

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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WHAT A WORLD IT MIGHT BE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

O! what a world it might be,
If hearts were always kind;
If friendship never would slight thee,
And fortune prove less blind!

O! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan,
If man but did his duty,
And helped his fellow man!

CONGRESSIONAL SKETCH.

HON. ZEBEDIAH GREEN.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

The subject of our sketch made his entrance into this comical world, in Green-bush, on Green river, Green county, (chief exportations, rad-headed peellans and slab-sided instructors of youth, for the western and southern markets.) Green Mountain State; and was "feyled" in short, Zeb, in long, Zeb-diah Green—though not from any similarity between his appearance and the general name; but because a Deacon Zeb, in home-spun, with a large family, small farm, hickory cane, short pipe, and an Aunt Hitty, with specks, cotton nightcap, checked apron, knitting needles, and mackaboo—were Greens.

Being for exportation, when he arrived at the standard—six feet perpendicular, and twice and a half that number of years—he was launched upon the sea of life, with but little cargo, yet the hatches open for freight, like a contribution box for change—a champagne-made saint, perfect in the Ten Commandments, Almanac, Daboll's Arithmetic, English Reader; and a good judge of pumpkin pie, tin fourpences, gingerbread, jewsharps, seal-skin caps, slate-pencils, jack-knife, pocket-bible, and a tin trunk of Yankee notions.

The vanities of this world, the percentages on jewelry, the trouble of the Bible in his trousers, gun, with sugar in, a freckled-faced man with cards, or a winking eye in the third tier—perhaps all combined—caused him to make angles, zig zag across, and soon he was out of the "narrow way" posting down the "broad road," at quarter nag speed.

"Circumstances govern man." A grocery may make a loafer, a camp meeting, a preacher; a game of poker, a widow; a rich wife, a member of Congress; a pocket-marked man with furo, a gambler; a fashionable education, a fool, and a murderer, a saint. It is the great "First Cause" that governs crim. cons.'s presidential elections, piety, lotteries, lovers, oysters, cholera cases, poverty, long prayers, warden clocks, suicides, female purity, and so on to the end of the chapter, of all the effects seen in this farcical world.

Circumstances connected with a physical organization of the cranium, giving a predisposition to change and make "change" in a few years, made him an ex-officio clerk, fisherman, school teacher, clock agent, flat boatman, shaker, dancing master, poker player, temperance lecturer, steam doctor, fortune teller, Mormon, auctioneer, Methodist minister, and country editor.

quackery, sense, bombast, ridicule and nonsense, the offices, tiffes, nostrums, oligies, isms, and pathos—legal, theological, medicinal, philosophical, political, historical, political, phrenological, and astrological knowledge. The graduates of which school, whether in professional, editorial, or political life, have far behind among dusty books, latin roots, and sheep-skin diplomas, most of collegians, and sons of the "first families," to enjoy their exclusiveness, dyspepsia, propriety, goose-necked canes, bran bread, blues, standing shirt collars, kid gloves, patent medicines, and green specks.

His personal appearance, now that he had been planed, rasped, ground and polished by contact with the world, was a great improvement on the original, yet by no means the best ideal of human perfection. He was a rough hewn specimen, long, lank, lean, and lathy—hair wiry and pugilistic—phiz sharp set, cadaverous, and as rough as a nunege grate—arms long, but legs longer, and the whole loosely set together, angular as a pine knot, and forever in motion. In the firm planting of his pedal extremities was written, in Nature's language, "I tread no steps backwards;" in the hard, muscular, and nervous twitching hands, "hang like grim death to an Ethiopian;" in the deep lines of the visage, "push along, keep moving;" in the burning eye, "Excelsior;" in the expansive forehead, "Seek and ye shall find." And every wiry hair seemingly covered a homonopathy, phrenological organ.

A short time since, his perambulations led him into a section of Arkansas, where the mountains were crowded for want of room, and the valleys at an angle of 50°. This phenomenon was accounted for by the "oldest inhabitant" thus:—

"Yer see, when God fixed up his truck ter make the kentry, he chucked a sorter pepper-box full of mountains ter sprinkle 'em over the kentry; and they was kneaded; but that was a mess or big ugly ones in the batch, that stuck in the holes an' bothered him, an' he took the liver off, an' chucked 'em down here to make a place for the varmint."

In every nook and corner were little clearings, filled with stunted donkeys, log cabins, half-grown specimens of the rising generation in shirts, blackberry bushes, lazy, lotheaded "sovereyns" smoking corn-cob pipes; hominids, and bare-footed Eves, followed by a drove of little rads "minutaries." The bipeds lived on (Providence permitting) corn, possums, bacon, blackberries, red horse, deer, bear, pigeons, and parsimmons—believed in dreams, faith doctors, half-shelled and iron jacket preachers, ghosts, and the influence of the moon on pork and cucumbers—amused themselves by fighting, hunting, fishing, poker playing, eye gouging, and drinking corn juice—and exchanged ideas about the candidates, camp meetings, where Wilmot Proviso lived, whether Annexation was as much a fighting man as Joe Bunker, the prospects for mast, the bad effects of the weather on corn, who could lift the most at a rolling, where was the last light, and the prospective price of corn juice.

Once upon a time a man with a "show," in many places known as a wagon, endeavored to cross the mountains. The inhabitants gathered together, as much astonished as were the multitudes of Galilee, and followed it several miles, to see what the "con-sarn" would do when the "hind wheels caught up with the fore ones."—The mountain country consisted of some eight or ten counties, each one having a county seat, which was approachable only by mule paths.—In each was a small octagon log court-house, smaller jail, in imitation of a drygoods box—log tavern, with a long portico in front, containing a slab bench, Mexican saddle, short broom, and a sleeping negro—grocery, with a barrel of corn juice, red faced man, pint cup, large twist of tobacco, piggion with a gourd in it, and a large green, thereupon the county clerk, judge, circuit rider, steam doctor, landlord, and two or three little "jack leg" lawyers, all arrayed in liney woolsey pants, Indian tanned deer skin hunting shirts, store shoes, broad brimmed straw hats, and belts containing Arkansas "tooth-picks," i. e. bowie knives, weighing from two pounds to seven, engaged in the laudable occupation of playing marbles and picyayne poker.

The press did not circulate light enough to fight cigars, and Webster's spelling book was Greek to all except a few literary men, who were not plenty enough to fill the county offices, and many of the minor ones, such as justices of the peace, constables, &c., were held by men who were not Catholics, yet made their crosses—settling all law cases by the code of common sense, and holding elections by notching the votes on shingles, which were generally cut off all of the "cussed whig voters" when they made the election returns, which consisted of the stings and an interpreter.

The congressional district which embraced the mountains, consisted of some three or four lowland counties, the most wealth and aristocratic part of the State. The line of demarcation between the two, was drawn as closely as between the Protestants and Catholics of Ireland. The denizens of each part looked upon the other as a Catholic look upon purgatory, or a Methodist upon (them!) Hon. Jim Burton had represented the district time out of mind. He was a resident of the lowlands, very rich, with medicinal talents, yet with considerable

his tact in the management of the mountaineers. When among them, he gratified the vanity of the "sovereyns," by wearing their costume, and moreover, dispensing freely "the root of all evil" in buying aspirants, friends, and corn juice, (the latter the most potent), still the connection was a connection merely mercenary, as easily to be broken as a link of sausages, and as easily joined again (by administering the "filthy lucre") as a sick of cement.

Zeb having a laudable desire to see the handle "Hon." attached to his name, thought the mountains presented a fine field for political experiments; therefore he arrayed himself in the mountain costume, and choosing the centre county, prepared to stick out his shingle.

ZEBEDIAH GREEN,

ATTY AT LAW.

Though he knew but little of the hair splitting and differences "twixt twessle doe and twessle dum," as laid down in the statutes and reports, yet he had the foundation—just—perhaps in larger quantities than Lord Coke.

Immediately on his arrival at his prospective residence, he was accosted by an old gentleman thus:—

"Stranger, w'at's yer name?"

"Zeb-diah Green."

"Aint any kin to Mike Green, w'at sot in the Legislatur sun twenty-five years ago, and stopped the wind on a couple a fellers down thar, an' had to cut slick an' run, an' haint bin heard from sense?"

"Has he many friends here?"

"Sum two thousand, I reckon, countin the families w'at married in. Why, yer can't go amiss o' the kin on Possum Deer Lick, Buzzard Plain, Bar, and Patraige Holler. They rules the roost, I tell you, in lectures. It's an old sayin', 'as goes the Greens, so goes the mountains.'"

"Do I look like the Green family?" asked Zeb, concluding, if circumstances were favorable, it would be a good political investment to represent a son of the lost Green.

"Wall, stranger, you look powerful like 'em, (scanning Green's phizog,) mighty big mouth, thunderin' long nose, an' bristly head; but thar heads are rounder, faces redder, an' bodies flatter than yours. I wouldn't wonder if yer's Mike's son, though he warent married when he left."

"I should not, either," answered Green, drawing down his face to a pious length, and speaking as grim as a parson. "My father, poor man, came into an adjoining State at an early day, and married soon after. My mother, sainted being, died soon after I was born. Ever since I can remember, my father, poor man, (tears were in his eyes) has been half crazy. He has often told me of his friends, and of his going to the Legislature, but it was so mixed up with fanciful stories, that I never believed any of it."

"Yer Mike's son, as sure as yer born," interrupted the old gentleman, seizing Zeb's hand with the gripe of a vice, and doing the pamphlet at double quick time, "yer my kin, for my son John married Joe Green's darter Sal."

The sor of the lost Green was received by a legion of Greens as the "simon pure;" and well he might be, for he knew the genealogical Green tree, every root and branch, (of course, as his poor non compos mentis father had told him,) back to the time when "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

Soon the wonderful "genius" of Zeb Green began to develop itself. How he could fiddle, play poker, tell stories, make a man talk up a chimney, a half dollar come through a table, wrestle, shoot, magnatize boys, imitate a prayer meeting, sing songs, hop races, and play a law, spread far and near, and he became the wonderment and delight of all.

As the congressional election drew nigh, "to be or not to be" a regular candidate, and "face the music," or to "rake down the "Hon." per diem and mileage, was the question. The pros and cons were well weighed—both alike seemed sure, yet the latter the easier.

Burton being a standing candidate, and having no opponent, merely visited the county towns in the mountains to "ante up" the circulating medium as usual, and returned home counting his election a "fixed fact." Some week before the election, reports simultaneously began to circulate through the mountain states that Burton would not drink out of a bottle—that he was in favor of taxing whiskey—that he asked all the "men from the mountains to eat at the second table—that he was too good to eat corn bread, and carried wheat bread in his saddle-bags—that he had reported that the children ran wild in the woods, and that they had to earmark them to know them, and that most of men had bristles on their backs.

A day or two afterwards, another series of whispers simultaneously appeared, following the former. What a pity Zeb Green had not declared himself a candidate—that he was in favor of declaring war on the abolitionists—of reducing the pay to one dollar a day—of abolishing State Prisons and taxes—of making the State build bridges and roads through the county, and for raising a high tax on the importation of mules.

Two days before the election, a messenger arrived in each county town (where the elections are to be held,) with a slip purporting to be from Burton's organ—

THE HERALD EXTRA.

November 3.

With heartfelt grief we announce to the public the melancholy death of our fellow townsman, the Hon. James Burton. He was thrown from his horse this morning against

a post in front of Brown's Hotel, the violence of which broke the spinal column, and he died instantly. Truly "a great man has fallen."

"None knew him but to love," None named him but to praise." Had not his life been cut short by this untimely visitation of Providence, he would have been once more triumphantly returned from the district.

A meeting will be held to-night to nominate another candidate, yet but little unity of action can be expected at this late day. At the same time, Zeb-diah Green was declared a candidate for Congress, simultaneously throughout the mountains.

"All is well that ends well," colloquized Green, self-complacently. "When Burton hears of his death, (in the mountains,) he will be dead politically. It's what I call a decidedly cool operation."

His cogitations were interrupted by an ejaculation—

"Zeb, yer father's cum!"

He was "up and doing." Two roads opened before him—Crocket's motto "go ahead," and Shakespeare's advice, "discretion's the better part of valor." He chose the former, gained the street, where he saw an elderly man who resembled the Green family, gesticulating madly to a crowd of Greens. He ran up and threw his arms around him, faltering—

"My poor father, my poor father." Then turning to the crowd of excited Greens, with his face streaming with tears—

"Look out," cried he, "he is as mad as a March hare. I see it in his eyes. He will kill his best friends now."

The astonished arm-bound prisoner, so re enough, looked mad, and tried every means to free himself, vociferating loudly—

"It's a lie—take him off—he's a rascal."

"Let us secure him," said Green, not noticing the other's cries, "the often has such spells."

The Greens, to whom the mystery was clearly explained, now helped Zeb tie him for security, all the while of which he was making the most ridiculous charges against Zeb, which not being noticed, he cursed every Green high and low, which entirely satisfied them of his sanity. Zeb had him confined in a close room, and so great was his parental love and watchful care, that he allowed no one to see him, on pain of increasing his paroxysms.

Hon. Zeb-diah Green may be found, during the session of Congress, at his post, one of the lions of "the city of magnificent distances."

YANKEE SILS-BEE IN LONDON.

"Yankee Silsbee," now on a professional tour in England, has commenced writing a series of letters home, to the Detroit Daily Advertiser.—His first letter is capital. We make an extract from it—

"Well, I've been in London over a week, and have made good my time. I've not stood with my hands in my pockets wondering where I should go, or who I should go with, as some of the Yankees do. I boiled off 'slap bang.'—First, I went to the Exhibition, of course, where every body goes the first thing, and I a such a stupendous pile of glass the world never saw. It looks like an overgrown hot-house, and I believe that to be its ulterior use at the close of the present affair. As to the contents of the building, I can't begin to tell you what my eyes brings in at one little glance—such a medley of statuary and satins, fabrics and feathers, pearls and petticoats, machinery and mobs, silver and sandwiches, all mixed up like pickles in a jar—

The American department don't quite come up to the chalk, but as the Times newspaper said some time ago, a nation with a continent in its pocket can afford to be independent. We've got lots of slick things here for all the talk and bluster, for John Bull loves to turn up his nose, and let him do it, he'll turn it up so far one of these days that he won't get it down in a hurry.

Among other distinguished places I have visited, was the Tower, and the great Tower where Anne Boleyn and several other wise people were affectionately invited to leave their heads, and which they did much against their wills, although I suppose they made their wills before they went. Its gloomy, sombre walls, called up a flood of golden recollections of the days of Queen Bess, and her sister Mary. There of Old Clarence, too, who tumbled into a butt of his favorite Malmsey, and there "kicked the bucket."

We can't say whether the Duke was drunk, although it must be confessed that when he died he was very much in liquor. We roamed with a party of others through the various apartments of the Tower, and our guide, who was a chatty, talkative little man, frisked about and showed us every object with a deal of gusto. At last he came to the great cannon and ordnance captured from the enemies of various nations.

"What are you looking for, sir, may I enquire?" at length said he: "we've got trophies from all nations," and he pointed to a number of interesting specimens with their mouths gaping open like a hungry bull-dog.

"Have you, indeed?" said I, carelessly. "I wasn't looking for French trophies, nor Spanish."

"Perhaps it's the Chinese?" interrupted he.

"No, nor the Chinese," said I, "but I see you have got so much stuff laying about here, where's all that was captured from the Americans, eh?"

"Ah," grunted he, looking amazingly "the Americans—yes the Americans—from the Americans, where is it?"

"Yes," replied I, still looking, "I don't see any from the United States—where is it all—I want to see it?"

"Oh, yes! that taken in America—I see—yes."

"Exactly," repeated I, "I heard you took a good deal at Bunker Hill, and Bennington, and Trenton, and those places."

"So we did," said he quickly, "but it was such old stuff that we didn't care about bringing it home!"

Just then a sudden thought struck him; his eye rolled up, a little blood flew to his cheeks, and he evidently "smoked." He took the queue and backed down. When the company were going out, he leaned over and whispered in my ear that I was a Yankee.

"I'm nothing else, sir," said I, "and as for the old stuff you took at Yorktown and several other places I might mention, I'll tell them to send it over to you when I get home."

Danger of Electioneering.

The Picyayne rejoices in the possession of five Yankees as a correspondent, who having wandered as far as south Louisiana peddling notions, has settled down somewhere in Caddo county, or some other undiscovered region of the State, and there concluded to run for Congress. The following extract of a letter to the editor of the Picyayne, describing one of his electioneering tours, is a specimen of the luck he had in this delightful business:

"Well I put up with a first-rate good natured fellow that met at a billiard table. I was very much introduced to my wife, a fine fat woman, who looked as though she'd lived on luffin, her face was so full of fun. After a while—after we had talked about my gal, and about the garden, and about the weather, and so on, in came three or four children, luffin, and skipping as merry as crickets. There wasn't no candle lit, but I could see they were fine looking fellows, and I started for my saddle bags, in which I had put a lot of sugar candy for the children, as I went along.

"Come here," said I, "come here, you little rascal, and tell me what your name is. The oldest then to me, and says he:

"My name is Peter Smith, sir."

"And what's your name, sir," said I.

"Bob Smith, sir."

The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. Well, I gave them sugar candy, and old Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much.

"Why," said I, "Mrs. Smith I wouldn't take a good deal from her four boys, if I had 'em, they're so beautiful and sprightly!"

"No," says she, "I set a good deal of value on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much."

"Oh no," says I, "they're 'ra'ul well behaved children, and by gracious," says I, "pre-tying to be started by a sudden idea of a striking resemblance between them boys and their father, and I looked at Mr. Smith, 'I never did see nothin' equal it," says I, "your eyes, mouth, forehead, a perfect picture of you, sir," says I, "tappin the oldest on the nose. I thought Mr. Smith would have died a laffin at that; her arms fell down by her side, and her head fell back, and she shook the whole house luffin."

"Do you think so, Col. Jones?" says she, and she looked toward Mr. Smith, and I thought she would go off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I do really think so."

"Ha, ha, ha—how-w!" says Mr. Smith, kinder half luffin, "you are too hard on me now, with your jokes."

"Aint jokin at all," says I, "they're handsome children, and they do look wonderfully like you."

Just then a gal brought in a light, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be mulattoes, every one of 'em, and they were curly as the blackest niggers." Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and their sort of potted 'em as play things. I never felt so stroked as I did when I see how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the little nasty things, I could a got over it; but kisser on 'em showed that I was in earnest, (though I was soft soappin 'em all the time), and how to get out of the scrape I didn't know. Mrs. Smith luffed so hard when she saw how I was confused that she almost suffocated.—A little while afterwards there was a whole family of relatives arrived from the city, and turned the matter off; but next morning I could see Mr. Smith didn't like the remembrance of what I said, and I don't believe he'll vote for me when election comes on. I expect Mrs. Smith kept the old fellow under that joke for some time.

People die at the rate of five a minute, taking the whole world together.

From the Washington Republic.

The Visit of the Chippewas to the President.

On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, the delegation of Chippewas, from Minnesota Territory, accompanied by the Hon. Luke Lea, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, proceeded to the President's House, in accordance with a previous arrangement. The Indians, in their wild, native costume, appeared with extra trimmings, including a profusion of gay colored ribbons, having procured them for this occasion, as they were to be admitted into the presence of their great father, of whom they had heard so much, but had never seen.

The Indians having been conducted to an upper chamber and seated, the President of the United States shortly afterwards entered; when Mr. Lea introduced to him John Johnson, the interpreter who introduced each of the delegation by name: Crossing Sky, Safe guide, Stand Before, Spirit Seen, (the herd warrior), and Breast. They severally shook hands with their great father, and resumed their seats and seemed to be highly pleased.

The Commissioner remarked to the President that those Indians were Chippewas, and that they had called to pay their respects him.

The President made inquiries as to their country and condition. In the course of the conversation it was stated that their band is what is called the Mississippi band, and that over forty different bands constitute the Chippewa tribe in the United States. There is no principal chief having authority over all the bands, but the chiefs in each band bind the whole nation. Although jealousies and disturbances may exist among themselves, they are all united against "outsiders."

Crossing Sky arose, and after shaking hands with the President and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, spoke as follows, the address being interpreted by John Johnson.

My Great Father: I want to say a few words to you, and ask you to listen to me. I have traveled in a strange country to get good, and to form an idea of how the whites live. I mentioned our special business to our father, (the Commissioner,) and wish to say a little more.

My great father, you see how I am; how many men are here. We are poor, poor indeed. You see strong your nation is strong. I have one particular request to make to our great father. We want a saw-mill; we want to improve. We like the ways of the whites—what we have seen. I feel confident that our father and our great father will have mercy on us, and give us our request. I know, my great father, that there is no way we can get along in the world. Game is getting scarce; we must go to the ground and till the ground.

Let me be permitted to ask you, my great father, what makes you a great and powerful nation? It is that white book on the stand (the Bible). We want schools that we may learn to read that book, and do good and be wise.

I am very much pleased that I have been permitted to see and talk to our great father. I am happy that our father will send us back home. I have one request more to make—that when we land in our territory, we wish our great father to aid us that we may get home safely. Our children are anxious, and wait for our return from our great father.—They expect that we will carry them something that will satisfy them.

As I have said before, we are very glad, and we shall long remember our interview with our great father.

Another request, my great father, I wish you to give me a white paper, to show to my friends when I get home.

The orator then presented the President with wampum; and, after further proceedings, responded to the address:

It gives your father great pleasure to meet his red children on this occasion. He is much gratified to learn that you have taken a long journey among strangers for the purpose of seeing how white people live. [The Indians listened with marked attention, and responded by a hearty "a-ugh," which they repeated at the conclusion of every sentence as it was interpreted to them.] Many years ago the red children of this country covered the whole face of it. The whites then came among them, a very weak band, depending in some measure on their red brethren for support.—But the whites have grown great and strong, as you say, while our red brethren have grown weak and few. One cause of this difference between the white man and the red man is, that the whites cultivate the ground while the red man seek a living by the chase. I hope, therefore, when you return to your people in the wilderness, you will tell them of the improvements of the white men; their numbers and strength, and encourage them to pursue the same occupations and cultivate the soil.

Though the white man may be strong and the red man be weak, the white man feels bound to protect the red man and do justice by him. And this is the chief desire of your great father.

In regard to your request for means to build a saw-mill, it will give your great father pleasure to aid you in the laudable undertaking.

Your great father is much gratified to learn from you that you desire education, and to be taught to read and write, and to know the great truths of the Bible. This education is another means of happiness and strength to my red children.

In conclusion, I hope that you will have a safe return to your friends, the Chippewas, and that you will meet with no obstructions on the journey. I don't not that all the whites will treat you with all consideration and respect. It is the desire of your great father, the President, that they shall do so.

Your father, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will do what he can to aid you to return; and will furnish you the white paper which you desire.

I thank the Great Spirit for the opportunity I have had to confer with my red children.

I hope to hear of the safe return to your friends and prosperity.

Be good and faithful citizens; maintain peace among yourselves and white brethren, and you may rely on the protection of your great father. I have nothing more to say.

Spirit Seen (after the usual preliminaries) addressed the President:

My Great Father and my Father: I want to say a few words. The Great Spirit hears what I have to say. Here is the wampum I am about to present, and leave here, that all may see we have truly visited you. This is all I have to say, my great father, and my father.

The President: I receive the wampum as a token of friendship, and together with the wampum presented by Crossing Sky, it will be placed in the Department; that my red children and white brethren may always recollect that it is a token of friendship.

The Indians then arose to depart, when Commissioner Lea pointed out to them the Secretary of the Navy, who was among the few pale faces present.

The President informed them that Secretary Graham had control of all the great vessels which sail on the ocean.

The Indians shook hands first with the President of the United States, and then with all who were present on the occasion, and took their leave, bowing and scraping in their best style; and two of them carried their politeness to such an extent as to take off their head dresses for a few moments.

On Saturday evening the delegation left the city for their homes in Minnesota.

A Melancholy Sight.

Dr. Reid, a traveller throughout the highest part of Pennsylvania, is said to have found lately in the desert of Allegheny the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, five or six hundred in number, men, women and children, seated in a semi-circle as when alive, staring in to the burning waste before them. They had not been buried; life had not departed before they thus sat around, but hope was gone, the Spanish invader was at hand, and no escape being left, they had come lither to die. They still sat immovable in that dreary desert; dried like mummies, by the effect of the hot air. They still keep their position sitting up as in solemn council, while over that dread Aereopagus, silence broods everlastingly.

A CENTER SHOT.—The Albany Dutchman very truthfully remarks, that after a careful examination of all the histories which have yet been written in relation to the Mexican war, we have come to the conclusion that the only portion of the army which did nothing, was that portion which was composed of privates—Gen. Scott doing all the fighting from Vera Cruz to Mexico, while Taylor and Wood appear to be the only men who at all distinguished themselves from the Rio Grande to Buena Vista. If official documents are worthy of credit, all the soldiers die in a battle is, to look on and see their OFFICERS perform miracles."

HOW TO SPOIL A GIRL.—Tell her she is a "little lady;" and must not run, and make her a sun bonnet a yard deep to keep her from tanning. Do not let her play with her boy cousins, "they are so rude." Tell her not to speak loud, it is so masculine; and that loud laughing is quite ungentle. Teach her music, but never mind her spelling. Give her ear-rings at six years of age; and teach her to set "her cap" for the beaux at eleven. And, if after your painstaking she does not grow up a silly, simpering, unreflecting nobody, that cannot answer a love-letter without some smart old aunt to help her, give her up—she is past all remedy.

"It's my nature, and I can't help it," is only the excuse of the ignorant, or the indolent. Every one should know that all that is natural is not excellent; and, on the other hand, should be encouraged, because help is never withheld from sincere seekers. Some of the most passionate men have become examples of patience and equanimity.

BE PATIENT AND PERSEVERING.—All that have obtained for themselves great and permanent reputations, have won and secured it by patient and persevering labor; by treating time not as waste land only fit for stubble, but as a true estate, of which no corner is to be left uncultivated.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is. And why shouldn't it? It will have several days more experience.

Cold bathing, pure water, plain diet, a clear conscience, and a clean shirt, are indispensable to health and happiness.