

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 4.

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

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 2, 1857.

### Selected Poetry.

#### THE CASTLES WE BUILT IN AIR.

There were builders strong on the earth of old,  
But never were planners rare;  
Like the castles we built in air,  
We piled them high thro' the long lone hours,  
By a chill heart's flickering brands,  
Till the twilight heavy with wintry showers  
Told found us in stranger lands.

The shore was small and the friends were few  
We were in those building days;  
But stately and fair the fabrics grew,  
Till no gold of earth could raise;  
For time was conquered and fortune moved,  
Our wishes were builders there,  
And oh! but there gathered guests beloved  
To the castles we built in air.

No place was left for the bonds and fears,  
For the lore so sagely small,  
Of this gaining world that wears our years  
Away in its thoughtless thrall.

Once more we stood in the lights that cross'd  
Our souls on their morning track,  
And oh! that we had not loved or lost,  
But ever the dream comes back!

It was joy to pass by the pleasant homes  
That our wandering steps had pass'd;  
Yet every look through the woodbine blooms  
Of the wreathing vines were cast;  
But there fell no age and there rose no strife,  
And there never was room for care,  
Where grew the flowers of our dreaming life  
By the homes that we built in air.

Oh! dark and lone have the bright hearths grown  
Where our fond and gay hearts met,  
For many have changed, and some are gone,  
But we build the little homes yet;  
As men have built in the date tree's shade  
By Egypt's raised her fane,  
Ere a star was named or a brick was laid  
On the old Chaldean plains.

Even thus have they framed their towers of thought  
As the ages came and went,  
From the fisher boy in the Shetland boat,  
To the Tatar in his tent.  
And some that beyond our azure sea  
There are realms for hope and prayer,  
Have deemed them but flimsy things by the way,  
These castles we build in air.

### Miscellaneous.

#### An Incident in Arkansas; OR, NAPOLEON IN 1836.

BY A WESTERN MAN.

In early boyhood business engagements compelled my father to leave home and go to Little Rock. I had lived all my days on the banks of one of the largest eastern tributaries of the Mississippi. I had heard of the majestic flow of the "Monarch River"—of the wild, strange, rude population living west of it. So much had been told me of them—their hardy recklessness and daring, of their curious customs and sayings, of their unbounded generosity and hospitality, and of their bravery, that my boyish imagination was completely taken captive. When my father was first making preparation for his journey I endeavored to obtain his consent to accompany him. He laughed at me for my pains. I persisted, however, in my purpose, with the obstinacy which characterized me through life, until I wrung from him a reluctant promise that I should go. My mother, who always gratified me in everything, set about making what preparations she deemed necessary for me. These were soon completed.

We at last began our journey, and we met with no incident worthy of record until we had come to the capital of the Territory of Arkansas, then just emerging from her pupillage and about to assume the proud position of an equal in the Confederacy, and were upon our return. As our small steamer was on her way to the mouth of the Arkansas, I noticed a man who was tall and gaunt in form, and who wore the quaker-cut coat and white neckerchief, which to this day mark the Methodist clergyman in remote rural districts. He wandered listlessly about the confined cabin and deck, passing through and among the frontier merchants, rough planters and hunters who were coming down the river. He was among them, but not of them. While he kept apart from those among whom such isolation was like to attract attention and comment, yet he was so mild and so gentle, withal, that none took offense. We had made at least one-half the distance between the capital and the mouth of the river, when accident caused an acquaintance to spring up between him and my father. I, meanwhile, was playing about the deck, when I stumbled and pitched forward, cutting myself severely about the face and head. He stood far off at the time. He picked me up, took me down into the cabin, got a bandage from his own rough trunk, washed my wounds, and bound them up skillfully. This caused my father as soon as he awoke from his afternoon nap, to approach him and thank him. This led to an acquaintance, which ripened into friendship ere we reached Napoleon.

This village stands below the point where the Arkansas lazily debouches into the great river. Here we were to go ashore and for a boat to take us to Louisville; the steamer we had descended the Arkansas upon was bound for New Orleans. We landed on Thursday evening, just at sundown. Our friend was going to a plantation a few miles below, to stay some days with an old acquaintance, and cordially invited us to accompany him, assuring us that we should meet with a most hearty welcome. We were compelled to decline the invitation, upon the ground that we might reach us, bound up the river, at about four o'clock, and it was necessary for us to be home at the very first opportunity. He was good-bye, and invited us, if we were

compelled to remain over Sunday, to come and hear him preach, as it was his determination to do so at the little town-hall, where the school was kept two months in the year, and where political meetings of all kinds assembled.

We took up our lodgings at a low, mean hostelry, the only one in the place, save that of the notorious Col. M——n, the bully and terror of the surrounding district, and a notorious gambler. He had gathered round him a band of desperate satellites, who recognized him as their head because he was the greatest villain among them. He did not kill or slay for money; he only decoyed every unsuspecting stranger, or every man of less skill in games of chance than he possessed, into his hotel, induced him to play, won his money, and then, if he complained, challenged him to fight a duel. In more than one instance he had killed his victim in sudden frays and even upon the field. His skill with the knife and pistol was peerless. A quarrel with him was popularly deemed equivalent to death, either from his hand or that of some of his gang. Only such people as he chose to tolerate were permitted to reside in the miserable collection of houses which, then, as now, were dignified with the name of Napoleon.

The hostelry at which we lodged was frequented by boatmen, or men who had not money enough to be worthy of the arch-gambler's attention. My father took every means in his power to keep himself from attracting attention. He kept to his room, anxiously awaiting an opportunity to leave a place whose very atmosphere was rank with moral contagion, and where every moment was attended with physical danger. However anxious he was to depart, no opportunity to do so occurred during Friday or Saturday.

Sunday came, and a most beautiful day it was. When we were at breakfast in the morning there was a high discussion going on. From the conversation of the other guests we learned that much commotion had been produced among the denizens of the place by the announcement made by our clerical friend who had come down the river with us, that he would preach in the town-hall at 11 o'clock that morning. Some maintained that the Colonel would not permit him to preach; they averred that he had terrified every clergyman who had come into the neighborhood for years. Indeed, he had dragged more than one of them from the pulpit years before, and drove them from the place by force. Such mortal fear had he inspired in all such as appeared at distant periods in the neighborhood that none stopped to proclaim "the glad tidings of peace."

Others told strange tales of how determined and courageous the preacher had shown himself away up in the Indian country upon the head waters of the Arkansas. He had gone into the heart of the Indian territory whilst a fierce border war was raging between them and the whites, and the simple story of his Master's mission and sufferings. He had been tied to the stake, and was only relieved by the authoritative interposition of the head chief of the nation after the fagots had been kindled. Yet he had not quailed or shrunk. One who professed to know his history still further back said he had commanded a company of Tennesseans under Gen. Jackson at Talladega, Emuckaw and Tohopeka, and had assisted eminently by his skill and courage in breaking down the power of the Creek nation. His voice had been heard cheering on a battalion of his gallant mountaineers even in the thickest of the fight at New Orleans.

Some of the Colonel's particular admirers jeered the middle-aged boatman who made these assertions, but he persisted in declaring that they were true. After many coarse jokes perpetrated at his expense he gave up the contest with the declaration that he was going to hear the sermon. All avowed that they were going, each assigning a different reason for his intention.

My father also determined to go, and I, at the appointed hour, went with him. On entering the house we found it crammed to its utmost capacity. Indeed, when densely crammed, it could not contain over two hundred and fifty persons. It was evident that expectation was on tiptoe. Men talked in low whispers when they addressed each other and with those short, quick, yet heavy swellings and depressions of the chest which indicate the underflow of intense feeling. Near the passage-way, and not far from the door, sat the Colonel. His tall person was conspicuous among those sitting around him. His broad-chested, deep-shouldered form, his brawny arms, showed the immense strength and muscle which he possessed. His enormous and irregularly-shaped head, surmounted by a large mass of shaggy, iron-gray hair, looked as if favored as the head of a wild boar.

His large, protuberant, rolling black eyes produced a most unfavorable impression upon the beholder; his expression, at all times sinister, was now devilish, from the passion with which his frame was swelling. That eye turned quickly toward the door at the sound of every foot that stepped upon the threshold.

We had succeeded in obtaining seats close by the little raised platform which was designed for speakers. I turned to look for the preacher, who had not yet arrived, and I noticed that the Colonel, to whom all eyes were directed, had lowered his head, and was leaning forward, speaking in earnest undertones to one of his understrappers. He became so much absorbed in the discussion as it progressed, that his vigilant watch upon the door was for a few moments relaxed. Just at this time the tall, gaunt form of the preacher darkened the doorway, and he strode with long steps up the aisle. He had passed the seat of the gambler, reached the platform and took his pocket Bible, ere the latter had elevated his head.

At this moment the eyes of the bully and each other for a second, and then it was evident that the latter had recognized the former. The Colonel felt conscious that there was in that face which he ought to remember, but his recollections were confused and wandering

These mutual glances lasted but a moment.—Our friend quietly proceeded to take out a revolver and a Bowie knife, and placed them upon a small table by the side of his Bible. He looked carefully at the caps upon one, and withdrew the other from its steel case.

The Colonel, fascinated by the magnetism of look and manner, for a short time forgot his purpose of driving the preacher from the pulpit and the town. But when he had obtained sufficient time to recover himself, his huge form was upreared,—he pushed from his seat out into the aisle, and as he moved people involuntarily drew back on each side as if they stood in the presence of an uncaged demon. When he reached the aisle his stride was long and hasty. He drew his Bowie knife—his favorite weapon—as he went, and brandished it on high. The very devil seemed to flash from his eye, and his manner was that of the lion stretched to the utmost tension of muscle and nerve, and ready to spring upon his prey.

Onward he came, until he stopped within six feet of the preacher, who had drawn his tall form up to its height. He appeared far taller than he had ever before. His breast, throat and eye dilated into twice their former size.

The bully was conscious of this fact, and seemed to pay an involuntary tribute of admiration to him whom he had sworn to disgrace.

"John," began the minister, in a slow, clear, steady tone, "I come to preach the Gospel of Peace, and to speak in the name and by the authority of my Master; and, while I am a man of peace, I proclaim my purpose to be to preach here to-day, and no mortal man shall prevent me!"

The ringing, metallic tones of that voice recalled the fading memories of other years.—The bully seemed astonished, confused started from his purpose. But it would not do for him to falter—no, the leader of the most notorious gang of gamblers north of Vicksburg; his reputation would be gone forever if he quailed before a preacher; and, moreover, his occupation would be broken up, if he did not drive him from Napoleon, as he had all others. If his yet dim recollections proved true, and this was the man he had known twenty years before, his eloquent teachings would revolutionize the habits and practices of the place.

Again he started forward. The revolver was slowly raised from the table whereon it lay, until it was on a range with his head.—Deathlike stillness reigned throughout the apartment. Men saw and felt that if a combat began between these men, one or the other must die. Still, with that pistol raised by an arm over which no tremor ran, and directed by an eye that burned in its socket with determination, men sat still in their seats, fastened by a strange sort of charm. The sharp short click of the trigger was heard,—the finger was upon it,—it might be fired at any moment,—yet no one sought to escape.

Thus stood those two giant forms, looking at each other steadily, unflinchingly, for full five minutes, and each minute seemed an age. At last the gambler could stand it no longer. He exclaimed—

"Are you John Taylor, who commanded a company at Horse Shoe Bend when we drove the rascally Creeks into the river?"

"I am," was the calm reply.

The head of the gambler fell slowly down upon his breast; the thoughts of other and better days seemed to have fallen upon him. One moment was given to reverie,—the next he wheeled upon his heel and strode slowly and heavily down the passage. He was crestfallen,—conquered. He would not disturb further an ancient comrade-in-arms—one whom he knew never shrunk from the face of man.

The preacher watched the receding form until it had passed the threshold and vanished out of sight. His foe had disappeared, overcome by his former feeling of companionship in part, but mainly by the cool calm courage of the minister.

The words, "Let us pray," came reverently from his lips. The excitement of the past moments found a vent in this appeal to the Throne of Grace. I have heard Maffit, Stockton, Bascom, and a host of other eloquent divines,—men who had achieved the very highest reputation for their fervid, stirring words,—but never, to this hour, have I heard such a prayer as fell from the lips of that plain, unpretending frontier missionary. It was short but when it closed there was not a dry eye in that whole assembly. The rude hunter, the rough boatman, the hardened gambler, and the educated planter were alike affected.—They each and all bowed down to the majesty of truth falling from lips which Heaven had endowed with most extraordinary powers.

During the whole service not a soul stirred from his seat, not the least disorder was observable, and when the opportunity was given for penitents to come forward the whole congregation seemed to move en masse toward the altar. The work of reformation went gloriously on until the town seemed to be, and indeed was, revolutionized.

The influence of the Colonel was gone; his avocation, as he had anticipated, also departed. He himself, ere Taylor left the place, became a convert, sold out his property, moved out upon a plantation he owned, and became a model husband, and neighbor and citizen.

The influence of this reformation is felt in that remote Mississippi town even in this hour.

Quite a joke happened to one of the Doctor craft some time ago. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied: "No need to give it to him."

"Good heaven!" said the doctor, "is the child living?"

"Yes, but the cat ain't—we gave it to her." The doctor smiled.

### DOESTICKS ON THE COMET.

There is no doubt of it—it is too true—there's something loose somewhere, and we of this earth are to be immediately smashed into smithereens by a first class comet which has got unscrewed and is now coming to us under full head of steam, with a small planet hung on the safety valve. Our little globe is to be knocked "further than Gilderoy," and sent flying in small pieces through the region of illimitable space which event undoubtedly has a tendency to separate families and interfere with trade and commerce. This pleasant affair will come off on the 13th of June next, immediately after tea—there will be no postponement on the account of the weather—the audience will not be disappointed, and most of us probably have accomplished a rapid little journey of a couple of millions or so, between six o'clock P. M., and breakfast time. There can be no mistake; we are done for.

I have made an exact mathematical calculation, and find that our uninvited visitor hit us the first punch on the west end of coney Island. Already in my neighborhood, consternation is depicted on the faces of smashes expectant and piety is particularly prevalent. We all know how moral people become when they are expecting Grim Death, and how liberal they are with their money when they find they can't keep it any longer; we know the common dodge of trying to cheat the heaven into a belief in their charitableness in leaving money to build churches and clothe missionaries, when they are perfectly well aware that the heirs will dispute the will and contrive to keep the cash all in the family.—That's just what people are doing now, because they think G. Death is around. There must be a fearful discount on this kind of penitence but the appearance of the comet and the fears excited hereby, have thrown a great deal of this spurious article into the market just at present. Everybody is wide awake and looking out for breakers.

My landlady, ever since she saw the first paragraph in the newspaper about the comet, has given us better coffee and fatter chops, and has seemed to be struck with remorse about the real—she is in a state of great grief about her past mackerel, and mourns her late butter with true sincerity—she goes to church twice on Sundays and has lately been seen to put silver into the plate—she has bought a cheap prayer-book and looks over the Burial Service three times a day. The chambermaids have heard the news, and have renounced the error of their ways, since which time the tally of my handkerchiefs is complete, and "the cat" doesn't run away with my hair-curl. Even the errand boy is touched in conscience, and brings back full change. The cook is in a touching and tender state of mind, and, having left off drinking, has become neater, and more satisfactory in her habits—we don't have more than half the former quantity of cinders in the broiled fish, and she no longer skews the beef with her hair pins.

Peggy, the grocer, looks trembling at the stars every night through a four foot telescope gives sixteen ounces to the pound, and has omitted the four cent shave in making change—his sugar is not so gritty as it was a month ago, his camphine burns better, the butter is not so athletic, the boy does not go so often to the pump just after Peggy gets a new barrel of Jamaica rum, and there are now four quarts to the gallon, whereas the former rule was about six pints and a half.

Just now, religious sensation is raging terribly in my neighborhood, all induced by the influence of the comet—there is a protracted meeting a block and a half up the street, a great "revival" just round the corner, and high-pressure prayer meetings around on every side. So many new converts have been made, the sinners are exceedingly scarce—Joblets, the broker, who got rich leading money at six per cent a month on treble security, has repented—he is now trying to work his passage to Paradise by making long speeches in "meeting," which are so loud as to frighten the babies in the next block, and which made him perspire as if he had been chopping cord-wood in dog-days. This change for the better may be lasting, but I'd like to venture a dollar that if the earth dodges the comet, and gets safely through the 13th without making a "horrible collision and loss of life" item for the newspapers on the 14th, Joblets will foreclose a dozen mortgages, revoke all his gifts to the church, and charge more exorbitant usury than enough to make up loss time. I haven't much confidence in these spasmodic converts myself, and can't exactly bring myself to believe that a man who has been a blackguard and a scoundrel for forty years, can be scared into a Christian in two minutes, by a bob-tail comet.

In fact, nearly every body is affected by coming events, except the city authorities of New York, who seem to think that the new City Charter has so effectually finished them that the comet do no further damage. The only man in town who appears to have his wits about him is Mr. Marshall of the Broadway Theatre, who is trying to get the comet to play a star engagement for him at his establishment—proposition is to change the catastrophe of the last days of Pompeii, and destroy that unhappy city by an unruly planet instead of an eruption of Vesuvius. As for myself, although I fully believe in the approaching smash, I am, like a prudent man, providing against any possible change of programme, by borrowing all the money I can possibly obtain on long credit; and so, by postponement the other small debts until after the 13th of June, I cannot fail to make a handsome speculation in either case.

But hold? I have a splendid idea—a magnificent plan, by which I think this threatened visit of a fiery enemy, instead of being a terrible disaster, may be turned to most excellent account, for I have no doubt that that enemy would listen to the voice of reason and humanity. I think a deputation ought to be immediately appointed with full power to arrange matters with the comet—the people must take the thing in hand themselves, for if it is left to the public officers, there would be so much

routine and circumlocution about it that the world would be smashed into nineteen millions of small fragments before they would get ready to act. It is extremely probable that the delegation would be able to effect a compromise on behalf of the useful portions of the Earth, and they might induce our distinguished visitor to confine his attention to certain specified parts of it. For instance, any little arrangement by which the State of New Jersey could be knocked completely out of the Universe, would be a blessing and a boon. A kindness of this sort would be appreciated by all mankind, and although the Jerseymen themselves would undoubtedly object to this, as they do to all other measures for the public welfare, the comet would of course fulfill his contract and do his duty nobly, without heeding their liberal opposition. The vacant space could be filled in and peopled anew, or flooded with water and used for a quarantine ground.

Considering myself entitled to the thanks of the whole civilized world for this benevolent suggestion, I remain, while awaiting that deserved and distinguished honor.

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. D.

NAPOLEON AND THE LADIES.—An amusing anecdote is told of Napoleon le Grand and the ladies who attended his first grand reception ball at the Tuileries. The old nobility had departed, and everything was new. The invited guests were mostly military officers and their wives. Some two thousand ladies were present. When supper time came, they of course took precedence of the gentlemen. A question arose who had right to go first. The great dining-room hall was thrown open admiting them, and the doors were then closed and the officers of the palace found it impossible to open them. The dispute among the ladies grew warm. One lady said the right was hers as her husband was a great general; but soon found that others maintained, on one ground or the other, that their claims were greater. Meanwhile the officers could not get the doors open, and, in consternation, one of them hastened to the first consul, and asked him how they should settle the question of precedence. "O," says Bonaparte, "nothing is easier; tell them the eldest is to go first!" The officers reported to the ladies the first consul's decision, and instantly they fell back! This gave the officers an opportunity to get the doors open, when to their astonishment none of the ladies were willing to go first. After standing in that ridiculous position for a moment they began to laugh heartily at their own folly, and all marched into the dining-room without delay.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.—Shawls were originally woven in the heart of Indiana, from the fine silky wool of the Thibet goat; and the most precious of them still come from Cashmere. The wool of which these are manufactured consists of two distinct sorts, called wool kemp. The wool is beautifully rich and soft to the touch, and is probably superior to the finest lamb's wool. The kemp presents the appearance of a coarse, rough hair, such as is avoided by the manufacturer in all purchase of wool deteriorating as it does the appearance of even common fabrics by its inferiority and harshness. The two wools are shorn from the goat are closely intermingled and present the appearance of a coarse hairy wool of a very low character, but a minute inspection shows that a part of it is of a very fine quality. In order to separate this fine quality from the coarse it is necessary to do so fibre by fibre, and this has to be effected entirely by hand, no machinery having as yet been employed for the purpose. The process is both difficult and tedious, one person not being able to separate more than half an ounce in twelve hours. After the separation of the qualities it is desirable further to divide it, in order to make a warp yarn for fabrics like the shawls.

"IN FAVOR OF THE HOG."—John Smith was tried in Alabama for stealing a hog worth one dollar and a half. The theft was proved beyond the shadow of doubt. The jury retired to an adjoining grove of trees to make up their verdict, and were not long out before they returned a verdict of "guilty of hog stealing in full degree." The Judge told them the verdict was proper, except they had omitted to assess the value of the property, and that there was no degree to hog stealing and to return again and bring in their verdict in proper "form." Again they retired with pen, ink and paper, but rather non-plussed with regard to the "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by form. At the last old Turner, who had been a Justice of the Peace in Georgia, wrote the verdict and returned to the Court House. One after another they fled it; old Jim handed the verdict to the Clerk with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the Clerk read the following: "We, the jury, unanimously find the defendant, guilty in the sum of one dollar and a half in favor of the hog."

ANECDOTE.—We believe we have "got hold of" an original anecdote that was never printed before. A student in one of our state colleges, was charged by the Faculty, with having a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President who said:

"Sir; I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, Sir my physician advised me to try a little ale each day, as a tonic and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel in my room."

"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ah, yes Sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

### A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.

The following extract from a letter in Calcutta paper, narrating the particulars of encounters between British and Persian forces gives a good idea of a charge of cavalry:—

"When Forbes who had commanded this regiment, gave the order to charge he and his adjutant, young Moore, placed themselves in front of the 6th troop, which was the one directly opposite the nearest face of the square. The other Moore, Malcomsons and Spens came the last thing behind, riding knee to knee with spurs in their horses' flanks, as if racing after a stag. In the rear of them rushed the dark troopers of the 3d, mad to avenge the death of poor Malet at Bashire. In spite of steel, fire and bullets, they tore down the nearest face of the devoted square. As they approached, Forbes was shot through the thigh and Spens's horse was wounded but unheeding they swept onward. Daunted by the flash and the fire and the noise and cracking of the musketry the younger Moore's sword swerved as they came up. Dropping his sword from his hand and letting it hang by the knot at his wrist, he caught up the reins in both hands, screwed his horse's head straight, and then coolly, as riding at a fence, leaped him at the square. If therefore, any man can be said to have been first, the younger Moore is that man. Of course the horse fell stone dead upon the bayonets; so did his brother's ridden with equal courage and determination. The elder Moore—19 stone in weight, and 6 feet 3 or thereabouts in height—cut his whay out on foot. Malcomson took one foot out of his stirrup when he saw his brother officer down and unarmed, (for his sword had been broken by the fall), and, holding on to that the younger Moore escaped. The barrier once broken and the entrance once made, through it poured the avenging troopers. On and over everything they rode, till, getting cleared out, they re-formed on the other side, wheeled and swept back—a second wave of ruin. Out of 500 Persian soldiers of the 1st regular regiment of Fars, who composed that fated square only 20 escaped to tell the tale of its destruction."

The perusal of the above brought to our mind an encounter of a similar character which took place in Spain the day after the defeat of the French at Salamanca. It is thus related by Allison:—

"Such was the depression which prevailed among the French cavalry, that they gave way on the first appearances of the allied horse, and left the infantry to their fate.—The foot soldiers, however, stood firm, and formed with great readiness three squares on the slope of the hill which they were ascending, to resist the squadrons which soon came thundering upon them. The charge was made by Rock's German and Ansous brigade of English dragoons, and is remarkable as being one of the few instances in the whole Revolutionary war, in which, on a fair field, and without being previously shaken by cannon, infantry in square were broken by cavalry.—The German horse first charged, on two faces the nearest square, which was lowest down the hill. The French soldiers stood firm, and the front rank, kneeling, received the gallant horsemen with a rolling fire of the Pyramids; but a cloud of dust which preceded the horse, obscured their aim; a single horse which dashed forward and fell upon the bayonets, formed an opening; at the entrance thus accidentally made the furious dragoons rushed, and in a few seconds the whole square were saved or made prisoners. Encouraged by this success, Rock's men next charged the second square, which also received them with a rolling fire; but their courage was shaken by the fearful catastrophe they had just witnessed; a few of them broke from their ranks and fled; and the whole now wavering, the horsemen dashed in, and the greater part of the battalion was cut down or taken. Not content with these triumphs, the unwearied Germans prepared to charge the third square, to which the fugitives from the two others had now fled, and which was at the top of the hill supported by some horse which had come up to their assistance. The French cavalry were speedily dispersed, and the square, in like manner, broken by an impetuous charge of this irresistible cavalry.—In this glorious combat, the Germans had above one hundred men killed and wounded, but nearly the whole of the enemy's infantry consisting of three battalions, were cut down or made captives. The prisoners taken were above twelve hundred. This action deserves to be noticed in a particular manner, as having been on the enemy's own admission, the most brilliant cavalry which occurred during the war."

ESTABLISHING AN HEIR.—Hon. P.—K.—, late Probate Judge in our neighboring county, was waited upon one warm afternoon by a buxom matron with a child in her arms, whose business was, she said, "of a Probate nature." Mr. K., being a polite man, intimated his readiness to learn her wishes. "Now," said she, hushing her baby and quivering herself for a regular talk, "you see, Judge, my husband was a forehand man, and left a good farm well stocked, and just because I am a lone woman in the world, his relations are going to throw me out of all but my third. Now, lawyer—told me some time ago, that if there was an heir he would take it all and I should be his guardian." How long since your husband died?" asked the judge. "About thirteen months," was the reply. "And how old is the child?" "Four weeks," was the answer. "I am afraid this case is beyond my jurisdiction," said the Judge, "you had better go back to Squire—." "But," said the woman, "if your Probate Court can't establish an heir what is it good for?"

Smoking.—Smoking is recommended to young gentlemen who wish to look sailor, as happy, and unhealthy.