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Miscellaneous.

The Homestead Bill.

We give below a copy of the Homestead Bill which passed the House of Representatives on the 5th, and on first reading in the Senate on the 10th. This bill avoids the objections made by the President in his veto of the bill passed at the last session of the present Congress, and is likely to become a law:

A BILL TO SECURE HOMESTEADS TO ACTUAL SETTLERS ON THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled That any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty one years and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his intention to become such, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, shall, from and after the passage of this act, be entitled to enter, free of cost one hundred and sixty acres of unappropriated public lands upon which said person may have filed a pre emption claim, or which may, at the time the application is made, be subject to pre-emption at one dollar and twenty five cents, or less per acre; or eighty acres of such unappropriated lands, at two dollars and fifty cents per acre; to be located in a body, in conformity to the legal subdivisions of the public lands and after the same shall have been surveyed.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That the person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the register of the land office in which he or she is about to make such entry, make affidavit before the said register or receiver that he or she is the head of a family, or is 21 years or more of age, and that such application is made for his or her exclusive use and benefit and these specially mentioned in this act, and not directly or indirectly for the use or benefit of any other person or persons whomsoever; and, upon filing the affidavit with the register or receiver, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land specified: *Provided however*, That no certificate given or patent issued therefor, until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry; and if at the expiration of such time, or at any time within two years thereafter, the person making any such entry—or, if he be dead, his widow; or, in case of her death, his heirs or devisee; or, in case of a widow making such entry, her heirs, or devisee, in case of her death—shall prove by two creditable witnesses that he, she, or they have resided upon and cultivated the same for the term of five years immediately succeeding the time of filing the affidavit aforesaid, then, in such case, he, she, or they, if at the time a citizen of the United States shall, on payment of ten dollars, be entitled to a patent, as in other cases provided by law: *And provided further*, That in case of the death of both father and mother leaving an infant child or children, under twenty one years of age, the right and fee shall enure to the benefit of said infant child, or children; and the executor, administrator, or guardian may, at any time within two years after the death of the surviving parent, and in accordance with the laws of the State in which such children, *for the time being*, have their *domicile* sell said land for the benefit of said infants, but for no other purpose: and the purchaser shall acquire the absolute title by the purchase, and be entitled to a patent from the United States, on payment of the office fees and sum of money herein specified

SEC. 3 *And be it further enacted*, That the register of the Land Office shall note all such applications on the tracts, books, and plats of his office, and keep a register of all such entries and make a return thereof to the General Land Office, together with the proof upon which they have been founded

SEC 4 *And be it further enacted*, That all lands acquired under the provisions of this act shall in no event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts, contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That if, at any time after the filing of the affidavit, as required in the second section of this act, and before the expiration of the five years aforesaid, it shall be proven, after due notice to the settler, to the satisfaction of the register of the land office, that the person having filed such affidavit, shall have actually changed his or her residence, or abandoned the said entry for more than six months at any time then, and in that event, the land so entered shall revert to the Government.

SEC 6. *And be it further enacted*, That no individual shall be permitted to make more than one entry under the provisions of this act; and that the Commissioner of the General Land Office is *hereby required to* prepare and issue such rules and regulations, consistent with this act, as shall be necessary to carry its provisions into effect; and that the Registers and Receivers of the several Land Offices shall be entitled to receive the same compensation for any lands entered under the provisions of this act that they are now entitled to receive when the same quantity of land is entered with money, one half to be paid by the person making the application at the time of so doing and the other half on the issue of the certificate, by the person to whom it may be issued: *Provided*, That nothing contained in this act shall be so construed as to impair or interfere in any manner whatever with existing pre-emption rights. *And provided further*, That all persons who may have filed their applications for a pre-emption right prior to the passage of this act shall be entitled to all the privileges of this act.

Dissolving the Union.

The last Knickerbocker Magazine has the following, which is not bad, either as a story or a speech:

During the exciting campaign of 185-, in Illinois, a prominent politician made a disunion speech at Quincy. After he was through, and before the crowd had dispersed, a man who was styled "the Aforesaid M. D.," was called for He was lifted upon the platform so 'elevated' that he couldn't stand without holding on to something. He said:

"Gentlemen and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union; you can't do it'—That's that flag a wavin' up thar, called the star spangled banner; how ye a goin' to divide that, ha? Are ye a goin' to give the stars to the Norf and the stripes to the Souf? No sir-ree, the thing can't be did [Cheers]

"And thar's that good old tune that the band is playin' out thar, called Yankee Doodle; how ye a-goin' to divide *that*, eh? Are ye a goin' to give the Yankee to the Norf and the Doodle to the Souf? I say, boldly, the thing can't be did! [Cheers.]

"And thar's that stream of water a runnin' down thar called the 'Father o' Waters,' how are ye a goin' to divide *that*?—Are ye a goin' to dam it up with Mason & Dixon's line? I say you can't do that thing' Wal, you can't! [Cheers]

"And thar's the railroad layin' out thar; how *you a goin' to divide that, eh?* Are you goin' to tie it up with Mason & Dixon's line? You can't do it! [Cheers]

"And thar's all the fast hosses standin' round here; how are ye a goin' to divide them? old hosses! Are ye a goin' to run 'em Norf and run 'em Souf and run 'em East, and run 'em West? [Cheers]

"And thar's all the handsome wummin' round here, how are ye a goin' to divide them? Are ye a goin' to give the old ones to the Norf, and the young ones to the Souf? Waal, you don't If you go to thunder you can't do it! [Immense cheering]

"And thar's all the feathered tribe and other birds a flyin' about here and the chickens and egg's nest and the yaller legs and the black legs; how are ye a goin' to divide 'em, eh? Are ye a goin' to give the pullets to the Norf, and the cocks to the Souf?" [Tremendous cheering]

Our reporter could hear no more for the roar of laughter which ensued as the 'doctor' caved in and fell from the platform

Equal to the Emergency.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor penniless occupied, by *chance, the same room in a suburban hotel* In the morning the "seedy" one rose first, took from his pocket a pistol and holding it to his own forehead and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resort. I am penniless and tired of life: give me five hundred francs or I will instantly blow out my brains and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vamoosed, after locking the door outside

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall raw boned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind

Next morning "Pike" *awakening, discovered* his room mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul

"I am desperate!" was the reply, "You give me one hundred dollars or I will blow out my brains?"

"Well, then blow an' bedarn'd," replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arres'ed for ze murdaire!" persisted the Gaul earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five pound bowie knife from under his pillow he sat upright.

"A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked: and, at a word, he stab'ed for the Gaul; but the latter was *too nimble*; "*the boss pistol*," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what may suit one latitude will not answer for another.

"Pa," said a young urchin of tender years, to his parent, "does the *Lord* take the papers?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling him everything, I thought he was not posted."

The Confession of Hicks, the Pirate.

Hicks has made what purports to be a full confession of his many crimes, which is published by R. M. Dewit. This pamphlet is issued for the benefit of the wife of the murderer, soon to be his widow, the copyright being secured to her. This confession is no doubt very much exaggerated. It has been prepared for the press by a gentleman employed by Marshal Rynders for that purpose. By his own account, Hicks has been a sort of a Red Avenger of the Spanish Main, having perpetrated a majority of his crimes on the Pacific coast, among the Spaniards and Mexicans. We make some extracts from the proof sheets of the "confession" He refers to the numerous murders committed by himself and comrade between Santiago and Valparaiso, the details of which are given. He was on board the ship Annie Mills, a slaver and being in danger of being captured, he says the slaves on board were all tied to a cable, and the anchor thrown over board dragging them after it After detailing robberies, murders, and ravishings without number, he gives the following in regard to the bloody murder on the oyster sloop E. A. Johnson.

"The sloop E. A. Johnson offered an easy prey. She had on board, I suppose from all the information I could gather something over a thousand dollars, and the entire crew consisted of but two boys and myself. I had never known of or seen Captain Burr before I shipped with him. He had never done me injury or wrong, so that I had no revenge to gratify, no grudge to pay. We sailed on the 16th of March from the foot of Spring street, and proceeded to Keyport, where we remained till Sunday While here I scraped the mast of the sloop did a lot of carpenter work, and evidently pleased Captain Burr very much by my earnestness in trying to make everything look ship shape We arrived at Gravesend on Saturday afternoon and waited there for a fair wind At last we put to sea and when we were off the Ocean House, I went to the forecastle and got an ax, which I put in the boat hanging to the davit aft. The younger Watts was at the helm and I asked him to allow me to steer a little while. He consented, and went forward

"In a few minutes I left the helm, and taking the ax went to him, and asked him if he seen Barnegat light He said he did not I told him to look again and pointed with my hand He turned round and looked in my face a moment; but, even if he had suspected my cruel purpose he would have read no indication of it there for I was as calm as though I was going to do the simplest and most innocent thing in life Had I been under human influences, the confident and *trusty way in which he turned his eyes* to mine would have made me hesitate; but no such thought entered my heart, and I pointed again and told him to look there—ain't that it? He turned his head, and peered through the darkness in the direction I pointed and as he did so I struck him on the back of the head with the ax and knocked him down He fell! Thinking I had not killed him I struck him again with the ax as he lay upon the deck. His fall and the sound of the ax made some noise which, added to that caused by my running across the deck attracted the attention of the Captain, who came up the companion way, and, putting out his head asked what was the matter? I replied, 'nothing,' and then asked him, as I had the younger Watts is that Barnegat light? Captain Burr replied, 'no: you will not see it for two hours!' and as he spoke he turned his head from me.

"The ax swung in the air, and, guided by my sinewy and *murderous arm, came* down. The edge crushed through his neck, nearly severing his head from his body, and killing him instantly. The body fell down the companion way As I turned to leap after it and dispatch my remaining victim, I looked forward, and—oh, God! how I shudder to think of it now!—he whom I thought I had already killed had arisen, and was coming aft, his hand outstretched toward me, and the blood running in two dark streams over his pale face, from two ghastly wounds on his head

For a moment I stood undecided; but as he still came on, I ran toward him but ere I reached him he fell about midships, and rushing on him, I struck once, twice, thrice, with the ax and finished him. Running aft, I jumped down the companion way with the bloody ax in my hand There lay the elder Watts in his berth, and close beside him the ghastly bloody corpse of the captain. I *stood a moment looking* at him, and dashed at him and struck out with the ax He leaped out of his berth and sprang at me, all red with the blood of the captain whose body had fallen past him, covering him with gore in its fall He tried to grapple with me, but stepping back, I gave the fatal ax a full swing, and struck him again, again, and again, once upon the head, once on the back, and once more upon the head, which felled him to the floor and he lay dead at my feet, side by side with the captain

"My bloody work was done! Dead men tell no tales. I was alone. No eye had seen me, and now I was free to reap the reward of my work. *I did not feel* the slightest regret for what I had done, and went about removing the bodies as coolly as tho' they had been so much old lumber. I took a rope and bent it on to the feet of the elder Watts, hauled him on deck, and threw him over the quarter. I then hauled the captain out in the same manner, and threw him over; and then going to midships, I lifted the body of younger Watts from the deck, and plunged him into the sea by the starboard side—I then threw the axe overboard, and as soon as I had done this, I changed the course of the sloop and ran in close to the Hook My intention was to run the sloop up North river, and then fire her; but I came near running on the Dog beacon, abreast of Coney Island and Staten Island light house, after which I fouled with a schooner, and carried away the bowsprit, *so I put the* money and such other articles of value as I could pick up, into the yawl, and then sculled ashore, three miles, landing just below the fort on Staten Island"

Judge Not From Appearances.

A lady friend contributes to the Agricultural boys and girls the following capital story showing the danger of judging from appearances "When I was eleven years old my mother removed to the country—Our nearest neighbor was a minister by the name of Wayland, who in addition to his ministerial duties, owned and cultivated a large farm. One night my attention was attracted to a bright light in one of the upper rooms of our neighbor's house In a moment I saw the wife fly past the uncurtained window, closely followed by the husband, who was armed with a huge fire shovel—round the room she went, still pursued, and as I listened breathlessly, I thought—nay, I was sure, I heard a scream I hastened to my mother and told her what I had seen, and we both looked out, but the light was gone and all was quiet Notwithstanding my mother's judicious warning, "to say nothing about it to any one" before school was out the next day I had confided it to my bosom friend and in a week half the village knew it and a great talk it made I assure you. Finally it reached the ears of the deacons, who at once proceeded to investigate its truth My mother looked grave and troubled when they called but conscious of having told only the truth I met them fearlessly, and related what I had seen—Then they left taking a "bee line" for the minister's to call him to account. With many apologies they made known their errand, when to their surprise the minister burst into a hearty laugh 'Wait a moment" said he, "I'll call Polly. You see that night I found a big rat in the meal chest and came down for the shovel, and bade her hold the light while I killed him. Finding no other place to hide the rascal took refuge in the folds of her dress and she ran screaming, till I managed to dislodge and kill him" I have ever since been careful not to repeat an unfavorable report about my neighbors, at least until I know the whole truth.

Tellegraphing the Scriptures.

The enterprise of the New York Herald in all matters relative to the Prince of Wales has been most surprising As an illustration of it, take the following story, which I believe is entirely true and well known to the press of New York The Prince was about to visit Niagara Falls, and all the New York papers were alike anxious to give an early report of his visit, descriptive of how he liked the falls, how the falls looked when irradiated by the presence of royalty, how fast the water rushed on that particular day, how the Prince enjoyed himself, whether he was wetted with the spray, whether he whistled the air of Henry Russell's 'Mighty Niagara,' or fretted to his place of Newcastle the verses of Charles Mackay, and other such edifying and mighty informative information. The Times wanted to be first in its report, so did the Tribune; but the Herald, with its elephantine might, determined that none of its contemporaries should make so much capital of the Prince as it intended to do itself Mr. House was at Niagara ready to report the *proceedings to* Mr James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the Herald at New York The Prince had not arrived, and there was a chance of the Times or Tribune getting possession of the wires before the Herald In his perplexity Mr. House flashed along a message to Mr Bennett, asking him what he was to do in order to keep the wires open. "Telegraph me the Book of Genesis" was the response.—That was done. Still the report of the Prince was not ready. 'What am I to do now?' asked Mr House. 'Telegraph the Book of Revelation all the way through,' replied Mr Bennett; and the clerks turned to the end of the Bible and telegraphed accordingly In the office of the New York Herald are the two Books of Holy Writ as thus telegraphed—the first time, I suppose that ever a chapter of the Scriptures was sent along a wire. The telegraphing of the Book of Genesis alone cost, I believe, $700.—*Letter from Philadelphia.*

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY.—"Takes alive child! what do you want two pails of cold victuals for? You had only *one* yesterday!" Little Girl—"Yes, ma'am; but mother's taken boarders since!"

Not a thousand miles from Oneida Co., a coroner's jury lately rendered a verdict that a certain deceased man "came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

Capital Hits.

Who is there who desires to appear to his fellow creatures precisely what he is? I have known such people and admire them, for they are comparatively few. Why does Mr. Smith when some hundreds of miles from home, talk of his place in the country? In the etymological sense of the words it certainly is a place in the country, for it is a seedy, one storied cottage without a tree near it, standing bleakly on a hill side. But a place in the country suggests to the mind long avenues, great shrubberies, extensive green houses, fine conservatories, lots of horses, abundance of servants; and that is the picture which Mr. Smit desires to call up before the mind's eye of those whom he addresses

When Mr Robinson talks with dignity about the political discussions which takes place in his servants' hall, the impression conveyed is that Robinson has a vast establishment of domestics. A vision rises of ancient retainers, of a dignified housekeeper, of a bishop like butler, of Jeamses without number, of unstinted October. A man of strong imagination may even think of huntsmen, of falconers, couriers—of a grand baronial *menage*, in fact. You would not think that Robinson's establishment consists of a cook, a housemaid, and a stable boy. Very well for the fellow too; but why will he vapor?

When Mr Jones told me the other day that something or other happened to him when he was going out "to the stable to look at the horses," I naturally thought, as one fond of horse flesh that it would be a fine sight to see Jones' stables, as he called them I thought of three handsome carriage horses sixteen hands high, a pair of pretty ponies for his wife to drive, some hunters, beauties to look at and tremendous fellows to go. The words used might even have justified the supposition of two or three race horses and several lads with remarkably long jackets, walking about the yard—I was filled with fury when I learned that Jones' horses consisted of a large brougham horse, broken winded, and a spavined pony

I have known a man who had a couple of moorland farms habitually talk of his estate. One of the commonest and weakest ways of vaporing is by introducing into your conversation, very familiarly, the names of people of rank whom you know nothing earthly about. 'How sad it is,' said Mrs Jenkins to me the other day, 'about the duchess being so ill! Poor dear thing'—We are all in such distress about her!'—"We all' meant, of course, the landed aristocracy of the district, of which Mr Jenkins had lately become a member, Jenkins having retired from the hardware line, and bought a small tract of quagmire.

Some time ago a man told me that he had been down to Oatmealshire to see his tenantry Of course he was not aware that I knew he was the owner of just one farm—"This is my parish we have entered," said a youth of clerical appearance to me in a railway carriage In one sense it was; but he would not have said so had he been aware that I knew he was the curate, not the rector. "How can Brown and his wife get on?" a certain person observed to me; "they cannot possibly live; they will starve.—Think of people being married with not more than eight or nine hundred a year!" How dignified he thought he looked as he made the remark! It was a fine thing to represent that he could not understand how human beings could do what he was well aware was done by multitudes of wiser people than himself.

"It is a cheap horse, that of Wiggins," remarked Mr. Figgins; "it did not cost more than seventy or eighty pounds." Poor silly Figgins fancies that all who hear him will conclude that his own broken kneed hack (bought for £25) cost at least £150 Oh, silly folk who talk big, and then think you are adding to your importance—don't you know that you are only merely making fools of yourselves? In nine cases out of ten the person to whom you are relating your exaggerated story knows what the precise fact is. He is too polite to contradict you and tell you the truth, but rely on it he knows it

No one believes the vaporing story told by another man; no, not even the man who fancies that his own vaporing story is believed Everyone who knows anything of the world knows how, by an accompanying process of mental arithmetic, to make the deductions from the big story told which will bring it down to something near the truth Frequently has my friend Mr. Snooks told me of the crushing retort by which he shut up Jeffry upon a memorable occasion.

I can honestly declare that I never gave credence to a syllable of what he said Repeatedly has my friend Mr Longbow told me of his remarkable adventure in the Bay of Biscay, when a whale nearly swallowed him. Never once did I fail to listen with every mark of implicit belief to my friends narrative, but do you think I believed it? And more than once has Mrs. O'Gallaghan assured me that the hot houses on her "fawther's esteet," were three miles in length, and that each cluster of grapes grown on that favored spot weighed above a hundred weight. With profound respect I gave ear to all she said; but, gentle daughter of Erin, did you think I was as soft as I seemed? You may just as well tell the truth at once, ye big talkers, for everybody will know it at any rate.

Perseverance.

He who allows his applications to falter or shirk his work on frivolous pretexts, is on the sure road to ultimate failure. Let any task be undertaken as a thing not possible to be evaded, and it will soon come to be performed with alacrity and cheerfulness; The habit of strenuous, continued labor, will come comparatively easy in time, like every other habit. Thus, even men with the commonest brains and the most slender powers will accomplish much, if they will but apply themselves wholly and undefatigably to one thing at a time. Sir Charles Napier, when in India encountered an army of 35,000 Beloochies with 2,000 men, of whom only 400 were Europeans He charged them in the centre up a high bank, and for three hours the battle was undecided. At last they turned and fled. It is this sort of pluck, tenacity, and determined perseverance which wins soldiers' battles, and, indeed, every battle. It is the one neck reader that wins the race and shows the blood; the one more pull of the oar that proves the "beefiness of the fellow," as Oxford men say; it is the one march more than wins the campaign; the five minutes' more persistent courage that wins the fights. Though your force be less that another's you equal and outmaster your opponent if you continue it longer and concentrate it more. The reply of the Spartan father, who said to his son, when complaining of his sword being too short, "Add a step to it," is applicable to everything in life It is not how much a man may know that is of so much importance as the end and purpose for which he knows it The object of knowledge should be to mature wisdom and improve character, to render us better, happier and more useful—more benevolent, more energetic and more efficient in the pursuit of every high purpose in life. We must ourselves *be* and *do*, and not rest satisfied merely with reading and meditating over what other men have written and done. Our best light must be made life, and best thought action. The humblest and least literate must train his sense of duty, and accustom himself to an orderly and diligent life. Though talents are the gift of nature, the highest virtue may be acquired by men of the humblest abilities, through careful self-discipline. At least we ought to be able to say, as Richter did, "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more."

A Hungry Carpet Bag.

The Buffalo Express relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie, a few days since. A gentleman left Cleveland for New York. At an early hour in the morning, without his breakfast, and being very hungry, upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining room and placing his carpet bag upon a chair, sat down beside it, and commenced a famous attack upon the viands placed before him

By-and-by the proprietor of the establishment came round to collect fares and upon reaching our friend ejaculated.

"Dollar, sir!"

"A Dollar!" responded the eating man, "a dollar! Thought you only charged fifty cents a meal, for one, eh?"

"That's true," responded meanness, "but I count your carpet bag one, since it occupies a seat."

The table was far from being crowded.—*Our friend deliberately arose*, and opening the carpet bag, full in its wide mouth, discoursed unto it, saying:

"Carpet bag, it seems you are an individual, since you eat, at least I have paid for you, and now you must eat," upon which he seized everything eatable within his reach—nuts, raisons, apples, cakes and pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of brother passengers, and the discomfiture of the landlord phlegmatically went and took a seat in the cars.

He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least eight dollars worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.

WHY IS THUNDER.—Judge Norton was solemn, stern and dignified to excess. He was also at once egotistical and sensitive to ridicule.

Judge Nelson was a wit, careless of decorum, and had a sharp voice. He did not like Judge Norton. At a bar supper, Judge Norton in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, the rude practice of that period, and the discomforts the profession in a new country, describ in a tragic manner a thunder storm w overtook him in riding the old circuit was night in the forest, the scene was r and, said the Judge, "I expected moment the lightning would strike t under which I had taken shelter."

"Why, then," interrupted Nelson, peculiar squeal, "why in the reible you get under another tree?" or his

The party roared, the st to punish spoiled, and the poor Judge tion from the inten-

A boy was going along with a pitcher of milk, when a judicial sanc master had the filled, and smash went wherever he could ran the milk. A saw the accident gress providing for you catch it was from justice or la 93, and originate from er'll give it Governor of Virginia to or and deliver up on the requisition Governor of Pennsylvania, three per who had been indicted in Pennsylvania