

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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WHISPER A BLESSING FOR ME.

The shadows of twilight are creeping,
Soft o'er the brightness of day,
The flowers of the wild wood are weeping,
Farewell to the sun's parting ray—
My spirit is wandering to thee, love,
In visions all gloriously bright!
Then whisper a blessing for me, love,
A blessing, a kiss and good night!
In heaven now the pure stars are smiling,
Like angel eyes watching me here,
And music that lone heart beguiling,
Steals gently and low on my ear!
My spirit is smiling on thee, love,
And murmuring a song of delight!
Then whisper a blessing for me, love,
A blessing, a kiss and good night!
Young voices in earnest tones blending,
Rise clear through the still opening air,
And angels their pinions are bending,
To catch the low breathing of prayer!
My spirit is praying for thee, love,
Heaven clothes all thy pathway in light!
Then whisper a blessing for me, love,
A blessing, a kiss and good night.

Written for the "Raftsmen's Journal."

A RANGER'S VENGEANCE.

One of the most terrible aspects of the "war of independence" was presented in the murderous forays of the savages on the American frontier settlements. These barbarous inroads were either directly or indirectly the work of the British or their Tory allies; and in many of their marauding and marauding expeditions they were led, and even outdone in barbarity, by British or Tory officers. The frontier settlements were chiefly composed of a hardy and daring class of but half-civilized men, who, lacking the education and refinements of more civilized life, fell in very naturally with the barbarous manners and practices of the savages. Especially was this true in regard to their mode of warfare, which the Whites imitated so closely as to provoke the Indians to still greater cruelty, which in its turn caused the Whites to endeavor to exceed them in their bellicious barbarities. Thus did this system, practiced by both parties, mutually react upon each other. True, there were men of intelligence and refinement in these settlements, but their number was so small, compared with the mass of the settlers, that their influence was scarcely felt. In looking over the scenes of bloodshed and cruelty of those times one scarcely knows which to blame most, the Indians who had been trained to these atrocities from the first dawning of their intellect, till it has become a part of their nature, as well as of their religion, or the White men who, however ignorant, have had the advantage of better training in early life, and who have acquired the habit from imitation, and from cherishing the passion of revenge. Certainly we can excuse neither, but there are circumstances which, in a measure, appear to mitigate the terrible aspects of a vengeance such as I am about to relate.

In childhood the writer became acquainted with a "relie of the Revolutionary war," in the widow of Captain Edstone, of the "Junata Rangers," and who furnished me with the details of the life of one of the rangers, a few incidents of which I intend to give.

The valleys along the eastern slope of the Alleghenies, and in which the Junata River takes its rise, were at the time of the Revolution inhabited by a number of petty tribes of Indians, who, though frequently at war with each other, were easily induced to unite to a general war with the Whites. Accordingly it became necessary early in the war for the frontier settlers to form themselves into a sort of local militia, part of which acted as Rangers or Scouts, while the remainder attended to their farms. Among the companies thus formed for self defence was the one above named. The Capt. was one of the Pioneer settlers in his part of the valley, and was a young man of much boldness and daring, but who scrupled not at artifice or even treachery to gain his point, or to accomplish his purpose. Among his followers was one Solomon Ducrow, usually called by his comrades "Sol Crow," which latter we shall use in speaking of him. He was a young man of a herculean frame, and corresponding strength, and of agility equal to that of the Indian, as many a successful race for his life proved. He possessed a home in one of the loveliest valleys that open on the Junata, where his wife and four small children lived while he was acting as a protector to the settlement. In times of great peril the women and children were all placed in a slight stockade fort, and left under care of the old men, and the boys who were too young to bear the fatigues of a wilderness campaign, while the men followed the Indians through the forests, and generally succeeded in driving them into the Alleghenies. In one of these campaigns, and when near the head waters of the Junata, Capt. Edstone divided his command, and sent a Lieut. and ten men, among whom was "Sol. Crow," on a trail of some twenty Indians. They followed the trail till dark, and then encamped in a hollow, and kindled a fire, contrary to the advice of Sol, who left the camp and went upon the hill side to watch in order to avoid a surprise. But the party was discovered by the savages, and quietly surrounded. What was the surprise of these reckless men, when at daybreak they were aroused by the war-whoop, and upon springing to their feet they received a volley from both sides, which laid one half their number dead on the spot. The rest threw down their arms and called for quarter, whereupon a dozen half-naked Indians sprang from the thicket, and seizing the wretched beings, de-

spatched them with their tomahawks. Sol, who had witnessed this cold-blooded massacre from his place of concealment, forgot in the excitement of the moment, and in his desire to avenge his comrades, his own personal safety, and levelling his rifle on him who appeared to be the chief of the party, he fired. The bullet found its way to the heart of the savage, and he fell dead. The Indians uttered a yell at seeing their chief fall, and it was a few seconds ere they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to fire at Sol, who was now running at full speed, and nearly at a point where the swell of the ground would hide him from their view. The savages fired a volley without effect, when a number of them gave chase. Sol slackened his speed so as to enable him to load his rifle, and by this means three of the swiftest of the Indians had gained on him till they were within eighty yards. He accordingly cocked his gun, and wheeling suddenly fired at the foremost of his pursuers. The ball passed through the first Indian, killing him instantly, and mortally wounding another. The third, and only one now in sight, halted a moment, then brandishing his tomahawk gave a loud shout and rushed forward. Sol now finding that his rifle encumbered him threw it away, and was just trying to determine whether he should stop and kill the Indian in a close fight, or run away from him, either of which he felt that he could do, when he was surprised by the war-whoop of another party of savages, into whose midst he had found his way. Seeing that resistance would be useless, he surrendered to his enemies, and was securely tied and taken to their village, where he was condemned to the torture, and would have been burned at once but that a number of the tribe were absent, and it was agreed to postpone the execution till their return. He was accordingly closely guarded night and day for three weeks, when the warriors all got home, and without bringing any more prisoners. They had lost several of their braves in a skirmish with Capt. Edstone's company, and consequently felt eager to wreak their vengeance on the head of Sol. Accordingly extensive preparations were made for the execution on the morrow.

Sol, who had suffered a good deal during the first week of his confinement, prevailed on the old man and his daughter, who were his attendants, to loosen his bands a little, so that he could exercise his limbs. The squaw evidently felt an interest in the prisoner, and several times Sol thought he saw a tear moisten her eye as she turned to gaze on him, while following her father from the wigwam in which he was confined. He had strong hopes that this girl might assist him to escape, though in what way was difficult to conceive, as two braves kept guard outside the door day and night, besides his being securely tied to stakes driven into the ground. Twice a day had the old man and his daughter visited the prisoner with food, during the whole time of his confinement, and though he questioned them he elicited nothing regarding his probable fate till the evening before the day fixed for his execution, when the old man told him that on the morrow at sunrise he would be led forth to die. Up to this time he had cherished the hope that he would find means to escape, but now despair took hold on him, and he gave vent to his feelings in a passionate burst of grief. In the midst of his sorrow the old man seemed moved by pity, and beckoning to his daughter walked slowly from the tent, followed by the young squaw, who, on passing Sol, stooped quickly and placed a knife beside the hand of the prisoner, at the same time pointing to the rear of the tent; then placing her finger on her lip to enjoin silence, she disappeared with her father. Sol interpreted the movement—that he was to use the knife first, to cut the cords which bound him, and then to open a way through the rear of the tent, which was of skins, for his escape. He carefully placed the knife under his body and anxiously awaited the time when all would be quiet without—a signal that all except his guard were asleep. It was after midnight, however, before the quietness gave him hopes that all was safe enough for him to commence operations. At length all was still, not even the cat-like tread of his guard could be heard. After listening attentively, without being able to detect the slightest sound, he carefully severed his bonds, and moved his limbs to assure himself that he was able to walk. He then moved cautiously to the part of the tent pointed to by the squaw, and slowly and carefully divided the deerskin covering till he had made an opening large enough to crawl through, which he did, and found himself again free. The moon was shining brightly, and enabled him to see his situation—that he was near the woods on that side of the village next the settlements. Just then a cloud obscured the moon, as if to favor his escape, and in the shadow he succeeded in gaining the woods. At first his limbs were stiff and numb, but the excitement and exercise soon impelled the blood to the extremities, and he felt that he was yet a match for an Indian, and sternly resolved that if overtaken he would sell his life as dearly as possible, and would never be recaptured. Aided by the bright moonlight, he made such headway that by daylight he was some ten miles from the scene of his captivity. The Indians were unable to overtake him, and on the third day he arrived at home, and

brought the news of the massacre of his comrades.

In the autumn following Sol's escape, the Rangers were again called upon to chastise the Red-skins who had made an inroad into a settlement some distance from the one in which Sol lived. It was not deemed necessary to remove the women and children from his settlement, and he again marched with his company. After trailing the savages two days they overtook them, and after a brisk skirmish they succeeded in taking a dozen scalps and driving the survivors into the mountains. Returning home victorious, they disbanded into small parties, on reaching the settlements, and each party took the route to their respective settlements. Sol and a few others proceeded up the valley in which lay their homes, and when within half a mile of Sol's cabin, he left his companions, and turning to the right, hurried home to meet a loving wife and tender prattling children. But, oh! horror of horrors! The accursed Red-skins had been there, and he finds his wife and children murdered and scalped, and his house plundered and in flames. He gazed with horror on the terrible spectacle, and then muttering the word "vengeance," he coolly proceeded to draw the ball from his rifle, and putting in an extra charge of powder, he poured in a handful of bullets, and carefully examining the flint, he took the trail of the savages, which led nearly in the direction in which his comrades were travelling. He judged that the Indians were not more than a mile ahead when he left the burning house, and as to their numbers, he never thought of that, but only how he might revenge his murdered family. He followed on a run, till he judged by appearances that he was near the Indians, when he became cautious, and soon discovered his foes standing in a group, looking into a large mirror which they had stolen from Sol's house. They were so intent on beholding their faces, as reflected in the mirror, that Sol crept up to within thirty yards unobserved, and bringing his gun to bear on the center of the group, he fired—a crashing report, a terrific yell from the Indians, and an answering shout from the comrades whom Sol had left a short time before, waked the echoes of that lovely valley. Ere many minutes elapsed, the party of Rangers were on the ground and found Sol senseless, and bleeding from the wounds received from his shattered gun. A search was commenced, which resulted in finding fifteen Indians killed and wounded by bullets and pieces of the glass of the mirror. The tomahawk soon settled the fate of the wounded, and when Sol had recovered sufficiently they all pledged each other that they would show no mercy to a Red-skin, not regarding age or sex. And Sol, over the graves of his loved ones, swore to devote his life to the work of vengeance; and right fearfully did he keep his oath, as another incident of his life will prove.

The spring following the murder of Sol's family, he again took the field under the same captain, who appeared to second all the plans which Sol had formed of avenging the massacre of his family. An expedition was agreed upon to destroy the town where Sol had been a prisoner, and from which he had made so timely an escape. Accordingly, everything being arranged, the Rangers were mustered, and amounted to some thirty-five men only, who were able to undertake the fatigues of the proposed expedition. The number was small, when it was considered that they meditated an attack on a tribe who numbered upwards of sixty warriors, and in their own village too; but the scheme embraced treachery enough to make up the disparity in numbers and situation, as the sequel will show. It was near the middle of May when the Rangers left the frontier settlement, and took their course up the lovely valley of the Junata. At the end of a week they arrived in the neighborhood of the village, without having been discovered. The plan was now made known to the company that twenty men of the company should conceal themselves in the woods near the town while the remaining fifteen should send two of their number into the town, bearing a white handkerchief fastened to a ramrod, as a sign of peace, and good will, and that they should propose to surrender the whole (fifteen) on being allowed to join the savages on the same terms which the Tories did, that was equality in plunder, and in everything. The rest of the plot was developed as we proceed. The following night the Rangers took a position within a half mile of the village, twenty of them concealing themselves in such a manner that each could pick his Indian according to number. The remainder took a position in an open spot, and sent Sol, and another man named Lucas, with the flag of truce, into the village, about sunrise. The Indians were thrown into a state of great excitement, upon the appearance of the two Rangers, though they were altogether unarmed, (except pistols and knives which were concealed about their persons,) and in spite of the white flag. They recognized their old prisoner in Sol, who did not give them time to recover from their surprise till he stated to their chief men that they two, with thirteen of their comrades, had deserted from Captain E's company, and wished to join them in warring against the whites. The Indians at first received the story with distrust, but the off-hand manner in which Sol gave his story

and the respect with which they looked upon him, (even though an enemy,) for his bravery, soon induced them to give credit to his statement. With the caution which seems almost part of the nature of the Indian they turned out near fifty warriors, to escort the deserters into the village. It was evident that they did not intend to be caught in a snare, if care in preparing their arms, and in placing their bravest men in front on the march would prevent it. Sol and Lucas were ordered to walk a few paces in advance. They thus proceeded until they came in sight of the Rangers, who were drawn up in line with their rifles at a shoulder, and a sheet of white paper affixed to the muzzle of each gun. The Indians advanced to within fifty yards of the Rangers when they ordered Sol, who was some eight or ten paces in advance, to halt. He did so, and instantly twenty rifles crashed their reports on the morning air, and as many Indians fell dead or mortally wounded. Sol made a bound forward, and fell as if shot, while Lucas, forgetting his instructions, started to run. At the same moment the thirteen deserters fired and fell flat on the ground. The Indians fired toward where the deserters stood, and then throwing down their rifles rushed upon them, tomahawk in hand. Lucas had only run a few paces when a tomahawk was thrown, and buried in the back part of his head, and he fell dead. Scarcely had Sol waited for the fire of friends and foes to pass over him ere he was again on his feet, and with a yell he met the advancing savages, with a double barrel pistol in his left hand and a hunting knife in his right. On the instant of delivering their fire the rangers sprang from their coverts, and with a terrific shout rushed upon their victims. Sol was immediately attacked by two Indians, one of whom he dispatched with his pistol, and the other he wounded so badly that he let fall his tomahawk. Sol instantly closed with him and soon finished him with his knife. He then snatched up the tomahawk of one of his fallen foes and dashed into the thickest of the fight, dealing death on every side. Meanwhile the Rangers had surrounded their enemies and were beating them down with their rifles clubbed, with their tomahawks, and sometimes even dealing blows with their fists, or feet. The savages fought with the stubborn bravery of despair, and would not fly even if they had been in a situation to do so, which was not the case; for one half of their number had fallen by the first fire, and in ten minutes afterward not more than a dozen survived. These fought on however, yelling like demons, but they were warring at fearful odds, as the heavy rifles of the Rangers came crashing on their shaven and painted heads, scattering the brains over their companions. A few minutes more and the last of the band fell, beneath the sturdy arm of Sol, who had raged like a wild beast robbed of her whelps through the fight, and had slain five of the Red-skins with his own hands. The Rangers then started for the village, where they found some twenty warriors, chiefly old men, with the women and children, busily engaged in fortifying "the Council house," and preparing for a spirited defence. The Rangers who had only two men killed in the battle, now prepared to storm the house, which being built in the usual form of their Lodges, (by setting up poles and fastening them at the top, and then covering with skins,) did not afford any serious obstacle to their attack. They received the fire of the Indians, and then delivering their own rushed into the house, each cutting his way with his knife or hatchet, and then commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children, which equalled in ferocity and cruelty anything perpetrated by the Tories and Indians. In a short time not an Indian of any age or sex survived, except the old man and his daughter, who, waited upon Sol when a prisoner, and to the latter of whom he owed his freedom and his life. He had sought them out as soon as he had effected an entrance into the lodge, and though the old man resisted bravely he succeeded in making prisoners of them both, and conveying them outside, where he left them in charge of two wounded Rangers who were still able to use their rifles, while he returned to help complete the butchery in the lodge. In a short time the work was complete, and the Rangers after scalping the warriors, and piling all the combustible material which they could collect in the village around the Council house set it on fire, and taking up the bodies of three of their comrades, who had fallen in the attack and massacre, they returned to the battleground of the morning. Here they buried those who had been killed in both engagements, which reduced their number to thirty, nearly half of whom were wounded, though none so severely as to prevent their return the same evening to the spot where they had secreted their knapsacks and provision. Here they encamped till morning, when Sol called up his prisoners, and telling them that they had saved his life, and now he would do as much for them, he loosed the cords that bound them, and told them they were free. He offered to take them home with him, and take care of them during life, but the old man declined, stating that on the side of the Alleghenies towards the setting sun there was a branch of his tribe who had never warred with the whites, and he would go to them, and lay his bones with his fathers, who were buried in the mountains. Sol in

his gratitude then offered to marry the girl who had been the means of his escaping the torture, but though she exhibited a strong affection for him, she preferred going with her father.

The Rangers returned home, bringing with them, as trophies, the scalps of sixty-seven warriors. The number of women and children murdered could never be ascertained, as the Rangers were heartily ashamed of what they had done, and refused to tell, if they knew, the number. Sol claimed eight of the scalps taken, as his property, besides two prisoners taken, and set free, and who knows how many innocent—but we turn from the subject, and draw a veil over many other scenes of bloody cruelty, which he came through. He lived till old age made him "delight in fighting his battles o'er again," and he frequently boasted that he had slain "eighty-one Bucks with one horn," (alluding to Indian warriors and their powder-horns,) "besides smaller game."

Who shall condemn Sol for what he did under circumstances that rendered him a perfect monomaniac on the subject of revenge, or who shall say "I would have acted differently." While we condemn the acts we should take into consideration the circumstances under which they were committed. We know that the mind from dwelling too long or too intently on one subject becomes unbiassed, and the person becomes a monomaniac on that subject, however sane he may be on every other. Though we are wholly unable to excuse such actions, yet in view of all the facts of the case, we should not utterly condemn.

I have thus briefly sketched a few incidents in the life and vengeance of a Ranger—Solomon Ducrow. "MOLLIE."
Woodward, February, 1858.

A CUP OF BITTERS.

Thoughtless people would have the world made up of sweets; they would expunge bitter substances as useless. When, however, we look into nature's laboratory, we see that bitters have not been made in vain. The consumption of bitter substances by the human family is so great that it can only be compared to the demand for sweets. Bitter substances, like sweets, can be extracted from a great variety of plants growing in different parts of the earth. The purest bitter principle is yielded by the quassia tree, so called after a negro named Quassi, who used it with remarkable success in curing a malignant fever which prevailed at Surinam. Nearly all the bitter plants are called *chrysofrige*, from their power to cure fever. It is not, however, in ill health that bitters are soley used, but in ordinary beverages, which are not absolutely essential to support life. The principal bitters used in England is well-known to be derived from the hop plant; in Germany it is the wormwood; in Italy it is from absinth. In the latter country we see men smoking their segars, and it leisurely conversing they drink "bottled absinth," which, to an English palate, is so bitter as to be perfectly nauseous. In the Levant they eat a sort of gourd, or bitter cucumber. Some of the Biblical interpreters think that this is the plant spoken of in the Second Book of Kings, Chap. IV, ver. 39-41, on tasting of which for the first time, the people exclaimed to Elisha "there is death in the pot," but on being mixed with meal there was "no harm in it." In Scotland they dry and chew the roots of the bitter vetch; these roots are also put into their whiskey. The bitter vetch is reputed to have the power of allaying hunger and thirst for a lengthened period; but in London the "evening toppers" drink bitters in the morning to stimulate the appetite. There are a great many other bitter plants used in various parts of the world. In Sweden the marsh sodum, or wild rosemary, takes the place of the hop; and in North America they have a plant called Labrador tea, which affords a more bitter infusion than the China tea used in England. Among the other numerous bitters we must not forget the cinchona, the bitter of which is said to be "the only remedy for nightmare. Marmalade, turnip-tops, and many other things are included among the bitter food which we eat and relish. It is not a little remarkable that young people have a dislike to anything that is bitter, while elderly persons generally prefer bitter things. This is just as it should be; for as life advances, our spiritual self would seem to require a sort of grease to the wheel—a resin to the bow; and this is well supplied by bitters.

THOMAS WINANS, Esq., of that city, says the Baltimore Clipper, we learn, recovered a claim of five millions of dollars against the Russian Government, which makes his share of the proceeds from freight and passenger travel over the Railroads of that country reach the sum of seventeen millions—drafts for which on the banks of Europe have been brought on to him. It appears that, in his contract with Russia, he was to receive a certain per centage on all freight and passenger travel, but it was thought by the Government that they were exempted from this tax when applied to the transportation of soldiers to sue President Buchanan for breach of promise. She says that dining at her father's table, years ago, he said to her—"My dear Miss, if ever I should be President, you shall be mistress of the White House."

A boy being praised for his quickness of reply a gentleman observed, "when children are very keen, they generally become stupid as they advance in years." The lad immediately replied—"what a very keen boy you must have been."

At Worcester, a drunken housekeeper, who was smothering up his beds, tables and chairs at a furious rate, told the police officer who interfered, that he was breaking up housekeeping.

Gov. Packer has pardoned Monroe Stewart, whom Charlotte Jones and Fife declared innocent of any participation in the murder for which they were executed.

The following sign on Western Row, Cincinnati, bears the impress of originality—Kaiks, Krackers, Kandies, Konfekshunnary, Holesale and Retail.

POPE.—The wind it blew, the snow it flew, and raised particular thunder—with skirts and hoops, and chicken coops—and all such kind of plunder.

A gentleman has discovered a way to disperse a crowd of idle boys. He offers to teach them the Catechism, and they instantly obey.

SKETCHES IN CONGRESS.

From Life Illustrated.

Of course our readers have all heard of Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, the leader of the House, and the Presidential organ. There he sits, at his desk, quietly opening letters, looking over newspapers, and filing documents. He has a fine bald head, light-colored hair and whiskers, and a pleasant expression of countenance. The looker-on would almost be tempted to believe that he possesses the art of "doing several things at a time," for even while busied in glancing over his correspondence, he keeps up a lively conversation with a member at his elbow, and every now and then jots down a memorandum of some point made by the speaker now addressing the House.

The gentleman sitting near him, with a profusion of dark curls and a restless Southern eye, is Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina. He leans carelessly on his desk, sometimes listening to the orator, and sometimes gazing around the galleries, as if to recognize some familiar face in the crowd there. He is not an agreeable speaker, jerking out his phrases and sentences in a manner that reminds you of a pump-handle, and using a variety of ungraceful gestures. Besides all this, he arches his brows, corrugates his forehead, and contorts his whole countenance, when absorbed in some eager debate, in a manner more ludicrous than imposing. It calls to our mind the anecdote reported of him a year or two ago, that when engaged in an enthusiastic speech, he became so "fast and furious" in his grimaces that a member on the opposition side quietly rose and moved to a point of order. This being admitted, he wagishly inquired "whether it was in order for the gentleman from South Carolina to make faces at his opponents?" This query, and the peals of laughter with which it was hailed, proved a decided damper to his enthusiasm.

A sudden hush prevails throughout the House, as Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, rises to speak. His appearance has often been minutely described yet every time you see him, you are involuntarily struck by the same singular sensation. His figure is small, slender, and delicate as that of a boy; it is said he weighs scarcely a hundred pounds, and his head seems unaccountably large in proportion to that slight frame. His face is pallid and ghastly, and bears the distinct impress of physical pain and disease, but his eye is keen, restless, and piercing as that of a falcon. See how earnestly he gesticulates with those long, white fingers, while every word he speaks seems to thrill through and through his frail physique! His voice is a thrill breeze, heard plainly above the hum and murmur of the House, which, indeed, is somewhat subdued, as his well-known eloquence and ability command a deep interest from all quarters. He sinks back pale and exhausted into his seat; but this debility does not long endure, for the giant powers of energetic intellect have so completely commanded over the diseased body, that in five minutes he is again busied in debate.

That portly gentleman, whose huge embolus-point corresponds well with his good-humored face, is Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, one of the ablest members and soundest debaters of the House. He doesn't believe in the prevalent fashion of luxuriant beards, but closely shaven, and with a pleasant smile on his countenance, and chestnut hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, presents the appearance of a man of good health, good temper, and good fellowship.

The gentleman who leans back in his seat, talking to Marshall, is Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland. He has a remarkably black eye, a profusion of jetty hair, parted on his brow, and a closely trimmed moustache on his upper lip. Our readers will probably remember him as having held a prominent place in the Corrupt Practices Committee last winter. He is a brilliant and witty speaker, and a great favorite with the fairer portion of his auditors, who pronounce him a "love of a pretty man." Less impulsive and partial judges, however, think him too showy an orator to possess corresponding depth of idea and argument.

We must suspend our crayon for a while, for some one has moved to adjourn; there is a rush to the doors, both from House and galleries, and in a few moments all that is left on this scene, sacred to national talent and statesmanship, will be a few reporters, and one or two lingering pages and officials.

Mrs. GEORGE W. WELLS.

A good story is told of a country gentleman who for the first time heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the sermons and pride of the church. When he returned home he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw, no," said the man; "why the minister actually preached in his shirt-sleeves."

A young American lady in Paris threatens to sue President Buchanan for breach of promise. She says that dining at her father's table, years ago, he said to her—"My dear Miss, if ever I should be President, you shall be mistress of the White House."

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