

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1856.

VOL. 3.—NO. 14.

NOVEMBER.

The leaves fall fast as flakes of snow;
Alas! we mourn them dying;
They sigh beneath our every tread,
In woods and bypaths lying.
Clouds hurry o'er the face of heaven,
The wail of winds is deeper,
The harvest of the year has come,
November is the reaper.

We hear without the last farewell
Of birds to South lands going,
And sigh back answers from our hearts,
As shrinking from the knowing
Of all that follows on the track
Of leaves and birds departed;
And earth seems changed, as if e'en she
Were growing weary-hearted!

Ah! well-a-day, all things must fade,
The loveliest soon as any;
The days of sunshine are the few,
The days of cloud the many!
November, dreariest month of all,
To human hearts comes nearest,
And sometimes repeath more than leaves,
In taking what is dearest.

THE HUNTER'S RUSE.

In the year 18—, I undertook the perilous journey of crossing the Plains. Our company was composed of nine persons; among the number was Bill Johnson, formerly a hunter and trapper of the West.

At the close of a beautiful day in May, we found ourselves seated around a blazing campfire upon the banks of the Little Blue River, some two hundred miles from St. Joseph, Missouri. Some of the company had spread a blanket upon the grass, while myself and Bill Johnson were eagerly discussing the propriety of having an antelope hunt on the succeeding day. We soon came to the conclusion that we would spend the day in hunting, as our train was going to stop here several days to recruit our animals. I cannot say that I enjoyed a sound slumber at night, because I was anxious that morning should arrive, for I expected rare sport on the coming day. The much wished for morning came at last, and after dispatching a hasty breakfast, and informing our comrades that we would return by sunset, we departed with our rifles on our shoulders.

For three hours we travelled in a southerly direction, crossing a ravine, and then, without any rest, following up a ravine a short distance, we came to a sink, or hole, some twenty feet deep; the sides of which were of solid rock and almost perpendicular. Carefully examining this curious spot, we at length discovered an excavation in the wall, just large enough to admit a man with ease. This was soon accomplished, and we found ourselves in an apartment about nine feet square, with walls of solid rock. This we thought would afford us the desired shelter, and we were just comfortably seated, when my companion hastily sprang to his feet, saying:

"Be silent, I hear a rustling in the grass, which is probably caused by an elk or an antelope. You stay here." And seeing his rifle he stole cautiously down the ravine.

He was soon lost to view among the shrubbery which skirted the ravine, leaving me alone to meditate upon the probable cause of the noise we had just heard. But I was soon startled and surprised by seeing my companion running towards the cave, with anxiety and alarm plainly depicted upon his countenance.

"Injins, by Thunder!" he exclaimed, as he rushed into the cave.

Then he commenced blocking up the entrance with loose stones and fragments of rock which lay scattered around. This awakened me to a sense of the danger we were in, as at that time the Pawnee Indians were known to be hostile to the whites, butchering all who fell into their hands. To my inquiries of how many there were of our enemies, my companion replied:

"There are two, mounted on fleet horses, armed with rifles and most hideously painted."

Our enemies were probably aware of our place of refuge, for, instead of coming up in front of the cave, they crept cautiously around to the edge of the sink, and stationed themselves out of the reach of our rifles, but as to command the entrance to our subterranean retreat. Their persons were out of our view, but by their shadows upon the opposite wall we could note their manoeuvres.

They evidently thought there was but one of us, but at that they did not deem it prudent to make a bold attack in front, for by so doing they would expose their persons to danger; therefore they chose the less dangerous plan of starving us to death, compelling us to surrender, or shooting us if we attempted to escape. Thus in a manner we were completely in the power of these savages, unless by some stratagem we could manage to escape. But soon night set in and spread her mantle of darkness over the land, making our situation more dismal than before. My companion took his station at the entrance, ready to give the savages a warm reception if they made an attack.

I was not capable of enduring such hardships as my companion, therefore he advised me to seek that repose so much needed, while he watched the manoeuvres of the enemy. I laid down upon the hard floor of the cavern, and soon fell asleep. I intended to relieve my companion in guarding about midnight, but so soundly did I sleep that the dawn of day

was just breaking in the east when I awoke.

Still at his post stood the old hunter, without a visible trace of fatigue or suffering upon his manly countenance. With the exception of the long shriek of the coyote in the distant hills, all was silent without, and I, thinking the coast clear, was about to pass out, when my companion pulled me back, and in a low whisper said:

"Do not move, now is your most dangerous time; but I will foil 'em yet, confound 'em!" And immediately placing his hat upon the muzzle of his gun, he slowly moved it through the entrance. The Indians, who were on the lookout, perceiving it, mistook it for his head and fired: two balls pierced the crown of his hat. Dropping it, we supposed the Indians would show themselves. But not so. My companion, seeing this scheme was about to fail, commenced making horrible groans like one in mortal agony. This the savages took as a sure indication that their balls had taken effect, and giving a yell of triumph, which demons might have envied, they rushed out in full view.

"Fire!" cried my companion, and the next moment the sharp report of our rifles rang through the cavern, while our enemies, giving a simultaneous bound, fell with a crashing sound upon the bottom of the sink—each one a corpse!

Placing the dead bodies in the cave we mounted our enemies' horses, and were soon galloping into camp, to the gratification of our friends, who supposed we had fallen into the hands of the merciless Pawnees.

And now, though years have passed, and the manly form of Bill Johnson is laid in the silent grave, I respect the memory of him as a true friend and brave man in times of peril.

ROMANTIC LOVE STORY.

Here is quite a romantic—and strange, if true—story:

A beautiful young heiress had become so disgusted with a flattering set of soft-pated, pomatum-haired, moustache-lipped, strong-perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable world, turned her back upon the world, and retired into the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence. She asked alms of those who of late had knelt at her feet and sued for her hand. They knew her not, and casting a look of scorn upon her veiled face and coarse wardrobe, bade her begone. She entered the country—here she met with derision and scorn. A few kind-hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but these were of the poorer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread; but they could not turn a fellow-creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer day, a large company met on a beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress from some cause or other had wandered there. She asked alms of one or two termed "upper tens." They spoke tauntingly but gave nothing. What they said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed, or looked as if they thought it "served her right." The beggar woman turned about and was walking sadly away, when a good looking gentleman stepped forward, and catching hold of her arm, thus spoke:

"Stay, my good woman—tell me what you want."

"She replied in a low trembling tone, 'I want a sixpence—only a sixpence.'"

"You shall have ten times that sum. Here," he added, drawing from his pocket an eagle, and placing it in the gloved hand of the woman, "take this, and if it is not enough, I will give you another."

The heiress returned the eagle, exclaiming, "I want a sixpence, sir, sir—only a sixpence!"

Seeing that she could not be made to take the coin, the gentleman drew forth a sixpence, and gave it to the strange being beside him, who, after thanking the generous donor, walked slowly away. After being laughed at for so doing by his comrades, he set out in pursuit of the beggar woman, saying:

"Perhaps she is an heiress—or an angel in disguise. I mean to ascertain."

Not that he thought this. He wished to show his indifference to what his comrades said, besides satisfying himself about the strange female whom he had aided. He soon overtook her, and addressed her thus:

"Pardon me, madam, for pursuing you. I would know more about you."

As the speaker ceased, the mask dropped from the face of the female, and the beautiful heiress was portrayed before the astonished gentleman.

That they were afterwards married, the reader has already imagined, for the heiress used this means of procuring a worthy husband, and the generous gentleman had long been looking for "an angel in disguise."

The happy husband was often heard to say that he had got "an heiress for a sixpence."

LETTER FROM IOWA.

The following letter should have appeared last week, but was delayed on the route until too late.

LYONS CITY, CLINTON CO., IOWA, }
November 3d, 1856. }

EDITOR RAFTSMAN'S JOURNAL.—Thinking your readers might be interested in a sketch of the progress made by one of the Western towns, I will give you a brief history of this place for the last three years.

My first visit to this country was in October 1853. At that time, this town contained a population of about 250, all told. The city was laid out some 15 years ago, on a beautiful flat of ground at the narrowest place on the Mississippi River for 350 miles, up or down, which gives this point an advantage over any other town in Iowa, it being some 50 miles nearer Chicago. The city of Fulton, Illinois, is immediately opposite Lyons. The Chicago and Dixon Air Line Railroad is now finished to Fulton; so the town enjoys the advantages of a railroad. There is also a road making from Lyons to the Missouri river, across the State of Iowa, which is in a healthy condition, 80 miles being under contract, and it will certainly be made, as they have some of the most enterprising and influential men in the country engaged in it, and a large grant of public lands to aid in its construction. I am told it costs but \$6,000 per mile to grade the road and lay the ties ready for the iron, cheap, indeed, to what it costs in Pennsylvania to make rail roads.

The town of Lyons contained in June 1854, 600 inhabitants; in June 1855, 1200; June 1856, 2400, and in Oct. 1856, about 3000.—This will sound large to our Clearfield friends, but such is the fact. Town lots are selling at very high rates—from \$200 to \$1,500. I noticed one lot, 22 by 66 feet, that was sold two years ago for \$300, now selling for \$1,450.—Farming lands in the vicinity of the city, (you will bear in mind, this is now a city, regularly incorporated,) are selling at from fifteen to sixty dollars per acre—that is, from 2 to 8 miles out. Lands adjoining the city limits are worth much more—say \$100 to \$300 per acre.

The city is laid out extensively, and there the river. The population is intelligent, industrious and enterprising, and the buildings going up are of a good and substantial character. The private residences are very tastefully built, the grounds of many of them are large, and those building seem determined to make their Western homes pleasant and comfortable. Just imagine yourself living in a snug cottage on one of those bluffs, with a view of the Father of Waters, for many miles a beautiful country, the shrill whistle of the locomotive or of the Missouri steamboats sounding in your ears—is it not enough to wake a man up and make him think he was made for something. I find a great many Pennsylvanians settled here, both in town and country. Judge Colton, the worthy Mayor of the city, is a Pennsylvanian.

The county of Clinton contains a population of some 18,000. Dewitt, the county seat, is 20 miles distant from Lyons. This county is no doubt one of the best in the State for farming, as there is but little of the land that cannot be cultivated. Taking all things into consideration, I think there is little doubt that Lyons City will become, and is now a place of some importance, and will continue to grow. The property owners in this city are men of liberal views, are willing to sell at fair rates, and when they get your money, do not send it off, but go right to work and help to improve the place. There has been built here within two years, 2 large steam flouring mills, constructed of stone of a yellowish cast, of which there is an abundance, one of them, with a saw-mill attached, having cost \$30,000. There are also four steam saw-mills, one planing mill, shingle machine, two large foundries, a steam-engine manufactory, some 10 or 12 dry goods stores, also hardware and drug stores—the number I have not ascertained. When it is taken into consideration that this all, or nearly all, is the work of three years, it is wonderful.

Farming, I would say, pays very well at present prices, with the exception of wheat, which is low at this time, 65 cents; corn 30c; oats 30; beef, 8 to 10c; mutton, 8c; pork, 7c; eggs, 20c; butter, 25c; chickens 25c, and everything else obtainable, in proportion; wood, \$6,00 per cord. You will perceive, a man with a family should have a good deal of the needful to live in this city. Houses rent at an enormous price. A house that would rent for \$50 or \$60 in Clearfield, would rent here for from \$200 to \$300.

Mechanics are well paid. Carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., get from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per day, cash. The members of the different churches, and the church-going people, (and I am glad to say, a large majority of the citizens of this city are such,) are erecting, and have already erected, some very good churches. The Methodists, with a membership of some 75, have built a church this year, costing about \$5,000, and when finished, with parsonage, &c., \$8,000, very neat and commodious, of brick. The Episcopalians are building a very fine stone church, Gothic style. The Catholics have a good, plain frame church, but are about to erect a large and more costly one, and as they have a very good site for it, and large grounds,

will add much to the appearance of that part of the city. The Presbyterians and Lutherans are also in the spirit of building. So you see, if a man is coming to this country and desires a pleasant town, growing rapidly, with a moral population, Lyons City is the place.

As for political news, I have none to give you. I hear but very little said about politics—every body seems to be engaged in business and willing to let them go by the board; (not much like our Clearfield friends in this respect, as politics seem to be a trade in our country.) But, no doubt, you will be glad to receive a communication free from political gossip.

I forgot to mention that the town, or city of Fulton, opposite this place, contains a population of some 2000, a steam ferry-boat plying between them.

The weather since I have been here, has been rather dull and gloomy, with some rain and a good deal of wind. The falls, however, are generally pleasant. I have been hunting several times since I came here—had very poor luck—found game plenty—prairie chickens, quails, ducks, geese, and turkeys; but could not get near enough to shoot them.—We that are accustomed to hunting and shooting behind the trees, make a poor out on a broad prairie, or good sized lake.

Excuse my hastily written letter, and believe me to be, Very truly yours,
S. B. Row, Esq. JNO. PATTON.

INTELLIGENCE FROM KANSAS.

The latest intelligence from Kansas is of a most interesting character. Ninety of the Free Soil prisoners at Leocompton had been indicted for murder, having killed some of the Border Ruffians in defending their lives and properties. At the recent election there were nearly four thousand votes polled. The secret Blue Lodges of Missouri furnished from twenty-five hundred to three thousand voters, who again invaded the territory and robbed the people of the elective franchise. This invasion was as quietly made and as artfully concealed as possible. They began to come in two weeks before the election, and took care to come in numerous small parties to all the different points. The newly elected Leg-Geary had arrested some persons on a charge of being concerned in the recent disturbances at Ossawatimie, but the accounts do not say to which party they belonged. When the Governor started on this tour of inspection, he took with him a company of U. S. dragoons. On reaching Lawrence they were encamped in a hollow, and the Governor went into the town, where he made a speech at a presentation of a Free Soil flag to Mr. Brown, the editor of the *Herald of Freedom*. The Governor said he had received various complaints from different sections of the Territory, and calls from various quarters for protection; and he intended to see the condition of affairs—to assure the settlers of his protection, and to show them by his retinue that he had the power to protect them. In the evening the Governor and U. S. officers attended a large party at Brown's house. At Franklin a pro-slavery man by the name of Crane, who lives there, had repeatedly complained to the Governor of his neighbors, (free State men.) The Governor on inquiry found, however, that Crane was the aggressor, and told him so. Crane's son got excited, and told the Governor he lied. His Excellency got very angry; he doubted up his fist at young Crane—and asked him how he dared use such language to him, told him that, if he repeated it, he would knock him down. Crane however, did not repeat it, and consequently no fight came off. On his route the Governor stopped at every settler's cabin, and talked familiarly to all he met. Several arrests have been made of citizens of Lawrence; among others, Mr. Babcock, Post Master. Mr. B. has rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the ruffians by the active part he has taken in favor of a free State. He was arrested at Topeka, while on his way to Iowa, on a charge of horse-stealing. Gov. Geary released him, upon his proving ownership of the horse which he was charged with stealing. Such are the paltry and mean issues raised to annoy the free State men of Kansas. Governor Geary's position in Leocompton, does not seem an enviable one. The pro-slavery party accuses him of sympathy with the Abolitionists, and denounces him in no measured terms. One of Colonel Titus's men threatened to shoot him a few days since, on account of the appointment of Col. Walker to the command of the military company raised in Lawrence. The Governor's action, in this respect, has excited their displeasure.

Meats are almost immediately covered by blow-flies and corrupted.

Ants are most numerous next to the flies. They cover the whole surface of the ground, of all colors and all sizes, and almost every variety of them sting keenly. Nor is it the ground only on which they swarm; there is not a log lying on the ground, nor a tree standing in the forest, up and down which they are constantly ascending to the topmost twigs of the loftiest gum trees, two hundred and fifty feet high, and other trees descending. They appear to be the main cause of the hollowiness of the trees, as they pierce to the centre of the youngest ones, and eat out and make their nests in the hearts. They eat the wood of the boughs, so that immense arms often fall off with a sudden snap, just as if they had been cut asunder by an axe. The other day we cut down a young stringy bark tree and split it to make some trestles, and the heart of it was all eaten out and occupied by ants. These insects, many of them an inch long, fiercely contest the ground with us when we are pitching our tent in any fresh place, and their sting is as severe as that of a wasp."

"When the flies leave after sunset, legions of mosquitoes come piping in their thimble notes. These we could keep off; they are feeble compared to the flies, but have a great power of puncturation, if allowed time."

"We watched the actions of the large inch and a half long ants, called bull dogs, and are satisfied that they sting exactly as wasps and bees do. We laid a quantity of rice which was wet, to dry in the sun. A cloud of black flies settled on it; but very soon advanced a host of bull-dog ants. They pounced on the flies as tigers would on their prey, seized the flies with their mandibles, and stung them with their tails. Their death was instant; and the ants marched off with them."

"If the bull-dogs only killed the black fly, we should regard them as no trifling benefactors; but they are so voracious and sting us so abominably on such occasions, that we wage ruthless war on them if they enter our tent; but as to killing them by cutting them to pieces, that is hopeless. Cut them in two, and the head will immediately seize the body and gripe it fiercely with its nipper, and the tail will sting away at the head."

"Some of their nests are often six or eight feet across each way, and as hard as rock itself."

"Other species form nests like globes, two feet in diameter, hard like gutta percha and as tough; these are found under the roots of trees when blown down. The white ants form conical nests of clay of three or four feet high, and the same in diameter at the base. These are baked by the sun to the hardness of bricks, and the entrances to them are so care-

fully concealed that they seem like a solid mass of clay."

"There are also centipedes, lizards and a red spider whose bite is said to be deadly."

INSECT LIFE OF AUSTRALIA.

[A correspondent of *Friend's Review* sends to that paper some extracts from William Howitt's work on Australia, which will interest those who have not seen that valuable book, and comfort those who suppose insects to be peculiarly the pest of this country.]

The advice Howitt gives to those who, "not content with such things as they have," are troubled by golden visions of a far-off country, is—"first to go and dig a coal pit, then work a month at a stone quarry, next sink a well in the wettest place he can find, of at least fifty feet deep; and finally clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a box twenty feet deep; and if, after that, he has still a fancy for the gold fields, let him come; understanding, however, that all the time, he lives on heavy unleavened bread, on tea without milk, and on mutton or beef without vegetables, and as tough as india rubber."

Then, as to the living accompaniments of a table at the diggings. "At your meals, in a moment myriads of flies come swooping down, cover the dish, and the meat on your plates, till they are one black moving mass; dash headlong into your tea, or whatever you are drinking, and fight you to the last moment for the last morsel. Every meal is a pitched and hard fought battle too. At every hour of the day, from sunrise to sunset, they assail with incessant and unconquerable avidity. Yesterday, when on the hills, I was wishing to take a closer view of the plants and stones. I put on my spectacles. Instantly dozens of black flies ensconced themselves behind the glasses, as many, in fact, as could crowd in, and they defied me to dislodge them. I was obliged to take off my glasses, and go on with my doom of bough-twirling."

"It is curious that Dampier in his voyage round the world in 1688, never mentions the annoyance of flies anywhere but in Australia, though he had been in the hottest regions of the West Indies, South America, and Indian Ocean, which shows that they are here an unexampled plague." Speaking of the natives, he says, "Their eye-lids are always half closed to keep the flies out of their eyes; they being so troublesome here that no fanning will keep them from coming to one's face, and without into one's nostrils and mouth, if the lips are not shut very close. So that from their infancy, being thus annoyed with these insects, they do never open their eyes as other people, and therefore they cannot see far unless they hold up their heads, as if they were looking at somewhat over them."

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fully concealed that they seem like a solid mass of clay."

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SCENE IN A KENTUCKY COURT.—In the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged the plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble-rigging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word.

"Then, may it please the court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee thus, began shuffling them so, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which cup was the 'little joker'—meaning thereby, may it please the court, this ball—with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup so, your honor supposes that you see the ball."

"Suppose I see!" interrupted the Judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why, any fool can see where it is and bet on it and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' 'lar." "Perhaps your honor would like to go a V on it," intimated the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it, too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup." "I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury.

"And I, and I," joined in the jurors one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his honor.

"Up," it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared.

Judge and jury were enlightened and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff on the ground that it was the "darnedest kind of defraudin'." His honor adjourned the Court, and "stood for drinks all round" in consideration of being "let off" from his wager.

A YANKEE.—It takes a down east man to ask questions, but once in a while one of them finds his match. Jonathan overtook a gentleman who was travelling on horseback notwithstanding the disadvantage of having lost a leg. His curiosity was awakened, as he rode along side of him, to know how he chanced to meet with such a misfortune.

"Been in the army, I guess," said the anxious inquirer.

"Never was in the army in my life," the traveller remarked.

"Fit a duel, perhaps?"

"Never fought a duel, sir."

"Horse thrown you off, I guess, or something of that sort?"

"No sir, nothing of the kind."

Jonathan tried various dodges, but all to no effect; and at length, almost out of patience with himself as well as with the gentleman, whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg.

"I will tell you," replied the traveller, "on condition that you will promise not to ask another question."

"Agreed, agreed!" exclaimed the eager listener, "agreed!"

"Well, sir," remarked the gentleman, "it was bit off!"

"Bit off?" cried Jonathan. "Wall, I declare, I should just like to know what on earth bit it off?"

IT IS SAID that Tom Moore one night while stepping at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he should write her epitaph. Accordingly at night he gave impromptu as follows:

"Good Susan Blake, in royal state,
Arrived at last at heaven's gate."
And stopped, promising to finish in the morning. The good lady was in transports at this inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the lady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That is so," said he, and immediately added—
"But Peter met her with a club
And knocked her back to Belzebub!"

A DISAPPOINTED FREMONT.—The Chicago Tribune says that a friend residing in Palatine precinct, Cook county, promised that Palatine would go unanimously for Fremont. He said that all the Democrats had been converted but one tough old fellow, who could neither read nor write; but that a compromise had been effected with him,—that he had agreed to pair off with a Fremont, and not go to the polls. But his hopes failed, as this letter will show:

PALATINE, Nov. 5th, 1856.

EDS. TRIBUNE.—That old cuss voted—he wouldn't stay paired. An Irishman got into the precinct and voted. It is bad, but could not be helped.—We did the best under the circumstances we could.

Not bad.—"Little boys should be seen and not heard," as the boy said when he could not recite his lesson.