

# The Atlantic

BY S. B. ROW.

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For the Baltimore Journal.  
**HAST THOU EVER?**  
BY HASTICUS.

Hast, thou ever sat and listened,  
By the waters of the river?  
In the evening—hast thou ever—  
To the murmuring of the waters  
Of a pebble-bedded river?  
West thou on its green bank seated,  
Yielding to the magic powers  
Of the softly-breathing zephyrs  
And the dew-dropping flowers?  
Was it close beneath a broad oak,  
By the waters of the river,  
And didst hear the evening carols  
Of the birds in sweetness chanted?  
Were the gathering evening shadows  
Skipping in fantastic dances  
O'er the waters, and the flowers  
Casting silent future glances?  
Did the pretty evening fowers  
Hang their heads in modest blushes,  
As the zephyrs lightly kissed them,  
And sighed off among the bushes?  
Came the strains of evening music  
Down along the murmuring water,  
Like the music of the daisies,  
Or their laughter-loving daughter?  
Hast thou ever thus been seated  
By a pebble-bedded river,  
With a nymph right close beside thee?  
Tell me, tell me, hast thou ever?

**A LEAF FROM PIONEER LIFE.**  
BY CAPT. M. D. ALEXANDER, U. S. A.

Lionel Gardiner started, sometime in the year 1840, from the State of New York, to find a home on the western frontier. He had heard much of the beauties of the western prairies, of its placid lakes and fertilizing rivers; and, won by the accounts, to make the journey himself, he finally persuaded his wife to give her consent to a removal. They had but two children at the time, the eldest of whom, a boy, was to remain at the east until his education was somewhat more advanced. One bright and cloudless morning in May, the wagon of our emigrant halted beside the Missouri, in what is now called Nebraska. A mild breeze thrust out upon him from the curtains, and a gentle voice cried,—  
"Are we to stop here, Lionel?"  
"Well, wife," was the reply, "perhaps we might as well. This seems to be a fine country, and as the old adage runs, we might go father and fare worse. So pass out pussy, and let her run around a little. The poor thing must be crumpled by this time. Twelve hours riding is not very refreshing. Come, puss!"  
Hereupon a sweet little girl of about ten summers appeared in front of the wagon, and slaking the sunny locks back from her sparkling face, sprang into the arms of her fond father.  
"Oh, what a pretty place," she cried, with glee, as her proud father lowered her from his carress. "Come, mamma, come out here and see how beautiful the sun shines from their bright flies. Um pretty little dars, pussy will feed the little darlings." This was said to the fish. Soon she was busied in finding worms and other food for them, while she clapped her hands in wild merriment to see the speckled beauties dart to the surface, and sometimes beyond it, to catch the tempting morsels.  
Mrs. Gardiner stood for a moment gazing upon her child, partly in admiration of her beauty, and partly in pity at her condition.  
"Poor Amy!" she thought, "you are too frail a flower to transplant to the wilderness; but there is no help for it now. We must make the best of the portion that Heaven designs for us."  
She was soon busied in removing some of the contents from the wagon, and preparing their first meal in their new home. Meanwhile Mr. Gardiner had surveyed the spot, selected a site for the erection of their cabin, and struck the first blow of his axe into the bark of an old towering denizen of the forest. The sound awoke strange echoes. As they listened to the reverberations a feeling of awe crept over them. They were miles and miles away from their kindred, perhaps from their race—alone with each other in the deep solitude of nature's rural home. As the smoke of the first fire ascended cloudward, the venturesome pioneer, taking a hand of wife and child in either of his own, knelt upon the rich soil, and implored protection and happiness from Him, who guides our destinies in the palace or hut, populous city or silent wilderness.  
Here, then, it was decided that they should remain. Here would be their future home! In a few days a log cabin was reared for their occupancy. This seemed to be the very height of little Amy's ambition. She had read of "roughing it in the bush" of log cabins and forest life, and this was the realization of the dreams she had formed of it. Then she assisted her father in planting—she carrying the seed for him, and in a dozen ways making herself indispensable, and her parent happy.  
"Ah, puss!" he would say, "you are a little jewel! what would mamma and I do without you?"  
"I am sure I don't know! perhaps you would send for brother. Then you wouldn't miss me much."  
"Shouldn't harm come to you, dearest—but of course it will not! Are not your parents watching over you?"  
"But if harm should come to me, would you feel very—very bad?" she enquired with a smile.  
Mr. Gardiner clasped the sweet child in his arms and imprinted kisses upon her cherry lips. Tears stole unbidden to his eyes.  
"Oh! shame papa! she cried, "there's a tear you know you used to tell brother that it was not manly to weep. So I've caught you. But I must go feed my fish, they will all be waiting for their meal. You don't like to be kept waiting, nor do they?"  
Away she bounded, merrily laughing and tossing her ringlets in the air, the very embodiment of a happy soul.  
Under the care of the laborious farmer, the crops progressed favorably, and promised a fair return. The household economy under the skillful conduct of his wife was quite as prosperous. The little stock in poultry and swine that had been brought with them flourished finely, and altogether their prospects were flattering. It one day occurred to Mr. Gardiner that it would be well for him to ride some little distance up the river with a view to ascertain whether there might not be some one residing near them, desiring to make a

similar excursion down the stream at some future time for the same purpose. As there was no pressing work upon his little farm that needed immediate attention he departed on his errand, promising to return before night-fall.  
He rode some dozen miles over the broad prairie, still keeping to the river's bank, until he espied a small column of smoke, somewhat inland, arising perpendicularly to the clouds. Supposing this to be an evidence of civilization or at least a proof that he was not alone in the wilderness, he urged his horse towards it. Hardly however had he proceeded a mile or so, and lo! as if from the throats of a dozen wild devils smote his ear. In a moment after, uprising from the long grass where they had laid concealed, there rushed towards him five mounted Indians, waving over their heads the terrible tomahawk, and seeming intent on his destruction. With the rapidity of lightning he raised and discharged his gun. One of the red cut-throats fell from his horse lifeless. He managed during the panic that ensued to reload, and as they again rushed toward him, he shot another in mid career. There were now but three, but they came upon him with such speed that he was forced to sling his rifle across his shoulder and turn to flee.  
The race was an animated one; the Camanches were well mounted on swift Mustangs. Mr. Gardiner's animal was not a slow one, and wildly the whole party flew over the prairie. There was one advantage possessed by the horses of the Indians, they were used to traveling amid the long grass, and, having this fact in their favor, it was not astonishing that they slowly gained on the pursued.  
Supposing that a demonstration made with his rifle, might stop them, Mr. Gardiner pointed it full at the breast of the foremost warrior. He was not mistaken. The moment that they perceived the weapon pointed towards them, they checked their speed, and with a wild yell darted off in another direction across the prairie. Seeing their apparent change of purpose, the farmer now permitted his horse to walk, supposing of course, that he would not be again interrupted.  
"I had no idea that those red skins were here abouts," he soliloquized. "Where can they have come from, and what can be their business. I am sorry that I was compelled to shoot any of their number, but better so, than that wife and Amy should have lost their protector."  
He patted his horse's neck and spoke words of cheer to him. It now occurred to him to load his rifle, as he might possibly need it again. He did so.  
"Come, Bluebeard!" he said to his faithful animal, "we must push ahead, to reach home. We will be looked for anxiously. Who knows but what these unfeeling wretches may be prowling around our home?"  
These thoughts seemed to hurry him on. Again were they in swift motion towards the clearing. He soon struck into the woods, and rapidly left the prairie behind. As he came in sight of his home, he discovered his wife some distance on the road towards him, gesticulating violently, and beckoning him onward. His heart almost sank within him, as he observed her.  
"What is the matter, wife?" he asked with terrible apprehension.  
"Amy is gone! She has been stolen!" answered the wretched wife, down whose cheeks tears of agony were coursing their rapid way.  
"By whom?" he asked; but his heart told him already. He had arrived too late.  
"I know not by whom," she replied. "She was not in front of the cabin a few moments since. I heard her scream, and rushed out to see what was the matter. I looked everywhere, but without success. Quick, husband. Strike into the forest here. They can't have gone far. Oh! my child! my child!"  
Mr. Gardiner could speak no consoling words, nor dare he tell her what he feared. He said, "Go back to the house wife; load the other gun, and keep watch and ward over every door and window. Suffer no one to enter, but permit them down if they attempt it! I will seek for her in the woods."  
During these directions, he had thrown himself from his horse, and started at once in pursuit. He was convinced that whoever the perpetrator of the outrage might be, they were on foot, as that part of the forest was too dense to permit of the passage of a horse. Apprehension lent speed to his footsteps. He thought that the capture of his child would naturally be impeded in his progress, and that he could succeed in outstripping him, he might yet save her.  
He pressed on at the very top of his speed for some thirty minutes, until he reached an opening, the existence of which he had heretofore been ignorant of. He saw at once that this would be the only means of escape from the woods. It was bounded on either side by a deep marsh, through which no one could pass. Here, then, he determined to post himself, and wait for a time, trusting to the appearance of the abductor. That he might be himself safe from observation, he climbed upon a tree, and waited, with beating heart and almost crazed brain, for what might occur.  
Not long did he have to wait. With the stealthy crawl of the panther, thrusting aside the underwood, and carefully surveying every inch of ground before him, a staid Indian, bearing the now unresisting form of the fair Amy, made his appearance. He deposited the child among some tangled vines, directly under the tree where the father was stationed, and then skirting the clearing, passed along to the other side, with the probable intention of summoning some of his fellows. Mr. Gardiner waited until the Indian had disappeared, then slipping from his position, he seized his child, and whispered in her ear.  
"Make no outcry, but rouse! It is your father, Amy."  
The words seemed to recall her to life. She had evidently lost her consciousness through terror. But now that a familiar voice fell upon her ear, she came to herself again, and clinging tightly to her parent, she cried, "Oh! this way, dearest! That bad man will soon return, and perhaps with aid. We must endeavor to reach the cabin before they reach us."  
They now commenced their return. They had not proceeded far, however, ere they heard the Indians' cry of disappointment ring through the solitude, and awaken the echoes of the forest.  
"They have discovered your escape, and will soon be upon us. We must press on, Amy, or we shall be lost. Take courage, pussy, and lean on my arm."

Again was that terrific cry repeated. "Ah, they hear us. Well, we must turn upon them. I have it—you must start up on the cabin. You can find it, can you not? Tell your mother to bring the gun and all the ammunition to this spot. I will stay and keep the villains at bay."  
Amy started off as directed, while her father placed himself behind a tree to watch for the approach of the enemy.  
The night was coming on, apace, the thick foliage of the trees making it still darker. Soon at his very side, stood one of the dark-skinned thieves. Gardiner's knife was in his hand in a moment not a moan or sigh escaped the victim. The only sound was that caused by the heavy falling of the dead man. But even this was heard by his companions, who now advanced and perceived the white man and his victim at his feet. Quicker than thought a tomahawk was thrown at him, which he had not dodged. It would have cleft his brain. The steady aim of Gardiner sent a bullet through the heart of the red man. Now had arrived the time for action. He could not reload his weapon. His assailants were pressing too closely upon him for that. The only way he could was to club his rifle and keep them at bay as best he might, until his wife's arrival might create some diversion. In this way he managed to retreat a short distance. Unfortunately he had caught upon a fallen limb, and he was thrown forcibly upon his back.  
At the moment, and before he could recover, a huge body fell upon him! Now came the struggle! Two powerful men grasped each other with the might of madness, knowing that life or death would be the result! They rolled over together—they tore at each other's flesh with nails and teeth, more resembling the fight of wild animals than that of human beings. It was a matter of doubt who would be the conqueror! In one of the short pauses of the struggle, Gardiner's quick ear detected the sound of an approaching step. He turned and saw his wife with the musket in his rest. The Indians also saw her, and fearing that a number of the white men's friends had arrived, those who could, turned and fled. The only one with whom Gardiner was struggling now endeavored to free himself, but in vain. He was held in a vice-like embrace.  
"Quick, wife! fire. Hit this villain!"  
Amy carefully approached her father, and drawing his knife from his belt placed it in his hand.  
The contest now became a short one. Filled with wounds and bleeding profusely, the savage relaxed his hold, and fell lifeless beside him. It has taken some moments to describe, but the battle lasted hardly as long.  
Relieved of their last foe, the farmer and his wife, with the child that had so fortunately been rescued from a fate worse than death, returned to their humble home grateful and joyful. They were not again interrupted by the Camanches. In a few years, at the present day, a thriving town occupies the site of Mr. Gardiner's hut, and his son and daughter, married and happy, are respected citizens of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner are still residents of the town, and upon my recent visit there entertained me with the hospitality. From them I obtained the events above given.

**AN INDIAN WEDDING.**—The Nebraska City News of the 3d instant, contains a long account of the marriage of a Pawnee Chief to a blood royal squaw of the Otoe tribe. The bridegroom was named Whitewater, and the bride Wah-mush-peshinga. We extract the following:  
"The chief's daughter was elegantly dressed in a red flannel shirt with deep blue calico border, a checked apron, a Summer killed buffalo robe and a white felt hat. Her jewels were magnificent. From either ear a large depended bright ornaments of brass, tin and copper.  
We must not omit to mention that Miss Wah-mush-peshinga also wore a 'red petticoat,' considered according to a description of her own with purple and quills, representing a desperate dog fight. Her entire wardrobe and jewelry could not have cost less than six thousand dollars in Fontenelle money. The bridegroom was attired in all the magnificence which his rank and wealth demanded. He wore a standing shirt collar, a medal of President Pierce, a blue straight-collared soldier coat with brass buttons and an elegant pair of Spanish spurs, while his stalwart joints were admirably clothed in an ancient coffee sack. Altogether the appearance of both the bride and the groom was appropriate to their high sphere in life.  
The most sumptuous feast awaited the guests at the residence of the bride's father. It was spread in a camp kettle and suspended over the fire that burned in the centre of that princely lodge. It consisted of young dog meat, very tender, blue corn and old dog meat, heavy tails and mule steaks, fresh fish, and sugar, nuking together, one of the most palatable and nourishing compounds that ever graced a royal camp kettle. The horn-spoons of occidental luxury seldom convey to the educated palate viands more tempting and delicious. As for drinks, corn whiskey made of red pepper, tobacco plugs and rain water, together with molasses-sweetened coffee, made up the list.  
Among the distinguished persons present, we did not fail to notice the six Mesdames Petanasharo, the wives of that eminent 'Injun' who is now at Washington, visiting James Buchanan on official business. Also, Mr. Whitecor, of the Omaha principality, Mr. Big Soldier, Esquire Wildcat and the Hon. Short-tailed Elk."

**THE CHILD THAT COULD NOT SPEAK TO ITS DAD.**—That story now floating about we believe, from a fact which came under our own observation. We know a case where the couple, from what each supposed a good reason, after living happily together for years, never for a whole week uttered a syllable to each other. A boy was born after a while in this case, and when it grew up, could not, on attempting to make known its wants to its "parents," articulate a single word. Poor fellow, it was a very distressing case. The poor boy lived thirty-nine years and twenty-nine and a half days, and was not in all that time permitted, when looking at his truly affectionate "parents," the happiness of addressing them in the endearing words of Young America, as "gov'nor" and "old woman" and to the day of his death was silent toward them both—but our case was a deaf and dumb one. What was 'tother case?

**NAT HARRISON;**  
OR, THE REPRESENTATIVE FROM HAMILTON.  
"In early days old Nat Harrison was elected to the Legislature from this county," said an old fellow, as we were all seated around the stove, in the little hotel at McLeansboro', Hamilton county, Illinois.  
"Old Nat was a regular old brick. He was elected just because there was no one to run against him. Our country was rather bad off for intelligent people in those days. A few days after old Nat had gone to Springfield, to attend to the duties of his office, I happened to be there also, on some business of a private character, and thinking he would be glad to hear from the folks at home I concluded to call on him at the 'Prairie House,' and inquired after his health."  
"I've been well, Tom," said he, "but I got awfully scared the first night I staid in this ere darned place."  
"How was that?" I inquired.  
"Well," said Nat, "I'll tell you all about it. You see that fellow there behind the counter—'Wellers here call him the 'most-well,' I told him I wanted to see my bed, so I'd know where to sleep when I'd come in after awhile. He took me up stairs to a little room, and said I could sleep there, and then he went down. I took good notice of it—brown door, with yaller streaks here and there—and a white yearthen lock handle. I started down, a thinkin' about this, and I wouldn't look at no other door, for fear I'd get 'em kinder mixed up in my head, and then forget which was mine."  
"About twelve o'clock that night I came in with a kind of half growin' hummin' in my head, and the very first thing I found at the top of the stairs was my own identical door, with the yaller streaks and white lock-handle."  
"Good," says I, and I lumbered. I walks up to the bed, and what do you think? Why, I finds it of your long legged, black-whiskered town fellow there—'asleep.' I takes him by the beard, renns him up on his end, and gives him a short sarment—tells him to leave as quick as double triggers or I'll be cursed if I wouldn't kick him down stairs—tells him I don't want to do it neither, for I am a member of the Legislature—the Representative from Hamilton—but if I get to fighting he'll find me to be a full team."  
"I was not at all saying a word he got up very humble like, and started for his dry goods, which hung on a chair up in one corner. I set down the light and begun to undress; and says I to him, draw on them duds and toddle down here, or I'll be cursed if I—turning around at the same time to look fierce at him—I sees him a comin' at me with one of the drettest hatch knives in the world."  
"Well, thought I, Nat you've got yourself in a close place by Jingo! and so we begun to lumber around the room like the very nation. Here I went, and here he come. At last I got between him and the door, and out I shot."  
"This beats all creation, says I, a Representative to the Legislature treated in this way. I went down stairs and told the fellow behind the counter that some cuss was in my room."  
"No, I guess not," said he; "perhaps there is some mistake—your room is number eight."  
"Thinks I, perhaps there may be some mistake; and so I goes back. When I got up to the top of the stairs I began to count at the first door, and on until I had counted eight. I found that they all looked just exactly alike. I opened the eighth, and went in, feeling certain that it was the one I reckoned for me. A candle burning on the table, by the light of which I saw that some person was in the bed. Not feeling inclined to kick up another fuss, I concluded to crawl in with him and say nothing about it. In a very short time I was in bed and ready to go to sleep. I had not been in bed long before the door opened, and a young man and woman came into the room and took seats by the candle stand."  
"Something else on hand, Nat," thought I to myself, "but let 'em up."  
They looked very serious at first, but finally it wore off, and they got to chatting very lovingly, and to huggin' and kissin' a little. I was delighted with the performance, and thought the feller in bed with me ought to see it and enjoy the fun too; so I whispered him—  
"Say, Captain—old boss 'jest look up."  
They both started up, like a shocker! mill had touched 'em, and they seemed to be orfuly scared, till the gal said, "it was only the wind blowing agin' the window."  
They soon got to huggin' and kissin' agin' and as I could not rouse my friend I thought I'd just have a little fun to myself.  
"Slips," says I, just as they were a fetching their feet together, and up they sprung like lightning and loped for the door; but as fortune would have it, the young feller had dropped the key, and he couldn't get out.  
"Never mind," says I, "sit's fun for me as well as you. I love to see such things a goin' on."  
This seemed to scare 'em more than ever. It was rich—too rich to enjoy alone, and so I determined to wake up my bed feller; I slipped my hand on his chin—it was as cold as ice. "Thunder and St. Louis, Nat," said I, "you're in bed with a dead man," and without waiting to consider the matter I sprung to the floor. The youngsters gave a loud squall fetched agin' the closed door, and I pitched with 'em, which resulted in smashing the darned thing open. Without waiting for ceremony or formalities we all bolted for the stairs. Hearing the racket, the landlord who occupied a room still further back, came bolting after us. Catching a glimpse of him I took him to be the dead man, and so I put all the steam on, and ran close in the wake of the lovers. I could not pass them, however, for they were frightened out of their senses, having no idea but I was the deceased in close pursuit. In this condition we all turned promiscuously down stairs into the bar-room.  
"Now let's go and take somethin'," old boss," said Nat, "but don't say anything about this when you get home, or Sally may be uneasy about me."

**NEW LICENSE BILL.**—The following is an abstract of a license Bill reported by the special committee to the House of Representatives on Thursday, 18th March.  
Sec. 1 reduces minimum licences of brewers and distillers from \$50 to \$25—thus altering proviso of 3d section act March 31, 1856; distillers selling under \$1,000 to pay \$15.  
Sec. 2 reduces minimum of merchants' license from \$50 to \$25, and reduces rates 20 per centum—thus saving the provision of the 12th section of act of March 12, 1856.  
Sec. 3 rates hotel licenses on yearly sales of liquor, instead of rental, as follows:  
Class 1, sales \$10,000 or more, \$400 license.  
Class 2, sales \$8,000 or more, \$250 license.  
Class 3, sales \$6,000 or more, \$150 license.  
Class 4, sales \$4,000 or more, \$100 license.  
Class 5, sales \$2,000 or more, \$50 license.  
Class 6, sales \$1,000 or more, \$25 license.  
Class 7, sales \$500 or more, \$15 license.  
Class 8, sales under \$500, \$15 license.  
Provided, in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh none less than \$50; nor in any other city or incorporated borough for less than \$25.  
Sec. 4. Eating houses to pay according to the act of April 10, 1849, sections 22 and 23, but not less than \$20 in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, or \$10 elsewhere. This reduces the license in many cases to one-half, as the act of 1849 imposed double this amount, with the provision that none in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh should be less than \$25.  
Sec. 5. Merchants may sell by the quart, brewers and distillers by the gallon; and brewers may take out a retail license.  
Sec. 6. License shall be granted to citizens of good moral character and temperate habits, wherever the provisions of the law are complied with by them.  
Sec. 7. License not transferrable, but by the authority granting them; no charge, save the fees when transferred. New licenses may be granted for part of a year, for houses previously licensed, on paying in proportion.  
Sec. 8. Manufacturers of cider and domestic wines may sell the same by the gallon, and bottlers may sell cider, Perry, ale, porter, or beer by the bottle, not to be drunk on the premises.  
Sec. 9. Licenses may be granted to keepers of places of amusements, &c., otherwise qualified, notwithstanding the prohibition in proviso of 2nd section of act of 1856, but special licenses shall not be sold under such license. Sec. 10. Applicants for eating-houses need not file a certificate of citizens, heretofore required by section eight, act of 1856, nor need such applications be published. They shall be filed with the clerk of the court, and granted by the Treasurer, except in the county of Allegheny, on the proper bond being approved by the District Attorney and Treasurer.  
Sec. 11. Illegal sales of liquors punishable for first offence by fine of \$10 to \$100, and costs; subsequent convictions \$25 to \$100, with not more than three months' imprisonment, at the discretion of the court; forfeiture of license, and not capable of receiving license for two years. Repeals section 28 of act of 1856, but no other act or section.  
Sec. 12. No prosecutor to receive a part of fine, if a witness, but constables shall receive two dollars on the conviction of any person returned by them.  
Sec. 13. No grocer or wholesale dealer shall have a retail license to sell spirituous liquor.  
Sec. 14 to 20 relate exclusively to Philadelphia and Allegheny counties.  
Sec. 21. The 14th, 26th, 27th and 32d sections of the act of 1856 are repealed; the remainder of the act extended to all licenses granted under this act. The penalty for drunkenness, under the 29th section, is fixed at \$2, to go to the school fund, and none of it to the prosecutor.  
Sec. 22. Licenses may be granted at the first or any adjourned or special court after the passage of this act.  
There are numerous petitions for a more stringent law read daily, as well as those for a less stringent one than the act of 1856.

**THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.**—The Kohinoor.—The Cincinnati Times of Saturday, says:—"We were waited upon yesterday by Mr. G. P. Matthews, of Virginia, who exhibited to our astonished vision what he claims to be a diamond of the first water. It is about an inch and a half in diameter, and nearly an inch in thickness. It is surpassingly brilliant, particularly when viewed by gas-light. Its estimated value is two millions of dollars. Mr. Matthews says he has been offered for it twenty-four thousand pounds. It was found by the father of its present possessor in the gold mines in Buckingham county, Va., about seventy years since.  
It has remained in the rough state ever since until a few weeks ago, when Mr. M., being satisfied by every test, that it was in reality a diamond, took it to New York and had it dressed. This precious gem weighs 144 carats. The Kohinoor, it we remember, weighs but 100 carats. There have been several diamonds found in the gold regions of Virginia. Last year, one found in said locality was sold at Richmond for \$4,000. Mr. M. is convinced that he is the proprietor of the largest diamond in the world, and we see no good reason to doubt it."

**A FREAK OF FROST.**—The past Winter has been unusually severe throughout southern Europe and the East. Frozen streams and snow covered fields have astonished the inhabitants of "sunny Italy." The shores of the Egean were fringed with ice, and the drowsy Turk was startled to see the minarets of his beloved St. Sophia white with shining snow. Nowhere has the effect of this unusual frost been so strange, as in Venice. Once, certainly, Venice has been paved. Its canals were frozen over, all its gondolas were still and stark in the ice, and as its fisheries were broken up and the usual supply of provisions from the main land were diminished, the poor islanders began to despair. These icy fetters sight, truly, to see the exquisite tracery of old St. Mary's church hung with icicles, the Grand Canal thronged with pedestrians, and a gondolier, stopping to blow his fingers, as he sung the stanzas of Tasso under the balcony of his lady love!  
Modesty is the appendage of sobriety and it is so chastity, to temperance, and to humanity, as fringes are to the garment.  
In conversation, a wise man may be at a loss how to begin, but a fool never knows how to stop.  
The most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth.

**END OF THE FLORIDA WAR.**—The Tampa (Fla.) Peninsula of the 6th inst., says that Major Recto has had a "talk" with Billy and other chiefs, and he expresses entire confidence in his ability to induce the Indians to emigrate.

**FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.**  
We know of nothing more reprehensible, nothing more dangerous and injurious, than the practice of frightening children in the nursery, at the family fireside, and in the social circle, by relating to them ghost stories, goblin tales, and witchcraft fictions. They receive painful impressions from which their nervous system does not recover for years, perhaps not during their whole lives.  
Children and young folks have generally great curiosity in relation to these tales of the imagination, especially when they are attended by some gossiping nurse, whose head, being empty of good sense, has been filled with full of ghost legends and black letter recollections. We happen to know something about this matter by a most unhappy and painful experience. We know what melancholy effects attend these revelations of goblins and ghosts in the nursery. We have even now, while we write, a dim, shuddering recollection of these appalling horrors, which makes the blood chill, creep and curdle about the heart—even after the finger of time has planted furrows on the brow, and sown silver threads in the hair. It was the practice of a full grown boy of nineteen or twenty years of age, (we are certain he never became a man) to take the writer upon his knee (then three or four years old,) when the twilight was gradually fading into darkness, veil his face with a black handkerchief, and then, for our especial edification, affirm that he was the unmentionable personage who is supposed to be no better than he should be. Then would follow a long dissertation upon witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, a whole family of horrible monstrosities, by way of giving tone to the infantile imagination. The lessons operated upon the young mind like a potent spell. Soon it became as much as the life was worth to attempt to cross a dark entry after nightfall. If left alone in a sleeping apartment, the avenue to the eyes was carefully barricaded by the pillow and bed-clothes, these, panting, trembling, shivering, huge drops of cold perspiration oozing out at every pore, the writer lay a full believer in all monstrous shapes and terrible forms, the shuddering victim of a most cruel delusion, at times but a single removal from a maniac.  
These terrible night time solitudes, the darkness veiled by the imagination with spectres the most terrific, how vivid, do they come back, even now in the days of mature judgment and riper reason, never to be erased from the recollection by the hand of time! If there is a worse condition upon earth than that into which this monstrous superstition plunges an imaginative child, we have no conception of its curdling horrors. Never to lay the head upon the pillow, from the time it is two or three years of age, until, seven, eight or ten, without feeling the most perfect assurance in its own mind of realizing its own prophesy, and seeing some hideous spectre before morning! This is the purgatory of early, innocent and otherwise happy childhood.  
These midnight horrors haunt the imagination like a specter in old age. They may lose somewhat of their painful vividness, their appalling distinctness—something of their curdling horror, so potent in its mystery and so terrific even in its impossibility—but these terrors linger in the imagination still, ready to be called up in every suspicious spot, awakened in every solitude, in spite of all the judgment can do or the reason can urge. For a moment, at certain times, even to old age, the heart will throb with painful distinctness, the hair will become perpendicular, and a disagreeable shudder will make the blood cold in the veins, even when manhood has reached its prime. To be sure the judgment soon dispels these unfounded fears, but they will haunt the victim at times to his dying day. These are some of the painfully deleterious effects of frightening children in the early season of their growth. How important is it, that parents should guard them against these groundless terrors, exciting the early imagination, and chaining the trembling victim to the indescribable agony of this nervous bondage for all its future life.

**DOMESTIC ECONOMY.**  
**SPRING CHICKENS.**—Are always in active demand from May to September, in the vicinity of all our cities and towns. Of course they are profitable to the farmers, and small imholders and cottagers, who breed them. This is a good month to set the hens, and hatch them out. For this purpose, a warm henhouse, and coops in sunny places, are required. Let eggs be kept in a proper temperature, till the hen is ready to set on them. Thirteen is the proper number for a clutch of chickens. When hatched, if milk curds can be had, this is their best food. If not, soaked bread for the first few days, and after that, Indian meal well cooked, like mush for your own table. Raw meal, wet up in the usual way, is harsh and scouring for their delicate stomachs. When a few weeks old chopped cabbage, shives, and other tender vegetables, are to be added, and sour is the best drink they can have.  
We would by all means, entrust the early chickens to woman's care. She seems to possess the necessary instincts—worth all the boys and men in the country. We have known a Scotch, Dutch or Irish washerwoman's cottage, surrounded by a close wall, alive with early chickens, when the gentlemen and farmers premises would not supply a fowl for the table before September.  
Don't keep the "big" breeds for "Spring chickens" either. A close compact, early matured fowl is the thing for this purpose. In most large towns a plump, fat chick the size of a quail, will sell for as much in May or June, as a full grown one will in October; and if they only know you have them, the tavern-keepers and peddlers will be after them every day in the week. To the habit, these latter people have of confining them in close, filthy coops for days together, we enter our protest. It poisons and defiles the taste of the flesh. It makes them poor. Exercise, good air, and plenty of good food they should have, till they are wanted for the table; and every one who keeps them on hand for immediate use, should be well provided with yards, and roosting accommodation. To make chickens edibly perfect they should come on the table plump, juicy and full of their own natural gravy. "Plump as a partridge" is the term which should be truthfully applied to the early chicken; and if they be not so, half their excellence is lost, while, in perfection of flesh, they are a positive luxury.

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