

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVII.—NO. 23.

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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 13, 1856.

Selected Poetry.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

AUTUMN AND ETERNITY.

How O Autumn! shall I dare
To paint thy gorgeous hues;
The sunset's glowing air,
The gleam of glory's night,
The stars that crown the sky,
The sun that glows in light,
The earth that glows in light,
The earth that glows in light.

The day of thy sun-set hour,
When all is calm and still,
Bring full conviction of the Power
That heaven and earth doth fill;
Oh! who can gaze upon the sky,
As twilight shades the air,
And not from earthly dreamings rise,
Their Maker to adore?

The wreath of fading summer flowers
Is yet upon thy brow,
But all the mirth of Summer hours
Is changed to sadness now,
And yet, upon that dying brow,
A smile of heavenly bliss,
More glorious than the smiles spread
Upon Summer's glowing skies.

For O Autumn! shalt thou not be
To us an emblem meet
Of spirits sinking peacefully
To slumber calm and sweet;
Though rays of light no longer last,
Yet ours shall still increase;
Thy reign be soon forever past,
But ours shall never cease.

Al! not like thee shall pass away
The Christian's hope and joy;
We look for an eternal day,
And this without alloy—
For glories hid from mortal sight,
Revealed in realms above—
For faithful crowns of heaven light,
And fullness of Love.

3 Revolutionary Sketch.

Daniel Morgan, & his American Rifemen.

The outposts of the two armies were very near to each other, when the American commander, desirous of obtaining particular information respecting the position of the adversary, summoned the famed leader of the Rifemen, Colonel Daniel Morgan, to head quarters.

It was night and the chief was alone. After his usual polite, yet reserved and dignified salutation, Washington remarked: "I have sent for you, Col. Morgan, to entrust to your capacity a small but important enterprise. I wish you to reconnoitre the enemy's line, with a view to your ascertaining correctly the position of their constructed redoubts, also the encampments of the British troops that had lately arrived, and those of their Hessian auxiliaries. Select, sir, an officer, a non-commissioned officer, and about twenty picked men, and under cover of the night, proceed, but with all caution, get as near as you can, and by day-break retire and make your report to quarters. For mark me, Col. Morgan, mark me well, upon account whatever are you to bring on my skirmish with the enemy; if discovered, make a speedy retreat; let nothing induce you to fire a single shot. I repeat, sir, that no force of circumstances will induce you to fire a single shot. I repeat, sir, that no force of circumstances will induce the discharge of a single rifle on your part; and for the extreme readiness of these orders, permit me to say, I have my reasons." Filling two glasses of wine, the General concluded: "And now, Col. Morgan, we will drink a good night, and success to your enterprise." Col. Morgan quaffed the wine, smacked his lips, and assured his Excellency that his orders should be punctually observed, and left the tent of the Commander-in-Chief.

Charmed at being chosen as the executive officer of a daring enterprise, the leader of the Rifemen repaired to his quarters, and calling for Gabriel Long, his favorite captain, ordered him to detail a trusty sergeant and twenty picked fellows, who being mustered and ordered to lay on their arms, ready at a moment's warning, Morgan and Long stretched their weary forms before the watch fire to wait the coming down of the moon, the signal of departure.

A little after midnight, and while the rays of the setting moon still faintly glimmered in the western horizon, "up sergeant," cried Long, "sit up your men," and twenty athletic figures were on their feet in a moment. "Indian file march," and away they all sprang with the quick, and yet light and stealthy step of the woodman. They reached the enemy's line, started up close to the pickets of the Hessians as to inhale the odor of their pipes; discovered by the newly turned earth, the position of the redoubts, and by the numerous tents, that dotted the fields for "many a round," and showed dimly, amid the haze, the encampment of the British and German reinforcements, and, in short, performed their perilous duty without the slightest discovery, and pleased with themselves and the success of their enterprise, prepared to retire, just as a chandelier from a neighboring farm-house was "bidding adieu to the moon."

The adventurous party reached a small eminence some distance from the British camp, and commanding an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Here Morgan halted to give his men a little rest, before taking up the line of march to the American outposts. Suddenly they threw themselves upon the ground, when they perceived issuing from the enemy's advanced pickets a body of horse, commanded by an officer, and proceeding along the road directly by the spot where the riflemen had halted. No spot could be better for an ambush, for there were rocks and ravine, and all scrubby oaks, that grew thickly on the mountains by which the road we have just

mentioned passed, at not exceeding a hundred yards.

"Down boys, down," cried Morgan, as the horse approached; nor did the clausen of the Black Roderick disappear more promptly amid their native heather than did Morgan's woodmen, in the present instance, each to his tree or rock. "Lie close there, my lads, till we see what these fellows are about."

Meantime the horsemen had gained the height, and the officer dropping the reins on the charger's neck, with spy-glass reconnoitred the American lines. The troops closed up their files, and were either caressing the noble animals they rode, adjusting their equipments, or gazing upon the surrounding scenery, now fast brightening in the beams of a rising sun.

Morgan looked at Long and Long at his superior, while the riflemen, with panting chests and sparkling eyes, were only waiting some signal from their officer "to let the rain fly."

At length the martial ardor of Morgan overcame his prudence and sense of military subordination. Forgetful of consequences, reckless of everything but his enemy, now within his grasp, he waved his hand, and loud and sharp rang the report of their rifles amid the surrounding echoes.

At point blank distance, the certain and deadly aim of the Hunting Shirts of the Revolutionary army is too well known to history to need remark at this time of day. In the instance we have recorded, the effect of the fire of the riflemen was tremendous.

Of the horsemen, some had fallen to rise no more, over the adjoining plain, others, wounded, but entangled with their stirrups, were dragged by the infuriated animals expiring along, while the very few who were unscathed spurred hard to regain the shelter of the British lines.

While the smoke yet enshrouded the scene of slaughter, and the picturesque forms of the woodmen appeared among the foliage, as they were re-loading their pieces, the colossal figure of Morgan stood apart. He seemed the very genius of war, and gloomily he contemplated the havoc his order had made. He spoke not, he moved not, but looked as one absorbed in the intensity of thought. The martial shout with which he was wont to cheer his comrades in the hour of combat, was hushed; the shell from which he had blown full many a note of battle and of triumph on the field of Saratoga, hung by his side; no order was given to spoil the slain; the arms and equipments, for which there was always a bounty from Congress, the shirts of which there was such a need, at that, the sorest period of our country's privation, all were abandoned, as, with an abstracting air, and a voice struggling for utterance, Morgan, suddenly turning to his captain, exclaimed, "Long, to the camp to the camp."

The favorite captain obeyed, the riflemen with trailed arms fell into file, and Long and his party soon disappeared, but not before the hardly followed had exchanged opinions on the strange termination of the late affair. And they agreed, *non con*, that their colonel was tricked, (coined) for assuredly, after such a fire as they had given the enemy, such an emptying of saddles and scattering of the troopers, he would not have ordered his poor rifle boys from the field, without so much as a few shirts or a pair of stockings being divided among them. "Yes," said a tall, lean and swarthy looking fellow, as he carefully placed his moccasined feet in the foot-prints of the file-leader. "Yes, my lads, it stands to reason our colonel is tricked."

Morgan followed slowly on the trail of his men. The full force of his military guilt had rushed upon his mind, even before the report of his rifles had ceased to echo in the neighboring forests. He became more convinced of the enormity of his offence, as, with dull and measured strides, he pursued his solitary way, soliloquizing: "Well, Daniel Morgan, you have done for yourself. Broke, sir, to a certainty. You may go home, sir, to the plough; your sword will be of no further use to you.—Broke, sir, nothing can save you; and there is the end of Col. Morgan. Fool, fool, by a single act of madness, this to destroy the earnings of so many toils, and of many a hard fought battle. You are broken, sir, and there is an end of Col. Morgan."

To disturb his reverie, there suddenly appeared at full speed, the aid-de-camp, the Mercury of the field, who, reining up, accosted the Colonel with, "I am ordered, Col. Morgan, to ascertain whether the firing just now heard, proceeded from your detachment."

"It did sir," doggedly replied Morgan.

"Then, Col. Morgan," continued the aid, "I am further ordered to require of you your immediate attendance upon his Excellency, who is fast approaching."

Col. Morgan bowed, and the aid, wheeling his charger, galloped back to rejoin the chief.

The gleams of the morning sun, shining upon the sabres of the horse guard, announced the arrival of the dread commander—that being who inspired with a degree of awe every eye who approached him. With a stern, yet dignified composure, Washington addressed the military culprit:

"Can it be possible, Col. Morgan, that my aid-de-camp has informed me aright? Can it be possible, after the orders you received last evening, that the firing we have heard proceeded from your detachment? Surely, sir, my orders were so explicit as not to be easily misunderstood."

Morgan was brave, but it has been often, and justly too, observed, that man was never born of woman who could approach the great Washington, and not feel a degree of awe and veneration from his presence. Morgan quailed for a moment before the stern, yet just displeasure of his chief, till, arousing all his energies for the effort, he uncovered and replied:—

"Your Excellency's orders were perfectly understood, and agreeably to the same, I proceeded with the select party to reconnoitre the enemy's lines by night. We succeeded even beyond our expectations, and I was returning to the head-quarters to make my report, when, having halted a few minutes to rest the men,

we discovered a party of horse coming out from the enemy's line. They came up immediately to the spot where we lay concealed by the brushwood. There they halted, and gathered together like a flock of partridges, affording me so tempting an opportunity of annoying my enemy, and, may it please your Excellency, flesh and blood could not refrain."

At this rough, yet frank, bold and manly explanation, a smile was observed to pass over the General's suite. The Chief remained unmoved; when, waving his hand, he continued: "Col. Morgan, you will retire to your quarters, there to await further orders."

Arrived at his quarters, Morgan threw himself upon his hard couch, and gave himself up to reflections upon the events which had so lately and rapidly succeeded each other. He was aware he had sinned beyond all hopes of forgiveness. Within twenty hours he had fallen from the command of a regiment, and being the especial favorite of the General, to be what?—a disgraced and broken soldier. Condemned to retire from the scenes of glory, the darling passion of his heart—forever to abandon the "fair fields of fighting men," and in obscurity to drag out the remnant of a wretched existence, neglected and forgotten. And then his rank, so hardly and so nobly won, and all his "blushing honors," acquired in the march across the frozen wilderness of the Kennebec, the storming of the lower Town, and the gallant and glorious combat at Saratoga.

The hours dragged gloomily away, and night came, and with it no rest for poor Morgan.—The drums and files merrily sounded the soldier's dawn, and the sun arose, giving "promise of a goodly day." And to many within the circuit of this widely extended camp did his genial beam give hope, and joy and gladness, while it cheered not with a single ray the despairing leader of the Woodsmen.

About ten o'clock, the orderly on duty reported the arrival of an officer of the staff from headquarters, and Lieut. Col. Hamilton, the favorite of the Commander-in-chief, entered the marquee.

"Be seated," said Morgan; "I know your errand, so short, my dear fellow, and put me out of my misery at once. I know that I am arrested; 'tis a matter of course. Well, there is my sword; but surely his excellency honors me indeed, in these last moments of my military existence, when he sends for my sword by his favorite aid, and most esteemed friend, Ah, Hamilton, if you knew what I have suffered since that accursed horse came out to tempt me to my ruin."

Hamilton, about whose striking intelligent countenance there always lurked a playful smile, now observed, "Col. Morgan, his excellency has ordered me to—"

"I knew it," interrupted Morgan, "to bid me prepare for trial? but pshaw, why a trial? Guilty, sir, guilty past all doubt. But then, recollecting himself, "perhaps my services may plead—nonsense—against the disobedience of a positive order; no, no, it's all over with me. Hamilton, there is an end to your old friend, Col. Morgan."

The agonized spirit of the hero then mounted a pitch of enthusiasm as he exclaimed:—"But my country will remember my services; and the British and Hessians will remember me; for, though I may be far away, my brave comrades will do their duty; and Morgan's Rifemen will be, as they always have been, a terror to the enemy."

The noble, the generous-souled Hamilton could no longer bear to witness the struggle of the brave unfortunate; he called out, "Hear me, my dear Colonel; only promise to hear me for one moment, and I will tell you all."

"Go on, sir," interrupted Morgan, despairingly, "go on."

"Then," continued the aid-de-camp, "you must know that the commanders of regiments dine with his Excellency to-day."

"What of that?" again interrupted Col. Morgan; "what has that to do with me a prisoner?"

"No, no," exclaimed Hamilton; "no prisoner—a once offending, but now forgiven soldier; my orders are to invite you to dine with his excellency to-day, at three o'clock precisely; yes, my brave and good friend, Col. Morgan, you still are, and likely long to be, the valued and famed commander of the Regiment."

Morgan sprang from his camp-bed, upon which he was sitting, and seizing the hand of the great little man in his giant grasp, wrung and wrung it, till the aid-de-camp literally struggled to get free, then exclaimed: "Am I in my senses? but I know you, Hamilton—you are no toad to sport with the feelings of an old brother soldier."

Hamilton assured his friend that "it was true, and gladly kissing his hand as he mounted his horse, bidding the now delighted Colonel to remember 3 o'clock, and be careful not to disobey a second time, galloped to headquarters.

Morgan entered the pavilion of the Commander-in-chief, as it was filling with officers, all of whom, after paying their respects to the General, filed off to give a cordial squeeze of the hand to the commander of the Rifle Regiment, and to whisper in his ear words of congratulation. The cloth removed, Washington bid his guests fill their glasses, and gave his only, his unvarying toast of the days of trial, the toast of the evening of his "time honored" life amid the shades of Mount Vernon, "All our Friends." Then, with his usual old-fashioned politeness, he drank to each guest by name. When he came to "Col. Morgan, your health, sir," a thrill ran through the many frame of the gratified and again favorite soldier, while every eye in the pavilion was turned on him. At an early hour the company broke up, and Morgan had a perfect escort of officers accompanying him to his quarters, all anxious to congratulate him upon his happy restoration to rank and favor, all pleased to assure him of their esteem for his person and services.

The man that can stop rum drinking whenever he has a mind to, has gone west to die with perpetual motion.

Epidemics.

One unvarying character of epidemics is, that they are all fevers. The Black Death of the fourteenth century, an aggravated form of the Oriental or Bubo plague, was a fever, deriving its name from effusions of black blood forming spots on the arms, face, and neck.—The Oriental plague, still in existence in Egypt and eastern Europe, and the sweating sickness of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were both fevers; and even the cholera of the present day, in the last or perfect stages of its developments, is a fever. All the ordinary epidemics such as typhus, scarlet fever, measles, and small-pox, are recognized fevers.

Epidemics are generally preceded by 2 signs. One is the influenza. The plague, cholera &c. are all heralded by this disease. The first attack of cholera in England was preceded by an outbreak of influenza, which resembled in the minutest particular that which ushered in the mortal sweating sickness of 1815; and the cholera of 1848 was preceded by the influenza of 1847.

Epidemics are periodical. The first appearance of the sweating sickness was in 1485.—It spread over England for a year, then disappeared. After a lapse of twenty years it broke out again, and after six months died away. In eleven years it came again, and again died away in six months. A fourth time it returned after a sleep of eleven years, continued six months, then disappeared. Its fifth and last visitation was after a period of twenty-three years. It raged—as it had raged before—in six months, as usual, disappeared; and since then, this 1551, it has never been known in any country what-so-ever. The oriental plague breaks out in the East every ten years; the fever epidemics of London occur every ten or twelve years; the Irish typhus epidemics have been decennial visitations for the last hundred and fifty years. Epidemic cholera remained with us fifteen months, on its first visitation. After sixteen months it broke out again, for exactly fifteen months as before. Again—this time after an absence of only five years—it came for seven months; coming earlier and leaving earlier than it had done before. According to this rule we may expect it again, after even a shorter absence.

Epidemics are rapid in their effects. Death generally occurs after a few hours; seldom, if the disease can be protracted. The great object of all modern treatment of cholera, for instance, is to gain time; for if the disease does not kill at once, the patient will often recover than die after a prolonged attack. It is the shock, rather than the exhaustion which destroys.

Physicians are alike in cause. Over-crowding, filth, exhalations from foul sewers, rivers, ditches, canals, etc., putrescent animal or vegetable matter, impure drinking water, unwholesome meat, decayed vegetables, unseasoned grain—these are some of the predisposing personal causes of epidemics, which make all those living under such conditions more likely to be attacked than those in healthier circumstances. But of all predisposing causes foul air ranks as chief. The condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit which if allowed to remain for a few days, forms a solid, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope it seems to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules—a decisive proof that it must contain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings. This was the result arrived at by Dr. Angus Smith, in his beautiful experiments on the air and water of towns, where he showed that the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is in itself a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, or epidemic, according to its strength. Why, if few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog, can produce death with usual phenomena of typhus fever, what incalculable evil must it not produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with each breath drawn.

Good Humor.—Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in good humor.

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glister at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and soothed contentious minds into acquiescence.—Keep in good humor.

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clean skin, are elements of good humor. Get them and keep them, and—be sure to keep in good humor.

A writer of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says:—"Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." Some critic, commenting on the passage, says:—"Sorry to hear it—think it stands a perilous chance of being combed out."

Matthew Lanning used to say:—"If you wish to have a shoe made of durable material, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of an old toper, for that never lets in water."

A Schoolmaster "Boarding Round."

Extract from the journal of a Vermont school master:

MONDAY—Went to board at Mr. B.—; had a baked goose for dinner; supposed from its size, and thickness of the skin, and other venerable appearances, to have been one of the first settlers in Vermont; made impression on the patriarch's breast.

Supper—Cold goose and potatoes; family consisting of the man, good wife, daughter Peggy, four boys, Pompey, the dog, and a brace of cats—fire built in the square room about 9 o'clock, and a pile of wood lay by the fire-place; saw Peggy scratch her fingers, and couldn't take the hint—felt squeamish about the stomach, and talked about going to bed; Peggy looked sullen, and put out the fire in the square room; went to bed and dreamed of having eaten a quantity of stone wall.

TUESDAY—Cold gander for breakfast, swamp tea, and some nut-cake, the latter some consolation. Dinner—the legs, etc., of the gander, done up warm—one nearly dispatched. Supper—the other leg, etc., cold; went to bed as Peggy was carrying in the fire to the square room—dreamed I was a mud-turtle, and got on my back and could not get over again.

WEDNESDAY—Cold gander for breakfast; complained of sickness, and could eat nothing. Dinner—wings, etc., of the gander warmed up; did my best to destroy them, for fear they would be left for supper; did not succeed; dressed supper all the afternoon. Supper—hot Johnny cakes; felt greatly relieved, and thought I had got clear of the gander; went to bed for a good night's rest; disappointed; very cool night, and couldn't keep warm in bed; got up and stopped the broken window with my coat and vest; no use; froze the tip of my nose before morning.

THURSDAY—Cold gander again; felt very much discouraged not to see gander half gone; went visiting for dinner and supper; slept abroad and had pleasant dreams.

FRIDAY—Breakfast abroad. Dinner at Mr. B.—; cold gander and hot potatoes; ate these and went to school quite contented.—Supper, cold gander and no potatoes; bread heavy and dry; had the headache and couldn't eat. Peggy much concerned; had a fire built in the square room, and thought she and I had better set there out of the noise; went to bed early; Peggy thought too much sleep bad for the headache.

SATURDAY—Breakfast, cold gander and hot Johnny cake; did very well; glad to come off school. Dinner—cold gander again; didn't keep; I had lost six pounds the last week; grew alarmed; had a talk with Mr. B., and concluded I had boarded out his share.

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF MAN.—An examination of 20,000 infants, at the Maternite, in Paris, gives for the weight of the new-born 6.14 lbs.; the same mean value obtains for the City of Brussels. For about a week after birth, this weight undergoes an actual diminution, owing to the tissue destruction which issues through the establishment of respiration, and which for a time exceeds the gain from nutrition. For the same age, the male infant is heavier than the female; but this difference gradually diminishes, and at twelve years their weight is sensibly the same. Three years later, at the period of puberty, the weight is one-half of what it is finally to be, when full development is revealed.

The maximum weight eventually attained, is a little more than twenty times that at birth this holding good for both sexes; but since the new-born female weighs less than the standard, and the new-born male more, the weight of the adult male is 137 lbs., and of the adult female 121 lbs. The mean weight of a man, irrespective of his period of life, is about 107 lbs., and of a woman, nearly 94 lbs. The mean weight of a human being, without reference to age or sex, is about 99 lbs.

M. Quetelet, to whom we are indebted for the above statistics, as the result of his researches, states that communities seem to be under the influence of unchangeable laws, as much as the individual. "In communities, man commits the same number of murders each year, and does it with the same weapons. We might enumerate, beforehand, how many individuals will imbue their hands in the blood of their kind, how many will forge, how many poison, very nearly as we enumerate, beforehand, how many births and deaths will take place."

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.—It is a fine remark of Genouin, "Bear with yourself in correcting faults, as you would with others." We cannot do all at once. But by constant pruning away of little faults, and cultivating humble virtues we shall grow towards perfection. This simple rule—not to be discouraged at slow progress, but to persevere, overcoming evil habits one by one—such as sloth, negligence, or bad temper; and adding one excellence after another—to faith, virtue; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.—will conduct the lowest Christian to high religious attainments.

MORE GOOD THAN EVIL.—Good never gets published, unless it be the good that goes into diaries and biographies. Pious good, good which is on the turn, and to delicate nostrils smells extremely like evil. But the evil that men do fairly gravitates to the newspapers. I suppose the reason is, that we are one day to get rid of it utterly, and it is first of all requisite that it should come to the light, or be made known in its true proportions. However this may be, I am satisfied that the actual evil of the world, if it could only be once viewed in the light of its actual good, would amount to nothing more than a spot in the sun.—Henry James.

"John, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her sweetheart.—"Yes, Sue, I have been for getting you these weeks."

A young man recently married, says he "didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to find the furniture." Nothing new. How many begin this game of folly at the wrong end? The phrase is:—"Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance. The birds of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, give no song. The eypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

A man who dislikes mop-handles should be careful how he spits tobacco-juice on a red-headed woman's carpet.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.—In Captain Marcy's Exploration of the Red River of Louisiana are given some interesting facts about that singular animal, the prairie dog. He says: "Passing through these dog villages, the little animals are seen in countless numbers, sitting at the entrance of their subterranean dwellings, presenting so much the appearance of stumps of small trees, and so incessant is the clatter of their barking, that it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy one's self surrounded with the busy hum of a city." The immense number of animals in some of these towns, may be conjectured from the large space they sometimes cover. Captain Marcy passed one of these towns, twenty-five miles in length, and supposing it to be as large in other directions, it would embrace an area of six hundred and twenty-five thousand acres. Estimating the holes at 20 yards apart, the usual distance, and each dwelling occupied by four or five dogs, the whole population of this tract would be in round numbers forty millions of dogs. The food of these animals consists principally of a coarse, wiry grass, which grows in abundance on elevated plains, often many miles from any water, which does not seem necessary to their existence.—About the last of October, the prairie dog carefully closes all the passages to his habitation, and turns in for a long nap. He keeps housed until the warm days of spring, when he removes the obstructions in front of his door, and emerges full of life, fun and frolic.—The rattlesnake is often an inmate of their dwellings, and sometimes preys on them when hungry.

CIVIL LIBERTY.—Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their capacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist, unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less it is within, the more there must be without.—It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.

BRIGHT HOURS AND GLOOMY.—Ah, this beautiful world!—I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off, and then it suddenly changes and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then comes gloomy hours, when the fire will not burn on our hearths and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Long-fellow.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES WERE ONCE.—Capt. Nat. Johnson—everybody knows Capt. Nat. Johnson—was traveling in the cars the other day, when he overheard two Englishmen commending this country in terms of unusual warmth:

"Do you like this country, though?" asked Capt. Nat.

"Indeed we do," replied the Englishmen.—"We are surprised and delighted with everything we see; your institutions, and habits, and life are all so different and so much more wonderful and attractive than we had ever suspected."

"If you think so well of our country now," rejoined Capt. Nat., "Good God, what would you have thought of it if you had seen it before Pierce was elected President?"—N. Y. Evening Post.

A GOOD MAXIM.—The more peacefully and quietly we get on the better—the better for us and others. In nine cases out of ten the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to leave him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with wrongs we meet.

DYING CONFESSION OF BORGIA.—It is said of the celebrated Cesar Borgia, that in his last moments he exclaimed:—"I have provided, in the course of my life, for everything except death, and now, alas! I am to die, although entirely unprepared."

A naturalist, describing the rook, says: "He loves the blue eyrean, and he quits his lofty height when he is brought to this dull earth by the mere force of *attractive* attraction."

FACTS.—Old Mr. Slegstick mystified a tea-party by remarking that women were facts.—When pressed to explain his meaning he said, "Facts are stubborn things."

A young man recently married, says he "didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to find the furniture." Nothing new. How many begin this game of folly at the wrong end? The phrase is:—"Marry in haste, repent at leisure."

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