

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 13, 1862.

Original Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)
"ANGEL WHISPERS."

I have heard them when the moon-light,
Rested down so pale and still—
With a wail, strange kind of beauty
O'er the vale and distant hill;
O'er my heart they stole as softly
As a poet's golden dream—
Till I almost caught the splendor,
Of a white wing's silver gleam.

I have heard their soothing voices,
In the twilight's "witching hour"—
When I fancied they were speaking
Through some dew-bespangled flower;
And I've heard them in the sad wind,
Sighing thro' the old elm tree—
As gently as soft music,
Floating o'er the summer sea.

I have heard them whispering softly
In the wild-wood, old and dim—
And hear them in the carol
Of the spring-bird's vesper hymn;
Whenever I pause to listen
To the voice of Nature, there
I hear the "Angel whispers"
Murmuring softly, everywhere.

O! the gentle Angel breathings,
To my spirit ever bring,
A calm as sweet and soothing
As the rustle of their wings!
And they always hear me upward,
To the meadows green and bright—
Where I'll see the glorious Angels
Whispering in a world of Light.

Ross, Pa. P. H. C.

Miscellaneous.

The Duelist's Revenge.

The bitter animosity existing in France between the royalists and imperialists, found its culmination on the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth, and innumerable quarrels and bloody duels were the result. In Paris the two factions met more numerous at the Palais Royal than any other given point, and here the insult, the challenge, and its acceptance followed each other in rapid succession, and both parties, immediately adjoining to some convenient locality in the vicinity, not unfrequently settled the whole affair within the hour.

In this state of affairs it behooved every man of mark to be a good sword-man and a dead shot, as about the only means of prolonging his life, for if known to be inferior in the use of deadly weapons, he was almost certain to be involved in a quarrel with some skillful antagonist who would take both pride and pleasure in sending him out of existence.

Wherever dueling is fashionable, there are always more or less professed duellists—men who have trained themselves to fight with deadly weapons, who know all the nice points of advantage, and how to obtain them, who have schooled their nerves to an iron rigidity, and their features, manners, and language to express a perfect confidence in their success, and who boast of glory in their individual prowess, and the number of victims they have murderously sent out of the world. These same apparently bold, daring, reckless, and bloody-minded men are generally cowards at heart, and have really as much fear of danger as those whose timidity is made glaringly manifest by, like the professional gambler, they have been trained to calculate the chances for and against themselves, and seldom venture on what gives promise of a doubtful issue, so that to save yourself from the annoyance of this gentry, it is only necessary to have it generally known that in an affair of honor you would be quite as likely to kill as get killed.

There were many of this class in Paris at that day who actually made a living by dueling—they had their price, like the Italian assassins of a former period, for getting rid of persons obnoxious to their employers—though, as we have already stated, they generally took good care to know all the fighting qualities and idiosyncrasies of the proposed victim before actually closing the bargain of blood, and if they discovered too much danger in the cases, they readily invented such an excuse as would save both their lives and credit; for who would dare question the motive and courage of men so famous for bloody deeds? Sometimes, however, they made serious mistakes, notwithstanding all their nice calculations, and then the world becomes a trifle better for suddenly getting rid of a human course.

There were others who fought for the mere love of fighting, because their combative and destructive organs would never let them rest in peace; and these were always ready for anybody and any mode, it being immaterial to them whether they were to fight at the antagonist at ten paces, or cross sword with him for a quick settlement with dirks. Then again, there were others who fought to revenge slights, both real and fancied, or to settle personal or political animosities, or because they were embittered by disappointments, or because they were tired of living, and did not care to commit suicide. And of course, in all this range of character, there were many eccentricities displayed, for where dueling was so common that an ordinary meeting would scarcely be mentioned on the following day, certain persons were sure to seek to make themselves remembered by some peculiarity that could not fail to be long talked of for its novelty.

Most of these duels, as we have intimated, were between royalists and imperialists—and when they met at the Palais Royal, the great headquarters of Paris, the mode of insult was simple and easy. A saucy look, a grimace, or a smile of contempt, was frequently sufficient to draw forth a challenge; but if these failed, a jostle, a push, or tread on the foot, was always certain to be a success.

One day an imperialist officer, one Captain Houitan, who was suffering from gout, was hobbling along under the famous wooden gallery of the palace in question, when being somewhat pressed by the crowd, and fearful of being injured in his suffering limb, he took a sudden step aside, and accidentally trod on the foot of an officer of the royal guard—Quick as lightning the latter, a young man of spirit and fire, seized the former by the nose, and then cuff'd him on both sides of the head. The face of the imperialist turned deadly pale, as he said, quite calmly and politely, evidently controlling his passion by a master effort of the will:

"I would have apologized for what was really an accident, had not Monsieur put it out of my power."

"I do not want an apology from such as you," was the insulting reply.

"Your name?" demanded the other.

Lieutenant Duvais, of the royal guard, at your service."

"I shall remember!" rejoined Captain Houitan, as he turned to depart.

"Pray do not forget," said the lieutenant, at the same time treading heavily upon the gouty foot of the captain, and thus drawing from him an involuntary cry of pain.

Duvas then walked away with a proud and haughty air, leaving the other suffering fearfully from pain and rage. As soon as he could extricate himself from the crowd, the captain called for a carriage, and was quickly driven out of sight.

For a whole week, Lieutenant Duvas remained in momentary expectation of a challenge from the man he had so grossly insulted, but none came. Another week passed away, and the imperialist was not heard from.

"He is coward, and unworthy of my notice," said the dashing young officer, with a proud smile of contempt.

"Why, what could you expect of a man who doubtless disgraced himself at the battle of Waterloo?" rejoined one of his brother officers, with a sneer. "Bah! this comes of plebeian blood, Henri!"

Months passed away, and Henri Duvas, who was the youngest son of an ancient and honorable family of royalists, was promoted to a captaincy. He had fought two duels since his insult to Captain Houitan, but still nothing had been heard of that officer, and the little affair was nearly forgotten, or remembered only as a sneering jest. More months passed. Captain Duvas, affianced to a beautiful lady of rank, began to prepare for his wedding.

The morning of the intended wedding day arrived, and Captain Henri Duvas rose early to prepare for nuptials that were to make him the happiest man in Paris. While engaged at his toilet, a servant announced a visitor—a stranger.

"I am engaged, and can see no one now," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Capitaine," said the voice of the stranger, who had followed on the heels of the servant; "but I know you will see me."

"And who are you sir? and why this intrusion?" demanded the young officer, in an imperious tone, as he coldly ran his eye over the person of a middle aged man in plain citizen's dress.

"I am Captain Houitan, formerly of the Imperial Guard, at your service."

"Well, sir?"

"Monsieur le Capitaine seems not to know me; but Monsieur may have the happiness to remember the pleasure he once had in pulling the nose, boxing the ears, and treading on the foot of a quiet looking gentleman, under the gallery of the Palais Royal, some twelve months since."

This was said with the most freezing politeness; but there was something awfully wicked in the cold grey eye of the speaker, as it all the time rested quietly and steadily on the other.

"Ha!" said Duvas, flushing to the temples. "I know you now; but to save your reputation, you should have come sooner."

"My reputation, fortunately, was not in the keeping of a rather forward boy," returned the other, with a grim smile and mocking bow.—"I have come at last to ask the pleasure of Monsieur le Capitaine Henri Duvas to a little quiet walk thinking the beautiful bride elect might be pleased to hear of the prowess of her lover on her wedding day."

Duvas bit his lips.

"I think," he said, "I should be justified in putting you off for the present; but I will not balk your kind intentions. We need not go far, nor wait long. Here are small swords, and twenty paces hence is the garden."

"Monsieur le Capitaine is so obliging," bowed the other. "Perhaps they lied who said Monsieur was a coward and would not fight."

"You shall see!" cried the young royalist, almost bursting with suppressed passion.—"Coward or no coward, I have sent your betters to the devil, and you shall soon follow."

In less than ten minutes the two antagonists were in the garden, and their swords crossed. Houitan was perfectly cool and self-possessed, but Duvas was almost blind with rage. The latter was accounted the best swordsman in his corps, and there were the fewest number that could cope with him, which was one cause of his overbearing insolence; but in less than a minute he discovered to his horror that he was only a mere child in the hands of his antagonist, who seemed rather disposed to play with than fight him. In the course of five minutes, however, he received a disabling wound; and then, like lightning, the blade of the other flashed close before his eyes and severed his nose clear down to his face.

"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to pull my nose—I have done myself to cut off his. Good day, Captain. I will send your servant to look after you. When you are well, I will call again. My compliments to the bride, and how does she like your beauty?"

This affair created a great sensation in the upper circles of Paris. The wedding, of course, did not come off on the appointed day, and subsequently the lady declined to marry

a man whose features were so terribly disfigured.

From his sudden disappearance on the morning of the duel, nothing was seen or heard of Captain Houitan till his adversary had so far recovered as to be again abroad, when, at an early hour in the day, he suddenly reappeared.

"I have been expecting you," said Captain Duvas, when they again met.

"Monsieur le Capitaine does me too much honor. I hope my visits do not prove troublesome."

"Follow me," returned Duvas, keeping himself fearfully calm.

He conducted his visitor into an empty hall, and produced a pair of pistols. Handing one to his enemy, he requested him to load it, while he proceeded to charge the other.

"You are more than a match for me with swords," he said, "and so I will try these. It is my wish that one of us may not quit this hall alive. We will take our places and fire at the word."

"And Monsieur le Capitaine shall give the word," replied Houitan, with the most perfect sang froid.

At the first fire, the imperialist received a flesh wound in the shoulder, and the royalist lost a portion of his right ear.

"Monsieur le Capitaine did me the honor to box my right ear," said Houitan, coolly; "I have done myself the honor to shoot off his"

In a couple of minutes the pistols were again loaded and the foes in their respective places. This time Captain Houitan received a wound in the neck, not necessarily mortal, and Captain Duvas lost a portion of his left ear.

The imperialist coolly repeated these taunting words.

As they were taking their positions for the third time, Captain Houitan remarked, with bitter emphasis:

"Now, then, Monsieur le Capitaine, I will remember the foot!"

Both pistols cracked together at the word, and both antagonists fell back dead—one shot through the heart, and the other through the brain.

So terminated this singular combat, the closing scenes of which were reported by a servant who saw and heard all.

FOR TAR.—All old settlers remember Mr. H., who filled the office of postmaster at Oswego, during the administration of Jackson and Van Buren. One morning an Irishman called at the general delivery.

"Any letter for Dennis Driscoll?"

A search in the D box ensued, and a letter bearing the desired inscription was there found.

"Foreign," said Mr. H.; "twenty-four cents postage to pay."

"Sure, and I can't read; will yer honor read it for me?" said Dennis.

The obliging postmaster, after Dennis had unsealed the letter, complied with the request and read it from date to signature.

"Sure it's not for me," groaned Dennis, walking off without it.

Mr. H. began to think himself the victim of a lie. There was no help for it at that time, and there the matter rested.

Some time afterward Dennis again presented himself at the general delivery and gave his name.

"Foreign," said Mr. H.; "twenty-four cents postage."

"Will yer honor read it for me; sure, I can't read."

The wide awake postmaster had a reasonable excuse ready for not complying, taking care, however, not to give offence, and retaining it in his possession until Dennis paid the postage.

As soon as the Irishman handed over the money, Mr. H. gave him the same letter that had been read on the former occasion. The transaction was thus closed without detriment to the revenue.

A countryman (farmer) went into a store in Boston the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his entrusted him with some money to be spent to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he would be treated the best.

He had been very well treated in Boston by the traders, and would not part with his neighbor's money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost suavity, the trader says:

"I think I can treat you to your liking.—How do you want to be treated?"

"Well," says the farmer with a leer in his eye, "in the first place I want a glass of toddy," which was forthcoming. "Now I will have a nice cigar," says the countryman. It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Dutchman.

"Now what do you want to purchase?" says the storekeeper.

"My neighbor handed me two cents when I left home, to buy him a plug of tobacco," answered the farmer, "have you got the article?"

The storekeeper stopped instanter, and the next thing that was heard from him was that his sides were shaking and his face on fire as he was relating the sell to his friends down town.

GOVERNMENT COTTON.—The entire cotton crop from the Carolina Sea Island this season raised by the contrabands, is estimated at not less than 3,500 bales. This has been grown and will be gathered under the direction of the Government. A small portion only will be ginned on the spot. Last season the amount of Government cotton was 2,500 bales, which sold for \$600,000. What it cost the Government to produce this amount is not stated.

Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can; her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket.

AS WE PASS ALONG.

BY DR. F. E. WALLER, U. S. A.

In the cars and on the boat,
As we pass along;
Love and friendship all afloat,
Bleeding hearts beneath the coat,
In the cars and on the boat,
As we pass along.

Tales of sorrow fill the eye,
As we pass along;
Trickling tears cannot deny
Blighted hopes that you and I
See in others passing by,
As we pass along.

Weeping, hoping, when we part,
As we pass along;
Dearest memories of the heart
Meet us, thrills us with a dart,
When we stop and when we start,
As we pass along.

On the field we meet a brother,
As we pass along;
In the cars we meet a mother,
Weeping sadly for another,
Killed or wounded, like some other,
As we pass along.

May the angels come and greet us,
As we pass along;
Let no deeper sorrow meet us;
Meet me none who can defeat us;
Guardian spirits thus entreat us,
As we pass along.

A War Meeting.

BY ARTEMAS WARD.

Our complaint just now is war meetin's.—They've bin havin' 'em bad in vari's parts of our cheerful Republic, and nat'ral'y we caught them here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us. They'er better attended than the Eclipse was.

I remembered how people poured into our town to see the Eclipse. They labored into an impression that they couldn't see it to home, so they came up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin' the Eclipse to 'em, in an open tent. But the crowd is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the prahay-ories of Iajany is on fire.

Our big meetin' came off the other night, and our old friend of the Bugle was elected cheerman.

The Bugle Horn of Liberty is one of Baldinsville's most eminent institutions. The ad-vertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polish'd skarastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forget how he used up the Eagle of freedom, a family journal now published at Snookville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our cotemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't a humbug, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the editor of the Eagle of Freedom sees it?" This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a skin'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust, Mr. Slinkers has few equals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has fierce nostrils, and I believe upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolutely necessary for him to remain here and announce every week, that "our Government is about to take vigorous measures to put down this rebellion"—I believe, upon my soul, this illustrious man would enlist as Brigadier General, and get his Bounty.

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin' when my daughter entered with a young man who was evjently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into her eye. In one hand he carried a port-folio, and his other now clasped a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. Sweiber, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"He is an artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gazin' admirin'ly upon her first born," said my daughter, showing me a real pretty picter, done in life.

"Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work?"

"Does he? does he?" I said—"well I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge sir?" I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatic manner in which the door slam'd, I concluded she was summat disgusted with my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in italics. I went into the closet and lard'd all alone by myself for over half an hour. I lard'd so vjently that the preserve jars rattled like cavalry officer's sword and things, which aroused my Betsy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still lingered sadly upon my barefooted hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally observing that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a asylum for sooperannoted idiots.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The editor of the Bugle arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were invlved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'." All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arky-medira lever, which moves the world," said the editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat tail. "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms two dollars a year invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" and with this last of elegance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins; "who is sufferin' from an attack of College in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said

Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capote?"

"Dan Setchell," I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirlin' foe, and they will skeddadle! Old Setch can do it."

I will remark, in this connection, that the editor of the Bugle does my job printing.

"You," said Mr. Hinkins; "who live away from the busy haunts of men, do not comprehend the magnitude of the crisis. The busy haunts of men comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men live—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust the gentleman will not fail to say suthin' about the busy haunts of men before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption if I am a Softmore."

"You couldn't be more soft, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might iust as a liberty pole," said I, in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for the war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin' and original remarks on the Star Spangled Banner.—He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man, indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to enlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he answered.

"Well you can enlist as a hundred lbs. of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals after a battle, and punch while the surgical operation is bein' performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the Bugle rose to read the resolutions, commen' as follows:

Resolved, That we view with anxiety that there is now a war goin' on, and

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathizes with secession movement, and that we hope the nine months' men—

At this point he was interrupted by the sound of silvery footsteps, on the stairs, and a party of wimin', carryin' guns and led by Betsey Jane, who brandished a loud and rattlin' umbrella, and bust into the room.

"Here," cried I, "are some nine months' wimmin'!"

"Mrs. Ward," said the editor of the Bugle, "Mrs. Ward, and ladies, what means this extr'ordinary demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you are makin' fools of yourselves. You are willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetins is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall Jackson from comin' over into Maryland and helpin' himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more elder and less talk. We want you able bodied men to stop speechifyin', which don't amount to the wizzle of a sick cat's tail, and go to fit'in; or otherwise you can stay at home and take care of the children, while we wimmin' go to war."

"Gentlemen," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfect rapters."

"Is this roll to be filled up with the names of men or wimmin'?" she cried.

"With men—with men!" and our quoty was made up that very night.

There is a great deal of gas about these war meetin's. A war meetin' in fact, without gas, would be suthin' like the play of Hamlet with the part of Othello omitted.

Still believin' that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up with as any other young lady in distress could expect to be, I am Yours, more'n anybody else's,
A. WARD.

QUEER.—Singular things occur in war times. The following is queer enough to be recorded. When Harper's Ferry was surrendered, the Rebels, of course, took possession of all the movable property there, except the clothing of the paroled prisoners. The paroled officers and men being destitute of transportation, borrowed of Stonewall Jackson twenty one wagons and teams, only a few hours previously the property of Uncle Sam. The loan was accompanied with the stipulation that the wagons and teams should be returned. They will leave here for Gen. McClellan's headquarters, whence they will be sent, under a flag of truce to the Rebel lines. On the whole, though of course according to rules, this strikes us as being a very noteworthy proceeding.

DRAWING LOTS.—A friend of ours was traveling a day or two since in the vicinity of Buxton. While crossing the bridge, he was stopped by some young men, one of whom addressed him nearly as follows:

"Say, Mister, have you got any whisky with yer?"

"No, sir, politely responded our good friend.

"Don't yer never drink whisky?"

"No, sir."

"W-a-a!, that is too bad. I should like mightily well to get some good whisky, but can't get some here. Tell ye what 'tis, stranger, it's dangerous stuff they have hereabouts. We are bound to drink it anyhow, but we draw lots to see which has to drink first. The one that draws it goes and drinks and sits down. We all wait an hour and if he's dead then we'll drink; and if he is, we try another place."—Bangor Press.

DEVIL'S ADDRESS.—The devil's address to the fallen angels—Nicks come arouse.

RULERS WIELD THE PEOPLE, BUT SCHOOL MASTERS WIELD RULERS.

An Extraordinary Case of Longevity.

AN OHIO CITIZEN NINETY TWO YEARS OLD IN THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES, ETC.

From MICHAEL BAILEY, Ohio State Agent for the transportation of United States troops, we have learned a few interesting particulars of an old gentleman, named THOMAS STEWART, who presented himself at Mr. Bailey's office, on Saturday last, and obtained a pass to his home, near East Newton. When the proclamation was made for "squirrel hunters," in September, to defend the city of Cincinnati, Mr. Stewart was one of the many thousands who responded to the call of the Governor, by providing himself with a uniform, blanket, and two days' cooked rations, and, armed with his gun, he marched to this city. While that gallant band of "minute men" were bivouacked on the hills over the river, Mr. Stewart stood his regular guard duties, and, when the column was drawn up in the line of battle, he was always foremost to respond.

When the services of the hunters were dispensed with by General Wallace, the subject of this notice asked and obtained permission to remain as a volunteer private in the One-hundred-and-first Ohio Regiment. He stood regular picket, guard and sentinel duty, went through all the drills, parades, reviews, &c., and, when the regiment was ordered to Louisville, he accompanied it, and again was at the front in defence of that city. When the army moved into the interior of the State, Stewart was one of the number; and in the battle of Perryville he was in the thickest of the fight, and afterward complimented by his commander for his bravery, coolness and soldierly bearing. After the battle, and the appearance indicated no further engagements, Stewart concluded to return home and look after his personal affairs, which he, as a farmer, had left in an unsettled condition. He arrived here on Saturday, and, after obtaining the necessary passes, returned home. Stewart was born March 16th, 1770, in Litchfield, Conn., where his father now resides, aged 122 years, and is at present the oldest man in the United States.

Thomas is the father of seventeen children (fifteen living and two dead), and twenty-four grand-children. He has four sons, two grandsons, and three sons-in-law at present in the army. Stewart was in the war of 1812, when he was pressed into the British service on a man-of-war. He has been in four wars, and although ninety two years of age, writes plainly and is very intelligent, never was sick but two days of his life, and has been a member of the Methodist Church forty-three years. The father of Thomas was born in 1704, in the reign of George II; has seen four monarchs in England, one of whom reigned sixty years. He was old enough to be at the taking of Quebec, by Gen. Wolfe, when Canada passed into the hands of the British, and Louis XV. was on the throne of France.—Although Kentucky is the oldest of the Western States, not a white man's foot had pressed her soil for settlement thirty years after his birth, and he was considered an elderly man when the first settler arrived in Cincinnati.—He was twenty-nine years of age when the Great Napoleon was born, whose career excited the wonder of the world, and closed forty years ago on St. Helena.

If General Washington was living he would only be eight years older than this veteran, who is now three years older than Thomas Jefferson would be if he were living. We have had fifteen Presidents of the United States, all of whom, except two, were born within Mr. Stewart's recollection, and he has lived under all their administrations, although the first did not commence until he was fifty years of age. Thomas Stewart would be as old as General Jackson if he were now living. One other such life before the father of Thomas, would more than carry us back to the days when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and there is every reason to believe that the veteran Stewart was old enough to have talked with people who might have known the early Puritans. Both of these cases are extraordinary instances of longevity, and we doubt if they are surpassed in the world.—*Cin. Gazette.*

The Manchester American is responsible for the following: "A friend who witnessed the battle of Antietam, and remained in that region for some days attending to the wounded, states that he found a Georgian conscript on the field, mortally wounded. His only clothing was a shirt torn in shreds, and a pair of trousers out at the knees and seat. The kind attention he received at our hands, caused him to give his name and some interesting particulars. 'I am,' said the wounded man, 'a Georgian by birth. I sold my cotton in 1860 for \$5,300. I have a wife and four children at home. I am a Union man. They pressed me into the army. I am dying. I have never fired a gun at the stars and stripes.'"

"Boy, why don't you go to school?" "Cause, sir, daddy is afraid that if I learns everything now, I shan't have anything to learn when I come to go to the academy."

An exchange says: "If you want a kind of money that will stick to you through any trouble, use postage stamps."

"Out of darkness cometh light," says the printer's devil, when he looked into an ink-keg.

Prentice says that when Bragg's army went through Crab Orchard, it was going backwards.

Promissory Notes.—Tuning the fiddle before the performance begins.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Her-ring.