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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, June 7, 1856.

Original Poetry.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Ye were gathered where the sunshine fell,
In floods of golden light,
And ye have flung a witching spell
Around my soul to-night;
Till all the dreary haunts I loved,
Seem fresh about me still;
The paths my childish foot-steps roved,
Beside the gushing rill.
The gladness of early years,
Will linger, O! so long,
While memory treasures not the tears
That mingled with each song.
Oh! brightly beautiful the scenes
Keep rising to my view,
Of summer skies, of laughing streams,
And meadows wet with dew.
Our tears were then but April showers,
That woke a brighter smile—
Alas! we've left the sweetest flowers
On childhood's sunny isle.
As father floats our tiny bark,
Adown the stream of time,
We ever turn when clouds are dark,
To that fair smiling clime.
Dim are the paths our foot-steps tread,
Amid the fallen leaves,
While hope's sweet blossoms, crushed, and dead,
Are sighing to the breeze.
Oh! full of sad, and bitter tears,
Is all the lonely way;
And sunshine with the changing years,
Keeps flitting fast away.
But, ye pale buds have power to bring
Back from the hidden past,
The joy which fell o'er life's young spring,
The losses that did not last.
Best is your mission, O! be ours,
So purely good as thine;
And then amid these earthly bowers,
The soul will cease to pine.

Revolutionary Sketch.

The Battle of Trenton.

The following account of Washington's victory over the Hessians at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 26th of December, 1777, the day after the celebrated crossing of the Delaware, is from the manuscript of Lieut. Archer, who was a participant in the conflict:

I had scarcely put my foot into the stirrup, before an aid-de-camp from the commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. The General was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected as in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me than he waved his hat as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, waited for his command.

"You are a native of this country?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"You know the road from McConkey's ferry to Trenton, by the river and Pennington—the roads all?"

"As well as I know my own alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff. Ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieut. Archer," he added, smiling, as the fiery beast made a demouive, that set half the group in motion.

"Your Excellency—"

"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger shorted the sentence. "I see the heads of the columns are in motion; you will remember," and waving his hand, he gave the reins to his steed—while I fell bewildered into the staff. This was on the evening of December 25, 1777.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march anything but pleasant. We however hoped on the morrow to redeem our country by striking the signal blow, and every heart beat with anticipation of victory. Columns after columns of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the last detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse upon the bank above the landing, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity of the scene. The night was dark, wild and threatening—the clouds belched an approaching tempest, and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eyes the increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brow to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow into my face and momentarily blinded my sight.

At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and desolate—a few desolate looking houses were dimly in sight, and the floating pieces of ice in the stream now jammed with a crash together and floating slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boat to pass. The dangers of navigation can better be imagined than described, for the most exertions could just prevent the frail structures of rafts from being crushed. Occasionally a stray fire could be heard whistling over the waters, mingling feebly with the fierce whirring of the winds, and anon the deep roll of the drums would loom across the night, or the rattle of jamming ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoniers beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore before we landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant a band of the regiment struck an enlivening air, and plunging my ravel in my steed, I galloped off to overtake the General and his staff.

It was now 10 o'clock, and so much time had been consumed, that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. My command was therefore called on horse-

back, to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree; the attack shall take place. General," he continued, turning to Sullivan, "Your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington—let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach the outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts. In five minutes we must be in motion."

The eagerness of our troops to come up to the enemy, was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long-threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and rain rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks; and the wind shrieked, howled and roared among the old pine trees with terrible violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity, and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying round and round, sweeping away on the whistling tempest far down in the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket, were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep sullen roar of the forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued to march in profound silence, increasing as we drew near the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery and made us once more hope for a successful surprise. Nor were those sufferings light. Tho' that dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of freemen could have sustained them. Half clothed, many without shoes; whole companies without blankets; they yet pressed heavily on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, and shivering at every blast, too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such suffering should ever have to be endured again.

The dawn at last came; but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with the sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The fields that we passed were covered with a wet spongy snow, and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It had been my lot to witness but few such forbidding scenes. At this instant a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

"Forward!—forward!" cried Washington, himself galloping to the head of the column; "push on, my brave fellows, on!"

"They started like hunters at the cry of the pack, as their general's voice was seconded by a heavy fire from the riflemen in the van; and forgetting everything but the foe, marched in silent eagerness toward the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the woods, the scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemed buried in repose. The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen, however, flitting a moment through the mist—he was lost behind a clump of trees, and then re-appeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village.—I had no doubt that he was a messenger from the outposts for a reinforcement, and if suffered to rally once, we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he left, we now turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly in disorder before our van-guard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their feeble faculties; and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals of the—!" shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forebore their shouts, and steadily moved on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of half a mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day is ours."

"Charge that artillery from a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General, as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to the right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the mouth of the cannon, and before the artillery could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy were seen endeavoring to form in the main street, ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted the commander-in-chief; "charge them before they can form—follow me!" The effect was electric. Gallant as they had been before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their commander's daring, and dashed into the town, carried every thing before them.

The half-formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wa-

vered, broke, and in five minutes were flying pell-mell through the town, while our troops, with admirable discipline, still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were soon floating through the mists ahead—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in from all sides, the whole regiment had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe having surrendered, every unmanly exultation had disappeared from the countenances of our men.—The fortune of war had turned against their foe—it was not the part of brave men to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly:

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on Princeton road."

Quick as thought the commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and leading hastily around the troop of officers, singled me out.

"Lieut. Archer you know the roads, Col. C— will march his regiment around and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route."

I bowed in humble submission to the saddle bow, and perceiving that the Col. was at some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retiring foe could be seen thro' the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross path, which, making as it were the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off the enemy's retreat. The hard struggle to attain the desired point, where the two roads intersect, was short but fierce. We had already advanced, and although the enemy pressed on with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were on their part inspired with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead, a bold, quick push, enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe, and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In an hour I reported myself at head quarters at the aid-de-camp to Col. C—, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory at Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia. The drooping spirits of the colonies were re-animated by the news, the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more aroused, and the enemy, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder toward Princeton and New Brunswick.

A LITTLE QUAKERESS IN A HURRY.—An amusing matrimonial story is told of the olden time of New England. It so fell out that two young people became attached to each other, as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker, the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dared not disobey openly. She met him by moonlight, while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love, a state of sighs and tears, which women oftener reach in imagination than reality. So the father remained inexorable. Time passed on, and the rose of Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let not concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on that damask cheek, however, but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower and loved his girl dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out: "Mary, rather than hope to death, thou hadst better marry as these choices and when these please."

And what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or till her father had time to change his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as street could carry her.—She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not fashionable then—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as an heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not.—John looked up inquiringly. She walked to him and took his hand in hers: "John, says she, 'father says I may have thee.' And John got directly up from the dinner table and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

STRONG ARGUMENT.—A negro preacher, strong in the faith, was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying God. Says he, "Brethren, whatever God tells me to do in His book, (holding up the Bible,) that I'm going to do. If I see in it that I must jump troo a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it 'long to God, jump at it 'long to me."

A NOVEL ANSWER.—A few Sabbaths since in a town in the vicinity of this city, a teacher of a Sunday School was engaged in questioning his pupils upon subjects connected with their previous studies in the Bible. At last turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked "What Adam lost by the Fall?" Pat for a few moments was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened as he interrogatively replied—"An' was it his hat, sir!"

The Voice of the Ancient Dominion.

[From the Petersburg Intelligencer.]

We are exceedingly sorry that Mr. Brooks dirtied his cane by laying it athwart the shoulders of the blackguard, Sumner. We regret that he did so, not because Sumner got a lick on his nose, but because he was not justly entitled to all he got and more beside, but because the nasty scamp and his co-scamps will make capital for their foul cause out of the affair. They will raise a howl which will split the public ear about the violation of the privileges of debate, Southern bullying, &c. Master Horace Greeley in particular will jump out of his boots and breeches, have about four thousand fits, and thus put up the price of asafetida and burnt feathers throughout the country. Disagreeing with *The Richmond Whig* as to the effect of Sumner's thrashing, we entirely concur with it, that if thrashing is the only remedy by which the foul conduct of the Abolitionists can be controlled, that it will be very well to give Sumner a double dose at least every other day until it operates freely on his political bowels. It is true that the cunning rascal is a little too smart to violate the decorum of debate, but his adroit demagogism and damnable doctrines are infinitely more dangerous to the country than the coarse blackguardism of the perjured wretch, Sumner, who will, to his dying day, remember that his Brooks is not the "running brooks" that one Shakespeare found "looks" in.

[From The South-Side Democrat, May 24.]

A VIRGINIA VIEW OF THE ASSAULT ON SENATOR SUMNER.—JUSTIFICATION OF BROOKS.—The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the classical caning which our outrageous Abolitionist received on Thursday at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks, of South Carolina. It is enough for gentlemen to bear to be compelled to associate with such a character as Sumner, and to be bored with the stupid and arrogant dogmas with which his harangues invariably abound; but when in gross violation of senatorial courtesy, and in defiance of public opinion, the unscrupulous Abolitionist undertakes to heap upon the head of a venerable Senator a vulgar tirade of abuse and calumny, no punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified, and classical caning. The only regret we have is that the chastisement was not postponed until Sumner had left the Senate. The Senate-Chamber would thus have been prevented from the scene of such an exhibition, and the cowardly Abolitionist would have been favored with an opportunity—of which there can be no doubt he would have availed himself—to make his escape.

[NOTE.—The Editor of *The South-Side Democrat* was the regular Democratic candidate for Clerk of the House in the late organization at Washington.]

Mr. Sumner's Statement.

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1856.

The House Committee of Investigation waited on Mr. Sumner to-day, and took his testimony with regard to the assault. He was also cross-examined. He was in bed during the examination, and has set up but little since the assault. He is still weak, and the physicians counsel him not to attempt to go out of the house during this week.

The following is the statement of Mr. Sumner, under oath:

I attended the Senate as usual on Thursday the 22d of May. After some formal business, a message was received from the House of Representatives, announcing the death of a member of that body from Missouri. This was followed by a brief tribute to the deceased from Mr. Gever, of Missouri, when according to usage and out of respect to the deceased the Senate adjourned at once. Instead of leaving the Senate chamber with the rest of the Senators, on the adjournment, I continued in my seat, occupied with my pen, and while thus intent, in order to be in season for the mail, which was soon to close, I was approached by several persons who desired to converse with me, but I answered them promptly and briefly, excusing myself for the reason that I was much engaged. When the last of these persons left me I drew my arm chair close to my desk, and with my legs under the desk continued writing. My attention at this time was so entirely drawn from all other subjects that though there must have been many persons in the senate, I saw nobody. While thus intent, with my head bent over my writing, I was addressed by a person who approached the front of my desk; I was so entirely absorbed that I was not aware of his presence until I heard my name pronounced. As I looked up with pen in hand, I saw a tall man whose countenance was not familiar standing directly over me, and at the same moment caught these words: "I have read your speech twice over," "carefully; it is a libel on South Carolina," "and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine." While these words were still passing from his lips, he commenced a succession of blows with a heavy cane on my bare head, by the first of which I was stunned so as to lose my sight. I saw no longer my assailant, nor any other person or object in the room. What I did afterward was done almost unconsciously, acting under the instincts of self-defense. With head already bent down, I rose from my seat—wrenching up my desk, which was screwed to the floor—and then pressing forward, while my assailant continued his blows. I had no other consciousness until I found myself ten feet forward in front of my desk, lying on the floor of the Senate, with my bleeding head supported on the knee of a gentleman whom I soon recognized by voice and manner as Mr. Morgan, of New-York. Other persons there were about me offering me friendly assistance, but I did not recognize any of them. Others there were at a distance, looking on and offering no assistance, of whom I recognized only Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, and I thought also my assailant standing between them. I was helped from the floor and conducted into the lobby of the Senate where I was placed upon a sofa. Of those who helped me here I have no recollection. As I

entered the lobby I recognized Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, who retreated, but I recognized no one else until I felt a friendly grasp of the hand, which seemed to come from Mr. Campbell, of Ohio. I have a vague impression that Mr. Bright, President of the Senate, spoke to me while I was on the floor of the Senate or in the lobby. I make this statement in answer to the interrogatory of the Committee, and offer it as presenting completely all my recollections of the assault and of the attending circumstances, whether immediately before or immediately after. I desire to add that besides the words which I have given as uttered by my assailant, I have an indistinct recollection of the words "old man;" but these are so enveloped in the mist which ensued from the first blow, that I am not sure whether they were uttered or not.

On the cross-examination of Mr. Sumner, he stated that he was entirely without arms of any kind, and that he had no notice or assault of any kind, direct or indirect, of this assault.

In answer to a cross-question, Mr. Sumner replied that what he had said of Mr. Butler was strictly responsive to Mr. Butler's speeches, and according to the usages of parliamentary debate.

Letter from Col. Benton.

Col. THOMAS H. BENTON has written the following reply to an official notice that he had been nominated for Governor of Missouri:

GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter on the subject of the nominations made by the Democratic Convention at Jefferson City, and am greatly pleased with the whole of them, except the one which relates to myself. That takes me by surprise, and must remain under consideration until I return—which will be soon, as I am nearly through the occupation which has detained me here. In the mean time, if any other person was thought of for the Governor's nomination, in the event of my inability to accept it, I would wish him to be brought forward at once, without awaiting any further answer from me.

It is my intention to speak on the state of public affairs when I get to Missouri, but not in the way of a canvass, nor as a candidate for any office, but to do my part as a citizen, in trying to preserve the peace and harmony of the Union, and to keep agitation and sectionalism out of our borders—two evils now besetting the whole United States, and our own State above all.

I consider a slavery agitation, (and its natural off-spring, sectional antagonism,) the greatest curse, both socially and politically, which could befall our Union; and that curse is now upon us, and brought upon us designedly and for the worst of purposes. The Missouri Compromise line, the work of patriotic men, had stood above thirty years, and there was not one among those contriving its repeal who was not upon the record, (in votes or speeches), for its support, up to the time of its abrogation; and Mr. Calhoun himself, as late as 1848—only two years before his death, and after he had broached the doctrine of no power in Congress to legislate upon slavery in Territories—repudiated the idea of repeal, and declared that the "attempt" to do so would "disturb the peace and harmony of the Union." It has been attempted and accomplished, and the peace and harmony of the Union has been destroyed.

Out of the repeal of this Compromise has sprung forth a new test of Democracy, which consists in exacting party allegiance to the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The first inquiry upon the virtue of this new test is, to find out what those principles are? and the result is diametrically opposite, as it comes from one side or the other of the Potomac River. From the North the answer is, Squatter Sovereignty! as being the inherent right of the people of the Territory to decide the question of slavery for themselves, and to have it or not, just as they please. In the South that definition is held to be rank demagoguery, and that the people of the Territory, no more than Congress, have not a particle of power on the subject; that the Constitution carries slavery with it into every Territory, as soon as acquired, overriding and controlling all laws against it, and keeping it there in defiance of the people, or of Congress, until the Territory becomes a State, and excludes it.* Thus the advocates of the test are as opposite as light and darkness in telling what it is, and surely they ought to agree upon it before they require others to believe in it. It is impossible to believe in both; and I believe in neither. I believe in the old doctrine, that the Territories are the property of the United States, and under the guardianship of Congress, and subject to such laws as Congress chooses to provide for them, (or to permit them to make for themselves,) until they become States; and after that (the children arrived at 21 years of age) they are out of guardianship, and have all the rights of their fathers. That is my belief, and has been the belief of the whole United States until lately, and especially the belief of those who now deny it, and who are upon the record (and that often and recent) against their own denial.—Witness (to go no further back) the bill for the admission of Texas in 1845, on which all who voted for that admission voted for the re-establishment of the Missouri Compromise line in that part of it south of the Arkansas River where it had been abrogated by the laws and Constitution of Texas. Witness also the debates and speeches on the Oregon bill in 1848—also the attempts to extend the Compromise line to the Pacific in 1850—also the votes of some of these advocates in favor of the Wilmot Proviso; and, above all, the protest of the

* But I deny that the laws of Mexico can have the effect attributed to them, (that of keeping Slavery out of New Mexico, California and Utah). As soon as the treaty between the two countries is ratified, the sovereignty and authority of Mexico, in the territory acquired by it, become extinct, and that of the United States is substituted in its place, carrying with it the Constitution, with its overriding control over all the laws and institutions of Mexico, inconsistent with it.—*Mr. Calhoun's Oregon Speech*, 1848.

ten Senators against the admission of the State of California in 1850, because Congress would not legislate upon the subject of slavery in the territory which was to compose it. With all these authorities and evidences in favor of the old doctrine, and against the new test and its authors, I think the old democracy may be allowed to dispute its binding force—at all events, until its advocates can agree in telling what it is. Respectfully,
THOMAS H. BENTON.

Appearance of John Hancock.

One who saw Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days. As recollected at this time, Hancock was nearly six feet in height and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style, a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed in a cooler, when the season required it. At this visit Hancock took from the cooler, standing on the hearth, a full tankard, and drank first himself and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period; and he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves; which soon became the prevailing fashion; and it is related of Dr. Nathan Jacques, the famous pedestrian of West Newbury, that he passed all the way from that place to Boston in one day, to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm on foot.

NOT THE RIGHT PRAYER.—A correspondent of the Knickerbocker says: The following, which was "quit-chained" to me a few evenings since, by the Rev. Dr. O—, a venerable and venerated clergyman of this city, himself a man of "humorosity," and whose "good things" said, are only exceeded by his good things done, during a life of over seventy years. Not long since, as he was "going round doing good," he called upon "one sick;" a man who, although long a resident within the reverend doctor's precincts, had but rarely come under the fertilizing effects of the "droppings of the sanctuary." He was a very sick man; and Dr. O—, after conversing with and exhorting him in his usual fervid and impressive manner, proposed to pray with him. No objection being made, he proceeded to offer up a feeling petition in his behalf. In the course of his fervid supplication, he prayed that the sick man might be brought to see the error of his ways, and (*inter alia*) that he might have a "new heart." At this point of the ceremony the invalid interposed: "Stop! stop! Dr. O—, you're all wrong. There ain't anything the matter with my heart; that's all right enough! It's my liver that's ailin'!"

A SINGULAR TRADITION.—Among the Seniole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned, and that after making them, he led them to the margin of a small lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed and came out of the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddy, and when he bathed, he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and he came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest; when the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enveloped hunting, fishing, and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper, the engine of the mind—the means of mutual mental improvement, the social link of human life, the foundation of the white man's superiority.

Good nature redeems many faults.—More than beauty, wealth, power, genius, it causes men and women to be loved. If there are no shining qualities whatever in the character, even should there be considerable intellectual deficiency, yet if a good temper beams brightly on the countenance, we ask for nothing more. We pause not, we do not question nor hesitate, but surrender at once the fascination of the good and honest soul, that has set upon his face the seal of this admirable quality.

Old Shoes—how much they are alike the fate end of a poor man's life. They have traveled and scraped, and wandered over the surface of the earth, wearing their soles out only to be at last kicked aside, thrown to oblivion, and their places supplied by the new.

What is it that causes a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor? A draft.