

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVII.—NO. 9.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 7, 1856.

## Selected Poetry.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

Our flag is there!—the starry flag  
Our starry forefathers gave,  
Our Freedom's home, Free Soil, Free Men,  
In triumph long to wave!

Yet all its bright and shining folds  
Full Slavery seeks to stain,  
And Freedom's host is called to fight  
Her battle o'er again!

And fight we will, from vale and hill  
The battle-cry is heard,  
Till with FREEMON'S and DAYTON'S names  
The nation's heart is stirred!

O blessed Freedom! peerless boon!  
Worth all the world beside;  
For thee, how many hero souls  
Have gladly bled and died!

Free Speech, Free Kansas—far and wide  
Be these the battle cry,  
To save thy flag from stain and shame,  
And Slavery's awful might!

Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Soil—  
Free men, FREEMONT hurled,  
Are mottoes true for Freedom's host,  
An every shining fold!

Our flag is there! Oh, bright and fair  
Shall the millions on,  
Till Slavery's scourging waves be stayed,  
And Freedom's battle won!

And Valor's arm and Beauty's smile  
Shall bid it proudly wave,  
Till not a rod of Freedom's soil  
Is owned by chain or slave!

Free Speech, Free Kansas—far and wide  
Be these the battle cry,  
Till Freedom's flag, in Freedom's cause,  
Is crowned with victory!

## Political.

Secretary Marcy's Opinion of Colonel Fremont.

[From the report of the Sec. of War, Dec. 5, 1846.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, Dec. 5, 1856.

In May, 1845, JOHN C. FREMONT, then a lieutenant in the corps of Topographical Engineers, and since appointed a lieutenant colonel, left here under orders from this department to pursue his explorations in the region beyond the Rocky Mountains. The objects of his service were, as those of his previous explorations had been, of a scientific character, without any view whatever to military operations. Not an officer or soldier of the United States army accompanied him; and a whole force consisted of sixty-two men, equipped by himself for security against Indians, and for procuring subsistence in the wilderness and desert country through which he was passing.

One of the objects he had in view was to discover a new and shorter route from the western base of the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Columbia river. This search, for a part of the distance, would carry him through the wasted, and afterward through a corner of the settled parts of California. He approached these settlements in the winter of 1845—'46. Aware of the critical state of affairs between the United States and Mexico, and determined to give no cause of offense to the authorities of her province, with commendable prudence he halted his command on the frontier, on a hundred miles from Monterey, and proceeded alone to that city to explain the object of his coming to the commanding general, to obtain permission to go to the valley of the San Joaquin, where there was game for his men and grass for his horses, and no inducement to be molested by his presence. The leave was granted; but scarcely had he reached the desired spot for refreshment and repose, before he received information from the American settlements, and by expresses from General Castro at Monterey, that General Castro was preparing to attack him with a comparatively large force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, upon the pretext that, under the cover of a scientific mission, he was exciting the American settlers to revolt. In view of this danger, and to be in a condition to repel an attack, he then took a position on a mountain overlooking Monterey, at a distance of about thirty miles, entrenched it, raised the flag of the United States, and with his own men, six or seven in number, awaited the approach of the commanding general.

From the 7th to the 10th of March, Col. Fremont and his little band maintained this position. General Castro did not approach within attacking distance, and Colonel Fremont adhering to his plan of avoiding all collisions, had determined neither to compromise his Government nor the American settlers, ready to show him at all hazards, if he had been attacked, abandoned his position, and commenced his march for Oregon, intending by that route to return to the United States. Deeming all danger from the Mexicans to be passed, he yielded to the wishes of some of his men, who wished to remain in the country, and refused to permit others in their stead, so cautious was he to avoid doing anything which would compromise the American settlers or give even a cause of offense to the Mexican authorities. He crossed his march slowly and leisurely, as the state of his men and horses required, until the middle of May, and had reached the northern shore of the greater Tamath lake, within the limits of the Oregon Territory, when he was further progressed in that direction obstructed by impassable snowy mountains and Indian tribes, who had been excited against him by General Castro, had killed and wounded some of his men, and left him no repose either in camp or on his march. At the same time, information reached him that General Castro, in addition to his Indian allies, was preparing to person against him, with artillery and cavalry, at the head of four or five hundred men, that they were passing around the

head of the Bay of San Francisco to a rendezvous on the North side of it, and that the American settlers in the valley of the Sacramento were comprehended in the scheme of destruction meditated against his own party.

Under these circumstances, he determined to turn upon his Mexican pursuers, and seek safety both for his own party and the American settlers, not merely in the defeat of Castro, but in the total overthrow of the Mexican authority in California, and the establishment of an independent government in that extensive department. It was on the sixth of June, and before the commencement of the war between the United States and Mexico could have been known, that this resolution was taken; and, by the 5th of July it was carried into effect by a series of rapid attacks, by a small body of adventurous men, under the conduct of an intrepid leader, quick to perceive, and able to direct the proper measures for accomplishing such a daring enterprise.

On the 11th of June a convoy of 200 horses for Castro's camp with an officer and 14 men, were surprised and captured by 12 of Fremont's party. On the 15th, at daybreak, the military post of Sonoma was also surprised and taken, with nine brass cannon, 250 stand of muskets, and several officers, and some men and munitions of war.

Leaving a small garrison at Sonoma, Col. Fremont went to the Sacramento to rouse the American settlers; but scarcely had he arrived there, when an express reached him from the garrison at Sonoma, with information that Castro's whole force was crossing the bay to attack that place. This intelligence was received in the afternoon of the 23d of June, while he was on the American fork of the Sacramento, 80 miles from the little garrison at Sonoma; and, at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 25th, he arrived at that place with 90 riflemen from the American settlers in that valley. The enemy had not yet appeared—Scouts were sent out to reconnoitre, and a party of 20 fell in with a squadron of 70 dragoons, (all of Castro's force which had crossed the bay,) attacked and defeated it, killed and wounded five, without harm to themselves; the Mexican commander, De la Torre, barely escaping with the loss of his transport boats and nine pieces of brass artillery, spiked.

The country north of the Bay of San Francisco being cleared of the enemy, Colonel Fremont returned to Sonoma on the evening of the 4th of July, and, on the morning of the 5th, called the people together, explained to them the condition of things in the province, and recommended an immediate declaration of independence. The declaration was made, and he was selected to take the chief directions of affairs.

The attack on Castro was the next object. He was at Santa Clara, an entrenched post on the upper or south side of the Bay of San Francisco, with 400 men and two pieces of field artillery. A circuit of more than a hundred miles must be traversed to reach him.—On the 6th of July the pursuit was commenced, by a body of 160 mounted riflemen, commanded by Col. Fremont in person, in three days, arrived at the American settlements on the Rio de los Americanos. Here he learned that Castro had abandoned Santa Clara and was retreating south towards Ciudad de los Angeles, (the city of the Angels,) the seat of the Governor General of the California, and distant 400 miles. It was instantly resolved to pursue him to that place. At the moment of departure the gratifying intelligence was received that war with Mexico had commenced; that Monterey had been taken by our naval force, and the flag of the United States hoisted on the flag of the United States; and that the fleet would co-operate in the pursuit of Castro and his forces. The flag of independence was hoisted on, and that of the United States hoisted, amidst the hearty greeting and to the great joy of the American settlers and the forces under the command of Col. Fremont.

The combined pursuit was rapidly continued; and on the 12th of August, Commodore Stockton and Col. Fremont, with a detachment of marines from the squadron and some riflemen, entered the city of the Angels, without resistance or objection; the Governor General, Pico, the Commandant General, Castro, and all the Mexican authorities, having fled and dispersed. Commodore Stockton took possession of the whole country as a conquest of the United States, and appointed Col. Fremont Governor, under the law of nations, to assume the functions of that office when he should return to the squadron.

Thus, in the short space of sixty days from the first decisive moment, this conquest was achieved, by a small body of men, to an extent beyond their own expectation; for the Mexican authorities proclaimed it a conquest, not merely of the northern part, but of the whole province of the California.

The Commandant General, Castro, on the 6th of August, from his camp at the Mesa, and next day "on the road to Sonora," announced this result to the people, together with the actual flight and dispersion of the former authorities; and at the same time, he officially communicated the fact of the conquest of the French, English, and Spanish Colonies in California; and to crown the whole, the official papers of the Mexican Government, on the 16th of October, in laying these official communications before the public, introduced them with the emphatic declaration:—"The loss of the California is consummated." The whole province was yielded up to the United States, and is now in our military occupancy. A small part of the troops sent out to subject this province will constitute, it is presumed, a sufficient force to retain our possession, and the remainder will be disposable for other objects of the war.

W. L. MARCY.  
To the President of the United States.

Reader, do you know that every column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, the misplacing of any one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error? With this curious fact before you, don't you wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers?

Manoeuvres of Buchanan's Friends.

Certain of the friends of Buchanan in this quarter are attempting to procure support for him by means which are not allowed to come to the knowledge of his southern supporters. They give the strongest assurances that Mr. Buchanan, if fortunate enough to be elected, will so administer the laws as to give the real inhabitants of the territories an opportunity of excluding slavery while yet in the territorial condition. It is even said that Mr. Buchanan has written a letter to this effect—a letter strongly intimating that he is with the North and against the South on this question—a letter which is shown in confidence to people whose political course is undecided, and with the express stipulation that nothing respecting it is to get into the newspapers. "We shall cheat the South yet," say these managers of Buchanan's cause for the free states. "Wait till Buchanan is elected, and see how he will disappoint the Virginia and South Carolina politicians."

But when we talk of cheating, the chance unfortunately is, that it is the North, and not the South, that will be cheated. Has the South ever been disappointed yet in any candidate whom it presented and supported? The South support no man whom they do not know; they put forward no man who is not either fully on their side, or of whom they are not perfectly sure that they can mould him to their purposes. They knew Pierce far better than we democrats of the North knew him; they secured our aid in electing him, and then made him, as they were confident from the first to be, as able to do, their passive instrument. Buchanan is altogether as weak a man as Pierce, submitting as obediently to the stronger will, and more imperious tempers of other men, than the Richmond *Enguizer* said truly of him, when it declared the other day, in an article quoted with high approbation by the Washington *Union*, that

"He never gave a vote against the interests of Slavery, and never uttered a word which would pain the most sensitive heart."

And what is more, he never will—the southern politicians are as sure of him as they would be of Governor Wise, if he was in the Presidential chair, and even more so. He would be theirs by the same influence which transforms all men of feeble purposes, almost as soon as they get to Washington, into the servants of the southern oligarchy. Even if Mr. Buchanan should fancy, at the present moment, that he would execute the Nebraska act in a different manner from that adopted by Mr. Pierce, what chance has he of remaining of the same mind when the whole influence of the South shall impel him on a different direction? How easily he was drawn into the folly of the Ostend Manifesto we have already seen, and the power which then mastered him was not by half so absolute as that which will take possession of him when he attains, if that should ever happen, the Chief Magistracy of the federal republic.

Moreover, it should be considered that Mr. Buchanan's views on this same question of the extension of slavery are of the most variable character. In 1848 he eulogized the Missouri Compromise as the great settlement of the slavery question between the North and South; a settlement to which he "clung" with all his strength. In 1856 he approves of the repeal of that compromise, and declares that this repeal is the only way of giving peace to the country. In 1848 he declared that the people of the territories had no right to exclude slavery while yet in the territorial condition. In 1856 he writes a letter, to be shown to those who will not otherwise support him, intimating that the people of the territory have the right which he then explicitly denied them. Where will this man, who changes his ground so easily, find himself when he is made President by southern votes? Just where the southern politicians please to put him. It is to him no convenience to shift his principles, as he has shown by accommodating them to the times in half a dozen instances. There is one respect, and one only, in which we may expect his future conduct to be consistent with what the Richmond *Enguizer* claims to have been his past, that he will never take a step adverse to the interests of slavery, or say a word which will give offence to the most intolerant bigot of the South.

But there is one difficulty in the way of accepting these clandestine promises of amendment, whispered in corners and carefully kept out of the newspapers. The candidate is able to give us a proof of his sincerity and refuses to do it. In the Senate of the United States Buchanan's friends have a large majority; in the House they show a powerful array; they swarm in the federal offices; they control numerous presses. Let them begin the work reform without delay. Let Congress interpose by an act restoring their rights to the settlers of Kansas, annulling the laws passed by the mock legislature and releasing those who have been imprisoned for refusing to obey its tyrannical edicts; let Congress pass such an act and see whether Mr. Pierce would put his veto upon it. It is said, we know, that to annul the ordinances of the spurious legislature which assembled at the Shawnee Mission will be to give over the territory to utter anarchy. Those who make this objection cannot be serious.—Utter anarchy prevails in the territory now, and will prevail till one party or the other is driven out, or until Congress interposes with some healing measure of justice.

In the meantime there is not a Buchanan newspaper, public speaker, politician, member of Congress, or any other adherent of his party, who stands forth before the people and condemns the detestable policy which Mr. Pierce and his advisers are now pursuing in regard to the territories and the extension of slavery. They approve of it; they lend it their countenance; they co-operate in it; they form the party on which Mr. Pierce relies for support in what he is at this moment doing, and they give him that support in the fullest measure. The election of Mr. Buchanan will be a ratification of the policy which has hitherto been pursued by the government, and will ensure its continuance for the future. The as-

surances which are clandestinely and stealthily given, of an intention to order things differently after the fourth of March next, are as hypocritical and unworthy of confidence, as the manner in which they are made is unmanly, cowardly and dishonest.

Twenty Reasons for Leaving the Democratic Party.

BY AN OLD DEMOCRAT.

First. Because it has approved, for the past four years, the appointment of an avowed disunionist as Secretary of War.

Second. Because it is supported by the only political party and political organization that have ever threatened to secede from the Union.

Third. Because its leaders deny the right of the majority to rule, and encourage the spirit of anarchy, by publicly asserting that if their opponents should succeed the South would dissolve the Union.

Fourth. Because it sustains the right of a bogus Legislature, elected by invaders from Missouri, to enact laws for Kansas.

Fifth. Because it has stirred up sectional strife, by wantonly violating a compromise of thirty years standing.

Sixth. Because the admission of Missouri as a State was part of the same legislation which forever prohibited Slavery in Kansas, and the repeal of a part of that legislation virtually implies the right to repeal the whole.

Seventh. Because it refuses to admit Kansas, with a Constitution which is approved by a large majority of her actual citizens.

Eighth. Because the whole course of its policy for the last four years, and of the policy to which it is committed by its Cincinnati platform, "tends to sectionalize the country, or make civil war, or dissolve the Union."

Ninth. Because it repudiates the doctrines of Jefferson, and Jackson, and Wright, and lends its aid to the advocates of Slavery extension.

Tenth. Because it openly or tacitly acquiesces in outrages on freedom of speech and freedom of the press, in Kansas and in Washington.

Eleventh. Because its candidate for the Presidency signed the Ostend Manifesto.

Twelfth. Because it has prostituted Executive patronage to force measures through Congress in violation of the will of the majority of the people of the United States.

Thirteenth. Because it has denied the right of the majority of the people of the Union, through their Representatives, to enact laws for the government of their own Territories.

Fourteenth. Because it allows, without rebuke, the desertion of the National domain by open and unblushing polygamy and incest.

Fifteenth. Because it has endeavored, by arbitrary judicial decisions, to establish Slavery irrevocably in all the Free States.

Sixteenth. Because it is willing to give additional strength to the only element that has ever threatened the stability of our Government, by allowing its unlimited extension.

Seventeenth. Because it favors sectionalism and the aristocracy of wealth, by counting the favor of 350,000 slaveholders, with their capital of four thousand millions of dollars, rather than the interests of ten millions of free laboring men.

Eighteenth. Because it has not only violated pledged faith, but it has also broken all the pledges against the disturbance of previous legislation, with which it came into power.

Nineteenth. Because it has been tried and found wanting, and no peace or security can reasonably be anticipated if it is continued longer in power.

Twentieth. Because the election of Mr. Buchanan will be regarded as an approval of the policy of Jefferson Davis, Caleb Cushing, and Franklin Pierce.

The Democratic Candidates and the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

[From the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.]

The nomination of Buchanan and Breckinridge satisfies the scruples of those persons who contended that the Convention could in no way evade the issues raised by the repeal of the Missouri restriction. Every candid man will admit that the Democratic candidates are thoroughly "identified" with the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska Act. In accepting the conditional nomination of the Democracy of Pennsylvania, Mr. Buchanan was very careful to avow his hearty approbation of the principles of that platform, among which was a distinct and emphatic endorsement of the repeal of the Missouri restriction. In public speech, as well as in private conversation, he did not hesitate to declare himself to the same effect. In advance of the Cincinnati Convention, the Democracy were perfectly satisfied of Mr. Buchanan's sound and national position on all the issues of the day.

If, however, anything was wanting to "identify" Mr. Buchanan with the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act, it was supplied in the provisions of the platform which endorse the measure in such unequivocal and emphatic language. So far from betraying any reluctance to meet to meet the issues presented in the platform, he at once planted himself upon it, in the most gallant and straight forward manner. He did not even await the official notification of his nomination, but in a prompt and spontaneous sanction of the principles of the party, demonstrated the sincerity and heartyness of his convictions.

It was not Mr. Buchanan's fault that he did not assist in the repeal of the Missouri restriction. If it had been in his power to participate in the struggle, everybody knows that he would have espoused the interests of the South. Absent at the moment in the service of the Government, he lost no time after his return to the country, in confirming the settlement effected by the repeal of the Missouri restriction, with all the authority of his wise statesmanship and illustrious character. Instead of availing himself of the opportunity which was offered, we should applaud the zeal with which he repairs the omissions of accident.

If there is any person so punctilious as to cavil at the position of Mr. Buchanan, he will be stopped from condemning the ticket by the antecedents of Mr. Breckinridge. This gentleman, at least, bore a prominent part in the Kansas-Nebraska struggle. He was in the fight from the beginning, through all its varying vicissitudes, and to the last moment of exultant victory. No other man contributed more to the repeal of the Missouri restriction. If he cannot claim an exclusive merit, he can at least boast an equality with the foremost champions of the South.

And so, by the effective exertions of one candidate, and the subsequent hearty sanction of another, the Democratic ticket is thoroughly identified with the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act.

WHY SATAN NEVER DISTURBS A WOMAN.—Mahomedans relate the following story as an authentic and veritable piece of tradition, illustrative of the fact that the Devil himself has duties to perform in the world, and all things would go wrong if he were idle, and neglected them.

In the days of Mahomed, there was an Arab who had a pretty wife. The devil formed himself into so exact and accurate a likeness of her husband, that she could not for the life of her tell which of the two was her husband. Both claimed her, that is the real husband and the devil in his likeness. The case excited much interest in the neighborhood, but no solution of the difficulty could be obtained.

At length the case was brought before his Majesty the Prophet. Mahomed, after a little reflection, held up a certain earthen pot in his hand, with a spout like a teapot, and said to them both:

"Now, whichever is the real husband will enter this vessel by the spout, and thus establish his claim to the woman."

The Devil, as having more capacity in that way than the Arab of real flesh and bones entered at once in the pot as suggested. The moment he entered, Mahomed closed the top of the spout and kept him shut in. By the time Mahomed had kept him shut up for a few days, it was ascertained that the world was getting wrong in all its machinery. Mahomed was therefore constrained to let the Devil out of his confinement, to take his necessary management of the affairs of the world. But before restoring him to liberty again, Mahomed exacted a solemn promise from him, that he would never trouble the "fair sex" any more, but confine himself to what he could do among the "male sex."

MR. WHITFIELD.—The power and peculiarity of this preacher's eloquence has frequently been cited; the following is an instance.—When he preached before the seamen at New-York, he used the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:—

Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the Heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the Western horizon? Hark! don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see these flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?

It is said, that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose with united voices and minds and exclaimed—*Take to the long boat!*

I DON'T DANCE.—A plain unlettered man came from the back country in the State of Alabama, to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He had been accustomed to attend meeting in school houses and private dwellings, where each one appropriated to himself the first seat he found unoccupied. He selected there a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced.—Presently the music of a full toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before.

At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle with a lady hanging upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned to the countryman to come out in order to give place to the lady.—This movement the countryman did not comprehend; and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion, or French contra dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said to the gentleman, who was still beckoning to him—"Excuse me, sir—excuse me if you please—I don't dance!"

A THOUGHT.—I remember that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage and asked from whence were to come those vandals who were to again destroy civilization. Alas! it did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighborhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, and ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila, and Vandals more bent on destruction than those who followed Genseric.—*Missady.*

EXQUISITE SENTIMENT.—"What," exclaimed the accomplished and fashionable Fitzwiggel to the exquisitely lovely Miss De La Sparrowgrass, "what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing wax lips?"

"I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should be—stationary!"

Jonathan and his Bride.

At one of our fashionable hotels the other day, among the arrivals was one of the genus verdant—a regular no mistake Jonathan—with eyes wide open at the novelties he met at every turn. He had brought along with him his letter half—a strapping flaxen haired lass, bedecked with a profusion of ribbons and cheap jewelry; they had evidently "come down to Boston" to spend the honey moon, and no doubt "darned the expense." The first morning after their arrival, the servants were thrown into hysterics by a verdant mistake; Jonathan's bell rung furiously and he demanded to see the landlord. That functionary having made his appearance, he was hailed with "How are ye, how do you do old feller? Me and Patience finds all right here—room fixed up first rate—gives a feller a high-fashion feelin'; but I say old boss, we want a wash bowl and towel to take off the dust outside, then we'll come down and take a little New England with ye." "Here are all the conveniences for washing, sir," said the landlord, stepping to a mahogany wash-sink and raising the lid.—"Gosh all Potomac!" exclaimed our Yankee, "who ever thought of 'ere table's open on top that way?" Nothing farther occurred until the hour for breakfast, when the verdant couple were seated at the table; and Jonathan having burned his throat by drinking his coffee too hot, and attempting to help himself to an omelette with his fingers, finally had his attention attracted to some fish balls, which are as everybody knows, fish and potatoes mixed together, rolled into balls as large as an ordinary apple, and cooked brown. Having procured the dish that contained them by means of a servant, he helped himself and partner to one, each grasping the fat morsel in hand Jonathan opening his capacious jaws, took a bite from his, when suddenly he disgorged the morsel with an expression of much disappointment, and turning to his bride, exclaimed: "I swear, Patience, these doughnuts are nothing but calfish and taters."

A CHILD'S ANSWER.—A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child about five years old, "Mary, you are not good for anything."

"Yes I am, dear father," replied she, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why what are you good for, pray tell me, my dear?"

"I am good to love you, father," replied she at the same time throwing her tiny arm around his neck, and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.

Blessed child! may your life ever be an expression of that early felt instinct of love. The highest good you or any other mortal can possibly confer, is to live in the full exercise of affection.—*Ladies Christian Annual.*

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—From the lips of woman, every infant hears the first accent of affection, and receives the first lessons of tenderness and love.

For the approbation of woman, the grown up youth will undertake the boldest enterprise, and brave every difficulty of study, danger, and even death itself. To the happiness of women, the man of mature years will devote the best energies of his mind and body; and from the soothing and affectionate regard of woman, the man who is become venerable in years, derives his chief consolation in life's decline.

LEAN MEAT.—A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life.

"Money!" replied the steward.—"You preach for money!" I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "Souls!" replied the minister; "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal!"

THACKERY, on his first visit to this country, was introduced in Charleston, S. C., to Mrs. C.—, one of the leaders of society there. Thinking to be witty, he said, "I am very happy to meet you, Mrs. C.—; I've heard, madame, that you were a fast woman." "Oh, Mr. Thackery," she replied, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "we must not believe all we hear. I had heard, sir, that you were a great learner." The great English wit admitted, afterward, that he had the worst of it.

WORK.—"There is," says Carlyle, "a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work." Nothing else can elevate manhood, say what you will. In business, politics, literature, religion, we must work if we would be anything or do anything.

AN EDITOR OUT WEST says:—"If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat, and say nothing about it."

THE CHINESE have a thoughtful proverb. "The prison is shut night and day—yet it is always full; the temples are always open—and yet you find no one in them."

PASTRY SHOPKEEPER—"Very sorry, sir, but we have no shirts that will fit you. I will measure you for a dozen."

Horrified Swell—"Good gracious! shall I have to swimp?"

INSULTS, says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money, we can't hinder them being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks boy, don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?" "I know I have, but when I get a good aim at one, two or three others will swim right up betwixt it and me."