

Raffan's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay speak no ill! a kindly word,
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh, to breathe each tale we hear,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Fall off a better seed than scorn,
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the good we can.
Give me the heart that fain would hide,
To all other's failings and faults;
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No! let us reach a higher mode,
A nobler estimate of man;
But earliest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.
Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To all other's failings and faults;
If you're the first to find a fault,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day;
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

THE POT OF GOLD.

OR THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Deacon Bancroft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, "a pretty sharp eye to the main chance"—a peculiarity from which even deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances, the deacon, who was fully able to do for himself, would have found a help-mate to share his house and name. But, as his knowledge extended, there was no one who occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at least, and undoubtedly had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be, after all, the widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the supposition.

"I will wait and watch," said the deacon.

So it happened that Deacon Bancroft was one of the Directors in a Savings Institution, situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month, to attend meetings of the Board. On the next occasion of this kind, the Widow Wells sent over to know if he would carry her over with him, as she had a little business to attend to there.

The request was readily accepted. Arriving in the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the Bank.

"Ha! ha!" thought the deacon; "that means something." He said nothing, however, but determined to come back, and find out, as he could, really, from the cashier, what business she had at the bank.

The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

"Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she enquired.

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in quite a flourishing condition, is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as five thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier, with some surprise,

"And the one who had formerly owned the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, deacon?" inquired the widow, further, with apparent anxiety.

"No, madam, unquestionably not. When the house was disposed of, everything went with it, as a matter of course."

"I am glad to hear it, deacon. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur to my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the deacon, abstractedly.

"And, deacon, as you are here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually, at twelve."

"Well, no," said the deacon, rising; "I'm obliged to ye, but they'll be expecting me home."

"At any rate, deacon," said the widow, taking a steaming mince pie from the oven, "you won't object to taking a piece of my mince-pie. You must know, I rather pride myself on my mince-pies."

The warm pie sent forth such a delicious odor that the deacon was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook, and the deacon ate with much gusto the generous slice which the widow cut for him, and after a little more chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.

"Was it possible," thought he, "that the widow could really have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of treasure thus found, if she had not happened upon some?" To be sure, so far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who occupied the house who would be in the least likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at least, and undoubtedly had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be, after all, the widow's earnest desire to have him think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the supposition.

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"or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Did you know of any one who—"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow, hurriedly; "I only asked for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as came within your limits?"

"Five per cent, ma'am."

"Thank you, I only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!"

And the widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards the deacon enquired:

"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" he inquired.

"About as usual."

"Had any new deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a lady, this morning, who seemed to have business with you."

"The Widow Wells?"

"Yes."

to such means I'd—I'd drown myself."

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Bancroft and she indulged in a costly bonnet not because he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth.

The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display of the effect she anticipated.

Monday afternoon Deacon Bancroft found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It happened to be about tea-time. He was importuned to stay at tea, and, somewhat to his own surprise, actually did.

The polite widow who knew the deacon's weak point, brought on one of her best mince-pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with zest.

"You'll take another piece, I know," said she, persuasively.

"Really, I am ashamed," said the deacon, but he passed his plate. "The fact is," he said apologetically, "your pies are so nice I don't know where to stop."

"Do you call these pies nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I only call them common. I can make mince pies when I set out to, but this time I didn't have such good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't want any better," said the deacon, emphatically.

"Then I hope if you like them, you'll drop in to tea often. We ought to be more neighborly," Deacon Bancroft.

Deacon Bancroft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the deacon began to think the widow was a very charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook! Besides, he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money. What objection would there be to her becoming Mrs. Bancroft? He brought the subject before her one evening.

The widow blushed—professed to be greatly surprised—in fact she had never thought of the thing in her life—but, on the whole, she had always thought highly of the deacon, and to cut short the matter, accepted him.

A month afterwards she was installed mistress of the deacon's house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she brought him over.

Some weeks after the ceremony, the deacon ventured to enquire about the pot of gold which she had found in her cellar.

"Pot of gold?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"But," said the deacon, disconcerted, "you know you asked me about whether the law could claim it."

"O, lor! Deacon, I only asked from curiosity."

"And was that the reason you made the inquiries at the bank?"

"Certainly. What else could it be?"

The deacon then, in a low voice, and for about an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of that time he ejaculated, as a closing consideration, "After all, she makes good mince-pies!"

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the deacon and the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life, he never could quite make up his mind about "The Pot of Gold."

One of the boys—Henry Ward Beecher was taken on a stage-sleigh, from the depot in W.—(a New England town, where railroad communication then ended), to B.—a place fifty miles distant, where he was to lecture that night. It was a warm, February day, and the sleighing was splendid. Beecher was on the box beside a young driver; the teams, of four horses each, were perfection, and the result was that the fifty miles were got over in something like four hours pretty good railroad time on some tracks. But it didn't do the teams of horses any good; and when, some days after, knowledge of their condition came to the proprietor of the line, he called up that particular driver, (Sam), and asked how he came to drive his horses that day at such a rate. "Well," said Sam, "I had one of the 'boys' on the box with me—he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em through!"

A correspondent says, "I attended a wedding a few days since. Wishing to say something becoming the occasion, I approached the fair young bride in the course of the evening, and after congratulating her on her departure from the state of single blessedness, I wished her a pleasant voyage down the river of life. She said she hoped so, but she heard there was a good deal of fever on the river now—she hoped they wouldn't catch it on the way down."

An old mine containing very rich silver ore has been discovered in Hancock county, Alabama. It is on the lands of a man named Blanton, and a party of Georgians are now at work at it. It was worked up with solid masonry, which had to be broken up with powder, and then the mine was opened again. It must have been worked hundreds of years ago, as trees are now growing over and around it.

The New York *Examiner* sums up the results of the revivals, ascertained from its correspondents and exchanges for the last five weeks, as over twenty thousand conversions, which is exclusive of the large number not specified, and other large numbers not publicly mentioned at all.

Psychography is the name of a new branch of art that has recently acquired popularity in Paris. It consists simply of cutting out sheets of black paper in such a way as to make them into a picture—figures or landscapes—which has all the finish of an engraving by the best master.

Among the articles announced for sale at an auction, is an article entitled a "mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful infant must have been of the Wood family.

During the session of a county court, a witness was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he coolly replied, amid the laughter of the court, "No, sir, I'm not married."

A Hibernian when knocked down, exclaimed, "Do you strike a man when he is down?" "O, no," said his antagonist. "Then faith, an' I'll lay here!" replied Pat.

John Patterson, an Albany printer is said to be the best mathematician in the world.

SKETCH OF UTAH TERRITORY.

Utah Territory is a portion of what was formerly called Upper California, and was acquired by our government from Mexico in 1848, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, at the close of the war. It is bounded on the north by Oregon, on the east by Kansas and Nebraska, on the south by New Mexico, and on the west by California. It is included within the parallels of 37 degs. and 42 degs. north latitude, and 105 degs. and 30 min., or 106 degs., and 120 degs., west longitude, being about six hundred and fifty miles long from east to west, and three hundred and fifty miles broad from north to south. It contains about 225,000 square miles, but the greater portion of this extensive region is an uninhabited desert, destitute of water, with but little vegetation, the average elevation of the land being somewhere between four thousand and five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The general face of the country is that of an elevated table land, divided into unequal portions by the Sierra Madre mountains, the largest portion lying to the west of them. This section is known as the Great Basin, and is hemmed in by mountains on all sides. The Blue mountains of Oregon on the north, the Wasatch mountains on the east, the Sierra Nevada on the west, and nameless mountains on the south. Detached parallel mountain ranges, having a northerly and southerly direction again divide the section into a number of valleys, imparting an Alpine scenery to the landscape. The principal range is the Humboldt River mountains, near the centre of the basin, elevated from two thousand to five thousand feet above the level of the surrounding country. The Wasatch mountains attain to an elevation of from four thousand to seven thousand feet above the neighboring valleys, and some reach the height of perpetual snow.

Sierra Nevada, the climate of Utah, it has been said that the great plateau between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains has many of the characteristics of the great Tartar Plains of Asia. On the mountains it is exceedingly cold; in the winter the snow falls to many feet in depth, and fills up the smaller mountain passes, but seldom lies in the valleys for more than a few days. In midsummer it is dry and hot, the heat ranging at midday from ninety degrees to one hundred and five, with cool mornings and evenings, refreshed with mountain breezes. Winter commences in the first half of November and continues until March. The thermometer seldom falls below zero.

Seed time is from April until the 10th of June. Harvesting commences about the 4th of July. Spring and summer, though mild, are subject to sudden changes, and the wind is very variable. Rain seldom falls between April and October, but when heavy showers do come they are generally accompanied by thunder and hail, and sometimes with very strong winds. The lightness of the atmosphere in Great Salt Lake Valley renders breathing a real luxury, and the inhabitants enjoy generally good health as those of the most salubrious climate.

The general products of Utah may be enumerated as follows:—The fine bunch grass of perennial growth, affording fodder for cattle during summer and winter; wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn, beets and garden vegetables, in which it surpasses most countries in abundance and quality. Potatoes are said to be much better there than in the States. A wild hemp or flax, the former in some parts of the Territory, may be seen growing wild, and is used by the Indians in making fishing nets. Throughout the whole Territory timber is scarce, except on the mountains, and is composed of pine and fir trees. In the bottoms of the principal streams groves of cottonwood and box elder are found, and in some of the valleys a scrub cedar. Indian corn and vines are liable to be caught by early frosts. A wild currant, found extensively on the mountains, is equal to the cultivated currant in the States. Much exertion has been made by the leading men in the Territory to establish nurseries, cultivate orchards, raise peaches, plums, grapes, currants, apples, strawberries, &c., which has been followed with considerable success.

Animals indigenous to the territory are the antelope, elk, deer and mountain sheep, which supply excellent meat for table use; the black and grizzly bears, panthers, foxes, wolves and wolverines, and smaller animals of prey. Among its feathered tribes are numerous pelicans and gulls, blue herons, cranes and the brandt. Waterfowl are abundant on the lakes, some of which, with others of the feathered tribes, are used for the table. Numerous quantities of eggs are deposited in the marshy flats, by the geese, the duck, the plover and the curlew, and on the islands of Salt Lake, by the pelican, gull, &c. Fine fish abound in mountain streams, and perch, pike, bass, chub, &c. in the lakes and calmer currents of the plains.

In treating of the waters of the territory the Great Salt Lake claims first attention, both from its size and other peculiarities. This is a large lake, not inappreciably compared to the Dead Sea of Palestine, except that it lies about 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, instead of 1,000 feet below, as is the case with the latter. It lies in a northeast direction from the centre of the territory, and is about seventy miles from north to south, and thirty miles wide from east to west. The water of this lake is so calm that nothing can exist in it. Persons who are engaged in salt-boiling state that they procure two measures of salt from three of brine. An analysis of the water made by Dr. L. D. Gale, at Captain Stansbury's expedition in 1849 and 1850, shows that it contains full twenty per cent. of pure chloride of sodium, and not more than two per cent. of other salts, and is one of the purest and most concentrated brines known in the world. Its specific gravity is 1.17, but it slightly varies with the seasons, being doubtless affected by the immense floods of fresh water which, in the spring, rush from the melting snows in the mountains. The brine is so strong that the least part of it getting into the eyes produces the most acute pain, and if accidentally swallowed, strangulation must ensue. This large body of water has no outlet, and diminishes only by evaporation, which, in hot weather, leaves a thick incrustation of salt on the shores. Some of the salt was analyzed by Col. Fremont, and found to contain in 100 parts 97.80 of chloride of sodium, or common salt, 1.12 of sulphate of lime, 24 of magnesium and 23 of sulphate of soda. The lake has a number of bays, whose shores in summer are lined with the skeletons of larvae of insects, and the few fish that venture too far from the mouth of the river, and these form banks that fester and ferment, emitting sulphurous gases

offensive to the smell, but not supposed deleterious to health, and these, often dispersed by storms, are at last thrown far up the beach to dry into hard cakes of various dimensions, on which horses can travel without breaking them through; the under side being moist, the masses are slippery and insecure. The lake has several beautiful islands, two of which—Antelope and Stansbury's—are of considerable magnitude, with a mountain ridge and the centre two thousand feet high, and fresh springs of water, which have caused them to be selected by the shepherds and herdsmen for their occupations.

About thirty-eight miles south of Great Salt Lake is Utah Lake, connected with the former by the Jordan, a beautiful body of water, nearly thirty miles long and fifteen broad, with a smooth, uniform bottom, and a depth varying from seven to fifteen feet. It abounds with suckers, salmon trout and various other kinds of fish, which are caught in large quantities. On the slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains is pyramid lake, so named from a rock which rises from its midst. This lake is said by Col. Fremont to be seven hundred feet higher than Great Salt Lake. There are several small lakes in the interior of the basin, which receive its streams, and are frequently mere slabs or sloughs. The most important yet known are Nicotlet or Sevier Lake, and Lake Ashley, and Pyramid, Carson's and Walker's Lakes, near the eastern slope of these mountains. Humboldt's Lake is about fifty miles east of Pyramid Lake, and is formed by the Humboldt River. These lakes have no visible outlets.

The rivers of the basin have no apparent communication with the ocean, but either discharge themselves into the lakes, or are absorbed by the sands of the deserts. The largest of these streams is the Humboldt or Mary's river. It has its source in the western declivities of the Humboldt mountains, and flows southwest about 300 miles to the lake of that name. The Nicotlet river rises in the southern part of the Territory, flows north and then west, for nearly the same distance as the Humboldt, and empties itself into the Nicotlet Lake. Bear river, the principal tributary of Great Salt Lake, enters the Territory from Oregon in the northeast of the basin. Weber river and the Timpanogas rise in the Wasatch mountains; the former empties into Great Salt Lake and the latter into Lake Utah. The Ogden is a tributary of the Weber. East of the Great Basin is Green river, whose source is in the southeast of Oregon, and Grand river, whose source is in the Rocky Mountains. These two unite near the southern boundary of Iron county, to form the Colorado, which flows into the Gulf of California. Before their junction, Grand river has a course of about 300 miles, and Green river about 400 miles. These streams, with their affluents, drain the entire eastern division of Utah.

Object of interest to tourists, especially to men of science, abound in the Territory. In a geographical point of view, it is one of the most interesting countries in the world. It has all the characteristics of the Holy Land; its Dead Sea, its Jordan, its Sea of Galilee, &c. but on an infinitely larger scale, its extremely mountainous character affording scenes of the wildest and sublimest grandeur. The fastnesses and gorges of the Rocky, Wasatch, Humboldt, Sierra Nevada and other mountains reveal scenes, as they are explored, of equal interest to any that have yet been discovered by civilized eyes. The gorges or canyons, some of which have perpendicular sides from 900 to 1,500 feet high, present scenes of the utmost wildness. They are in some instances nearly half a mile wide, and in others only a few rods, which would, if necessary, enable a handful of resolute men to defend them against a host. Echo canyon, of which now so much is said, is 25 miles long, and terminates on the Weber.

The most remarkable object of interest in the Territory will, perhaps, be considered the Great Salt Lake. The salineness of its waters, the fact of its having no outlet, and being fed from another smaller and fresher water lake, afford to the scientific and the curious, a field for reflection. Pyramid Lake, embosomed in the Sierra Nevada mountains, with its singular pyramidal mountain rising from its transparent waters to the height of about 600 feet, and walled in by almost perpendicular precipices, in some places nearly 3,000 feet high, is said to have nothing similar to it in the States. The boiling springs have drawn the attention of the scientific. Col. Fremont describes them in about 117 degs. 30 min. west longitude, and 30 deg. north latitude, as boiling up at irregular intervals with much noise. He states that the largest basin is several hundred feet in circumference, and has a circular space at one end of fifteen feet in diameter, entirely filled with boiling water, whose temperature near the edge is 206 degrees. Its depth near the centre is more than sixteen feet. The late Captain Gunnison, speaking of the springs, says:—At the base of the hills around the lake issue numerous warm springs. What collect in pools and smaller lakes, inviting aquatic fowl, during the winter, to resort to their agreeable temperature, and where insect larvae furnish food at all times; and the soil is so heated that snow cannot lie in the vicinity. In some places springs of different temperatures are in close proximity, some so hot that the hand cannot be thrust into them without pain; and near the Bear is a depression, in which issue three fountains between the trita, within a space of thirty feet, of which one is hot sulphur, the next tepid and salt, and the uppermost, cool, delicious drinking water. The three currents unite, and flow off through the plain, a large and bold river. There are also warm breathing or gas intermitting fountains, consisting of carbonate and sulphate of lime, and a few specimens of granite and stenic character. In some localities the metamorphic strata appear to be overlaid by a coarse conglomerate of coarse sandstone, partially altered, and assuming the character of a quartz rock. The more elevated portions of the shore of the Great Salt Lake, and the mountain ranges consist of carboniferous limestone, in some places threaded by calcareous spar. Fossils particularly corals of the cyclophylidae, abound in the limestone, which is said to rest on coarse sandstone. Near the

Fort Hall road from the States, where it intersects the road to Great Salt Lake City, there is said to be a mountain of marble of almost every hue and color, and equal in quality to any procured in Italy. A rich mine of coal has been discovered in San Pete county, and excellent coal and iron abound in Iron county. Other minerals of the Territory are gypsum, or paris, alum, brimstone, and saleratus and salt, in great quantities. There is now no doubt of gold being in Carson county.

The Indian tribes which roam over Utah may be classified under two great heads—the Utahs and the Shoshonee (or Snake) Diggers, subdivided into numerous small bands with their respective chiefs. The former range over the country south of Great Salt Lake, and from New Mexico to California—the latter over the country North of the Lake, especially the vicinity of Humboldt or Mary's river. The two tribes have a deep grudge against each other and scarcely ever meet without a fight. The Utahs are united by a common language and affinities and numerous intermarriages. They are a superstitious race, and have many cruel customs. They have likewise many traditional notions, or almost all prominent events in the Bible world, such as the creation, the flood, Elijah's being fed by ravens, and the death and resurrection of Christ, &c. &c. The Diggers have made very little depredations upon the white settlers, while the Utahs have several times attempted to destroy them and uproot the settlements. Some of the bands of the Utahs are the Utahs proper, now under Arabeen and San-cette; Yampah Utes, under White Eye; Timpanogas Utes, under Pe-teet-neet and Wash-beer; Pearn-wahs; Pan-van-teos, under Kanoshe; Pah-Utes, and Piedades.

A JERSEY LICENSE.

In that benighted territory which has been accidentally, by some "earthquake" thrown up and affixed to the United States, there used to be a law which required those about perpetrating the awful crime of matrimony to procure a license and—pay for it.

In one of the villages of the territory an eccentric genius still living and reigning, officiated as county clerk. The village was quite secluded in the sand plains and the squire pastured his cows on the broad acreage around, bringing them home at night, and letting them go to grass and sand in the morning. He kept a bell on one of them to help him in finding them; but one morning as he was letting them loose, he perceived that the clapper of the bell was lost. Being unable to find it, he made a substitute by making fast his office key. Not till he had reached his office did it occur to him that he should want the key, but now finding himself locked out, he betook himself to other matters, proposing to recover the key at night. About noon a rough and ready young Jerseyman, in dress, came riding into town, inquired for the clerk, scared him up, and asked for a marriage license.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you to-day, but it's no go."

"Why not? I'm going to be spliced to-night, and must have it whether or no."

"But the fact is," said the clerk, "my office is locked up, and my cow has gone away with the key!"

"The cow!—what does the cow want with the key?"

So the old fellow told the whole story, and the two set off for sandy plains to find the cows and get the key. But the more they looked the less they found, and finally had to give it up. A bright thought struck the clerk of the county.

"I'll fix you out!" said he, and young Jersey jumped a rod, so tickled was he to know that he was to be fixed out of the fix he was in. They proceeded to restore the key to the office, and there the county clerk indicated the following autograph: Territory of New Jersey, ss:

To all that may see these presents, greeting: Whereas, I the undersigned, clerk of this county having this morning unthoughtedly tied my office key as a clapper into my cow's bell; and whereas the said cow has gone astray to parts unknown bearing with her the said key, and therefore the said key is now *est inveniunt*—that is, can't be had; and whereas, one Abner Barnes has made application to me for a marriage license, and that said Abner insists that he cannot wait until the cow comes home with the key, but is compelled by the violence of his feelings and the arrangements already made to get married; Therefore these presents are to command any person legally authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony, to join the said Abner Barnes to Rebecca Downs, and for doing so, this shall be your sufficient authority.

Given under my hand and private seal, on the door step of my office—the seal of my office being locked up and my cow having gone off with the key—this 4th day of October, A. D., 18— HENRY OSBORN, Clerk.

H. Winter Davis, the leading American of the South, and of great ability, is strongly and sternly against the aggressions of the slave power. He votes presciently and consistently with the American Republican element in congress. He no doubt represents in this the American sentiment of the country which is now satisfied that the only way to carry out its principles effectively, is to unite all the elements hostile to the Administration. With such a feeling, our political future is most encouraging.

A LAWYER PUZZLED.—The Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* states that a few days since in the course of a suit then progressing in that city, a woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born. The lawyer who cross-examined her, said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do," "What did he do the first year?" "He milked!" The lawyer evaporated.

An English Judge, in sentencing a man to death, added, "You will now have the satisfaction of having your case transferred to the tribunal of a higher, and, let me add, an able judge." No doubt of it.

Bayard Taylor says Sweden and the United States will in the end, establish the fact that lager beer is more efficacious in preventing intemperance than any amount of prohibitory law.

A Texas paper says that there is not ten days supply of bread in Austin, and the roads to the coast were impassable.