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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

THE SUNSET LAND.

On dimly through the mists of years,
That roll their dreary waves between,
The gorgeous Sunset Land appears,
Arrayed in hues of fadless green.
And from that far-off sunny clime,
Old half-forgotten songs arise,
And stealing o'er the waves of Time,
The sweetly lingering music dies.

As some bright island of the sea,
Forever blooming, ever fair;
Though cold dark billows around it be,
Eternal sunshine hovers there.
Thus o'er the silent sea of years,
Our eager, longing looks are cast,
Where robed in fadless spring appears,
The sunlit Eden of the past.

There Memory weaves her garlands green
Beside the lone, hazy-haunted shore;
And musing 'mid the Arcadian scene,
Twines flowers that bloom for us no more.
Oh! hallowed clime! Most land of love!
Sweet Paradise of early dreams!
Still through thy vale may fancy rove,
Still task beneath thy evening beams.

And there they dwell—the cherished ones,
With snow-white brows and waving hair;
I see them now—their voices
Of sweetness fly along the air.
Hark! how their silvery voices ring
In cadence with the wind's low sigh?
Not sweeter is the wind-harp's string
That wakes at eve its melody.

They call to us; they wave their hands—
Is by the mirage lifted high,
That clime in all its beauty stands
Against the forehead of the sky.
With wreathed brows—with laugh and song,
With tender looks—hands clasped in hand,
They move along that love-linked throng—
Within the haunted Sunset Land.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Germantown Telegraph.]

The Battle of Germantown.

The disposition of the British forces, preparatory to the battle, will require some minutes of description, in order to properly comprehend the plan of attack; Mount Airy, situated about half way between the then village of Germantown and Chestnut-Hill, was occupied by a corps of British infantry; a house near at hand containing their outfitting, furnished with two six pounders. Some distance below this position, and directly opposite the building known as Chew's house, the 40th regiment of infantry, under Colonel Musgrave, was stationed; still farther in the rear, its respective wings encamped on either side of the main or Skippack road, was the body of the British army, with Gen Howe's headquarters a short distance farther down. To understand the system of attack decided upon by Washington, it will be necessary to mention that three roads, the Limekiln, Ridge and Old York, (the second on the right, the two others on the sides of the Skippack and running in a nearly parallel direction,) all entered the main road; the first becoming united with it near the market house of the village itself, and the remaining two joining a short distance below the town. Gen. Sullivan, (whose detachment was under Washington's direct supervision,) commanding the right wing of the American army and assisted by Lord Stirling and Gen. Wayne, was to advance directly along the main road and open his fire upon the enemy's left wing; in conjunction with Gen. Armstrong, who, marching down the Ridge road, was to attack him on the rear. The left wing of the Americans was composed of two divisions, sustained by a brigade the whole commanded by Gen. Greene; it was Washington's intention to dispatch this portion down the Limekiln road, so that their attack might be made immediately upon Howe's right wing, at the junction of this road with the Skippack; two other companies proceeded along the old York road, intending to surprise the enemy at a similar point, and cut him off in the rear. It will thus be observed that a majority of the American troops were concentrated upon the right wing, in the hope that by a sudden attack, the enemy might be driven toward the river and thus obliged to capitulate. At break of day was the time agreed upon for the attack, on all sides, to commence.

At the time these plans were concerted, the American army, consisting of 6,000 Continental troops and 3,000 militia, were encamped on the banks of the Skippack creek, some 17 miles from the scene of action. The autumn sun, somewhat shrouded by hovering clouds, had scarcely set behind the distant hills, and its melancholy parting halo gilded the sad colored foliage, when the main body began the march toward Germantown. From the great roughness of the road and the many activities necessary to ascend, they were delayed far beyond the intended time of arrival; the night had passed ere they reached Chestnut Hill and day was already in the sky. A few pale and hesitating sunbeams attempted to glimmer through the dense and brooding fog, which hung in dark, opaque folds over the outstretched plain, but they failed to brighten the gloomy expanse, and with minds naturally somewhat affected by the mists and darkness surrounding, the troops moved on with a slightly apparent abatement of their usual vigor.

We have before mentioned that "Allen's house" on Mount Airy, was picketed by an outlying guard of the British; these were advanced upon, under cover of the fog, by a detachment commanded by Captain McLane, which succeeded in putting them to flight; retreating down the hill, they joined the light infantry below—of which they were a portion—and the whole company formed themselves,

awaiting an attack. The sun again essayed to disperse the intense humidity, and for an instant shone out, as the Americans, led by Gen. Wayne, advanced upon the infantry, but the luminous soon disappeared and all was again dim with thickening vapor.

Wayne's men dashed forward with resistless violence and scattered the enemy with great slaughter; thirsting to be revenged for the horrible massacre at Paoli, on the September preceding, they refused quarter to the flying enemies. "Remember Paoli," burst in wild and fearful accents upon the murky air, as soldier after soldier fell beneath their swinging strokes; cries for mercy, pitying pleas, supplicatory prayers, were addressed alike to deaf or listless ears; vengeance was now the appeal, and what men under the power of such mighty influences could withstand its force. The officers endeavored to stay this indiscriminate slaughter, but their efforts were useless, and so great was the confusion, that many of our own troops were struck down by the hands of their companions. Colonel Musgrave, observing the general route of the advance, hastened to Chew's house, where, consoling himself with six companies, he awaited an attack from the approaching Americans; and here we observe one of those occurrences, apparently trivial, but which in the present instance completely turned the tide of victory. Musgrave, from the windows of the house, opened a heavy fire upon the advancing troops which induced their officers to order a temporary halt, many insisted upon moving on, n hopes that the panic, caused by the defeat of Mount Airy, would have been communicated to the main body of the British, and thus render their combined attack more readily executed. To this suggestion, however, Gen. Knox strenuously demurred, positively refusing to violate an important code of military law, which insists that no "garrisoned castle" should be left in the rear.

Generals Sullivan and Wayne, marched forward with their corps, attacked the enemy's centre, some distance below Chew's mansion, and after a fierce engagement, in which many fell on both sides, finally drove them towards School-House lane, where their line was reformed. Victory had already settled upon our banners, the enemy were driven in at every point, and expected reinforcements would shortly arrive, their assistance thus communicating the fortune of the day. In the mean time, however, the attack upon Chew's house was being continued, under the immediate command of Washington himself. A gallant officer, Lieut. Smith, of Virginia, in charge of a flag of truce, advanced directly in front of the enemy's fire, in order to summon the garrison to surrender; a volley of bullets was the sole response, and the brave soldier fell. Many from the ranks now rushed forward in a vain attempt to beat down the door or fire the house; but the former being strongly barricaded, resisted their efforts, while deadly shots from the windows above, effectually prevented the success of the latter. The building itself, constructed of solid masonry, presented an unyielding front against the artillery which was now brought to bear; the six-pounders in use proved entirely inadequate to the task, and our troops had the mortification of observing, without those effects which should follow its use. The most heroic bravery signaled the attack upon this obstinate fortress; officers and men dashed "pell mell" into the contest with utter disregard for their lives, in the fruitless attempt to effect a breach of their unyielding walls; apparently animated—not depressed—by the fall of their comrades, others filled up the vast vacated places and maintained a scattering but uncertain fire upon the garrison within.

The fog, at this time, had so increased in density that objects could not be discerned within the distance of a few feet. The troops of Sullivan and Wayne, having forced the enemy upon their "cantonnments," suddenly heard for the first time, a sharp firing in the rear, the cause of which they were unable to divine, being entirely unaware at that time of the attack upon Chew's House; halting in confusion, still maintaining a desultory fire into the thick mist ahead, what was their consternation on observing a regiment, advancing upon their left flank; no means whereby uniform, colors, or other appearances by which could be ascertained the approach of friend or foe, presented themselves, and the troops, supposing that the enemy, by a circuitous route had surrounded and would finally annihilate them, became infected with the most fearful panic, and turning, fled in utter confusion.

Colonel Matthews, a Virginian, had advanced considerably beyond the main body, with a portion of Gen. Greene's division, and at this time, unconscious of the enemy's so close vicinity, was approaching the market house, when becoming completely surrounded by the foe, he was obliged to surrender, after contesting every inch of ground with the greatest bravery. Meanwhile, Wayne's troops fled and communicating, strangely enough, their fright to the division of Greene (whose advance, concealed by the fog, had occasioned their own terror) the whole body retreated, forming themselves, under the latter's commands, into some degree of regularity, and thus keeping up a running fire in order to cover their flight.

The fortune of war was now entirely adverse to the Americans, and hotly pursued by Generals Grey and Cornwallis, the rout was continued until nightfall, when the defeated army halted at Perkiomen creek, a distance of about 19 miles from the morning battle-field. Many anecdotes are narrated of the hospitality displayed by farmers to the unfortunate, defeated soldiery; one in particular illustrates forcibly the spirit infused even into the woman of that glorious, yet trying period. An elderly lady had just finished the superintendence of extensive baking operations, and was about consigning the fresh loaves to the shelves of a spring-house, where innumerable pans of milk and cream arranged with consummate care, "glistened in a row," side by side with tempting pastry and cakes redolent of ginger and shortening. Casting admiring glances upon her housewifely display, what was the old

lady's surprise, on hearing a confused noise, as of men tramping over the ground above; hastening from the building, to her astonishment, while fields four miles in extent, appeared covered with soldiers, all running northward at the highest speed. Regardless of the lady's presence, many rushed into the spring-house, returning either with pies and loaves of bread, or else draining, while inside, the contents of the good dame's milk pans; still the rout continued and constant forays were made upon the fast declining resources. At length all were passed by and the meadows returned to their pristine quiet, an examination into the spring-house disclosed the presence of a few scattered morsels, sole remnant of the grand larder it had that morning contained; without a word of complaint, merely ejaculating, "poor fellows, no wonder they were hungry," the excellent creature began instant preparations for a further "baking," and soon replenished her empty shelves. Such, kind reader, was the praiseworthy and patriotic conduct of this most estimable Quaker, an undoubted member of the "meeting militant."

Thus ended the battle of Germantown, which numbers among its incidents, some of the most stirring and self-sacrificing, which Revolutionary annals have handed down to the present age; deeds of valor were performed by men entirely ignorant as well of the minutiae as of the merest superficials connected with those tactics pertaining to the art of war. Among the slain, might have been observed the uniform and decorated British officer side by side with the plowman, on whose clothing one still could have traced the dust of his meadows. Death respects no more the augellocted general than the poor and wearied private; reclining together upon a common bier, their eyes closed to the outward world, the relative positions of wealth and station are alike disregarded; unheeding the past, their attention no longer dwells upon the present. Golden scar-bards and rusty rifle-bands are folded in one embrace; flannel epaulettes and tattered vestments are inconspicuously intermingled.

The sun, though imperceptibly, had gained its meridian ere the final shot resounded over the field of Germantown; and now began that last melancholy ceremonial, the burial of those of our own army who had so bravely fallen. Gathered promiscuously together, the bodies were consigned to hastily formed graves, into which all were indiscriminately heaped; though no escutcheon stone marks their last resting place, or mural tablets along some dim and cloistered aisles set forth in classic diction their virtues and their services; though no "storied urn or animated bust" carved from pure but chilling marble, designates their final abode, yet

"Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse
The place of fame and elegy supply,"

their merits are enshrined deep in the heart of a nation that loves to honor their posterity and add fresher garlands to the many that already drop over the solitude of their tombs. The bodies of the dead enemy, it will be remembered, were deposited in that portion of Philadelphia, known as Washington Square.

The traveler who roams over these plains, made memorable by so great achievements, is impressed with a feeling of solemn pleasure as he mentally cons the changes which a few years have occasioned. Standing on the adjacent Chestnut-Hill, he looks abroad over a landscape smiling with beauty; evidences of wealth and cultivation are everywhere discernable; no longer does the roar of artillery usher in the morning, or the roll of drums herald the approach of night; a landscape teeming with fertility, waving fields of grain, and meadows whose luxuriant verdure overtops their flowers; the peal of musketry has given place to the scythe's "long swinging stroke," the rattling of the artillery wagons, to the wain laden with its ordures abundance; for the call to arms and the horse cry of "charge," is now heard the low of distant kine or the mellow tinkle of a sheepfold's bell; and in place of the strains of martial music, we have now "the cock's shrill clariion and the echoing horn." The old mansion is still there, its wall perforated with bullets, their traces even yet observable upon the window frames; surrounded by shade, in summer completely embowered from view by the densely clustering foliage itself the cause of our defeat—appears wishing to retreat behind so friendly a concealment. But these reflections must be drawn to a close.

In conclusion the writer desires to add that the result of this sanguinary field (in which over a thousand fell killed and wounded on either side) was scarcely to be considered as a defeat; rather, in fact, a victory in which the enemy simply remained upon the field. Its salutary effects where everywhere discernable in the renewed hope by which our troops were actuated, seeing, as many undoubtedly did, the ultimate triumph of the Revolution, shadowed forth in those valorous deeds which will ever render so justly celebrated the Battle of Germantown.

HISTORICAL.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, thus speaks of a gentleman with whom he is not on very good terms: "He is a most notorious coward; he talks as if his diet were lion steaks seasoned with gunpowder and broiled on burning lava, whereas his actual diet is probably rabbits, liver, sheep's plucks and pigeon's gizzards."

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said a judicious parent. "But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as prettily as ever I do, and she has lots of toys." "I cannot help that, my dear," responded the foolish anti-American, "her father is a shoemaker."

SHERIDAN said, beautifully: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

A Thrilling Story.

The following story was taken from that interesting book, "Parley's Thousand and One Stories." It is founded upon an occurrence which actually took place in Vermont, some forty years ago. The facts are almost literally related as follows:

My brother Heman liked the business of carrying the mail better than I did, and so I went to work in a new clearing I had commenced, about a mile and a half from home, and not quite so far from the house of a brother-in-law. I used to stay as often at one place as the other. It was a bad arrangement, as in case of accident neither family would be alarmed, or go to look for me if I should not come home. I felt the force of this in the course of the winter, as you will see directly.

There had fallen one of our old-fashioned Northern New York snows, crusted over hard enough to bear a man. I was getting on famously with my clearing, getting ready to build a house in the spring. I was ambitious, and worked early and late, going without my dinner some days, when the piece of bread and meat I had brought in my pocket was frozen so hard that I could not masticate it without taking up too much of my time. One day it was intensely cold, with the prospect of a storm, that might hinder my work the next day, and so I worked on as long as I could see, and after twilight I felled a tree, which in its descent lodged against another, I could not bear the idea of leaving the job half finished, and mounted the almost prostrate body to cut away a limb to let it down.

The bole of the tree forked about forty feet up into two equal parts, with large projecting limbs from both. It was one of these I had to cut away to bring it to the ground. In my haste perhaps I was not so careful as I should have been; at any rate, the first blows eased the log from that the tree began to settle, and I was just going to jump off, when the fork split, and as it did so, one foot dropped into the space so that I could not extricate it for the moment, but I felt no alarm, for I knew that I could cut away the tree in a minute, or perhaps draw my foot out of the boot, as the pressure was not severe. At the first blow of the axe, the tree took another start, rolled over, and the split closed with all the force of its giant strength, crushing my foot till the very bones were flattened, and there I hung suspended, just able to touch the tips of my fingers in the snow, with nothing to rest upon for a moment—the air at zero and growing colder—no prospect of any one coming that way that night—the nearest house a mile away—no friends to feel alarmed at my absence, for one would suppose me safe with the other.

My axe in its fall rested upon the snow crust, about ten feet off. If I could only get that I might yet save myself. I did not think how I was to cut myself loose from the body of that great tree, suspended as I was, head down, and suffering with the rushing current of disordered blood, but I thought in that keen blade my only hope of life was fixed. Just forward of me grew a slim bush, which I thought if I could obtain, I could form into a hook by twisting the limbs together, and draw the axe within my reach.

Although the bush was out of my reach, I at length succeeded in getting hold of it by means of a loop by tying my suspenders together. I drew it towards me and cut it off with my pocket knife—one of that sort so long known as the "Barlow knives," having a single blade about two and a half inches long and three-eighths of an inch wide, with equal width all its length, set in a handle of peculiar form, half its length iron and half horn or bone. I succeeded admirably in fashioning my hook, and almost felt the handle of the axe within my grasp, so certain was I of success. From the tree that imprisoned me the ground descended very rapidly for a dozen yards or more to a little creek. My axe lay upon the brow of the hill. The first movement I made towards twisting the loop of my stick around the handle, so as to draw it within my reach, loosened it from its icy rest, and away it went down the hill, crushing through the little frost brittle bushes, down upon the ice of the creek down to a little fall a few rods below, and over that into the unfrozen pool, with a surging sound, as it fell into the water that seemed to send its icy chill through every vein and artery in my whole body.

I still had my knife. True, it was a rough surgical instrument, but hope and the love of life gave me strength to climb up by my fastened leg and cut away the boot and stocking, and then with that knife I unjointed my ankle and fell to the ground—my left leg a footless, bleeding stump! The intensity of the cold saved me from bleeding to death. I tore off a part of my coat, and with my handkerchief and suspenders managed to bind up my leg with a handful of snow, and started to crawl home. I succeeded in reaching within sight of the house, and then my strength utterly failed.

I tried my voice in vain, but I could make no one hear. I exerted myself once more, and crawled toward the road that I knew Heman must come. It was a painful task, for, besides my exhaustion, I was perishing with cold. Just then I heard the sound of my brother's stage horn, and the jingle of the bells coming down the hill. I strained my voice to the utmost pitch, but he did not, could not hear; but there was another friend—man's faithful friend—who did hear. Old Hunter, the noble old dog, had insisted upon accompanying this trip, and brother said, "Let him go; who knows what good may come of it?" Good did come of it, for his ear was gathered into Heman's and he roused up at the first cry, and as the second cry reached his ear, he leaped out, and in a minute was at the spot where I lay upon the snow. He smelt all around, and I held up my footless leg. Just then the sleigh had got up the hill; Hunter sprang back into the path, barked loudly, and as the horses came up, he jumped up, seized the reins, and would not let go till Heman called a halt.

Hunter let go his hold on the horses, jumped back to the sleigh, caught hold of Heman's

hand, pulling off the mitten, and away he ran back where I was, and commenced barking furiously; but I heard nothing. I effect upon me when I knew that I was dis-vered by that faithful old dog, and that he would never desert me, nor cease his efforts until he obtained help, had caused me to faint. My brother knew that Hunter was not at play—that something curious was the matter—and he jumped out of the sleigh and ran after him. In a little while I was safe at home; the doctor was sent for, and my wound properly dressed. I eventually recovered, but was, however, a cripple for life.

ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES.—A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archaeology by a discovery recently made some 90 miles north-east of Fort Stanton, a long account of which has just appeared in the Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times:

The plain upon which lie the massive relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward towards the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness.—The city was probably built by a warlike race as it is quadrangular, and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loop-holes, as though calculated for the use of weapons.

Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of dark granite rock, which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor.—There are the ruins of two noble edifices, each presenting a front of 300 feet, made of ponderous blocks of stone; and dilapidated walls are even now 35 feet high. There are no partitions in the apex of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in bas-relief and fresco work. Appearances justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artists' hand as those of Thebes and Palmyra.

The buildings all have loop-holes on each side, much resembling those found in the old feudal castles of Europe designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity, that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock. We hope ere long to be favored with full and descriptive particulars, as it is probable that visits and examinations will be made among such interesting relics of the unknown past, by some of the United States officers attached to the nearest fort.

ARKANSAS LEGISLATION.—The recent brawls in the House at Washington remind the Cleveland Plaindealer of a story heard in Arkansas several years since, which has never been in print. It is no disrespect to the present enlightened and genial State of Arkansas to say that in its incipient or Territorial days it was rather "rough." It was a very common thing for a man to leave the bosom of his family in sound health in the morning, and return dead at night. Cuttings, slashings and shootings were of daily occurrence. It was dangerous to be safe. The Legislature was chiefly composed of bullies and blacklegs, and the scenes enacted by them were often very eccentric. A fight arose about something in "the house." The Hon. Mr. Banger, of Napoleon, called the Hon. Mr. Slanger, of Helena, a liar. The Hon. Slanger retorted with a bullet, which took off the Hon. Banger's left ear. Both then sprang into the middle of the hall with drawn bowie knives. The Speaker said, "By G—d, we must have fair play in this business!" and rushed out on the floor with a cocked pistol in one hand and a tremendous "tooth-pick" in the other, and in tones of thunder commanded the representatives to form a ring. A ring was formed, and in the classics of the times, the combatants "went in." They cut each other frightfully, and for quite a spell it was difficult to decide who was the better man.—But finally, Banger, by an adroit thrust, cut off Slanger's head, and instant death was the result. Mr. Slanger's remains being removed, and order restored, Mr. Banger rose and said: "It is my painful duty to announce to this House the death of the Hon. William Slanger of Helena. He was good at draw-poker and faro, and handled the toothpick beautiful. He wasn't of no account at legislation." He was middlin' on horses. He put on too many scollips. He had no family excepting his brother Bill, the best poker player on the Red River. I move resolutions of respect be passed and forwarded to his brother Bill." They were passed.

ALMOST HOME.—This is one of the most joyous expressions in the English language.—The heart of the long absent husband, father or son, not only homeward bound, but almost arrived, thrills with rapturous joy as he is on the point of receiving the embraces and greeting of the dear ones at home. So it is with the aged Christian, as, in the far advance of his pilgrimage, he feels that he approaches the boundary line, and will soon cross over the land of promise. Many of his best friends have crossed over before him, and they have long been beckoning him upward and onward. They await his arrival with the joyful welcome of holy ones. And as tokens multiply on either hand the land of Beulah is near, he feels that he is almost home. The ripe fruit of a long Christian life is about to be gathered into a heavenly garner. Few sights on earth are more pleasing than aged, faithful Christians strong in the Lord, almost home. We have some such among us, revered and beloved, whose faces we love to see in the sanctuary, and whose prayers bring down blessings upon our heads. They speak of many friends, most of whom have preceded them, but the re-union will soon come. Blessings be upon the fathers and mothers in Zion; and may their mantles fall on us.

GEN. JACKSON AT MRS. LIVINGSTON'S DINNER PARTY.—In the just published life of Andrew Jackson, by Mr. Parton, we find the following interesting anecdote:

The new aid-de-camp, Mr. Livingston, as he rode from the parade ground by the General's side, invited him home to dinner. The General promptly accepted the invitation. It chanced that the beautiful and gay Mrs. Livingston, the leader of society then at New Orleans, both creole and American, had a little dinner party that day, composed only of ladies, most of whom were young and lively creole belles. Mr. Livingston had sent home word that Gen. Jackson had arrived, and that he should ask him home to dinner; a piece of news that threw the hospitable lady into consternation. "What shall we do with this wild general from Tennessee?" whispered the girls to one another; for they had all conceived that Gen. Jackson however becoming he might comport himself in an Indian fight, would be most distressingly out of place at a fashionable dinner party in the first drawing room of the most polite city in America. He was announced. The young ladies were seated about the room. Mrs. Livingston sat upon a sofa at the head of the apartment, anxiously awaiting the inroad of the wild fighter into the regions sacred hitherto to elegance and grace. He entered. Erect, composed, bronzed with long exposure to the sun his hair just beginning to turn gray, clad in his uniform of coarse blue cloth and yellow buckskin, his high boots flapping loosely about his slender legs, he looked, as he stood near the door of the drawing room, the very picture of a war-worn, noble warrior and commander.

He bowed to the ladies magnificently, who all rose at his entrance, as much from amazement as politeness. Mrs. Livingston advanced toward him. With a dignity of grace seldom equaled, never surpassed, he went forward to meet her, conducted her back to her sofa, and sat by her side. The fair creoles were dumb with astonishment. In a few minutes dinner was served, and the General continued, during the progress of the meal, to converse in an easy, agreeable manner, in the tone of society, of the sole topic of the time, the coming invasion. He reassured the ladies that he felt perfectly confident of defending the city, and begged that they would give themselves no uneasiness with regard to that matter. He rose soon from the table and left the house with Mr. Livingston. In one chorus the young ladies exclaimed to their hostess. "Is this your backwoodsman? Why, madam, he is a prince!"

NATURAL OYSTER BEDS.—Along the Jersey shore, where the rivers empty into salt water, there exist large natural oyster beds, whence are procured the seed oyster which supply the planted beds. In the Spring, the oyster in the natural bed deposits its spawn—a white gelatinous substance, which adheres to whatever it touches—and in this way spreads a large growth of small oysters, some not larger than the head of a pin. From these seed-beds the oysters are taken and laid in the shoal salt-water, to be easily taken up when wanted, and they remain for several years till they get sufficient size for market. Thousands of bushels of the small seed oysters are in this way distributed along the shore on the planting-grounds, or sold to be carried away for planting in other States.

The practice is to take these seed oysters away in the Spring and Fall. If allowed to remain in their beds over Fall, they will separate and spread, but if removed at that period of the year the young oysters die by thousands. If they do not get bedded early in the mud, the tides, blown out by the winds, leave them exposed, or adhering to the ice in the Winter, they are lifted out of their beds and either carried away or crushed. Unless something is done for the protection of these natural oyster-beds, it is believed that they will all be destroyed, and even those engaged in the business, it is said, acknowledge the destructiveness of the present mode of operation, and desire that the period of taking the oyster for planting shall be confined to the Spring of the year. Forty days from the 1st of April, it is believed, would be sufficient for all planting purposes.

JAPANESE MICE.—While on board the Powhatan, says the Honolulu Advertiser, one of the sailors, who did not go to Japan for nothing, exhibited to us a sample of Japanese Mice, which were of various colors, some pure white, others spotted. They are perfectly docile, and may be handled without being the least alarmed. It appears that in Japan, mice are quite a domestic creature and perfectly tame; they are entirely of a different nature from our mice and are much smaller. In fact, these little creatures may be considered quite a curiosity, as they can be kept in open boxes without any fear of their running away. This sailor had about a dozen of them in a shallow box, with a partition in the centre, and three or four small holes in it, large enough to let them pass through, which they did continually, now and then catching hold of each other's tails, forming a complete circle, and running with such speed that it was impossible to distinguish their heads from their tails. In another corner was a small box, (inside of the larger one) the lid of which had two holes in it. They would enter this at one hole and pass out the other as quick as thought, all for their own amusement. We were also informed that whenever the band played, these little mice would dance and run round, keeping exact time with the music, and would stop whenever the music stopped. Strange, but nevertheless true.

I can tell you how to save that horse," said a boy to a man who was looking at the skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle.

"How?"

"Why, jist slip him away while the crows are at roost."

When a man makes his wife a handsome present, it is a sign that they have been quarrelling recently.