. Captain Dale immediately placed the canoes in charge of Jo-

miah Austil and six men, who were ordered to keep them parallel with the party on land. Arriving at the mouth of Randon's Creek, the canoe party discovered a boat, filled with Indians, who, however, immediately paddled to the shore and fled. The land party, finding it impossible to continue their route, on account of the thick cane and vines, were ordered to cross over, and proceed up on the other side. While they were effecting a passage, Dale and several of his men kindled a fire a short distance from the river, to prepare their day's meal. Thus engaged they were fired upon by a party of Creeks, from an ambush. Retreating to the river, so as to gain the cover of the projecting bank, they discovered a large flat-bottomed canoe, containing eleven armed and painted warriors. The party behind them now retired, leaving Dale to choose his own course towards those in the boat. As both of his canoes were on the opposite side, Dale ordered the larger one to be manned—Two of the warriors now left their boats and swam to shore; but a ball from the unerring rifle of John Smith perforated the skull of one, who immediately sunk; the other gained the shore, and escaped. Eight men had, in the meantime, manned the large canoe, and were approaching the Indian boat; but coming near enough to see the number of rifle muzzles over the edge of the boat, they hastily paddled back to the shore.

Dale, exasperated by this "clear back out," as he termed it, of his men shouted to them in a scornful tone, "to look and see three brave men do what eight cowards had shrunk from;" and followed by Austil and Smith, sprang into the smaller canoe, which the faithful Cesar had just brought over—Paddling their canoes directly towards their enemies, they soon commenced the "Canoe Fight" proper—so celebrated in Alabama tradition.

When within twenty paces of the Indians, our heroes arose in their canoes, to give them an opening broadside; but unfortunately, the priming of their guns was wet, and they failed to fire. Had not the same accident befallen the enemy, the result of the canoe fight might have been very different. Dale now ordered Cesar to bring his boat alongside the other, and hold them together. The warriors, confident of their strength, and eager to grapple with three men whose guns would not fire, allowed their boat to move leisurely along with the current. As the two neared each other, the Chief arose, and with an ejaculation of defiance to "Big Sam," levelled his gun at Smith's breast; but before he could draw the trigger, the latter directed a blow at him which would have proved fatal, had it not been adroitly avoided. The canoes came together with a jar, which threw Austil slightly off his balance, and ere he could regain it, a well directed blow from a war-club, prostrated him across the boat. A half dozen powerful arms were raised to complete the work, when the heavy rifle of Dale came down upon the head of the Chief, with a force which sunk it deep into his skull. Smith had been not less active, and his trusty barrel had fallen with like effect upon the skull of another warrior, and the two now fell their death throes, in the bottom of their canoe. Austil had, in the meantime, recovered, and added his strength to the work of destruction. The bold Cesar, held the boats together with an iron grasp, and with one foot in each, our heroes fought. Two successive blows from Austil's rifle, despatched two of the enemy, and one of whom fell overboard. Thinking to make sure of his foe by a second stroke, Austil leaned forward to strike when he was again prostrated by an Indian club. The exulting savage never forgetful of a scalp, raised the war whoop—seized his victim by the hair—the scalp-knife glittered in the air, when another timely blow from Dale's clubbed rifle divided his skull. Tradition says, that from the force of the blow the skull was split even to the vertebral column. In the meantime Smith, at the other end of the canoe, grappled with two lusty warriors. He was a powerful man; but the chances now were against him. The iron-clutches of one of his assailants are upon his throat—the tomahawk of the other is above his head! He sees his danger; one foot is in one canoe, one in the other; with a desperate effort he gets both feet in one canoe, and draws one Indian after him, while the sudden movement separated the end of the boats and leaves the other behind; to meet the fate of those who had already come within the range of Dale's and Austil's rifles Smith now had the enemy in his power, and soon despatched him. The conflict now became equal—three to three. The savages, reduced in number from nine to three, now fought the energy of despair. Light and active, they avoided many of the blows of the whites; and, death, in return, such well directed ones, that they were beginning to tell in their favor, when Dale calling to Cesar to hold the boats firmly together, sprang upon one of the seats and dealt a blow which shattered a club which had been directed to meet him, and leveled another warrior. The remaining two were left to have destruction meet to them at the hands of the victorious Dale; who, while Smith and Austil leaned upon their bloody and brain-battered rifles, despatched them at two successive blows. During the whole of this sanguinary conflict, the heroes were encouraged by the continued cheers of their comrades on either bank. Of the nine warriors Smith killed two, Austil two, and Dale five. "Having laid them low," says Mr. Pickett, "these damned Americans began to cast them into the bright waters of the Alabama—their native stream, now to be their grave. Every time a savage was raised up from the bottom of the canoe, and along into the water, the Americans upon the banks set up shouts long and loud, as some slight revenge for the tragedy of Fort Mims. The Indian canoe presented a sight unusually revolting—several inches deep in savage blood—thickened with clots of brains and bunches of hair, &c.

A few days previous to the canoe fight, Gen. Dale was engaged in another hand-in-hand encounter, hardly less exciting. There is so much of the spirit of wild adventure and romance connected with the incident, we are surprised that it has not

been made the basis of one of our thrilling border tales. When the Indian hostilities first began to assume a threatening attitude, in consequence of the Galphinton treaty, a white woman was seized by a party of Indians and carried into captivity. All attempts towards recapturing her seemed fruitless; indeed, so many similar cases occurred, that they failed to excite that interest which would naturally expect. Dale, however, having gained some information as to her whereabouts, determined—and with him determination was but another word for accomplishment—to rescue her. Setting out alone, his experience in trailing soon brought him upon the heels of the savages. Finding himself near them with his characteristic coolness he stopped at a spring to drink and refresh himself previous to beginning his work. While stopping to drink, two of the party, who were nearer than he thought, sprang upon him. Without attempting to rise, he drew his hunting knife, and with an under stroke, killed one of his assailants; and rising suddenly, he threw the other from him, and ere he could regain his feet, despatched him. Thus much accomplished, he took the trail of the others—followed them many miles—came upon them asleep—knifed three of them—cut the thong of the captive woman, and was about to commence his triumphant march homeward, when another warrior, whose position behind a log had screened him from view, sprang upon him. Weak from the loss of blood, and in the deadly grasp of the savage, Dale would now have fallen in the hands of a foe, whom he had ever conquered, had not the liberated woman stretched up a tomahawk and split the Indian's skull. The mutual deliverers, having exchanged congratulations upon their fortunate escape, were soon in the midst of their rejoicing friends. General Dale in after life, often said he had given up all hope of life in this instance, and could hardly believe that the weak emaciated female, whose captive thong he had just cut, was his deliverer.

The biographer of Gen. Dale, John H. F. Claiborne, of Mississippi, cites the above incident, and vouches for its truth. The tales of Knight Errantry could hardly equal it in romance and wildness of adventure; and no Bois-de-Gilbert of the Middle Ages, in "panoply complete," could boast greater triumphs of his lance, than Gen. Dale of his hunting knife.

After the treaty of peace with the Indians, Gen. Dale settled in Lauderdale county, in the northern part of Alabama, where his log cabin was the seat of an extensive hospitality. In 1836 he was elected to the State Legislature, in which he served with his characteristic openness and independence of character. An interesting anecdote of him is related by Mr. Claiborne, in his biographical memoir. We give it in the authors own language: "Some time ago Gen. Dale was held, in Mobile, endeavor upon a note. The debt was in the hands of a stranger. Accompanied by an officer he sought the creditor, and found him in the saloon of Cullman's far-famed hotel. 'Sir,' said the General, 'I have no money to pay this debt. The principal has property—make him pay it, or let me go home and work it out.' The Skyhook held me indignantly through the apartment. 'Very well, sir! Look at my scars! I will match to jail, down Music street, and all Mobile shall witness the treatment of an old soldier!' These simple words fell like electricity upon the high-toned people. In half an hour a dozen of the brightest names of the city were upon the bond; and before morning the debt was paid, and a full discharge handed to the General.

Gen. Dale died in 1851, at his residence, "with the torments of a soldier, and the resignation of a Christian." We know no better how to close this article, than by quoting from the well written biography, which we have already used:

"In many respects, physical and moral, he resembled his antagonist of the woods. He had the square forehead and high cheek bones, the compressed lips, and in fact, the physiognomy of an Indian, relieved, however, by a fine benevolent Saxon eye. Like the red man, too, his foot fell lightly upon the ground, and turned neither to the right or left. He was habitually taciturn; his face grave—he spoke slowly and in low tones, and seldom laughed. I observed of him, what I had often noted as peculiar to border men of high attributes, he entertained the strongest attachment for the Indians—extolled their courage, their love of country, and many of their domestic qualities; and I have often seen the wretched remnant of the Choctaws encamped around his plantation, and subsisting upon his crops. In peace, they felt for him the strongest veneration—he had been the friend both of Tecumseh and Weatherford—and in war the name of 'Big Sam' fell on the ear of the Seminole, like that of Marsius on the borders of the Cimbrini!"—Georgia University Magazine.

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.—Wheat was brought from the central table land of Thibet, where its representative yet exists a grass, with small reedy seeds.

Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Oats wild in North Africa.

Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya.

Maize, one species is a native of India, another of Egypt and Abyssinia.

Maize was brought from America.

Canary Seed, from the Canary Islands.

Rice from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America.

Pease are of unknown origin.

Lentil grows wild on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Vegetables are a native of Germany.

Chick Pea was brought from the South of Europe.

The garden Bean from the East Indies.

Book-wheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary.

## Manners of Nicholas of Russia.

BY MR. DALLAS, VICE PRESIDENT, U. S. AND MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

No admitted merit—no length of service—no elevation of rank; can you get the blow with which he is ever ready to strike the culpable or disloyal? To maintain the discipline of his troops he is in the habit of suddenly visiting their stations without warning and proceeding at once to their inspection—when not to the officer, or private detected in fault! He has been known on the instant of discovering remissness or inattention, to tear off with his own hands the epaulettes and decorative badges of a veteran and favorite officer. There reveals in his temperament what may be called a dash of romance; which set off by a form of great elegance and muscular strength, gives to his actions grace, viracity and interest. When representing the imperial chief, his details may be full of grandeur and magnificence may be truly and orientally gorgeous—his audiences, banquets, the festivals as imposing and dramatic as those in the Arabian Nights—yet often from them he breaks abruptly away—travels through his kingdom, unknown and unobserved—going, perhaps, admission to the palace of some neighboring sovereign under fictitious name; or, as a medicant by the way side, claims the charity of the Empress—or, it may be, as the awkward captain of a steamer, affects to run down some lumbering capitan of a small craft on the Baltic—and while supposed to be thus roaming over the Empire, alarms his ministers by suddenly presenting himself amongst them.

A few years ago an American frigate—like celebrated for the beauty of her proportions—the solidity of her form—and quickness of sailing—entered the harbor of Constantinople. Her arrival was once communicated to Nicholas, and, before her anchor was fairly down, one of the richly ornamented steamers was observed approaching across the wide bay. The steamer stopped about 100 yards distance from the frigate, a dazzling group of officers was seen to enter a barge, the course of which was immediately directed towards the ship. Acting as coxswain to this barge, and seated himself at the stern, appeared a conspicuous figure, with a small white cap, encircled by a red band, and attired in a single-breasted dark green frock coat—the attire corresponding with the individual's subordinate capacity, and presenting a singular contrast to the epaulettes and other finery of those under whose orders he seemed stationed. Always prepared to receive appropriately such visitors, our naval commander met them at the gangway and gave them a cordial welcome. Among them was the vice-chancellor of the Empire, the minister of Marine, and number of admirals and general officers, who went "all" into the cabin of the commodore, whilst their coxswain, as it conscious that he must look out for himself walked "forward" and mingled carelessly with the common sailors. As he examined the battery and scrutinized the bulwarks, asking now and then some questions, the hardy tars, trained to discern the air and tone of real authority, instinctively touched their tarpanian hats, and winked knowingly to each other, whispering their conviction that it "was the old boy himself!" This suspicion circulated with rapidly through the frigate, but no one deemed it decorous by the slightest word or look, to intimate his existence to him who thought himself, as he wished to be absolutely unrecognized. After inspecting this proud specimen of our naval architecture and armament, the splendid cavalcade re-entered their barge.

And now arrived the moment when the commodore was to decide whether he should give the ordinary salute of twenty one guns, or twice that number, constituting an imperial salute. The suspected coxswain was then observed alone, and leaning on the wheel of the steamer, as the man of war's heavy cannon thundered from her ports. He remained silent until the sound of the twenty-second gun—he started with surprise—gathered his officers around him, and after he had explained to them that the "one Yankee" had seen through his disguise, he issued his orders for the resumption of his true character. Signals were immediately noticed to be exchanged with the surrounding forts, and ten or twelve Russian ships in the harbor. The star spangled banner was then hoisted at the mast head of the steamer, gracefully playing across the bows of the American ship, while every other armed ship commenced firing answering salutes.—When these ceased the flag of the Union slowly descended, and Nicholas proclaimed his personal presence by hoisting in its stead the standard of his house—the dark, double-headed eagle, on a yellow ground—whose appearance, as if by magic, avoked the cannon of both on the shore and the bay produced the deafening roar of 2000 guns. The self-confidence which leads to those eccentric movements characterizes the deportment of the sovereign everywhere and at all times. Our fancies are apt to imagine him always moving in state, and hedging himself around with guards and attendants with all the show and pomp of the appurtenances of tyranny. Such is not the case. Why, the elected citizen King of France, with power expressly defined and restricted, feels safe only within his palace walls, or surrounded by his soldiers, whilst Nicholas, the unrestricted and irresponsible despot, maintains, in all his intercourse with his people, the freedom and carelessness of unimportant privacy. He is seen at all hours—in a small single horse sleigh—in an open carriage, on horseback, or on foot unaccompanied, and undisturbed, except by those familiar with his general personal appearance of physiognomy; strangers often, unaware of his presence, passing him without respect.

"How well he plays for one so young!" said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy and his monkey performed near her door; "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure!"

"The report that a schoolmaster chastised a boy with a railroad switch, doobled."

## The Caucasian Race.

The following extract is taken from the Life of Alfred the Great. It shows in a striking light the immense energy of the Caucasian race and their commanding influence upon the destiny of the human family.

"For three thousand years the Caucasian race, have continued under all circumstances, and in every variety of situation, to exhibit the same traits and the same indomitable prowess. No calamities however great—no desolating wars, no destructive pestilence, no wasting famine, no night of darkness however universal and gloomy—have ever been able to keep them long in degradation or barbarism. There is not now a barbarous people to be found in the whole race, and there has not been one for a thousand years.

Nearly all the great exploits, and achievements too, which have signalized the history of the world, have been performed by this branch of the human family. They have given celebrity to every age in which they have lived, and to every country that they have ever possessed, by some great deed or discovery, or achievement, which their intellectual energies have accomplished. As Egyptians they built the pyramids, and reared enormous monuments which remain as perfect now as they were when first completed thirty centuries ago. As Phenicians, they constructed ships, perfected navigation and explored, without compass or chart, every known sea. As Greeks they modelled architectural embellishments, cut sculptures in marble, and wrote poems and history, which have been ever since the admiration of the world. As Romans, they carried a complete and perfect military organization over fifty nations and a hundred million of people, with one supreme mistress over all, the ruins of whose splendid palaces and monuments have not yet passed away. Thus has this race gone, always distinguishing itself, by energy, activity and intellectual power, wherever it has dwelt, whatever language it has spoken, and in whatever period of the world it has lived. It has invented printing, and filled every country that it occupies with permanent records of the past, accessible to all. It has explored the heavens, and reduced to precise and exact calculations all the complicated motions there. It has ransacked the earth, systematized, arranged and classified the vast melange of plants, and animals, and mineral products to be found upon its surface. It makes steam and falling water to do more than half the work necessary for feeding and clothing the human race—and to the howling winds of the ocean, the very emblems of restlessness, destruction and terror, it steadily employs in interchanging the products of the world and bearing the means of comfort and plenty to every clime.

The Caucasian race has thus, in all ages, and in all the varieties of condition in which the different branches of it have been placed, evinced the same great characteristics, marking the existence of some innate and constant constitutional superiority, and yet, in the different branches subordinate differences appear, which are to be accounted for, perhaps, partly by difference of circumstances, and partly, perhaps, by similar constitutional diversities, by which one branch is distinguished from other branches, as the whole race is from the other races with which we have compared them. Among these branches, we, Anglo Saxons ourselves, claim for the Anglo Saxons the superiority over all others.

RIDING HOBBIES.—The Albany Register, speaking of riding hobbies, says: "It is his same riding hobbies, that has made philosophy, science, governmental policy, the arts, what they are. Newton mounted his hobby of Gravitation, and mark the splendid theory developed by his ride! Faust rode Printing, and note the light that has beamed upon the world. Hersehell mounted the Stars and contemplated the mighty worlds laying away off on the outside boundary of the Universe that he discovered. Our Pilgrim Fathers strided Republicanism, and looked around upon this magnificent country, that they wrenched from Kingly rule, and sent it forward upon its lofty mission. Fulton threw his leg over Steam, and a jolly ride he had. Hawk to the scream of the steam whistle, the snort of the iron horse, and the thunder of the hoofs. See the steamboats stemming the currents of the great Rivers, and the great steamships booming over the Ocean, going with a straight wake, right into the wind's eye."

BADLY CORNED.—A traveler, fatigued with the monotony of a long ride through a partly settled section of the country, rode up to a small lad who was engaged in trimming and dressing out a sickly looking field, and relieved the oppression of his spirits thus: "My young friend, it seems to me you corn is rather small."

"Yes, sir, daddy planted the small kind."

"Ah, but it appears to look rather yellow too?"

"Yes, sir, daddy planted the yellow kind."

"From appearance, my lad, you won't get more than half a crop."

"Just half, stranger—daddy planted it on halves."

The horseman proceeded on his way, and has not been known to speak to a boy since. He considers them bore.

"How is your husband, dear?" asked one lady of another. "O, he's in a very bad state," was the reply. "And pray, what kind of a state is he in?" still persisted the other. "In State prison," replied the lady blushing.

A sailor once had a high dispute with his wife; who wished him to the devil. "Plague on me Peg," said he, "if I don't think that I should fare pretty well with the old fellow, as I married into his family."

The end of man's life is glory. The end of woman's life is about two and thirty.

## A Yankee on a Bust.

"Massy saiks alive, Eb's back bum again!" says cousin Sally, running into the kitchen to Marm Green, who, up to her elbows in dough, "drops all," and came out to see her hopeful stalk into the porch as big as all our doors.

"Wher on airth, Eb, her you been?" says the old lady.

"Where her I been? Why, say down to Bosting."

"Massy saiks, Eb, what on airth did you dew—had you a good time, Ebenezer?"

"Good time! Oh-o-ogh, pessimmons! hadn't I a time! Cote time, by golly; a sand, marm, I made the money fly—did by golly."

"Why how you talk, eb?" says Marm Green.

"I hope, son Ebenezer, you didn't break any of the commandments, or nothing?"

"Break the commandments! Wa-a-ah, no; didn't break nuth in." Everlastin' salvation, marm, you don't poss a feller's a goin' down dew to law, besting and not eat a shinn no goshin. You see marm, I went into a shawp to get a drink of that almighty good stuff, spruce beer, and two gals, sleek critters, axed me tea treat?"

"Laud saiks alive!—you didn't dew it though Eb?"

"Wa-a, all I did though new! I was out on a time, marm, and I didn't care a darn whether school kept or no, as the boy told his boss."

"Ebenezer, not you aware?"

"Haint a gone to, Marm; but you see them gals axed me to treat, and I did; and don't kear a darn who knows it! You see I paid for the two glasses of spruce beer and mine, that was a full price, slap dab; then I bought two oons worth of reemson for 'em, and, by Bunker, I'd rather spent that hull nine-pence than gone off sneakin'!"

ATTACHMENT TO HOPE.—It has been said of Americans that they manifest less attachment to the place of their birth, and less regard for their friends of other days, than any people in the civilized world. The leave their friends and their homes, and cast themselves upon the tide of uncertainty, and often unpropitious adventure; but not because the society of friends has become irksome, or the home of their childhood has lost the charms of its pristine beauty: No! deep, bitter, and abiding are the sorrows that entwine the heart of a dutiful son and affectionate daughter when perhaps for the last time, they look upon the form of an aged mother, whose years admonish, all that ere long the cold hand of death will consign her to a resting-place forever—Who that has ever beheld the streaming eyes of a fond and loving mother, who, with stricken heart and heaving bosom, would clasp the hand of her departing child, and, as the last maternal office, point him to a faith which leads to a happy spirit land; who on the whole earth that has seen this, can say that an American does not love home and friends? Thank Heaven, our countrymen are industrious, and enterprising and bold, though they are generally poor; and their footsteps are directed for fortune and for honor. And the homes and the friends that they love are henceforth remembered in their glisten dreams of pleasure forever gone—He who does not wander back in sweet recollection, and live again the sunny hours of times gone by, surrounded by friends whom he can never forget, is a "human icicle," and never enjoyed the society of a true friend, or knew the care of a father and the love of a mother. Should any one ask me why home was the spot which, above all others on earth, we cherish the undying memory of, I would answer, because it is the place where we have felt the smiles and enjoyed the love of our mothers.

Who count to DANCE LEQUON.—Not the rich, for in it there is no refreshment.

Not the poor, for it injures their purse, their credit, their health, their morals, and their families.

Not the idle man, for he is lazy enough without it.

Not the merchant, for it will probably render him a bankrupt.

Not the mechanic, for it will cause him to make promises which he cannot keep, and so lose his customers.

Not the farmer, for it will make his cattle lean, his sheep hide-bound, his barn empty, and fill the windows of his house with old bats and old rags.

Mrs. Partington's niece, upon being told by a young lawyer, that in the country where he resided they held court, four times a year, "La me! why you sint half up to the business—the young fellows here come a courting three times a week."

A late trial, the defendant who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a trifling charge, after listening awhile to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said, "Them 'ere allegations is false, and that 'ere aligator knows it!"

I say, niggs, how you sell dem broom so much cheaper dan dis indervidual can do, when, between you and me, I steaf de stuff to make dem wid?" "Way, you black tool, Pomp; steaf mine ready make."

"Come out here and I'll lick the whole of you," as the boy said when he saw a bottle full of eggar sick in a shop window.

The man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's smiles, has "fallen back" on sugar. Nothing like first principles, after all.

There are two cures for love—an extravagant wife and sixpence worth of arsenic. The former, however, is the most certain.

An altar down eastways that the constant murmur of the sea reminds him of his wife. And no doubt the squalls of old ocean remind him of his children.