FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN.

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LOST ON THE PLAINS.

In January last, says the Leavenworth *Commercial*, John Wilson, a lad about sixteen years of age, left his home on Musquito Bottom, in company with his father and two neighbors, for the purpose of hunting buffalo on the upper Arkansas. The weather was all that could be wished, game was found in abundance, and the hunters secured as much as their teams were able to haul back so long a distance, and on the morning of the 10th preparations were made for a return home.

Not so, however, with young Wilson who had become enchanted with the wild scenes and wilder sports. To him it was a new life of which he had often read, but had now become a living actor in its fascinations. To the left of the river, and beyond the skirt of timber in which the hunters were encamp- stretched the unbroken plain, on which, within range of vision, quietly grazed a small herd of buffalo, and here and there scattered groups of antelopes. At this sight our young hunter became excited, and only "one more shot" before departing was agreed upon. Shouldering his gun, he started out, and was soon lost to view as he picked his way quietly along the river bank and timber.

Nothing further was thought of the young man's whim by the father and his companions who were cooking rations for the return trip and peacefully smoking their pipes.

Young Wilson found the distance to the game much further than he anticipated, but on getting within long range shot, his presence was discovered, and a general scamper was the result. Nothing daunted, he continued the chase, fully determined on the last shot and a dead buffalo. Onward he went over the plain, through wood and thicket, regarless of all impediments; but four legs could wander farther than two, and he was left far in the rear. Time elapsed, unheeded by him; night was upon him; for the first time he realized that he was alone upon the vast plain, his game beyond his reach, and companions he knew not whether. His reckoning was lost, and he stood bewildered. To add to his misery, one of those fierce winds, so common in that section, came up, and with it a driving, blinding sleet, transforming him into a walking icicle.

Cold and benumbed he started, as he supposed, for the wood along the ravine, but instead, traveled from it—now hastening now slackening his pace as the cold affected him. At length he came upon a small clump of bushes, under which he took shelter, sat down, and was soon asleep and lost to his lonely position.

The boy not returning in a reasonable time to the camp, his father and companions became uneasy, and set in search of him. Guns were fired, Indian whoops and yells indulged in to the full extent of their lungs, but no answer came in response. The same was continued throughout the night, and large fires were kindled on the highest eminences in hope of attracting his attention, but all in vain. Morning came, yet with it no boy. The day elapsed in fruitless search, followed by another night of demonstrations similar to those of the first. The anguish of the parent in this extremity was almost unbearable. To go back without his son he could not, for there, too, was an anxious mother foundly awaiting their return from the hunt.

On the third day, after fully deliberating on it, the party concluded to return home, form companies of their neighbors, and make a grand search for the boy on the pains.

* * * * * * *

Awakening from his sleep, through a feeling of coldness, young Wilson looked out upon the dreary waste before him. The wind still howled, but the sleet had subsided. His frozen clothes clanked about his body as he arose and picked up his gun. He now fully comprehended his situation, and his first thoughts were of his friends and something to eat. To choose his course puzzled him, yet no time was to lost. He plucked from one of the bushes a twig, sat it on end, and in his boyish way resolved on going the direction it might fall. As the result will show it fell in the oppositr direction from which his friends were, and he wandered farther and farther away.

For procuring food, his gun was now his only reliance, and as he trudged along, a sharp look-out was kept up for game. The first day out, nothing in the game line presented itself, but on the second a small herd of buffalo, on which he fired, passed him. His shot was wide of the mark, and they were soon away. So passed the third and fourth days. Weakened by hunger and fatigue, he nevertheless, kept up good courage, and hoped that if he did not find friends, he at least might fall in with other hunters or Indians, friendly or otherwise, he did not care much which, so long as his scalp was safe and a prospect of replenishment of his vacant stomach offered.

On the morning of the fifth day he came to a small stream, skirted by a a few scattering trees. Here he gathered up some broken limbs, and pulled out from beneath the roots, dry grass enough to start a fire. This he did by firing off his gun and blowing the wad into a blaze, which soon grew into a warming fire, by which his frozen clothes were thawed out and himself warmed. By this time he was too hungry and worn out to proceed much further, and he resolved on keeping up his fire through the day and night. While so engaged, late in the evening, he was suddenly startled by a gruff "How!" and a big dirty Indian stood before him, with a gun on his back and the hind quarters of an antelope.

"Bully!" replied Wilson, as he sprang to his feet and rifle, "how yourself!" and he gazed in astonishment at the intruder. The Indian comprehended the situation, proffered him a portion of his meat, and they sat down together, roasted and ate ravenously of it. The heat and food livened him up, and he soon ascertained that a band of friendly Indians were encamped a few miles below. To this camp the two repaired, and Wilson was welcomed kindly and fed for three days, when enough provision was given him to reach the settlements. His course was pointed out, and he started on his homeward journey. He traveled three days, when he fell in with his father and his friends, who were returning to renew, the search for him. The meeting was a joyous one, and young Wilson is content with "only one more shot!"

A Nice Point.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba, California, for entering a miner's tent and stealing a bag of gold-dust valued at $84. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where he kept his dust; that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reach-in, took the bag, and ran off. The principal witness testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away. "I rushed after him at once," continued the witness, "but when I caught him I didn't find Bill's bag, but found it afterwards where he had thrown it." "How far did he get when he took the dust?" inquired the counsel, "Well, he was stoopin' over half way in, I should say," replied the witness. "May it please your honor," interposed the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time, with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half way and stretched out his arms and committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actully entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your Honor, can a man enter a house when only one-half of his body is in and the other half out?" "I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law, and the fact is proved," replied the judge. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty as to one-half of his body, and not guilty as to the other half." The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent part cut off, or to take it along with him.

The Pennsylvania State Journal says that apples are rotting so fast in some parts of the rural districts, that the farmers are feeding their cattle upon them.

One Touch of Nature.

There are certain profound and normal elements in human nature, which become crystalized in poetry or fable, and are thus found, in slightly differing shape, scattered through all periods of history and all strata of society. Every one has heard of Sir Philip Sydney refusing the draught of fair-water in favor of a wounded soldier, and within a few days we have heard the story of a dying naval commander who, in the midst of his agony, thought to send an order for a blanket to a seaman in place of the one hastily snatched for his pillow of pain. The following extract, from the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* (through the medium of its American name-sake), gives the same theme in a new but very touching shape. It does not greatly concern us to inquire into the historical accuracy of this or of its companion anecdotes. The Itallians have a proverb, *Se non e vero e ben trovato*, which might be freely translated: "If it is not true it deserves to be." So with the present extract, the beauty and essential truth of the sentiment may well close our eyes to the investigation of its merely literal verisimilitude. It would be unkind as well as unphilosophic to question that such incidents may have happened, and probably, still happen, whether at Metz in the year of grace 1780 or no. Neither is its publication open to the charge of Francomania. *Tros Tyriusve;* the feeling involved is humanitarian, not local, and will awake a responsive throb under the blue tunic of the *Landwehrmann* as under the green frock of the *chasseur d Afrique*. But to the story.

"On the 8th of October the chloroform began to give out at Metz. A few local druggists had tried to make it; but the product was not fit for use, and the real article was scarce. At the temporary hospital of the polygon redoubt, where I was on duty, we had hardly a litre and a half left. As we did not known how long the siege might yet last, it was our urgent duty to be sparing with it. On the morning after the fight, at Ladonchamps, there was a terrible influx of wounded, and we had our hands full.

"A chasseur of the guard is brought into the operating room, with his hand badly shattered. It is found necessary to take off the bone to which the little finger is attached—the fifth metacarpal. The man comes in on foot, still holding fast his gun, which he carries slung over his back.

'Well, my good friend, we shall have to have a bit of an operation.'

'I know it, major; that's what I'm here for.'

'Would you like to be made insensible?'

'Oh, dear, yes. I've suffered so much all night that I don't think I could stand it.'

'Are you particular about it?'

'Why, is it very scarce now—that stuff that puts you to sleep?'

'We have scarcely any left.'

The chasseur reflected a moment in silence, then, suddenly—

'Well, keep it for those who have lost legs or arms; but be quick.'

He put his poor blue cravat, still bloody, in his mouth, lay down, and held out his hand.

The operation over—

'Did it hurt you much?'

'Yes, but what can you do? We poor fellows must help one another.'"

—*The Aldine*, for February.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* "rises to explain" its views about a popular poem, and the duties of the modern newspapers there unto, in the following laguage: "We throught we were going to get through the Winter without having a call for the poem enlitled the 'Beautiful Snow,' but the falling flakes yesetrday brought out a 'Lady Subscriber' who desired to see it in print once more. It is a wonderful poem—one of those distined to live for her and occupy a warm corner in the heart of all womenkind. We have published it twice every winter for the past ten years, but must decline this winter. We don't wish to wear it out. It is a beautiful poem. It was written by Major Sigourney, Charles Faxon Dora Shaw, and a man named Watson. One or two other persons may have assisted, but they are not worthy of mention.

The End of a Demi-Monde.

Mabel Grey has died of consumption, and London misses a celebrity better known than the thousands of virtuous and titled women who passed her carriage on Rotten Row with averted heads, and whose appearance was as attractive to the multitude as that of the Princess Alexandria herself. Her portrait in the shop windows claimed precedence of that of the Bishop of Oxford. She had a dozen Peers in her train, at one time was engaged to marry the heir of one of England's oldestdukedoms, and numbered the naughty Prince of Wales among her admirers. For three or for years Mabel Grey has held undisputed sway as queen of the demimonde, a long reign for the sovereign of that unstable kingdom, the glory of the concert hall, the unapproachable deity of all the cads of London, the favorite affectation of the golden youth. How well she played her part is shown by the fact that only a liberal annuity sufficed to buy her off from the pursuit of a young and foolish nobleman of high rank, who had promised to marry her. The good mothers will feel easier now that she is finally removed from her wicked conquests, but the poor to whom she was as generous as if she had been virtuous, and more so, will be the only mourners of Mabel Grey.

"Scat."

John Beaty is a lover. He bows before the schrine of bright eyes and rosy lips; but being subject to the parental interdict, his interviews are clandestine. A few evenings since he was paying court to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the parental ear, and coming suddenly into the room he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her. "It's the cat, sir," was the numbling reply, "Drive it out of here," thunderd pater familias. "Scat!" screamed Mary and then *sotto voce*: ("John, growl a little,") John set up a woful yowl. "That cat's got a cold" remarked the parent. John yowled louder than ever. "Confound it bring a light, and scare the thing out." This was too much, and John made a leap for the window, carrying glass and frame with him. "Thunder! what a cat?" said the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought: "I never saw anything like it, and confound it, its tail is made out of broadcloth," as he viewed a fluttering remnant hanging from the wind.

One of the London *Times'* correspondence relates an incident illustrating the utter demoralized condition of Chanzy's army. Two dragoons found themselves surrounded and about to be taken prisoners by some thirty Mobiles. One of them talked a little French, and one of the French soldiers was an Alsatian who could speak German; there was thus no difficulty in communicating. The dragoons refused to surrender on an entirely new and original ground. "If we go with you," said they, "we shall share your discomfort; but if you come with us you will share our comfort and escape all the danger and hardships of the war. On the whole you will gain more by letting us take you than by making prisoners of us." This reasoning proved irreisstible, two dragoons rode back to their regiment with their thirty Mobiles following them like sheep. The Grand Duke was so much pleased with the readiness they had displayed upon the occasion, that he made each of them a hand some present, which one of them was not distined long to enjoy, for he was shot dead a few hours later.

When Horace Greeley traveled in Europe he was impressed with the value of drainage, and immediately got up an antethetical agricultural proverb to the effect that if a man didn't drain his farm, his farm would dran him. Then Horace went to Lombardy, where he witnessed the fructifying influence of irrigation by means of dams; whereupon he added another proverb to his store of terse sayings: "If a man don't dam his farm, his farm will d—n him."

Miscellaneous.

One-headed girls are going out of style.

Motly has mashed potatoes at every meal.

Beau Brummel declined to wed a girl who consumed cabbage.

Few of the woman's rights shriekers darn their own hosiery.

Letters from Florida speak of ripe oranges, open windows and a temperature of seventy-seven degrees.

Henery King, of Lake county, O., owns a cow, whose milk for seven days yielded fifteen pounds and seven and a half ounces of butter.

In Rome there is a regularly organized and established Amrican club, patronized by the nobility, and the rendezvous of all Yankees aboard.

An act imposing not less than thirty-one years' imprisonment for injury to graves, trees, shrubbery, etc., in cemeteries, has been introduced into the State Legislature. It should become a law.

Mr. Jacobs, it is said, received, within twenty-four hours after the terrible accident on the Hudson River Railroad, hundreds of letters and telegrams congratulating him on his safety. One of these telegrams cost him four dollars.

John P. Hale, our late Minister to Spain, is in Washington. He is the mere shadow of his former self, and can only walk slowly and painfully. In spite of his illness, however, he can hardly fail to enjoy the society of his old poltical and personal friends.

The Sixth Congressional District of Michigan embraces a territory larger than Massachusetts and Rhode Island or the Duchy of Baden and the Kingdom of Saxony. The Fourth Congressionol Distrit emberces a territory more extensive than Connecticut and Delaware, or the Kingdom of Wurtemburg.

Senator Revels, at the close of his official term, is to be a lecturing agent of the Congress Temperance Society at the South. It is not every Senator of the United States who is qualified for so useful a vocation, though some of them go might around with Revels, as "awful examples," to general satisfaction.

A Hoosier on a western steamboat, when a passenger, laid down with his boots on. The steward seeing this, angrily said: 'Sir, you have laid down with your boots on.' Mr. Hoosier calmly raised his head, and looking down at his boots, innocently replied, 'Oh it wont hurt them; they are not the best pair.'

An irascable old gentleman was taken with sneezing in the cars lately. After sneezing in a most spasmodic way eight or ten times, he arrested the paroxysm for a time, and extracting his handkerchief, he thus indignantly addressed his nasal organ: "Oh! go on—goon; you'll blow your infernal brains out presently!"

When Thackeray was in Boston, he asked the proprietor of a hotel on Sunday morning where Theodore Parker preached, and when the man of smiles and bows said he did not know, he, exclaimed in his most astonished tones: "Don't know? Why, sir, we've heard his voice away across the Atlantic. He is the greatest preacher in America."

Some men find life unendurable if they cannot lay wagers. At Binghamton a favorite mode of winning the drinks is for a sharper to bet with a yokel that he can stand an egg on end "right out on the flour," and he can't brake it with a half-bushel measure. The bet is taken the fiend in human shape puts the egg precisely in the corner, and if you wish to know how it is yourself you would do well to try the experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, Anna Dickinson and Lillian S. Edgarton met for the first time at Ann Arbor Mich., a reliable account says they rushed into each other's arms; "the superb blonde, opened her arms, and the small brunette nestled within them, purring like a little brown kitten. Henceforth they would be as sisters and the last that was seen of them was a tableau of the brunette sitting on the blonde's knee, while both sipped from the same tumbler a liquid which the ingenious hotel clerk called a hot lemonade 'with a fringe.'"