

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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For the "Raftsmen's Journal."
SAY, HATTIE, DOST REMEMBER!
DEDICATED TO MISS H. A., BY DICKSON.
Say, Hattie, dost remember,
That pleasant evening ride
You took along with me,
And those other two beside?
'Twas happy a little trip,
As ever I enjoyed;
Would a Sabbath afternoon
Be better unemployed?

You know we went to meeting,
And heard a short discourse
About the heathen nations,
Which could not make us worse;
We sat that weary hour,
Less silent than we should,
And gave for heathen nations
As little as we could.

Now, Hattie, dost remember
That pleasant afternoon,
When services were over
You passed over very soon,
And imagined in your heart,
Although 'twas Sabbath day,
You'd leave your dear Hattie,
And go home another way?

And do you still remember
That homeward little ride,
You took along with Mr. S.—
While I was with his bride?
When away you lightly tripped,
With lively mirth and glee,
And left a married woman
To go along with me?

I remember much she said,
Agreeable and sly,
And very often noticed
A twinkle in her eye;
For happy ones before us,
Seemed in a joyous mood,
As of their merry laughter
Rang out along the wood.

Now, Hattie, dost remember,
The sonnet which I said
I'd write for you and yours,
To keep me in your head?
Did you think that I'd forget
My promises to you,
And permit my word to pass
As the light morning dew?

Oh, no, you surely could not
Imagine in your heart,
That I could faithless prove
In playing such a part—
* * * * *

Oh, Hattie, did you ever
Pen a line to a friend,
By the light of a candle,
When drawing near its end;
When the awful flashes come
Flitting through the gloom,
And turning into ghosts
The objects round the room?

Now, that's my fix exactly,
At this present time,
And though I'm not disposed,
Must close this hasty rhyme;
But I never will forget
The little lines I said
I'd write for you and yours,
To keep me in your head.

And you will still remember
Our pleasant evening route,
And—oh, fie! now, really,
My candle has gone out!

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**CLEARFIELD COUNTY:
OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.**

What were the scholastic attainments of Thomas Burnside, his legal knowledge and his ability as an advocate, are shown by his residence in Bellefonte—the school for Judges—where he had a full practice and met with success. On the appointment of Judge Huston as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, he was commissioned as President Judge of this District, but it was his blunt honesty, his desire to arrive at the merits of a case regardless of legal forms and technicalities, and then to mete out evenhanded justice, rather than his ability as a jurist, which rendered him so popular as a Common Pleas Judge. He was prompt in deciding such points as arose, and when he assumed a position it was a rare thing for him to admit he was wrong. It seemed to be his ambition to transact the business of the court with despatch, and earn the name of a working and energetic judge, and he succeeded. Different views have been expressed as to his capacity for that situation, by his admirers. But an examination of the many lengthy and well digested opinions delivered by him when upon the Supreme Bench, must satisfy any one that his legal acquisitions were of a superior order, and well fitted him for the post. Whilst he presided in this district, the memorable case of Parsons vs. Parsons was tried. James M. Petriken was one of the counsel, assisted by James T. Hale. The Court having denied the correctness of a strong point which Hale made during his argument; the counsel said he could sustain it by certain cases, but that he had left the books in his office. "Why did you not bring your books here?" asked the Judge. "Because I considered the point so plain as not to need the support of authorities; but I will step out and get the books." As Mr. Hale left the court room, the Judge, out of humor, said, "That man reminds me of a carpenter who came to work for me, and left all his tools at home. The Court has forgotten more law than that young man knows." "That," replied Mr. Petriken, "is just what we complain of—your Honor has forgotten too much." The books proved, on Mr. Hale's return, that the Court was at fault.

Many are the anecdotes related of Judge Burnside, which do credit to him as a man, but such are their character that unless related with all their surroundings, they would lose their point. Still we cannot forbear relating one incident. Disease fastened its fangs on his Honor, and brought him to the verge of the grave. The critical position in which he was, caused several eminent physicians to be called to his bedside in consultation. Under their care he became convalescent. Annually, after his recovery, and until he ceased to

be, his medical advisers, styled by him his "Board of Health," were invited to a social reunion at his house, and a substantial present, coined at the mint, was made to each, in testimony of his remembrance of their skill and care. Judge Burnside made no parade, nor called in requisition the services of a trumpeter when doing the promptings of his noble heart. None but those who were recipients of his kindness, knew its source, and sometimes they were ignorant of it. We have heard from one who was one of his "board of health," that when disease was preying upon him and he deemed it prudent to forsake his practice at Lewistown and travel, he was requested by Mr. Burnside to spend a few weeks at Bedford Springs. Finding that his stay was improving his health, he continued there until he supposed that his bill would nearly consume his available means. He then called upon the proprietor of the hotel and asked that the bill might be made out, when he was informed by his host that he could not hear to his leaving until his health was restored, telling him at the same time that he should make himself perfectly easy about the pay, it was that troubling him. When leaving, no pay would be received—Judge Burnside had arranged that before.

Whilst his political friend, David R. Porter, was Governor, a vacancy occurred in the district composed of Bucks and Montgomery counties. He accepted the appointment for that, rather than risk a re-appointment in this district at the end of his term, which would have occurred in a few years. He was succeeded by Judge Woodward, of whom we have spoken. We know not that Judge Burnside had any reason for it, but he pursued, with bitter and unrelenting hostility, that amiable gentleman. He had a strong desire, even whilst upon the Supreme Bench, to return to this district and preside, and with this in view, and believing that Judge Woodward would not move into the district, he was instrumental in having introduced into the amendment to the constitution the clause which requires the President Judge to reside in the district. In January 1848, he accepted the appointment of Judge of the Supreme Court, and continued to act until the election of members of that court took place. His debut on the Supreme Bench created some sensation in the eastern part of the State, and his eccentricities induced many in Philadelphia to drop into the court house to see the "queer judge." When he ceased from his labors, Centre county lost an active, energetic, and public-spirited citizen, who prided himself much on the prosperity of the town where he resided in his adopted country.

Whilst he practiced here, William J. Christy lived in the town of Curwensville. He was a man of fine parts, and his friends predicted for him a brilliant future. That insidious appetite which has desolated so many fire-sides, and blasted the prospects of so many promising intellects, proved his bane. His constitution succumbed;

"The chord is broken now,
Its music hushed."

About the time of the organization of our courts, Josiah W. Smith and his brother Lewis occupied the land now owned by Benjamin Spackman. Until recently, the dilapidated stone chimney, handy to the river road, marked their residence. They were natives of Philadelphia, sons of a wealthy importing merchant engaged in the Canton trade. In early life affluence ministered to their wants, but a reverse in business brought them to settle upon this tract of land, which had been saved from the wreck of their father's fortune. Here, ill fitted for such a life, they toiled for their bread, and here Josiah conceived the idea of engaging in the practice of law and entered on his studies under the elder Judge Burnside. He was admitted, and at December Sessions 1825 appointed Deputy Attorney General. To fit himself for his duties, Josiah went to Bellefonte, where he copied entries, writs, declarations and every thing that the Prothonotary's office contained, which would throw light upon the duties of his or the public offices. He was undoubtedly the father of the practice in this county. A peep at the early records shows his pen to have moulded all the dusty precedents. There was no part of the machinery of the court which was not influenced by him—he was the balance wheel, and long occupied the position of *amicus curiae*. In matters affecting the public business, for years his word was law. In this case was exemplified the saying that circumstances make the man. As is too often the fact with the sons of men of wealth, he had enjoyed advantages in youth but had not improved them. He acquired a limited knowledge of his profession under unfavorable circumstances. Little conversant with legal lore; defective in those branches which are supposed to prepare a man for the Bar, and lacking the action and the language which engross the attention of an audience and sway a jury; in other positions and under other circumstances he might have sank, or, at best, attained to mediocrity. Admitted to the Bar, he felt the necessity for improvement, and embraced every opportunity of adding to his store of knowledge. He became a close student, and gained ground only by dint of earnest and laborious application. What he lacked in quickness was amply compensated for by his industry. The numerous annotations which the

books composing his early library show, evince that he did not skim lightly over the black lettered page, but pored over it until he made it his own. He gave opinions only after careful and patient investigation; he appeared in court with his cases well conned, his authorities well digested and points well prepared, and these facts gave him an influence with the Court and over the Jury which no mere forensic display could have gained him. He was plodding, careful, close, methodical, correct. These elements of character gained him the confidence of the business community, and enabled him to amass a fortune. Socially, but little can be said of Mr. Smith. His deportment was variable. At times he was affable, communicative and seemingly warmly interested in your welfare; but frequently as cold and forbidding as an iceberg; to-day patronizing and to-morrow imperious. His position and his training made him dictatorial, and his ironical remarks were, to those who were not aware of his peculiarities, insulting. It is said that he delivered a good speech on the trial of an arbitration at Philipsburg. His brother Lewis was the opposing counsel, and destroyed the effect of the argument by remarking to the referees that "they might have thought the speech extemporaneous, but had they heard it as often as he had, and seen Joe as frequently before the glass practicing the gestures, it would have knocked that conceit out of them." Mr. Smith abandoned the practice of law some years ago, and has since 1856 been living in his native city, doing business as a broker.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER'S POISON.

The substance which nourishes one animal affords no nourishment to another, nor will any table of "nutritive equivalents," however precise, convince us that a substance ought to nourish in virtue of its composition, when experience tells us that it does not nourish, in virtue of some defective relation between it and the organism. That "one man's meat is another man's poison," is a proverb of strict veracity. There are persons even in Europe, to whom a mutton chop would be poisonous. The celebrated case of Abbe de Villedeu is a rare, but not an unparalleled example, of animal food being poisonous: from his earliest years his repugnance to it was so decided that neither the entreaties of his parents nor the menaces of his tutors could induce him to overcome it. After reaching the age of thirty, on a regimen of vegetable food, he was over-persuaded, and tried the effect of meat soups, which led to his eating both mutton and beef; but the change was fatal; plethoria and sleepiness intervened, and he died of cerebral inflammation. In 1841 a French soldier was forced to quit the service because he could not overcome his violent repugnance and disgust of animal food. Dr. Prout, whose testimony will be more convincing to English readers, knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison: "He could not eat mutton in any form. This peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the mutton was frequently disguised and given to him unknown; but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhoea. And from the severity of the effects, which were those of a virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in it would have soon destroyed the life of the individual." Dr. Pereira, who quotes this passage, adds, "I know of a gentleman who has repeatedly had an attack of indigestion after the use of roast mutton." Some persons, it is known, cannot take coffee without vomiting; others are thrown into a general inflammation if they eat cherries or gooseberries. Hahn relates of himself, that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions in him. Tissot said he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Many persons are unable to eat eggs; and cakes or puddings having eggs in their composition, produce serious disturbances in such persons; if they are induced to eat them under false assurances of no eggs having been employed, they are soon undeceived by unmistakable effects. Under less striking terms this difference in the assimilating power of different human beings is familiar to us all; we see our friends indulging with benefit instead of harm, in kinds of food which, experience too plainly assures, we cannot eat with only certain injury. To this fact the attention of parents and guardians should seriously be given, that by it they may learn to avoid the petty tyranny and folly of insisting on children eating food for which they have a manifest repugnance. It is so common to treat the child's repugnance as mere caprice, to condemn it as "stiff and nonsense," when he refuses to eat fat or eggs, or certain vegetables, and "wholesome puddings." Now, even caprice in such matters should not be altogether slighted, especially when it takes the form of refusal; because this caprice is nothing less than the expression of a particular and temporary state of his organism, which we should do wrong to disregard. And whenever a refusal is constant, it indicates a positive unfitness in the food. Only a gross ignorance of physiology—an ignorance unhappily too widely spread—can argue that because a certain article is wholesome to many, it must necessarily be wholesome to all. Each individual organism is specifically different from every other.

CHANGES IN THE U. S. SENATE.—The Pro-Slavery Democracy gain one United States Senator by a cold-blooded assassination. They have, by the convincing logic of the pistol, gained the seat hitherto occupied by Broderick.

The Opposition gain three United States Senators by the honest votes of the people of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Minnesota. Messrs. Pugh and Shields, will be replaced by opponents of Slavery Extension.

Both changes are significant, the one of the desperate and violent policy upon which the Democracy rely for success; and the other of the gradual but irresistible spread of free principles throughout the Northern States.

A woman was arrested in Philadelphia on Sunday a-week, grossly intoxicated, and holding in her arms the body of a dead infant, to which she had given birth the evening previous, in an open lot.

A RUN FOR LIFE.
Philip Rodney, a planter living in the interior of Arkansas, had missed several hogs from the pen in which he was fattening them for the autumn. The pen was built at the base of a high hill which hid it from the house, and just on the edge of an upland jungle or thicket of undergrowth, which extended along to the nearest spur of some neighboring hill, which swelled upward to a height almost entitling them to be called a mountain range. Surprised at the loss of his hogs, Mr. Rodney determined to keep a strict watch, and it possible, detect the depredator upon his property.

One morning, just at dawn of day, he heard the squeal of a hog in the direction of his pen. Springing out of bed and passing on his garments, he hurried to the rescue of the squealing porker. As soon as he came in sight of the pen, he saw a huge bear, with a hog in his mouth and forepaws, leisurely retreating to the thicket. Returning to the house for his gun, a trusty rifle, of large bore, he soon came back to the pen. The bear and hog had both disappeared.

Mr. Rodney, who was a bold adventurous man, of high courage and great physical strength, at once determined upon pursuit. The blood of the mutilated hog making a distinct mark upon the ground, made it an easy matter to follow the track of his captor. Entering the thicket and going forward a short distance, Mr. Rodney saw the bear some forty or fifty steps in advance of him, deliberately snuffing the hog for his morning meal. To raise his rifle, aim and fire, were the work of a moment. The bear fell, apparently lifeless, in his tracks, at the report of the gun.

Feeling certain, from the range of his aim and the plump fall of the bear, that he was killed on the spot, Mr. Rodney approached with the view of taking a more careful look at his proportions. Within a few yards of where he lay, the bear, to the great surprise of the planter, rose slowly up, looked fiercely back, gave a deep guttural growl, and started forward in the direction of the neighboring hills.

Mr. Rodney seeing the copious discharge of blood from the wound made by his ball, and observing that the bear staggered in his fall, followed on after him, expecting soon to see him fall. The bear moved slowly, but steadily on, never once looking back at his pursuer, but keeping up a low moan or growl indicative of pain and anger, or of both combined. Having reached the base of the steepest and highest hill in the group, he began the ascent with a still slower pace and deeper growl. Mr. Rodney was only a few paces in the rear, and gaining upon him every moment. At last when near the summit of the hill, he came quite up with the bear, whose steps staggering and slow, seemed faltering with fatigue and loss of blood. Thinking that only a slight push was needed to bring him to the ground, Mr. Rodney gave the bear a severe punch with the butt end of his gun.

The blow seemed to recall both strength and spirit to the now enraged and desperate beast. Turning quickly and sharply around, he stood within a few feet of his pursuer, upon whom he manifestly purposed to make an immediate attack.

Mr. Rodney comprehended the full perils of his position in a moment. He had no weapon but his gun, which he had not reloaded after the first discharge. To defend himself with it by blows was utterly impossible, considering the size and massive weight of the bear. The only hope of escape was a retreat down the hill, which he began at once with rapid strides.

The bear accelerated in his speed by the momentum of the descent, and perhaps also by pain and anger, rushed headlong after him. From crag to rock, and from rock to crag, the planter leaped with an agility and speed almost incredible to himself. Well he knew that, once within those terrible jaws gaping to devour him, his life would be a widow and his children fatherless, before he could meet himself and them to the mercy of heaven in a prayer.

Every moment seemed to increase the speed and fierceness of the bear. When the chase began he was only a few feet in the rear of the planter. At the bottom of the hill, which they had now reached, the distance between them was lessened by nearly half.

Mr. Rodney, although hard pressed and with no time to loiter, ventured to cast one backward glance at his pursuer. The sight was enough to strike even his stout heart with terror. The tongue of the bear, red and swollen, protruded from his mouth; white foam covered his lips; the teeth, sharp and shining, were visible in the jaws open already for the seizure of his victim; the ears were thrown back and the head like those of an angry horse, and streams of fire seemed to issue from the sockets of the glaring eyeballs. Escape, longer than a few moments, seemed now utterly impossible. A distance of more than a mile lay between the planter and his home. Thick bushes and brambles impeded every foot of the way as far as the hog-pen, near which he must pass to emerge from the jungle to the direction of the house. To deviate from the path he had come, which was partially trodden down by the transit of himself and the bear over it, and by the occasional visits of the latter from the hills to the pen, would be to entangle himself in the undergrowth and fall immediate victim to the rapacity of his pursuer, whose heavy bulk enabled him to force a swifter passage through the thicket. Along this path, therefore, Mr. Rodney darted with the speed of a man conscious that his life depended upon the fleetness of his foot. Half the distance between the hill and the pen had been passed. Only a hand-breadth of space intervened between the planter and the muzzle of the bear, outstretched and opened to seize him. The hot foam splattered over him, and the noxious breath, which he had breathed through the thick covering of his clothes, filled his nostrils. Not the sharp crack of a rifle rings through the woods, and the bear springs forward and falls dead across the legs of the planter who had been thrown by his death-leap, prostrate on the ground.

A hunter going early that morning to join his comrades in the chase for a deer, chancing to cross the path of Mr. Rodney and the bear, saw the peril of the former, and firing from a close distance, sent a heavy rifle ball through the brain of the latter. There was a feast of bear meat for many days at the house of the hospitable planter, at which we may be sure, the hunter aforesaid was the most honored of the guests.

There is a man in East Tennessee who has such a hatred for everything appertaining to monarchy that he won't wear a crown in his hat.

TRACING A PEDIGREE.
Some men are boastful of their ancestry, while others are entirely devoid of all pride of birth, and have no more respect for the genealogical table of their forefathers than they have for Poor Richard's Almanac. The late John Randolph of Roanoke used to assert his belief that he was descended from the celebrated Indian Princess, Pocahontas, but it is not known that he established his claim to that distinction.

Many years ago there lived in a near State a young gentleman who took it into his head that, like John Randolph, he was of Indian descent, though, unlike John, he did not know exactly the tribe to which his forefathers belonged. The idea was a perfect monomania with him, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends to convince him of the folly of his pretensions, to say nothing of the absurdity of them, even if they could be established. The favorite notion, however, could not be eradicated from his mind, and he promised his friends that he would one day convince them that he was right in his claims.

Having heard that a deputation of Indians were at Washington, on a visit to their great father, the President, he promptly repaired to the city, and arranging with the gentleman who had them in charge, his friends in the city were surprised to receive an invitation to accompany him on a visit to the Red Men, before whom he proposed to verify his favorite pretensions. The parties met as requested, and found the Indians sitting on the floor smoking their pipes, and manifesting but little appreciation of the honor of the visit.

Having arranged his friends at a respectful distance from the aged chief, who still regarded the visitors with stolid indifference, the young man stepped boldly from the centre, and presenting that would require some show of energy to arouse the chiefs from their apparent apathy, he placed his hand on his breast, and said with great fearlessness: "Me—Indian—long time ago."

The chief, who was not skilled in talking English, took his pipe from his mouth, but evinced no emotion whatever. The speaker then thinking that a more vigorous gesture, a louder tone would be necessary, struck his hand upon his breast with much force, and said in a louder tone: "Yes—me—Indian—long time ago."

Without moving a muscle of his face, the old chief slowly arose from his sitting posture, and turned his eagle eye upon the speaker. His friends say that the chief evidently understood the meaning of the speech addressed to him; and they gazed intently on the solemn proceeding. The young man bore the searching glance of the Indian without emotion. All felt "that the time had come."

Moving sufficiently close to the speaker, the chief raised his hand, and carefully taking a lock of the young man's hair between his fingers and thumb, gently rubbed it between them for a moment. All stood breathless. Quietly withdrawing his hand, the chief uttered the slight peculiar Indian grunt, and said "Nig." This altogether unexpected denouement ended the interview, and the disappointed descendant of the Tommehawks retired with his friends, the latter roaring with laughter, and the former filled with a most sovereign contempt for his degenerated Indian relations.

Henry Cort, the inventor of the process by which cast iron is converted into wrought, adding hundreds of millions to the wealth of England, died very poor, and his children only receive \$500 a year from the government. But this is more than our government of politicians has given to the descendants of Fulton, who first applied steam to the propulsion of vessels, and was driven by poverty and ridicule to kill himself. Fulton, who perfected the gigantic conception, was worried to death by ridicule and litigation, and out of the \$70,000 which Congress gave to his children, the vampire lobby got two-thirds for engineering the vessel, and the discoverers of the saw, the plane, railroad, and the tinder box, are unknown. John Walker, the accidental discoverer of the friction match, and a Scotchman, is only recently dead, leaving behind him a large fortune. Abel Cooley, of the land of wooden nutmegs, simplified and cheapened its manufacture to such an extent that his successors have ruined the country made and are still making fortunes. Cooley was the inventor of patent medicines, and the projector of advertising them—two arts that have never failed to make rich those who follow them up diligently.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.—The other day our Charlie, five years old, found one of those curious bone-rimmed circles which, I believe ladies have named *eyelets*, and while playing in the garden swallowed it. Charlie ran into the house with mouth wide open and eyes distended to their utmost capacity. His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired, "What is the matter? What has happened?" The trichin, all agape, managed to articulate, "Water!" It was brought him, when, after drinking copiously, he exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I swallowed a hole!" "Swallowed a hole!" "Yes, mother; swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory around it."

A FEMALE HORSE THIEF.—Officer Ferguson of Erie, Pa., has been employed to hunt up a female horse thief who left Monroe Co., N. Y., some two weeks ago, with a horse and buggy in her possession. She was pursued and somewhere in Allegheny Co., N. Y., arrested and locked in a room for safe keeping over night. In the morning it was found that she had made her escape by means of bed cords and bed clothes, and that she had stolen the horse and buggy, and put out again. She was tracked through Erie city and lost in Crawford, when the officers in pursuit abandoned the chase. She drove a black mare, with a large white spot in the forehead, with an open buggy and silver plated harness.

A young lady named Milburn, residing near Aurora, Indiana, dreamed that two men entered the house to kill her aunt; whereupon she rose and ran half a mile from the house, without stopping to dress! She then came back, got into bed, and appeared to be entirely unconscious of her exploit.

Mr. La Mountain's Moon, the Atlantic, which was abandoned by him to the Canada woods, has been secured and returned.

The Louisville Journal notes contracts for 5,000 hogs for November delivery, at \$4 gross.

ARKINSAW WONDERS.
Arkinsaw beats the world for black bars, pooty wimmen, and big timber. Stranger, I've seen trees there that would take a man a week to walk round 'em. A fellow started once to walk through one that was hollow. He didn't take any vittles with him, and he starved on his way.

I was goin' up the Mississippi once in one of them country boats, when we met a big Arkansas cypress floating down. I tell you, stranger, it was a whooper. The Capen run in his boat alongside, and fastened the rope to it. Off she started, shortin' and puffin', but didn't budge a peg. The Capen ripped around, and hollowed out 'fire up, below there, you lubberly rascals.' The wheel clattered away—the log was actually carryin' us down stream. Directly up comes a feller in a red shirt, and says, 'Capen, you are strainin' the engine miltly.'

'Cut loose and let her go, then,' says the Capen. They cut the ropes, and dod burn me, stranger, if the boat didn't jump clear out of the water. We run a little ways, but the engine was raly so exhausted, that we just had to stop. Nearly day, there comes along a fine steamer. We hailed her, got aboard, and there was that same log hitched alongside. We wooded off that cypress all the way to Memphis.

Black bars are bigger, plentier, and more cunning in Arkansas, than any where else. The he's have a way of standin' on their hind legs, and makin' a mark with their paws on the bark of some certain trees, generally sassafras. It's a kind a record they keep, and I suppose it's a great satisfaction to an old bar to have the highest mark on the tree. I war layin' hid one day close to a tree where the bars war in the habit of makin' their mark, waitin' for one of 'em to come along, for I tell you, I was mitty hungry for bar meat. Directly I heard a noise close to me—dod burn me, stranger, for that wasn't a small bar, walkin' straight on his hind legs, with a big chunk in his arms. I could o' shot him first, but I was mitty curious to see what he was goin' to do with that chunk. He carried it right to the tree where the marks war, stood it on the end a-gainst it, and then gittin' on the top of it, reached away up the tree, and made a big mark of a foot above the highest. He then got down, moved the chunk away off from the tree, and you never seen such caperin' as he cut up. He looked up at his mark, and then he would lay down and roll over in the leaves, laughin' outright just like a person; no doubt tickled at the way somebody would be fooled. There was somethin' so human about it, that I actually hadn't the heart to shoot him.

Just to show how cunning bars are, I'll tell a circumstance what happened to me in Arkansas. You see, one Fall, before I gathered my corn, I kept missin' it outter the field, and I knew the bars war takin' it, for I could see their tracks. But what a mitty curious curiosity, I never could find where they eat it—any cobb nowbar about. One mornin' aily I happened around the field, and there I saw an old bar and two cubs just come outter the patch, and walkin' off with their arms full o' corn. I was determined to find out what they did with so much corn, and follered along after 'em without makin' any noise. Well, after goin' nearly a mile I saw 'em stop, and—stranger, what do you think—there were a full nest o' hogs, and the bars war feedin' 'em. You see, that Fall the hogs war so poor, on account of havin' no corn, that the bars had actually built a rail pen, put hogs in it, and were fattenin' 'em with my corn. Dod burn my hat if that ain't a fact.

How the People Live in Chicago.—Chicago's chief support is in carrying trade. The people have no other means of support. I asked one of its citizens to-day what the inhabitants of the city did for a living, and he was completely nonplussed. I asked him in what part of the city the manufactories were, and he replied that they had none of any account. I asked again, where are your machine shops, and he said they had not such. I asked him where the ship-yard was, and he informed me that they did not build any vessels here but occasionally a small boat. I wanted to know where I could find their public works, and he pointed me to the Michigan Central Railroad, and the Light House. He wanted to know my occupation, and I told him I was a farmer, (and I felt proud of it, too, in a life of so many drones.) I asked him his, and he said he sold patent rights, and one thing and another. Exact prototype was he of the majority of the people of this city. True there is more or less pulling at the laboring oar here, or we should not see so many splendid houses and churches going up all over the city—so many vessels loaded and unloaded—and so many improvements made in every direction.

The doctors, lawyers, policemen and jailors, all have an honest calling, but they are not expected to create much wealth. But the great majority of the people are engaged in receiving people and goods from the East, and sending them along to the Great West, and receiving pork, beef, and grain from the West, and sending it East, though a great deal of it must stick here to feed 125,000 people. And the money they get in this way is what constitutes the chief wealth of this great city. A small profit is made in selling town lots, though this branch of trade is dull just now.

Hon. J. R. Giddings has published a card defending himself from the insinuation implied by the refusal of Capt. Brown to answer the question in conversation with Senator Mason and Messrs. Fairner and Vallandigham, whether he (Giddings) had been consulted about the Virginia expedition. He pronounces this attempt to assail him dishonorable, and denies ever having been consulted by Brown in regard to his Virginia expedition, or any other expedition or matter whatever.

A prominent speaker at a Democratic gathering in Ohio, said that he "expected to spend an eternity in company with Democrats," to which a ripe old Republican replied that he "rather thought he would unless he soon repented of his sins!"

"Wife," said a man looking for a boot-jack, "I have places where to keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours—but I don't."

It is said that a Yankee lady will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

One of the best of all earthly possessions, is self-possession.