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"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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Poetry.

THE FLOWER SEED.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"—Job 14. "Change, my dear, in the early spring When I made my garden bed, You laughed at my doing so strange a thing As planting the seeds that were dead."

GULF WEED.

A weedy weed, tossed to and fro, Nearly detached in the ocean brine, Sees him and sinking low, Drifted along without will or sense, Spins of the spoom of the surging sea, Flies on the foam afar and near; Mark my manifold mystery— Growth and grace in their place appear."

Miscellany.

NIAGARA FALLS.

We extract from the "Democratic Review" for January, the following interesting facts relating to this great Cataract, which were communicated by Mr. Hall, in his recent report of the Geological Survey of New York: "In order to obtain a correct understanding of the merits of this subject and its bearings, let us state clearly what the present condition of this magnificent cataract is."

belief of those who have paid much attention to the subject, and we believe it is a correct opinion in the neighborhood of the falls, that the Niagara river empties into Lake Ontario, or at Lewistown, seven miles below its present place. It is believed by the advocates of such a theory, that the cataract has retrograded through these seven miles by its own action upon the rocks which give it existence, and that in retrograding it has dug out the immense gorge already described, which forms the river's bed below the falls. An opposite opinion has also prevailed, and heretofore extensively; for to the minds of some there has appeared one element in such a calculation wanting. That element was time. Until recently a school of philosophers has taught, that the utmost limits that could be placed to the age of the falls was some six thousand years; and that period, long as it is, appears without the trouble of calculation far short of that required to dig this vast ravine, in comparison with the greatness of which the mightiest of man's works sink into insignificance. But we take a different view of the subject. We say, that if the cataract can be proved to recede at all, even though an inch an age, then, if ages enough be found, the cataract must have reached its present position by recession. And we say further, that if the cataract can be shown to recede now, it must have been receding ever since it commenced to flow. But if it has been receding, it must have worn a portion, at least, of the ravine. If, then, the cataract has worn its way back a portion of the seven miles, the presumption is, that it has worn its way back for all the seven miles, and time enough must be allowed for the work to be accomplished. If six thousand years are not enough—then, if necessary, sixty thousand must be granted, and the *onus probandi* lies with the opponents of our argument, in showing that for some satisfactory reason so much time cannot be allowed. It fits with them, too, to explain away the absurdity of believing, that while half a mile of the ravine, or more or less, must be charged to the action of the cataract itself, the other six and a half miles of the same ravine, perfectly agreeing with it in character, must be attributed to other agencies. We have a magnificent *a priori* argument thundering in our ears the conviction, that at some far distant age the waters of Niagara poured themselves into Ontario over a precipice seven miles below its present position. No sane man can escape it. He might as well visit the studio of an artist, and after watching him carve out the figure of an almost finished Venus, sagely and with candid admiration, that with regard to the figure, no one can see, that the artist's tool and the same source might be attributed to the hand, and perhaps the arm; but as for the head and form, and divine proportions which the marble presented, no reasoning should ever convince him, that so weak an instrument as a man and a chisel had ever accomplished so much. With respect to the rate of the present recession of Niagara, unfortunately neither history nor observation can reveal much. It has scarcely been known to civilized man more than fifty years. Many of the residents of its vicinity, who have known it for about this period, say that within fifty years the fall has receded fifty yards; but this seems to Mr. Hall an over-estimate. But still, the frequent undermining and falling away of the cliffs which form the cataract show conclusively, that whether slow or otherwise, there is yet a very sensible recession. It is a well-known fact, which goes to confirm the same opinion, that the American fall is constantly growing more and more curved in its outlines. In 1675, Father Hennepin visited Niagara, and made a drawing of it, which Mr. Hall has kindly furnished us with in his report. It is, to be sure, something of the rudest, but it yet serves to show that a manifest and important change has taken place in the whole appearance and contour of the falls. How great this change has been it is impossible to estimate. It is sufficient for the argument to know that any change has occurred. To put the truth of the matter to test, Mr. Hall, by Governor Seward's direction, caused a trigonometrical survey to be made of the fall, and the monuments of the survey to be properly secured on both sides of the river. A few years will be sufficient to throw some true light upon this subject. One question, which has been frequently mooted respecting Niagara, has been happily set at rest by the investigations of Mr. Leyell: Why, if the present bed of the river was worn by the river itself, did it take its present course in preference to any other? The answer is, that the stream runs along the bottom of an ancient valley, formed doubtless like many other similar valleys by the agency of water, long before the continent had so far risen from its native bed as to have given birth to the thousand water courses, and the great lakes among them, which intersect its surface. The proof of this lies not altogether in the topographical surface of the country, but in the fact, that in the earthy portions of the banks of the ravine, at the bottom of which is the river's bed, and upon Goat Island, and upon the platform on either side, there exists, at heights above the water, diminishing as you go towards Lake Erie, fresh water shells of modern genera, indeed resembling those now found in the lakes above and below. The evidence is complete that ere Niagara was, a fresh water sea existed in the basin which now forms its bed. The river occupied it because it afforded it a proper channel, but the valley existed before the river. Since that distant period, a river has graded for itself a path through solid stone, from twelve to twenty hundred feet wide, and from three to five hundred deep. But now the sublime inquiry presents itself: How long has been this period?—How long since Niagara commenced thundering? How long the time it has consumed in moving backwards from Lake On-

tario to its present position? Alas, we look in vain for an answer. Niagara may be a chronometer, but its dial is engraved in characters defying more than a Compollion's skill to decipher. It might, at first sight, seem easy enough, knowing the recession for any given time, to compute the time required to recede seven miles; but farther reflection dispels the illusion. We know that the cataract has diminished in height since it commenced; for considerations of a geological and topographical character render it certain, that when it was at Lewistown it could not have been less than 350 feet in height; it has gradually diminished till now. Strata which, when it commenced, formed its base, have disappeared or dipped beneath those rocks over which it now pours. The stream itself may have been altered in size. In some parts of its channel it has manifestly formed a narrower cataract than it now forms; in others, a wider. In every part of its course, the character of the rock upon which its force has been spent, has continually changed. It now consists of about 6.5 feet of very thick bedded limestone (of the Niagara group) which forms the upper part of the fall, and of about the same amount of shale, which forms its base, underlying and supporting the limestone. This disintegrates by the action of the spray, and wearing out, suffers the limestone to break away and fall down into the abyss below. With such data as these, upon which to found a calculation, it is only madness to attempt to compute the age of Niagara Falls. But it is a fact, that within this period, as we have already hinted, the character of the fauna of the world has scarcely changed; the same animals have peopled the fresh water sea, which preceded Niagara, as now people its own waters. How brief this period, compared with that during which the entire character of the inhabitants of the globe has almost totally changed! How like a speck when looked at, in comparison with the eternity of time which has intervened since the Potsdam sandstone, with its little *Saragata*, the first known poriferous rocks, and above which not less than three miles of other fossiliferous rocks, such with its fossils, have been formed! The grand mountains of granite were worn down by the slow tooth of age—whole seas were filled up with sandstone, and shale, and limestone, each succeeding stratum bearing with the remains of animal and vegetable life, and their animal and vegetable life frequently changing its characters. Dry land was formed; centuries of centuries could only have sufficed to produce the vegetable growth which, changed by abundant circumstances, now constitutes the authentic, and the coal of those vast coal fields, of the extent of which shows how abundant a supply of wood happens again; the dry land disappears, whole strata are formed above the coal; again the continent appears, *Ichthyosaurus*, *Perodactylus*—mountains formed of life, and wings reptiles start into being, hills and valleys are formed, boulders are washed from unknown regions over the whole continent; basins of fresh water, with modern shells, appear. Yesterday, as it were, Niagara commences. It thunders, but no one hears it. It performs the functions God assigned it, but no one hears it. Just now the Mastodon and *Z. nelsoni* trod the earth. Last of all, man has begun to look at it, and wonder for a while, it can be as ancient as his ancestors of the hundred and twentieth generation. We must discuss one more point, and that is, the consequence of the entire recession of the falls—the prospective condition of Niagara. Mr. Hall has shown, that thus far the fall has continually diminished in height, at that it must continue to do so. The exit of this is the southward or upward dip of the strata, over which the river runs. Mr. M. estimates, that when the fall shall have receded two miles, it will then have arrived at a point where the shale, which, as has already been said, forms, for about sixty feet in height, the bottom of the encampment over which is the fall, will have entirely disappeared beneath the water. Here the recession must be almost stopped, for the action of the water will then be wholly upon the thick bedded limestone, which now not worn away, but underminded by underlying shale, which will then be protected from the agencies which now act upon it. Four or five miles of retrogradation will bring the limestone below the water; and then, if the rock—a very thin bedded limestone—which now forms the rapid above the falls, continues to maintain its present condition, the cataract of Niagara will have ceased to exist—a precipitous rapid being all that is left of it. Some persons have feared, that what has thus occurred, the sudden wearing away of these rapids must drain Lake Erie, and deluge those portions of New York and Canada bordering Lake Ontario. But such notions are chimerical. Even if all Lake Erie were to be poured constantly into Lake Ontario, it would only raise it one hundred and fifty feet above its present level. Enough occurs, even if it were gradual. But before it could reach that stage, the Great Lakes, from the civilization of the forest and the civilization of the regions whence they derive their waters, must diminish in size, and a thousand geological changes will alter the whole face of the continent.

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing health of body and peace of mind to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means, insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, a patch on both knees and gloves on.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

The following, from the Boston Courier, is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day. Similar in style, it is not inferior in point to Franklin's best: "When I was a boy, it was my fortune, for a long time, to breathe what some writers term 'the bracing air of poverty.' My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which returns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching grips of necessity, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would teach their own experience, would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty. On one occasion, it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain air of and sprinkling of gentility, my red and oil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her yester were fever and her heart lighter. I called forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family who had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His raggedly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gait, and a "I'm as good as you" leer in his eyes—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well-dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies that characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, "a patch on both knees and gloves on."

But the lesson thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my heart; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind. When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing and drawing, and giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and control, rather by example instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing health of body and peace of mind to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that that which was sought as a means, insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, a patch on both knees and gloves on.

Last of the Illinois.

Starved Rock is the unpoetical name of a singular spot on the Illinois river, about eight miles south of Ottawa. It is a rocky bluff rising from the margin of the stream to the height of more than a hundred feet, and is separated from the main land by a narrow chasm. Its length might probably measure two hundred and fifty feet. Its sides are perpendicular, and there is but one point where it can be ascended, and that is by a narrow stair-like path. It is covered with many a cone-like evergreen, and in summer, encircled by luxuriant grape and ivy vines, and clusters of richly colored flowers. It is undoubtedly the most conspicuous and beautiful pictorial feature of the sluggish and lonely Illinois, and associated with the final extinction of the Indians. The legend, which I listened to from the lips of a venerable trader, is as follows:— "Many years ago the 'whole region' lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi was the home and dominion of the Illinois Indians. For them alone did the Buffalo and antelope range over the broad prairies; for them, did the finest of rivers roll their waters into the lap of Mexico, and bear up their birchen canoes, as they sought to capture the wild water fowl; and for them alone did the dense forests, crowding upon these streams, shelter their unnumbered denizens. In every direction might be seen the smoke of Indian wigwams curling upwards to mingle with the sunset clouds, which told them tales of the spirit land. Years passed on, and they continued to be at ease in their possessions. But the white man from the far east, with the miseries that have ever accompanied him on his march of usurpation, began to wander into the wilderness, and trouble to the poor red man was the inevitable consequence. The benefit of 'fire-water,' which was the gift of civilization, created dissensions among the savage tribes, until in process of time, and on account of purely imaginary evils, the Potawatamies from Michigan determined to make war upon the Indians of Illinois. Fortune, or rather destiny, smiled upon the oppressors and the identical rock in question was the spot that witnessed the extinction of an aboriginal race. It was the close of a long siege of cruel warfare, and the afternoon of a day in the delightful Indian summer. The sunshine threw a mellow haze upon the prairies, and litged the multitudinous flowers with the deepest glow; while in the shadows of the forest islands, the doe and her fawn reposed in perfect quietness, lulled into a temporary slumber by the sweet melody of a wood thrush, or the soft cooing of a dove, or the chirp of a perfect Sabbath. But not in the twinkling of an eye, the delightful solitude was broken by the shrill whoop and dreadful struggle of bloody conflict upon the prairies and in the woods. All over the country were seen the dead bodies of the ill-fated Illinois, when it was ordered by Providence that the concluding skirmish between the hostile parties should take place in the vicinity of Starved Rock. The Potawatamies numbered near three hundred warriors, while the Illinois tribe was reduced to about one hundred, who were mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes—the more desperate fighters having already perished, and the women and children of the tribe having already been unassured and consumed in their wigwams. The battle was most desperate between the unequal parties. The Illinois were about to give up all for lost, when in their frenzy, they gave a defiant shout and retreated to the rocky bluff. From this it was an easy matter to keep back their enemies, but alas! from that moment they were to endure unthought of suffering, to the delight of their baffled, yet victorious, enemies. And now to describe in words the scene that followed and was prolonged for several days, were utterly impossible. Those stout-hearted Indians, in whom a nation was about to become extinct, chose to die upon their strange fortress by starvation and thirst, rather than surrender themselves to the scalping knife of their exterminators. And, with a few exceptions, this was the manner in which they did perish. Now and then indeed, a desperate man would hunker himself, hoping thereby to escape; but the tomahawk would cleave his brain before he touched the ground, or the water. Day followed day, and these helpless captives sat in silence, and gazed imploringly upon their broad beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing into their very vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars and beyond to the home of the Great Spirit, but they murmured not at his decree. And if they slept, in their dreams they once more played with their little children, or held converse with their wives, and dreamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned it was the harbinger of another day of agony; but when the evening came, a smile would sometimes brighten up a haggard countenance—for the poor, unhappy soul, through the eye of an obscure faith, had caught a glimpse of the spirit land. Day followed day and the last lingering hope was abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human blood-hounds that watched their prey, were utterly without mercy. The feeble, white haired chief crept into the thicket and there breathed his last. The recently strong-bodied warrior, uttered a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk upon some field below, and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The blithe form of the soft-eyed youth, parted with its strength, and was compelled to titter and fall upon the earth and die. Ten weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man, the best of his race, was numbered among the dead; and a glorious banquet was presented to the eagle and raven.

Crushed, Uncle, crushed!" replied she, her voice choking. "Were they not given us by God? And is he not a Father to the poor as well as the rich?" "Hush, hush, girl!" answered the Colonel warily. "You are looking too high; gazing at something which you can never reach; and I tell you 'tis your place to be humble!" "Yes, I know it is," replied she; "but not in the sense in which you would wish. Because I am poor you would have me crush all the better feelings of my nature—barren my purest and holiest hopes for a few paltry pence; yes, so a dun, this potato, these chain-me."

She paused, fearful of having given offence, and her Uncle left the room with hasty step. The sorrowing girl leaned her face on her hand and gave full vent to her feelings. Ah! well might she weep—well might she sorrow; for he to whom she had early given her young heart's affection, then lived but in heaven. She was alone! He who had loved her with a whole heart's devotion, and who would have shielded her from the world's cold selfishness, was not there to soothe and comfort. Alas! she was a bitter trial, and it well nigh drove the blood from her veins.

Alas! how many there are like Colonel H.; how many who would sell even their very souls for 'fifty lucre.' But such hearts can know little of true happiness; selfishness and a greedy love of gain must have reigned like a tyrant in their bosoms, detaching all else. Such persons deserve our pity rather than our censure. Besides, they may not have always been thus, and it may be that even now these fits of selfishness are but momentary, and pass away like the fleecy cloud before the noonday sun. Let us beware then, how we condemn, remembering that 'he that is without sin should cast the first stone.'

But while we would most willingly extend to them the hand of charity, we can but see the utter fallacy of their reasoning. The poor no business with feelings, indeed! Then why were they given? Surely, God bestoweth nothing in vain. Let them be cherished, then. Let the coldness and selfishness of the world have no power to pollute them; but let these high and noble aspirations be kept pure and holy, even as first they come. Then, indeed, they will be a blessed dowry, preferable to this world's whole wealth.

And rather than let poverty prove a barrier to the mind of feelings, let it rightly urge them onward. Ay, and how frequently it does! Go ask the annals of the past, and what tell they? Is it not that many, very many of our greatest minds have been nursed in the grade of comparative want? True they had the gems of a strong will within them; but the indulgences wealth might have enervated. As it was, they went bravely on, have risen up to call them blessed, so let it ever be. Let poverty be no stay. Indeed it cannot be where there is a strong mind and determined purpose. Such know no chains; save those which cannot be cast aside till this mortal put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory.

INCIDENT AT SALTILLO.—When Gen. Worth's command was approaching Saltillo, and were about three miles distant from the city, four young women habited in American dress were seen standing by the roadside. Curiosity ran high to know who they were, and they received many a gallant salute as the troops passed them. At last an officer rode up to see who they were. They informed him that they were from New Jersey, and engaged in superintending the female operatives of a cotton and woolen factory hard by, and expressed, in the course of their conversation, a desire to hear again that old National Air—Yankee Doodle.

THE PILGRIM'S ROCK.

When first the lonely May Flower flew Her canvass to the breeze, To bear afar her pilgrim crew, Beyond the dark blue seas, Proud freedom to our land had flown, And chose it for the brave; Then formed the nation's corner stone, And set it by the wave. That when the pilgrims sacrored there Their stepping-stone might be, That consecrated rock of prayer, The bulwark of the free.

And there they stood—each pilgrim brow Was wan with grief and care; And but each manly form; but oh, Another sight was there— Faded woman, with her sweet and face, All trembling, pale and chill; And oh, there was in that lonely place A sight more touching still— The cheek of childhood pale with fear; And hushed its voice of glee. And they are gone, but we are here; A bulwark of the free.

Our pilgrim sites are gone, yet still A nation in its pride Hath poured o'er every vale and hill, In a bright unbroken tide; And still their sons shall flood the land; While that old rock appears Like a pilgrim's spirit, born to stand The mighty wreck of years; And oh! while float the wind and wave, That hallowed rock shall be The threshold of the good and brave, The bulwark of the free!

Poverty Cannot Chastise.

BY CLARA. "The poor have no business with such feelings—they should be crushed," exclaimed the wealthy Colonel H. to a young girl whose heart stern sorrow had well nigh broken. "Crushed, Uncle, crushed!" replied she, her voice choking. "Were they not given us by God? And is he not a Father to the poor as well as the rich?"

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