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COL. BENTON'S HISTORY.

[ANNO 1824—JAMES MONROE, PRESIDENT.]

REMOVAL OF INDIANS.

The Indian tribes in the different sections of the union had experienced very different fates—in the northern and middle states nearly extinct—in the East and West they remained numerous and formidable. Before the war of 1812 with Great Britain, these southern and western tribes held vast, compact bodies of land in these states, preventing the expansion of the white settlements within their limits, and retaining a dangerous neighbor within their borders. The victories of General Jackson over the Creeks, and the territorial cessions which followed, made the first great breach in this vast Indian domain; but much remained to be done to give the southern and western states from a useless and dangerous population, to give them the use and jurisdiction of all the territory within their limits, and to place them, in that respect, on an equality with the northern and middle states. From the earliest periods of the colonial settlements it had been the policy of the government, by successive purchases of their territory, to remove their tribes farther and further to the West; and that policy vigorously pursued after the war with Great Britain, had made much progress in freeing several of these states, (Kentucky entirely, and Tennessee almost,) from this population, which so greatly hindered the expansion of their settlements and so much checked the increase of their growth and strength. Still there remained up to the year 1824—the last year of Mr. Monroe's administration—large portions of many of these states, and of the territories, in the lands of the tribes; in Georgia, nine and a half millions of acres; in Alabama, seven and a half millions; in Mississippi, fifteen and three quarter millions; in the territory of Florida, four millions; in the territory of Arkansas, fifteen and a half millions; in the state of Missouri, two millions and three quarters; in Indiana and Illinois, fifteen millions; and in Michigan, east of the lake, seven millions. All these states and territories were desirous, and most justly and naturally so, to get possession of these vast bodies of land, generally the best within their limits. Georgia held the United States bound by a compact to relieve her. Justice to the other states and territories required the same relief; and the applications to the federal government, to which the right of purchasing Indian lands, even within the states, exclusively belonged, were instant and urgent. Piecemeal acquisitions, to end in getting the whole, were the constant effort; and it was evident that the incumbered states and territories would not, and certainly ought not to be satisfied, until all their soil was opened to settlement and subject to their jurisdiction. To the Indians themselves it was equally essential to be removed. The contact and pressure of the white race was fatal to them. They had dwindled under it, degenerated, become depraved, and whole tribes extinct, or reduced to a few individuals, wherever they attempted to remain in the old states, and could look to no other fate in the new ones.

"What," exclaimed Mr. Elliott, senator from Georgia, in advocating a system of general removal, "What has become of the immense hordes of these people who once occupied the soil of the older states! In New England, where numerous and warlike tribes once so fiercely contended for supremacy with our forefathers, but two thousand five hundred of their descendants remain, and they are depirited and degraded. Of the powerful league of the Six Nations, so long the scourge and terror of New York, only about five thousand souls remain. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, the numerous and powerful tribes once seen there, are either extinct, or so reduced as to escape observation in any enumeration of their inhabitants. In Virginia, Mr. Jefferson informs us that there were at the commencement of its colonization, (1607,) in the comparatively small portion of her extent which lies between the seacoast and the mountains, and from the Potomac to the most southern waters of James river, upwards of forty tribes of Indians: now there are but forty-seven individuals in the whole state! In North Carolina none are counted: in South Carolina only four hundred and fifty. While in Georgia, where thirty years since there were not less than thirty thousand souls, there now remain some fifteen thousand—the one-half having disappeared in a single generation. That many of these people have removed, and others perished by the sword in the frequent wars which have occurred in the progress of our settlement, I am free to admit. But where are the hundreds of thousands, with their descendants, who neither removed, nor were thus destroyed? Sir, like a promontory of sand, exposed to the ceaseless encroachments of the ocean, they have been gradually wasting away before the current of the advancing white population which set in upon them from every quarter; and unless speedily removed beyond the influence of this cause, of the many tens of thousands now within the limits of the southern and western states, a remnant will not long be found to point you to the graves of their ancestors, or to relate the sad story of their disappearance from earth."

Mr. Jefferson, that statesman in fact as well as in name, that man of enlarged and comprehensive views, whose prerogative it was to foresee evils and provide against them, had long foreseen the evils both to the Indians and to the whites, in retaining any part of these tribes within our organized limits; and upon the first acquisition of Louisiana—within three months after the acquisition—proposed it for the future residence of all the tribes on the east of the Mississippi, and his plan had been acted upon in some degree both by himself and his immediate successor. But it was reserved for Mr. Monroe's administration to take up the subject in its full sense, to move upon it as a system, and to accomplish at a single operation the removal of all the tribes from the east to the west side of the Mississippi—from the settled states and territories to the wide and wild expanse of Louisiana. Their preservation and civilization, and permanency in their new possessions, were to be their advantages in this removal—delusive, it might be, but still a respite from impending destruction if they remained where they were. This comprehensive plan was advocated by Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, and charged with the administration of Indian affairs. It was a plan of incalculable value to the southern and western states, but impracticable without the hearty concurrence of the northern and non-slaveholding states. It might awaken the slavery question, hardly got to sleep after the alarming agitations of the Missouri controversy. The states and territories to be relieved were slaveholding. To remove the Indians would make room for the spread of slaves. No removal could be effected without the double process of a treaty and an appropriation act—the treaty to be ratified by two-thirds of the Senate, where the slave and free states were equal, and the appropriation to be obtained from Congress, where free states held the majority of members.—It was evident that the execution of the whole plan was in the hands of the free states; and nobly did they do their duty by the south. Some societies, and some individuals, no doubt, with very humane motives, but with the folly, and blindness, and injury to the objects of their care which generally attend a gratuitous interference with the affairs of others, attempted to raise an outcry, and made themselves busy to frustrate the plan; but the free states themselves, in their federal action and through the proper exponents of their will—their delegations in Congress—cordially concurred in it, and faithfully lent it a helping and efficient hand. The President, Mr. Monroe, in the session 1824—'25, recommended its adoption to Congress, and asked the necessary appropriation to begin from the Senate. A bill was reported in the Senate for that purpose, and unanimously passed that body. What is more: the the treaties made with the Kansas and Osage tribes in 1825, for the cession to the United States of all their vast territory west of Missouri and Arkansas, except small reserves to themselves, and which treaties had been made without previous authority from the government, and for the purpose of acquiring new homes for all the Indians east of the Mississippi, were duly and readily ratified. Those treaties were made at St. Louis by General Clark, without any authority, so far as this large acquisition was concerned, at my instigation, and upon my assurance that the Senate would ratify them. It was done. They were ratified, a great act of justice was rendered to the South. The foundation was laid for the future removal of the Indians, which was followed up by subsequent treaties and acts of Congress, until the southern and western states were as free as the northern from the incumbrance of an Indian population; and I, who was an actor in these transactions, who reported the bills and advocated the treaties which brought this great benefit to the South and West, and witnessed the cordial support of the members from the free states, without whose concurrence they could not have been passed—I, who wish for harmony and concord among all the states, and all the sections of this Union, owe it to the cause of truth and justice, and to the cultivation of fraternal feelings, to bear this faithful testimony to the just and liberal conduct of the non-slaveholding states, in relieving the southern and western states from so large an incumbrance, and aiding the extension of their settlement and cultivation.—The recommendation of Mr. Monroe, and the treaties of 1825, were the beginning of the system of total removal; but it was a beginning which assured the success of the whole plan, and was followed up, as will be seen in the history of each case, until the entire system was accomplished.

Standing at Church Doors.

It is a common practice, when a congregation is dismissed, to see a line of young gentlemen, ranged along the curb-stone, staring impudently at every female that come out, and often indulging in impertinent remarks that cannot but be heard by those who are the subject of them. Very rarely there may be found among the mob of dandies and dangers, a husband, father, or brother, whom unavoidable circumstances has prevented attending church, and who is waiting to accompany a wife, daughter or sister home.

Such, of course, we do not censure. But as scarcely one in ten belonged to the class; as they form, in fact, the exception, not the rule; we shall speak of those who indulge in this custom, without reference to such. It is the addle-headed lads, with high shirt collars and canes, averging about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who form a great mass of these impertinent spectators, that would hold up to public reproof. Where are the fathers of those young dandies? Where is the wholesome rod which Solomon recommended? Where is the police?

Only a refined female knows how annoying it is to run the gauntlet of these immature boys. Nor do they spare anybody. The matron is just as much at their mercy as the maiden; the plain face as subject to remark as the beautiful one; the poorly dressed as open to impertinence as the more richly attired. One female meets a sneer as she passes because she does not happen to please the fancy of some young fool, while the cheeks of another are made to tingle by his loud and insolent admiration. Even where the lady escapes without the verbal insult, she is stared out of countenance, and has no resource, except to drop her veil, hurry on, and escape into a more respectful atmosphere as fast as possible.

About half these children, for they are little better, should be soundly thrashed by their parents, or at least taught, in some other way, how to behave themselves for the future. The other half, who are older, ought to receive the attention of the police.

Miscellaneous.

The Press-gang's Victim, and how they kept him.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Sometime during the month of June, 1809, the American brig Sarah, of and from Norfolk, Va., entered the port of Liverpool with a full cargo. She was commanded by Capt. Wm. Brown, and his first mate was Tom Macdonough, a true hearted Yankee sailor, who sailed from somewhere in the little State of Delaware. After the brig had been duly entered at the custom house, she was soon cleared of her cargo, and within one week after her arrival she was loaded for home.

On a pleasant evening—the one preceding the day the brig was to sail—Tom Macdonough took a stroll into the town. He had been at work all day in arranging the cargo, and having merely started out for a stroll, he had not thought it worth while to change his dress. He had been up to the Exchange, and was returning by way of the docks, when he was accosted by a man who appeared to be a citizen.

"Good evening, stranger."

"The same to you," returned Tom, never once thinking there was harm in the way.

"Do you belong to any of the vessels now in the river?" asked the other, as he cast a scrutinizing glance over the somewhat rough habiliments of the American sailor.

"Yes, I belong to the American brig Sarah."

"No, no—that won't do!"

"What won't do?" asked Tom, not a little amazed at the remark.

"O, I know you," returned the stranger, "you are a deserter from the frigate."

As he spoke he placed a small whistle to his mouth, and in a moment after its shrill whistle had cut the air, six marines came rushing from a lap room close at hand; and, at a motion from the stranger, they seized upon Tom and made him their prisoner. It was in vain that Tom protested that he was second in command of the Sarah, and in vain he threatened vengeance—but against the power of six stout fellows he could make no effectual resistance, and so he was taken along to the naval landing where five other prisoners, all victims to the press-gang, were awaiting their embarkation. A boat was in waiting, in command of a lieutenant, and into it was Tom, with the rest of the unfortunate seamen, unceremoniously hurried, and in less than half an hour he found himself on board an English frigate that lay in the mouth of the river.

"A fine set of men," said the English captain, as he ran his eye admiringly over the stalwart forms of the impressed seamen—"They will just fill up the list of our maintopmen."

"Are you the commander of this frigate?" asked Tom, addressing the man who had just spoken.

"Capt. Downie, at your service," replied the commander, with a mock gravity.

"Then sir, I demand my immediate release. I am second in command of the American brig now ready for sea, and no power in England can legally detain me."

"That won't go down, youngster," replied the captain with a sneer. "You are a little too young for such an office. The king needs men and you must take your chance with the rest."

"Do you mean to say that I am to be detained on board your ship?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir," replied Tom, as his eyes flashed fire, "you will do it at your peril. Already have your people run up a heavy reckoning, and the day shall yet come when your king will have to settle it. I am exempt by your own laws, from impressment, and you know it."

The captain showed a little anger as our hero spoke, but turning to one of his lieutenants, he said:

"Mr. Monson, have these men's names entered, and then station them and mess them;" and without further remark he walked aft to his cabin.

In a moment Tom's mind was made up, and without further remark or resistance of any kind, he allowed his name to be entered on the purser's books, and his mess to be assigned him, after which a hammock and bedding were served out to him, and he was directed to "turn in" as soon as possible.

The frigate was well guarded by sentries, there being two upon the poop, one at each gangway, one on the forecastle and one on the bowsprit, besides those who were stationed at various posts below, so that no further notice was taken of the new comers after they had received their bedding, except to give the sentinels additional caution with regard to watching well that no one left the ship, unless he was passed by the officer of the deck.

Tom's hammock was already slung, and having hung it up he turned into it without undressing. The night was warm and sultry, and as a means of giving circulation of fresh air, the gun deck ports were lowered, and from the place in which he swung he could look out upon the water as it sparkled beneath the beams of the bright moon. Tom lay quiet until about midnight, but as yet he could think of no means of escape. Shortly after that hour had passed, he heard the relief guard called, and in some ten minutes the corporal of the first guard came down and unlashed the hammock which hung next to his own, which operation being performed, he proceeded to undress himself, hanging his clothes as he did so, upon the clews of his hammock. The four hours duty had given the corporal an excellent appetite for sleep, and in five minutes after he touched his mattress he began to snore.

"Now or never," thought Tom, "is my chance," and with this idea in his mind he slipped quietly out of his hammock, and proceeded to divest himself of his own clothes, which having accomplished, he very unceremoniously substituted those of the sleeping corporal in their place, and then sat down upon the breech of a gun to meditate further upon his plans.

One bell struck, and the sentinels passed the usual "all's well." Then Tom heard the corporal, as he started to go his rounds, and ere long he descended the main hatch ladder to visit the posts below. No sooner had the marine officer passed beyond the gallery than our hero sprang up the ladder and gained the spar deck. The officer of the deck was aft, upon the star-board side, and sentries were walking their posts with regular tread, while the old quartermaster stood upon the poop, with his night-glass under his arm. The sentries performed their walk upon gang boards, raised even with the hammock nettings, and running forward from the ladders. The larboard gang-way was shaded from the light of the moon by awnings, and walking deliberately up the ladder, Tom looked over the ship's side.

"Sentry," said he, in a mumbling sort of a tone, "what boat is that at the boom?"

"The second cutter," returned the marine, showing by his manner, that he was not suspicious of his spurious corporal.

Tom immediately walked aft to where stood the officer of the deck, and being quite assured by the mistake of the sentry, he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and touching his visor, respectfully remarked,

"I should like to overhaul that second cutter, sir, for I think there is rum aboard of her."

Tom knew he was playing a desperate game, but liberty was to be the result of success, and he flinched not.

"Ha! the villains," uttered the lieutenant, "up to their old tricks again. Go, corporal, get down into the boat, and if you do find rum in her they'll catch it."

Tom started quickly forward, but just as he got abreast of the fore hatchway, he saw the Simon pure corporal's head rising above the combings.—The marine ascended no higher, for with one blow of his fist Tom sent him back from whence he came, and then sprang quickly out through the port upon the swing boom, and having reached the place where the second cutter's painter was made fast, he hauled the boat up and leaped into her. The flood tide was setting up the river very strongly and quick as thought Tom cast off the painter, rapidly dropping astern.

"Help, help!" shouted our hero at the top of his voice, the boat's got loose."

"Get out a couple of oars' you lubber," cried the officer of the deck, as he jumped up on the poop on hearing the cry, where he arrived just as the cutter was sweeping past the quarter. "You can hold her against the tide."

Tom did get out a couple of oars, but the moment he got them balanced in the row locks he commenced pulling for dear life, and to the utter astonishment of the lieutenant, the boat began to shoot rapidly up the river.

All the sentries on deck were immediately called upon the poop, and their muskets were fired at the deserter, but though two of the balls whistled near the boat, yet none of them did any harm, and the next moment Tom heard the third cutter called away, but he knew the men were all sound asleep in their hammocks, and so he felt secure.

It was ten minutes before the third cutter cast off from the ship, and long ere they reached Tom, he had reached the shore and was running at a remarkable speed towards the city where he arrived in safety, and before 2 o'clock he was on board his own brig.

The next morning the Sarah dropped down with the ebb tide, and as she passed the frigate, Tom saw the second cutter swinging in her usual place, and as he gazed upon the proud flag that floated at the Englishman's peak, he muttered to himself:

"If I live, I'll one day take the pride from these tyrants."

How literally was that saying fulfilled. Tom Macdonough had been Decatur's favorite midshipman at the siege of "Tripoli," and "wherever Decatur led he dared to follow."

Subsequently to that brilliant chapter in the page of our history, occurred the event which is embodied in our sketch, but five years after, on the 11th of September, 1814, Thomas Macdonough met one of England's proud fleets on Lake Champlain. At the first broad side the British Commander fell; and at the end of the fight, which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, without intermission, Commodore Thomas Macdonough was the conqueror of Champlain. He had gained a proud victory, he had indeed humbled the pride of the tyrant, and that day's achievement forms one of the proudest in the history of America.

Commodore Thomas Macdonough—the hero of Tripoli—the conqueror of Champlain! He was a noble and true hearted man, and a terror to the enemies of his country. Peace to his ashes, and everlasting honor to his memory.

Practical Preaching.

A number of years ago, Parson B—— preached in a town in the interior of this State. A sound theologian was Parson B——, as a published volume of his Sermons evinces; but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of "practical" themes:—at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C——.

"Mr. B——," said he one day to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines by this time.—Why do you not preach us a real practical discourse?"

"Oh, very well. If you wish it, I will do so.—Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon."

Sunday morning came, an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendence. The preliminary services were performed, and the Parson announced his text. After "opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointed out his special fault. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts, another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on. While in mid volley, the doors of the church opened, and Dr. S—— entered.

"There," went on the parson, "is Dr. S——, coming in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called upon to visit a patient on Sunday for three months."

Thus went on the worthy clergyman.—At last he came to Mr. C——, who had requested the practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. C——, he's a merchant—and what does he do?—Why he stays at home on Sunday afternoon, and writes business letters. If he get a lot of new goods up from New York on Saturday night, he goes to his store and marks them on Sunday night, so as to have them all ready for sale by Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the service, the Parson walked up to Mr. C——, and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon"

"Mr. B——," was the reply, "preach just what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again."

From the Flag of our Union.

The Hoosier in Paris.

There is no mistaking "a Yankee" abroad. All mankind sailing from the United States are "Yankees" in Europe, and their peculiarities are such as to widely distinguished them from anybody. Our irresistable, amiable friend John Owens, Esq, has lately return from abroad, and tells some of the richest things seen and heard by him during his tour out.

Strolling around Paris, John dropped into one of the fine, large public gardens, where thousands of natives and foreigners resort to kill time, amuse and refresh. At the many tables around the garden, sat innumerable parties, of many climes and degrees and complexions, from the plethoric Englishman to the sullen Turk; from the rugged and hairy Russian to the dried and stolid looking Persian, Arab or Chinaman, from Greek to German, Egyptian to Hebrew, Frenchman to Yankee. The majority of these assorted human beings were busily engaged in smoking, sipping coffee, creams, etc, or engaged in the Parisian and frightfully (in use John's phrase) interesting game of domino! At a conspicuous table sat a most conspicuous individual,—there was no mistaking him, not the slightest: no order of the human tribes but a Yankee wore such a hat in such a way. A full developed rocky mountain beaver was on his brow, or rather nicely balanced upon the combative portion of his phrenological territory *viz*—the cranium. Of course his coat was loose and fitting him like a shirt on a handspike; his trousers after the same style; his neck—which presented the most extended peninsula of a bone and muscle imaginable—was encircled by a gaudy handkerchief, while his totally left to nature has topped off the unique and striking picture of one of our out-west friends—large as life, and certainly as natural.

After spreading himself in that peculiarly independent, national manner, our hoosier friend eyes the entire range, which being done, he explodes:

"Musher?" Nobody responding to the call he calls again.

"Musher! I say you mu-her, you?"

Not a word says anybody; backwoods goes off again.

"Now that fellow hears me, but aint goin to answer. I say you musher! A-a aint you going to hear me?"

"But hold on," says he, "let me look at my book here, that feller aint a musher, them chaps with white aprons on, aint no mushers; they're something else, let me see"—and he falls to turning over the leaves of his "French in six easy lessons;" it was a long hunt but he finally finds the place.

"Ah, here you are waiters, w-a-i-t-e-r, gassoon, (garcon!) that's it, them fellers at the table smoking their pipes, drinkin' sour wine and playing them dominoes—they're mushers, the other chaps doin' chores around, they're a—gassoons; I say, *gassoon!* gassoon!"

A waiter comes bustling up to hoosier, and with politest possible bow, says he;

"Monsieur?"

"Musher, no gassoon?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"I want some dinner, gassoon?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"I want som'en good, too?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Some'en good and plenty of it?"

"Well, now, what a-you-got good, fuss raw?"

"Monsieur?"

"I say what have you got good?"

"Monsieur?" continues the *garcon*, in total ignorance.

"Don't you on derstand me? I—say—I—want dinner."

"Dinn-a?"

"Dinn-a? yes dinn-a—I wants dinner."

"Oui, monsieur."

"Then why in thunder and saw logs don't you fly around and get the things?"

"Monsieur?"

"I say, hop around, stir your stumps, don't you on derstand me, because if you don't, only say so, don't stand there grinnin' like a cat over a catkittle! Consarn you, I see you don't on derstand me at all. Why don't you up and say so?"

"Monsieur?"

"I—say, I want dinner."

"Dinn?"

"Yes, dinna,—I want good dinna, best dinna you're go—here I am, the gassoon starin' me in the eye, two shillin's worth of French in my mind (book,) can't speak a word of the blasted language, this feller can't talk Choctaw nor American, pock et full of money, and I'm starving to death! Call this a country?"

"Gassoon? hold on a spell, I see you don't on derstand me, you orter said so, right off, you see; but hold on, here it is, no that ain't it—lord what a book, ca-a-nt find anything you want; here's the French way in the for'ard part, and the English way back here in the eend of the hull book take a feller three-e-e weeks to find the English meaning for the French. Yesterday *morin'* I went into a coffee (cafe!) as they call their grocers here, to get a drink, I axed the feller for a horn of old red eye; it was just half past seven, when I axed, and not on-till a quarter before five, that afternoon, did I find out there in this book, that he hadn't g-any!"

"Ah, here you are, gassoon."

"Oui, monsieur."

"Soups, soup's good guess, I'll go some soup, what's hu-say for soup; here it is, no it aint."

"O-o-o!" says the garcon, getting a faint idea of what the hoosier was after.

"Sou'p-pon'oshe! (potage!) monsieur!"

"Potash? Blast your picture, do you calkelate I want to eat potash? Potash you darn'd 'skunk: taint no use in talking. But hold on, when I was over here in England they had a nice ha. round they called 'em furbots; I guess fish aint skearce nor hard where they have got water—guess I'll have a furbot; some fish gasoon, "tout fish?"

"Fee-ish?"

"Fee-ish? yes, fee-ish, furbot."

"Tur-bot, feeish?" echoes the bewildered waiter.

"Well, rot you, go ahead and get the fish—get anything, plenty of it, anything, but you infernal frog messer, ca-a-nt go the frogs no how: Go, stir around, bring on the fish?"

"Fee-ish?"

"Fee-ish? Yes, thunder and saw logs, are you goin' to hang around here all day, and let a feller drop right down here in his boots?"

"O-o-o?" says the waiter, more light breaking in upon him. "Oui, oui, monsieur." And away he runs, presently returns, and with a bow and grin, presents:

"Monsieur—*tierbot?*"

The hoosier pushes his rocky mountain back to the very precipice of his head, spreads his eyes and jumps up! He takes hold of the *tier-bot*, gingerly as though it was a live lobster; he looks at the waiter, then at the *tier bot!*

"Well, if this aint the darndest go yet; a fish? I ask for a fish, a *turbot!*"

"*Tier bot*, oui, monsieur!"

"I asked this whelp for a fish, and essentially blast his buttons he *goes and brings me a nasty book jack!* In less'n ten minuts, this feller would have sprinkled a little flour, greese and stuff over this bookjack, and gin it to me to eat! Blest these Frenchmen, rot sich a country as this, a feller with a pocket full of money might starve to death in the boots, *more* he'd git a mouthful to eat."

Hoosier rushed out, the las seen of heard of him he was yelling to an Englishman;

"Say look a-here, mister where the duce is them bull yards (Boulevards) they talk about? *I'm bound to skeer up something to eat.*"

Two Ways of doing a Thing.

We were passing leisurely along one of our streets the other evening, watching the sports of a group of youngsters, when our ears was assailed by the sharp angry tones of a woman:

"Here, you John Smith! come into the house this moment!"

One of the boys turned his head, giving at the same time a rather unfilial shrug, then resuming his play.

"Do you hear what I say, John Smith? March quick, or you'll catch it, I tell you"

We rather think Johnny did "catch it," for we heard after we had passed, a jerk and a slap, accompanied by a smothered yell, as the door was violently slammed to.

We went on our way, doubting whether this course of treatment was exactly the best under the circumstances, particularly as the countenance of the lad indicated the greatest good nature.

As we were cogitating the matter, we turned the corner, and came upon another group of lads in front of a house, the door of which that moment opened.

"Willie," said a mild and pleasant voice.

"Did you call, mother?" asked one of the boys, coming on to the side walk.

"Yes, my son. It is getting late—have you not played sufficiently to-day?"

"I should like to stay out a little longer, if you please."

The mother patted the boy on the head, and smilingly said, "I should not object if it were not past your bed-time. Have you forgotten, Willie, the lines you repeated to me this morning—

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, happy and wise."

chimed in the boy quickly. "Yes mother, I remember them. Good night, Tommy—good night Harry," and taking his mother's hand, he went cheerfully into the house.

This set us again cogitating. Our thoughts ran on the law of kindness and love. What would be their effects on the two lads who had been subjected to them? Is it not the inevitable tendency of the one to beget kindness, amiability, obedience—and of the other obstinacy, ill-temper, disobedience? No one will depute this we think.

Men are but children of larger growth. As with the child so with the man. You can lead him better with a gentle hand than drive him with the rod.

☞ A miser on being asked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, said, "The union is attended with a double advantage, as it saves me not only the expense of a wife but the wages of a servant."

☞ A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is like seed, which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.